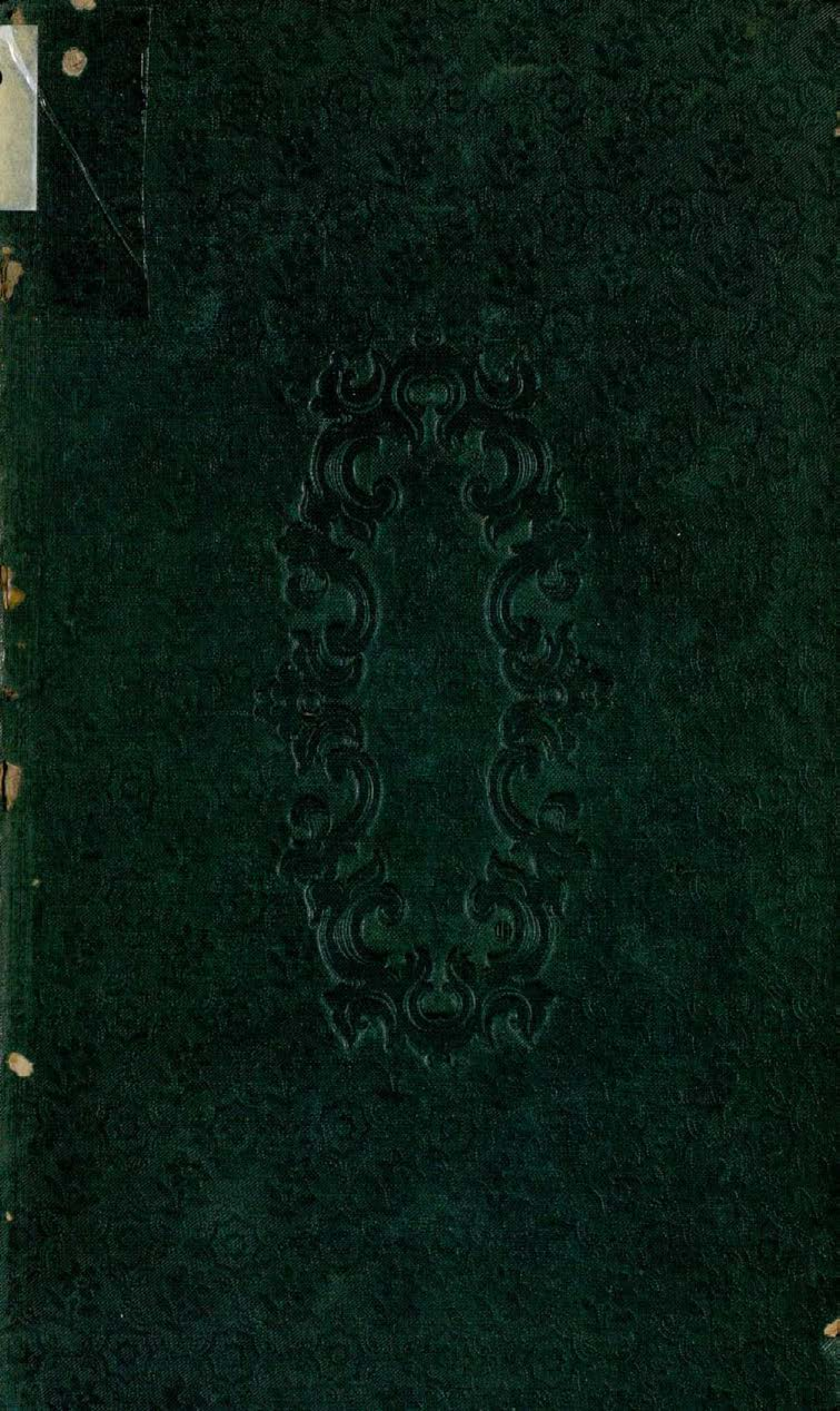






BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER X.

Of the journey home.

ENGLAND!—there is a sturdy look about the very word—a kind of touch-me-if-you-dare expression, which almost forces you to imagine, that a few hardy letters of the alphabet had combined together to make a stand against any idle meddlers who wished to disturb their order. The word is a symbol of the nation, and the unflinching letters have their prototypes in the people who compose it.

A fine bracing wind was rollicking about the Nore, tumbling the waves over each other in reckless jollity, or blowing them off in clouds of spray, and rattling amidst the sails and cordage of the vessel, as the *City of Boulogne*, with all her steam on, and her sails set, entered the mouth of the Thames, bearing her cargo of foreign importations, and homeward-bound travellers. A glow of happy excitement was upon every face; and, as the banks of the river came nearer and nearer on either side, and the little villages and church-spires appeared, one after another, upon the shore, there arose ten thousand old associations, and thoughts of Christmas and its revelry, and all those loved ones who made home *home*, — whose dear voices had not fallen upon the ear for so long a time, although their images had ever been present to the heart. The very water seemed endowed with life and feeling, and leaped and danced so merrily round the prow, and sparkled so joyously in the bright sunbeams, as it was thrown back again to its parent deep in laughing foam, that every drop appeared a messenger of greeting and affection to welcome the wanderers home.

"Round the Foreland" is at all seasons a passage of extreme uneasiness to voyagers of delicate fibre and nervous temperament; but, when the packet arrived in the comparatively still water of the river, the passengers became somewhat reassured, and one by one appeared upon deck. Mr. Ledbury and Jack Johnson were amongst the number; for, having seen all that they considered worth observing in Paris, and, moreover, discovering that the treasury was commencing to run rather low, were now returning to London. And, indeed, Mr. Ledbury was anxious to eat his Christmas-dinner at home, and drink his elder wine "on his own hearth," as he expressed himself, (which Jack Johnson defined as meaning inside the fender, amongst the fire-irons,) so that their proceedings had at last been somewhat hurried. Had they been less so, we might have related how they gave a farewell party in their old rooms to their old

companions; how Aimée, Jules, and Henri came to the office of the "Aigle," in the Place de la Bourse, to see them off; how Aimée was very sorrowful indeed at parting with them; and how Jules consoled her with a two-franc dinner in the Palais Royal, after they had gone; and, finally, how Mr. Ledbury felt one pang, and one only, at returning, which arose from his not having been able to achieve a pair of mustachios during his stay, which would have rendered him so distinguished when he walked through Islington on the first Sunday after his return. We would have related all these things at length, and many more besides; but we wished to follow the adventures of our hero as closely as time would allow; and all this would have taken up so much space, that we should have experienced some little difficulty in coming up with him again. So the reader must please to imagine these events, in any fashion most congenial to his own fancy; and having, in company with the two travellers, given a long good-b'ye to Paris,—perhaps for ever,—we will all meet again, Ledbury, Johnson, the reader, and ourself, on board the steam-boat which is now conveying them up the river on their return voyage.

Jack Johnson, who appeared endowed with a singular propensity always to sit on out-of-the-way and uncomfortable situations, had perched himself on the top of a pile of luggage, and was now, in company with Ledbury, making out the various localities as they appeared on the edge of the river.

"There 's old Gravesend!" cried Jack, as he recognised the piers of what the guide-books call "this agreeable place of salubrious recreation."

"And there 's Rosherville! further on," continued Ledbury. "I say, Jack, the dancing there won't go down after the Chaumiére,—will it?"

"Not exactly," replied Jack. "Wouldn't Aimée's waltzing make Mr. Baron Nathan stare?—wouldn't it put him on his mettle?—and wouldn't he try to cut her out in his Egg-shell and Tea-service Crackovienne, or his Chinese Fandango in scale-armour and handcuffs?"

"Purfleet," observed Mr. Ledbury, as they proceeded, "is stated by the guides to be a quiet resort for invalids, unwilling to encounter the bustle of a large watering-place. There is sufficient gunpowder in the stores to produce an effect as far as London, if it exploded."

"I have read so in the 'Penny Hand-book for Travellers, and Coast Companion,'" said Johnson. "I suppose that accounts for the 'rapid communication with all parts of Kent' which Purfleet enjoys, according to the same authority."

"How very like old acquaintances all the names and signs look along the edge of the river," remarked Ledbury.

"Very," returned Johnson; "and what a time it is since we have seen 'BARCLAY AND CO.'s ENTIRE' painted up! It beats the *Commerce des Vins* that we have left all to nothing. But, however, we must not abuse Paris, now we have come away from it."

"Certainly not," returned Ledbury. "I was very happy there, and saw quite enough to think about all my life afterwards. I wonder how they are all getting on!"

This led their conversation back again to France, and they soon

lost themselves in a chain of "don't you recollects?" which called up all their bygone adventures. But we will do them the justice to say, that when they looked round, and saw their own fine river, the mighty evidences of wealth and defiance that rode so proudly on its surface, and the tokens of commerce and enterprise that were crowded upon its banks, they agreed that old Thames took a deal of beating, and was a sight not to be despised, after all. And so, likewise, thought a great many of their foreign fellow-passengers, who, clustering round the fore part of the vessel, and presenting all those eccentric varieties of caps and cloaks, which migratory continentalists love to indulge in, were uttering continuous expressions of admiration at the traffic of the river, and the "*mouvement perpetuel*" of the ships and steam-boats.

At last the packet came alongside the wharf; and, after much pulling and hauling, and many people being requested to stand out of the way, and more being thrust violently into side-cabins, and artfully-contrived kitchens and cupboards in the paddle-boxes, where they remained in great trepidation and compulsory confinement for an indefinite period,—to say nothing of the anxiety of everybody to turn all the luggage topsy-turvy until their own effects were uppermost, and their acute mental agony at the chance of the custom-house officers seizing the bottle of brandy which they had brought from Boulogne with the cork out. After all this, the passengers were permitted to land between two rows of awe-inspiring men, who looked as suspiciously at everybody as if they were constructions of gloves, lace, Cognac, and jewellery, in the form of men and women. Mr. Ledbury walked ashore with two bottles of Eau de Cologne tucked into each of his boots, a packet of gloves in his hat, and Galignani's edition of Byron, very boldly carried under his arm; whilst Jack Johnson had so stuffed every available corner of his wardrobe with tobacco, that he looked like a locomotive pincushion, and, upon emergency, would have made an excellent "fender," to let down with a rope over the side of the boat, and keep her from any damage by concussion against the landing-place!

"There 's a pretty girl, Leddy!" exclaimed Johnson, as they gained the shore, and looked up at the people who were upon the platform of the wharf. "I think she knows us."

"It 's my sister!" cried Ledbury, immediately falling into a continuous convulsion of nods and smiles; "and there is the *mater* with her! Come along, Jack!—I do want to see them so much!"

And, hurrying up the inclined boards of the floating barge, which looked like the ribbed planks laid down for the horses in equestrian dramas, Mr. Ledbury pulled Jack Johnson after him, and soon reached the spot where his mother and sister stood, amidst a crowd of loiterers, who were shaking their handkerchiefs at the vessel, as if they were dusting it at a distance, or telegraphing to those of their friends who still remained on board.

"My mother—Mr. Johnson!" cried Ledbury, in breathless haste, as he introduced his friend. "Jack—my sister! How d'ye do?—and how are they all? How 's the governor? You got the letter, then, all right? I thought you would come down."

And here Mr. Ledbury kissed his mother, who apparently expected he would do so, by putting up her veil the minute she saw him land, and next he saluted his sister in the same manner; and,

then the two ladies bowed to Jack Johnson, and Jack bent his head, and inwardly agreed that he should not have minded kissing the old lady at all, she looked so kind; and was certain that he should even have been delighted to pay the same compliment to the young one. For, though he had been flirting sadly amongst the *belles* of Paris, he was not too obstinate to allow that the bright eyes, and clear rosy cheeks, and cherry-lips of our dear English girls, had in them something rather attractive than otherwise, even to travellers like himself.

"We are much indebted to you, sir," said Mrs. Ledbury, turning to Jack, "for the attention you have shown to Titus;" for such was Mr. Ledbury's Christian name,—we believe the first time the reader has been put in possession of the fact. "I hope, now you are returned, that we shall see something of you at Islington."

"I will do myself the pleasure of calling, if not intruding," replied Jack, who would have made a magnificent bow, only he was afraid some of the tobacco would tumble out of his hat.

"You are not quite a stranger to us, Mr. Johnson," said Miss Ledbury. "We have heard so much of you and your achievements from my brother, that we almost know you intimately already!"

"I fear he has told you little to my credit," said Jack, smiling, and feeling as if he was blushing, which made him do so in earnest.

"Oh! indeed," returned the young lady, "we are very happy to make your acquaintance. Your care of my brother will insure you a welcome."

Mr. Ledbury here informed his mother, that, as no other foreign boat had come in that day, there was a chance of getting their luggage through the custom-house that same afternoon, and that, therefore, he intended to wait. Whereupon Jack Johnson offered his services to procure a cab for the ladies; and, after a great deal of rushing about in the mud of Thames Street, and several narrow escapes from being crushed to death between walls and waggon-wheels, he brought a chariot in triumph down to the wharf. Mrs. and Miss Ledbury then left, after many mutual courtesies and pleasant speeches, and charges to Titus to come up home directly his effects were cleared, and hopes that Jack Johnson would not be long before he came to see them.

As soon as they had departed, Jack turned to Ledbury, and, with a countenance beaming with enthusiasm, exclaimed,

"The happy moment has at length arrived, which I have so long anticipated!"

"I am very rejoiced to hear it," replied Ledbury, "if it gives you any satisfaction. What is the cause of your joy?"

"It is four calendar months," answered Johnson, "since these lips have known the taste of half-and-half; but we are once more in England, the land of the brave and free, and the bar to my happiness has given place to the bar of the nearest tavern—away!"

Jack Johnson here assumed the tone and bearing of a melo-dramatic performer at a minor theatre in the last act, and, pointing with his fore-finger towards a retail establishment, in the attitude of those energetic gentlemen who figure in shop-windows, at one penny plain, and twopence coloured, he entered the shop, followed by Ledbury.

"Give *me* the goblet!" exclaimed Johnson, in the same theatrical

tone, as he saw the bar-maid was rather overdone by customers, at the same time seizing the pewter pot,—"give *me* the goblet! The man who would not assist a female in distress is unworthy the name of Briton!"

And, applying himself vigorously to the handle of the beer-engine, he filled a quart of the looked-for beverage, and then buried his features in its foaming head.

"Ah!" he added, after a long pull at the contents, as he stopped for mere want of breath, and passed the tankard to Ledbury, "*vin ordinaire*, at twelve sous a bottle, is very good; but if the French had cultivated hop-grounds, instead of vineyards, we should have had much more trouble in thrashing them at Waterloo! It would have come to the same thing in the end, but would have taken longer time, and stronger power, to accomplish."

Their luggage was cleared that afternoon, nothing particularly contraband attracting the attention of the custom-house officers. The only things they looked suspiciously at were six or seven pairs of new boots, which Jack Johnson had given a little boy at Boulogne half a franc to wear, one after another, and run about in the mud with all day, to make them look old. But Jack contrived, by dint of equal exhibitions of chaff and persuasion, to get them passed; and then, for the first time since they left England, the two friends parted, Mr. Ledbury flying to the bosom of his family at Islington in a patent cab, and Jack Johnson leaving his packages until he sent a man for them with a truck.

"It seems odd, old fellow," said Jack, as they shook hands, "to say good-b'ye, after having been so long together. However, Leddy, I shall come up and see you before the week is out. Who knows but we may have many more adventures yet; so keep your powder dry upon the strength of it."

CHAPTER XI.

A few particulars concerning Mr. Ledbury's family.

It was some little time before the domestic circle, of which Mr. Ledbury formed an arc, had quite recovered from the excitement consequent upon his return, or ceased to listen, with astonished eyes and ears, to his entertaining narratives of what he had witnessed abroad.

As he had given up his lodgings in North Street when he went to Paris, he was, for the present, located at Islington with his relatives, who were rather proud of his adventures, and looked upon him as a traveller of no ordinary enterprise. Indeed, on the first Sunday after his return, when the period arrived that he had looked forward to so eagerly, and he walked down High Street in the afternoon, dressed in a complete suit of Parisian clothes, he almost occasioned a dispute. The juvenile portion of his family were so anxious to secure his arm, that they came to a downright struggle, in their desire to show the natives of the district—most of whom, it is believed, being a domestic and unambitious people, look upon France with the same indefinite notions of its customs and position, as if it was Nova Scotia or the Panjab—how very intimate they

were, and upon what familiar terms they stood, with so celebrated a voyager.

Mr. Ledbury had the honour of being at the head of his brothers and sisters; Emma came next to him, in point of seniority; and then there were three or four miniature Ledburys, of various ages and sizes, who peopled the upper part of the house during the week, and were allowed on Sunday to dine in the parlour, and pledge their parents in doll's wine-glasses of fifteen-penny Cape,—provided always that the nurse furnished a creditable report of their behaviour in the tub on the previous evening, which was sometimes exceedingly reckless and uncontrollable.

Master Walter Ledbury, an urchin of five years old, was a perfect infantile revolutionist; a sad little boy, indeed, whom no domestic severity could intimidate. He had been known to make faces at the nurse, and tell her that she was too ugly for him to mind. And his perseverance in catching that most hapless of all tormented animals, the nursery kitten, was as remarkable as it was eventually successful,—only equalled by the rapidity with which he dressed it in the doll's night-gown, whilst Foster had gone down to the kitchen for some hot water; and then, with the assistance of his senior sister, Ellen, gave it several successive dips in the tin-bath, after the manner of the women they had seen at Margate. None of the dolls themselves ever escaped this ordeal, or retained their eyes, five minutes after he got hold of them; and his intense love of cleanliness induced him to wash all the toys he could lay his hands upon, until their colours were reduced to one general neutral tint. He filled up all the key-holes with the monkeys who held the apples from the Noah's Ark; and was never so happy as when he was trying to swim the cocks and hens belonging to the same establishment in his milk and water; or clandestinely giving the baby, Japhet and his wife, that the black paint might be sucked off their round hats, and the infant's upper lip ornamented with chocolate mustachios from their gaberdines.

Perhaps, if any one person in the family could manage the juvenile insurgents better than another, it was Emma Ledbury. In the event of a nursery *émeute*, she was always the peace-maker. And a sweet, gentle girl she was too,—as pretty as she was good, and as clever as she was pretty. She knew how to make all sorts of useful things,—not trashy, fiddle-faddle fancy-work, but really serviceable domestic contrivances. Not but that she could very readily have embroidered a Berlin-wool chair-cover, or made a perforated-card sticking-plaster case, if she had chosen to give her time to it; but she entertained a strange antediluvian opinion, that the same proportion of industry, differently applied, might produce results of ten times greater utility. And she could have made a cloak for herself, in the last and prettiest fashion, in less time than the young lady who had lent her the pattern would take to finish an orientally-tinted Chinese cockatoo on an embossed fire-screen, or completed a set of nothing-holders for the mantelpiece,—all straws, card-board, and blue ribbon.

Emma Ledbury was now seventeen; but she possessed more good sense and information than many young ladies of seven-and-twenty, if, indeed, young ladies will allow that there is such an age. She had not one attribute in common with our friend, her brother Titus,

except his unvarying good-temper and kind-heartedness; nevertheless they agreed remarkably well, and he entertained the highest notion of everything she did or advised. Her features were interesting and expressive; and, although not regularly perfect, far more attractive in their *ensemble* than those of the inanimate dolls, to which the world so frequently assigns the epithet of "beautiful," — the originals of the lithographed divinities who stare, or languish at us, from the title-pages of songs in the windows of fancy-stationers. Her eyes were dark and intelligent, and her soft glossy hair was braided over her smooth forehead, neither papered into cork-screws, nor vulgarized into plaits.

Mr. Ledbury, senior, was the chief partner of a first-rate London house, the offices of which were situated in the centre of one of those intricate ramifications of bricks, mortar, and dirty windows, which are to be found in various corners of the city, and are approached by artful alleys and cleverly-concealed courts, known only to the tax-collectors, sweeps, and *employés* of the establishment. By dint of prudent economy, a few lucky speculations, and a very handsome share of the business, he had built up the edifice of his fortune bit by bit, and then perched himself comfortably on the top. But he still paid the same unwearied attention to the duties of his firm; more, however, now, from long habit, than any real necessity which existed for such close application. The identical omnibus-cad, who had ridden behind the vehicle ever since it first started, never shouted out "Now, *sir!*" as it drew up to the door. He knew Mr. Ledbury would be ready, or, if the conveyance was two minutes after its time, that he had walked on; and his return in the afternoon was so punctual, that the neighbours regarded him as an animated chronometer, by which they arranged their clocks and watches. He had never been out of England, and very rarely out of London. He thought the neighbourhood of the Bank the only spot where a person could breathe a pure, wholesome air; and looked upon the country as a useful place for growing vegetables, nursing children, and feeding sheep, in order that they might supply the unequalled chops, one of which he was in the habit of taking for lunch, direct from the gridiron, at a venerable sawdusted tavern, approached by a species of horizontal chimney, which perforated the lower part of one of the houses in a bustling thoroughfare.

A few days after our hero's return, he was one evening, as usual, giving a long account of what he had witnessed, and much more of what he had not, to his mother and sister, who, having completed a long debate upon the practicability of cutting down one of Emma's dresses into a frock for little Ellen, were now making paper patterns of curious shapes and figures, which gave rise to much surmise in the mind of the spectator, as to what portion of the dress they could possibly be intended for. Mr. Ledbury, senior, was reading the city article in the paper, occasionally indulging in a parenthetical commentary of a most uncomplimentary nature upon France and the French,—regarding the latter as a species of educated apes, who did nothing but dance, eat nothing but frogs, manufactured nothing but sugar-plums, and whose general appearance resembled the foreigners he had seen in pantomimes and penny caricatures.

At length, Titus having come to the end of one adventure, and not being able, at the instant, to recollect or invent another, there

was a pause of a few minutes in the conversation. Mrs. Ledbury looked at Emma with an expression of interrogation, and Emma telegraphed a nod of assent in return; and then Mr. Titus Ledbury elevated his eyebrows in inquiry, as he gazed at his mother and sister, previously to nodding his head sideways towards the old gentleman; from all which gesture it appeared, taking these mysterious signals one with another, that some dark conspiracy was being formed in the family, of which Mr. Ledbury, senior, was entirely ignorant, although he was certainly intended for the victim. At last Mrs. Ledbury cut out a pattern in a desperate manner from the advertisement half of the day-before-yesterday's "Morning Herald," and then taking off her spectacles, folded them up gravely, and placed them upon the table, as, after a slight preparatory "hem!" apparently to raise her courage, she said to her husband,

"My dear, we wish to consult you about a little affair we have in contemplation."

And then she looked at Emma and Mr. Ledbury, (by whom we mean our friend the adventurer—he not being confounded with Mr. Ledbury, senior,) as much as to say "I wonder whether he will agree to it."

"Well, my love," replied the Ledbury *pére*, "what is it?"

"We have been thinking," said Mrs. Ledbury, with hesitation, but endeavouring to make it appear a subject of mere commonplace interest, which she did not care about one way or the other, — "we have been thinking that—we ought—that we ought, I say, to give an evening party."

"Um! I don't see the absolute necessity for such a proceeding," replied her husband.

"But why not, Mr. Ledbury?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the answer; "but there are fifty things against it."

"Perhaps you will mention one of the fifty, my dear," observed Mrs. Ledbury, looking significantly at Emma, and intending to express the words, "I think I have him there."

"Oh!" returned Mr. Ledbury, senior, "it knocks the house about so. Besides, our accommodations are not extensive enough. How can you cram an hundred people into our drawing-rooms? You women think houses are made of India-rubber, that will stretch to anything."

"My dear papa!" said Emma, "only look at last year; we had more than that number; and everybody was so much pleased, and so very comfortable."

"Why, Emmy, what are you talking about?" exclaimed her father; "there was a perfect mob! Mrs. Peachey never got further than the landing, and I was blockaded into the window-seat of the back drawing-room at ten o'clock; and couldn't get out until the first lot went down to supper."

"And yet they enjoyed themselves," observed Titus mildly.

"Pshaw!" retorted the governor. "What possible enjoyment can people find in kicking their heels about at a time when they ought to be in bed and asleep."

"Well, my love," said Mrs. Ledbury softly, and trying to go upon another tack; "no doubt the young people think differently. Besides, we *must* keep our connexion together."

"Very true, Mrs. Ledbury," answered the old gentleman; "but, your chief idea of connexion is a parcel of people nobody cares anything about, who wear out the knockers, trouble the servants, wipe their shoes upon the carpets, cut up the gravel before the door, and fill the card-basket. Yah! you never ask any of my real business-connexion."

"They are such very odd people, sir," said Titus; "who know nothing of Paris. It is so strange to visit them."

"You would find it much stranger if they were to turn their backs upon us," replied Mr. Ledbury, senior. "Now, I don't mind dinner-parties; you may have one as often as you like."

"But, papa," said Emma, "we find so little amusement in your dinner-parties; and I am certain they are more expensive."

"And only entertain such a few people," said Titus.

"And the wine they drink would make all the negus," added Mrs. Ledbury. "Besides, it need not be so good, if you put plenty of nutmeg; and, see how the hot-water and little custard-cups help it out!"

Mr. Ledbury, senior, indulged in a faint groan of resignation.

"And they involve so much anxiety and awkward mistakes," continued Mrs. Ledbury, following up the attack. "At the very last dinner we gave, Hipkins took round brandy-sauce for the turbot, and kept back the oysters for the plum-pudding. Mrs. Claverly took some — of course — because we wanted her to have everything as good as it could be."

"And you will not learn the names of the dishes, my dear papa," said Emma. "When old Mrs. Hoddle asked for some of the *fondu*, you sent Hipkins with the mashed potatoes!"

"If you have made up your minds to this discomfort," interrupted Mr. Ledbury, senior, quite overcome, and wishing to raise the siege, "why, of course it is of no use endeavouring to make you think differently."

"Then you give us leave!" exclaimed all three of his companions at once.

"Well," said the old gentleman, with deliberation, — "well! — I give you leave: in fact, I must make a virtue of necessity. Only don't tell me when its going to be; or, the mere anticipation will fidget me for a week beforehand."

"We'll keep it quite a secret, papa," said Emma.

"Or, upon second thoughts, I think you had better let me know," resumed Mr. Ledbury, senior; "because then I will make arrangements to go out for the evening."

The point was gained, much to the satisfaction of the young people; and the family then relapsed into their own reflections. Mr. Ledbury, junior, began to calculate upon the effect his French scarf and boots would produce; and was almost sorry he had not got his *débardeur's* dress; Mrs. Ledbury had already laid out the supper in imagination; the old gentleman went back to his city article in the newspaper; and Emma was lost in a mental inquiry as to whether there was time for her to have her lilac *challis* dyed crimson, which, with short sleeves, and *blonde* falls, would look very well and seasonable, considering the time of year.

CHAPTER XII.

Jack Johnson has an interview with a relative.

Amidst the wilderness of houses that are crowded together between St. Giles's church and Long-Acre, there is a labyrinth of streets, which a man may spend his whole existence in threading, doubling, and running about, before he can determine in any degree whither they lead, how they are bounded, or in what aspect their various thoroughfares run. A confused mass of second-hand sale-cellars, breweries, gin-shops, old-iron-stores, potato-sheds, and eating-houses, whose windows display cooked meat of the most repulsive and coarsest kind, form the chief characteristics of the locality: and the inhabitants are equally squalid, smoke-dried, and poverty-stricken, with their abodes. A polluted and steaming atmosphere, like a pall of clouds, laden with noisome fumes and dense vapours from the contiguous furnaces, hangs over these regions by day: and by night they are illumined by flaring jets of gas from the different sheds, casting their fitful and intermittent light over the cold fried fish, lumps of coal, and bundles of firewood, there exposed for sale. The only signs of wealth in this dreary neighbourhood are found in the costly gin-shops,—wealth, which is obtained by fiery aquafortis, that extracts the metal from the clods of earth which it destroys. Beneath the windows of these gaudy establishments, women, in their worst and most degraded nature, are collected, huddling together in little knots of two and three, all vociferously declaiming in the hoarse, thickened accents of disease and intoxication; without cap or bonnet, a rough, dirty shawl only being pulled over their shoulders; and men of sinister aspect are loitering about the corners of every court, leaning against posts, or quarrelling, in a harsh and unintelligible language. Wretched children, too, swarm in every direction; but they are not like children. The countenances—even of the dirty and uncared-for infants—betoken low and precocious cunning; and they creep along under the shade of the walls and buildings, or crouch in low, narrow alleys, with the fear of light and publicity, which early crime, coupled with the dread of its detection, has rendered habitual.

It was through this maze of want and depravity that Jack Johnson was following an ill-clad urchin, who appeared to act as his guide, on the very evening of his arrival in London. He had found a large collection of letters when he returned to his old lodgings, that had arrived in his absence; and one amongst them, delivered only the day before, had led to his present journey. That it was important might be assumed from the hurry in which he started from home; and, as he carried the note with him to ascertain the address, he crumpled it in his hand with nervous anxiety, until it was almost illegible.

After traversing several streets, the boy, at length, stopped before a cellar, the mouth of which was garnished with several common theatrical properties, such as iron combat-swords with basket-handles, scraps of worn and tarnished gold-lace, and patched russet-boots, all intended to captivate the eye, and ease the pocket, of some aspiring supernumerary, or hunter after the histrionic fame of a private theatre.

"Take care o' yer head," said the boy as they descended—a caution which was certainly necessary. "You'd best turn your face to the steps, and then you won't fall."

Acting upon his advice, Johnson turned round, and, carefully watching each of his feet as he placed it on the rickety stair, lowered himself through the smoke that poured up the outlet in dense volumes, and at length found himself in a St. Giles's cellar.

The miserable den into which he descended was about twelve feet square, and not above seven from the ground to the ceiling—if the bare joists and rafters deserved that name. There were two or three doorways that led into recesses still more limited and filthy, in which he could just discern, through the smoke which filled them, figures moving about in every direction. Walls, floor, ceiling, and fixtures, were all of one uniform cloudy black; and the inmates partook of the same hue. The principal occupier of the front cellar was a cobbler, who was plying his calling at the bottom of the steps, to benefit by the gas-light of the shop overhead; and various new-footed boots and shoes, at prices scarcely above the value of the old leather—vamped and polished to the last pitch of ingenuity—were ranged in such pairs as could be selected from them, on a ledge of rough board, amidst the theatrical properties before spoken of. The walls were covered with what had apparently been cheap caricatures, and execution-bills, but now illegible, and almost invisible, from dirt. A wretched, featherless bird, hopped from one perch to another, in a patched-up cage, that depended from one of the rafters; and some melancholy rabbits were penned up in a corner of the room by an old shutter; whilst several helpless children—untaught as animals, without their cleanliness or instinct—were crying on the floor, or crawling through the doorways from one cellar to another. What the floor itself was made of it was impossible to distinguish; but, from its irregularity, it appeared paved: and, in one part, where the drip from a leaky cistern-pipe kept it constantly moist, three or four seeds, which the bird had fluttered from his cage, had taken root in the dirt, and were struggling to push their two small, dusky leaflets into existence. In the other rooms were some individuals—whether men or women it was difficult at first to determine, making shell-pincushions, halfpenny dancing-figures, dolls'-saucepans, and other articles, which may be daily seen selling for a small price in the streets; and the whole range was pervaded by a stench of frying, smoking, and the fumes of gin, that was quite intolerable upon first entering.

It would seem that the inmates of the cellar had some idea upon what business their visitor had come. The proprietor looked rather suspiciously over his horn-spectacles as he descended; but, when he saw clearly who it was, he laid down his work, and, turning a cat without ears or tail, in a very unceremonious manner, from the chair on which it was seated, offered the accommodation thus procured to the new comer.

"Thank you! no," returned Johnson; "I have merely come here upon a little business in consequence of this note. Do not let me disturb you."

"You ain't a blue lion," said a man who stood by, fixing an inquiring glance upon Johnson; "nor—a dragon?"

"Indeed—no," replied the other, not having the most remote idea

what these zoological terms implied. "I have to see some one here, it appears; but you need not fear anything that I can do. Where is the person who sent this note?"

The appearance of a well-dressed young man in the cellar, had attracted the attention of the other inmates; and they now forsook their different employments, and clustered about him, exclaiming:—

"Here, sir!—this way!—I 'll show you!"

And this was uttered with an eager anxiety, that could only have been produced by a reward in perspective.

"Now, keep back! there 's good people!" said Johnson, as they crowded round him; "one will be sufficient. *You* know what I have come about, and will direct me," he continued, addressing the cobbler.

The man immediately rose; and, motioning the others to stand out of the way, with an air of temporary importance, derived from the choice made of his services, led Johnson through one of the doorways, and, passing a series of low, vaulted recesses, that looked like a *suite* of wine-cellars without doors or bottles, stopped at one of the most remote. He here lifted aside a dirty patchwork curtain, that was nailed before the entrance, and allowed the other to pass in.

On a miserable bed, which nearly occupied the entire space of the cellar, constructed of a dilapidated frame of packing-cloth, placed upon four oyster-tubs; and, covered only by a few old sacks, sewed roughly together, lay the writer of the epistle which had brought Johnson to the present scene. He was a young man, about seven-and-twenty years old, apparently tall, and well-featured; but his flesh was wasted, and his eyes sunk, and preternaturally brilliant. A florid patch upon his cheeks, in striking contrast to his pale countenance, would have offered sufficient evidence of the relentless disease that revelled within with uncontrollable progress, even in the absence of the distressing cough and quick, laboured respiration, which rendered any lengthened speech a matter of painful difficulty. He raised himself slowly up as Johnson entered; and, when the guide left them alone, held out his delicate hand, accompanied by a few faint words of recognition to his cousin — for such was the relationship between the two parties,—as he approached. Seating himself on the bed, by the side of the other, Johnson took the wasted fingers in his grasp, and then looked at him for a minute, with a gaze of mingled surprise and sorrow, ere he exclaimed,

"Morris! what has happened that you have come to this?"

"I am afraid it 's all up!" replied the other, resting between every two words for a fresh inspiration. "I baulked them, though, with all their vigilance: they have not caught me yet."

"For God's sake! tell me what you have been doing," said Johnson earnestly. "I thought I left you comfortably settled at the bank. You have been turned away."

"No — no!" returned his cousin,— "I was not turned away, — I left on my own account. They would be glad to see me again; but they won't."

"But, this wretched den?—this miserable, poverty-stricken—"

"Poverty!" interrupted Morris, with an attempt at a smile,— "poverty! you are mistaken there."

And, having looked suspiciously around, by the light of the dim

candle, that flickered in a clay candlestick at the head of the bed, he drew forth a small, dirty, cloth parcel, from under his pillow, which he unpinned, and showed his cousin a number of sovereigns concealed in its folds. Johnson uttered an exclamation of surprise as he saw the gold.

"Hush!" exclaimed Morris, in a low voice,—"hush! they don't know of it—the people in the house: they would murder me to possess it, if they did. Who could tell whether one of the inmates lived or died in this lonely cellar? I might lie here, and rot — rot like a cur, for aught the police knew. But the seclusion is my safety."

"I see it all," said Johnson, as the truth broke upon him. "You have embezzled the property of your employers, and have sought a refuge in this dreary place from their pursuit."

"You have hit it, Jack," returned the other, with callous indifference; "I wanted money, and I took it. They stopped the notes; but I got some changed before the numbers were advertised. And they watched for me at all the ports, thinking I should go abroad, when I was close to them all the time!" And he attempted to laugh as he uttered these last words, but the endeavour was checked by a long fit of coughing, which sounded as if it was tearing his lungs to pieces. Johnson supported him in the bed during the paroxysm; but, when it was over, he fell back on the mass of rags which formed his pillow, perfectly exhausted.

"It's—it's only—a cold!" he articulated, after a short pause, as he saw Johnson watching him, with a countenance of the deepest commiseration; "only a slight cold. I'm subject to it, you know; but, I'm a great deal better—than I was."

"It is more than a cold, Morris," said Johnson, taking his hand. "I know enough of surgery to feel your pulse. See!" he continued, as he counted the time by his watch; "thirty in a quarter of a minute! A cold would not raise it to this."

"It is a cold, I tell you!" answered his cousin, apparently annoyed at having his word doubted. "I caught it in the wet streets, and outbuildings, where I slept, almost out of doors, before I came here. I shall get better soon. I know it is only a cold."

"Well," continued Johnson, unwilling to contradict him, "I dare say it is. But, now, Morris, of what service can I be to you? I do not see clearly what you would have me do."

"You must take care of that money for me, Jack," answered the other.

"But it is plunder!" said Johnson. "I will return it, if you will give it to me."

"Return it! you have grown punctilious lately," remarked Morris ironically.

"No; I have not, Morris," replied Johnson. "Careless, noisy, and—dissipated, if you choose to call it so, I may be; but I am not yet criminal. If you give me that money, I shall restore it to the people you took it from."

"And leave me to starve?"

"I do not think that is very likely. I have kicked down a great deal more of my income than perhaps I ought to have done in Paris during the last autumn; but I can, at least, keep you from starving."

"I shall not burthen you long with any expense," continued Morris, still speaking in a half-satirical, half-earnest tone. "If they find me, they will hang me out of your way; or, they will give up looking after me, and then I shall go. I don't know where; but I shall go away — perhaps a great distance off; for my cold will have got better then, and I shall be strong."

"You will give me the money, then?" said Johnson, endeavouring to lead up to a reply in the affirmative.

"If you will keep it for me—certainly," was the answer. "But, if you are going to give it back, it shall remain here until *they* find it out;" and he pointed in the direction where some of the voices of the other inmates were audible. "They will murder me, then, and be the only ones to enjoy it."

A few minutes of silence on either side, succeeded to the last speech, broken only by Morris's harassing cough, which continued almost without intermission. At length Johnson was the first to speak, as follows:—

"Now, listen, Morris: if you will not let me have this money to return, let me keep it in charge for you. I need not say that it will be sacred; and, what little you may require, until you think it advisable to leave this dreadful place, I will endeavour to supply you with."

"You have scarcely got enough to support yourself," replied the other coldly; "how can you afford to keep me?"

"We will not argue upon that score," returned Johnson; "leave it to me, and I will do my best. Do you agree to this?"

Morris hesitated for an instant, and then replied,

"I can do nothing else. Here—take it; but keep it carefully. I know how much there is."

"You need not be in fear that I shall touch a doit," said Johnson angrily. "Do you want anything else?"

"Yes; leave me some silver, if you have it. I do not like trusting them with gold when they go out for me,—they would not bring it back."

Johnson immediately gave him what loose change he had about him; and, in return, received the gold.

"I shall see you before long?" asked his cousin, as he rose to depart.

"You may depend upon my coming shortly," replied Johnson. "In the meanwhile, think over what I have suggested to you. Your secret rests with me; and you will, I am sure, see the advantage of acting as I have advised, if you are not yet quite lost."

"You had better take the candle with you," observed Morris heedlessly, pretending not to hear the last sentence. "They need not bring it back just yet. I am tired; and shall go to sleep. Good night!"

And he turned round to his pillow as Johnson left him, wondering at the hardened indifference that allowed his cousin to sleep so readily, under such circumstances, and in such a dismal chamber.

"How is the neighbour, docther?" asked a woman, in a strong Hibernian accent, as our friend regained the front cellar.

Johnson's tact enabled him directly to perceive in what light he was regarded by the inmates of the Cimmerian regions, in which he

was at present located; and he directly returned some commonplace, but apparently professional answer.

"It pours o' rain, master," observed the cobbler, who, having removed his stock from the entrance of the cellar, had pulled down the trap-door, given up work, and was enjoying a pipe by the hob of a very smoky fire.

"It 's a back'ards and for'ards, up and down sort of rain, as won't last long."

"I 'll stay here a few minutes, then, until it leaves off," said Johnson.

"Why don't you give the docther the seat?" exclaimed the Irishwoman, knocking a small boy off a stool, upon which he was perched, into the centre of a heap of rubbish, from which he did not reappear during the sojourn of the visitor.

As Johnson accepted the proffered accommodation, a sound arose from a corner of the room in a simultaneous burst of discordancy, that directly drew his attention to the spot from whence it proceeded. A row of dirty children, five or six in number, of ages varying from three to thirteen, were standing with their backs against the wall, and a man in front of them, with some piece of machinery fixed on the end of a pole, was apparently directing their vocal efforts.

"Hope you 're well, sir!" said he, as Johnson approached, in a voice that had an equal dash of the knave and fool in it, but belonged completely to neither.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," replied Johnson. "I am curious to see what you are about."

"I 'm a street professor, sir, of misery for the million. This, sir, is a model of a loom."

And, pointing to the machine on the top of his staff, which looked something like the skeleton of a cabinet piano fixed to the end of a four-post bedstead, he pulled a string attached to it, whereby various bits of the apparatus were set in motion, shooting in and out, moving up and down, and performing various intricate evolutions, very curious to behold.

"This is the comb, there is the treadles, and that 'ere little thing 's the shuttle. Now, the children looks at these, and when the treadles move they sings a hymn—just listen, sir."

And as he pulled the string the children set up a miserable wail. that would have been certain to have procured them a commission by purchase to some station in the next street.

At a signal they all stopped; and the man again addressed Johnson.

"Now, sir, you 'll see how I guides them in the bits. Attention!"

Whereupon, the children, directed, apparently, by the motions of the loom, commenced bawling out at the top of their voices,

"We have not tasted food for three days (*pause*). Our mother died when we were infants (*pause*). Pity the distress of an industrious family."

"Now comes my solo," resumed the man, producing a rapid motion of every part of the loom at once, which checked the children's voices. He then continued, in a solemn, measured tone, "My Christian friends. I am ashamed to be seen in such a situation. I am a native of Stockport, in Lancashire. I have been out of work for twelve months. The smallest sum will be gratefully acknow-

ledged by an industrious family of smaller children. Then, sir," he continued, suddenly changing his voice, and addressing Johnson,—"then, sir, we looks miserable; and, if nobody comes to the windows, we starts the hymn again. That's sure to bring 'em out."

"And you find this answer?" asked Jack.

"Uncommon, sir," replied the man; "only, it's dry work, teaching. P'rhaps yer honour would let us drink your health?"

"There's a shilling for you," said Johnson; "it's all the change I have left."

"Thank'ee, sir!" returned the man. "I hope yer honour won't split, 'cos it's a profitable line, and it 'ud be a pity to have it spiled."

"Oh, no!" answered Johnson, smiling, "you may depend upon my secresy."

The cobbler here informed him that the rain had left off; so Johnson took advantage of the change, and, saluting the inmates of the cellar, clambered up the steps, and thoughtfully retraced his way home.

And, when he retired to bed, his rest was broken and unrefreshing, for he thought of his cousin, and the serious matter in which he himself was innocently involved, again picturing the wretched scene he had witnessed, and passing all the events of the day in wearying review through his brain,—the only pleasant vision being the face of Emma Ledbury, as he had seen her for the few minutes, whose sunny face and bright eyes ever and anon beamed through the dreary visions he had conjured up in his imagination.

CHAPTER XIII.

Of the grand ball given by Mr. Ledbury's friends to celebrate his return to his native land.

As soon as the conspirators of the Ledbury family had gained their point, the guests were put down, and their invitations sent out, after much discussion as to who should have the French note-paper, who the lace-work envelopes, whose notes it would not do to stick a penny Queen's head upon, and whose could be sent by post, with many other serious matters of consideration. But all this was done with a comparative rapidity beyond conception, for fear Mr. Ledbury, senior, should change his mind, and think that a dinner-party to eight or ten of his own peculiar friends would be better after all. The intervening time passed quickly by in planning, ordering, and canvassing different arrangements, and at length the eventful day arrived.

The early Islington cock had thrice crowed salutation to the morning fog, as the breakfast things were cleared away from the parlour, and the boy in waiting, who sported a calico-jacket in the morning, and a firmament of buttons in the afternoon, rubbed the table with a highly-magnified small-tooth-comb-brush, to take out the light marks which the hot saucers had left behind. Old Ledbury, foreseeing a domestic tempest, took his departure for the city with unusual alacrity,—indeed, he was ten minutes before the omnibus. Not that his business that morning was of extra importance, but he

wanted to fly from the approaching confusion. And if he had not luckily possessed his counting-house as a place of refuge, he would have ridden backwards and forwards all day long, from the Bank to Lisson Grove, from mere dread of returning home. No sooner had he gone than the first note of preparation was sounded by Mrs. Ledbury calling for a candle, and then, accompanied by Titus, plunging into the cellar to see how the *blanc-mange* and jelly looked, —the latter of which delicacies had been strained through an inverted flannel fool's-cap the night before,—and to bring up the wine. The inspection proved satisfactory; and, by the time Emma had filled all the pint-decanters, some with sherry, and others with marsala, (intended to pass muster in the confusion of supper,) and Mrs. Ledbury had mislaid the keys four times, and Master Walter Ledbury had twice ventured down from the nursery, in the absence of Foster, and been twice violently carried back again, after pulling off two or three of the oranges which Titus had tied to some laurel-branches in a small conservatory on the first-floor landing: by the time all these things were accomplished, a cart stopped at the door, loaded with long spars of wood, striped canvass, and tressels, on the top of all of which was perched Jack Johnson. A crowd of little boys followed him, who, imagining it was a travelling exhibition, cheered vociferously as the vehicle stopped at the door, and redoubled their greetings when Mr. Ledbury appeared at the window, and nodded to his friend.

In the short period that had elapsed since the tourists returned from France, Jack had called several times at Ledbury's house, and was now looked upon as the most intimate of their friends. This will account for his appearance at Islington so early on the day of the party,—a time when people are generally not at home to anybody, except those actually engaged in the preparations for the evening's festivity. But now his services had actually been solicited by all the family, to assist them in constructing a temporary apartment. Mrs. Ledbury had originally intended to devote her own bed-room to the supper-tables; but the bare hint of such a proceeding met with so decided a negative from Mr. Ledbury, senior, that she saw the plan must at once be abandoned,—the old gentleman not entering into the ideas of fun and convenience, which everybody else appeared to foresee in such a transformation. Then the nursery was talked about for the same purpose, and alike discarded, no domestic ingenuity being able to contrive another bivouac for the infantry therein abiding; and they were almost giving the whole affair up in despair, when Jack Johnson, who chanced to be present at one of the discussions, suggested to Titus the practicability of covering in the garden,—which was a narrow slip between two walls, and thus procuring a very roomy apartment, to be entered from the French windows of the back drawing-room. The proposal was immediately decided upon, and Jack undertook to superintend the whole of the architectural proceedings, relying upon the co-operation of a friend, — a gentleman in highlows, descended from an ancient Bohemian family, who kept stables at the races, and who promised to procure the requisite poles and tarpaulins from certain of his connexions in the Crown-and-Anchor line, who provided canvass *salons* for the votaries of Terpsichore at various fairs

and merrymakings about the country; and with this cargo, accompanied by the man, Jack now arrived.

A little confusion occurred in unloading the cart; but, after Mrs. Ledbury had requested the man five separate times to rub his shoes as he went through the "hall,"—a portion of the mansions of England in the olden time, formerly known as the passage, — and the little boys, still holding to the belief that a show was about to be erected, (the more so as they saw a yellow balloon for illumination lamps come out of the cart,) had boldly advanced to the very door, from which Mr. Ledbury gallantly drove them back with an umbrella — after these little events, the whole apparatus was safely collected in the garden. And then Jack Johnson, in company with his friend in the highlows, who was commonly known as "Spriggy Smithers," assisted by the baker's boy, who brought the rolls for the sandwiches, and was forcibly detained, and pressed into the service, all went to work together, and laboured so well, that by one o'clock the whole of the framework was in order, when the baker's boy was sent home with a shilling, and a tin of patties, and Jack and Spriggy, with that absence of all discomfort from difference of position attending true good breeding, refreshed themselves with a bottle of stout which Mrs. Ledbury sent out to them, and discussed some sandwiches, made from the unpresentable terminations of the above-mentioned rolls, and certain anomalous dabs of ham; but which were, nevertheless, very acceptable, and especially so to Jack, for Emma brought them herself; and he suspected that she had cut them with her own fair hands. Titus, to be sure, was of no very great assistance, as far as hard work went; but, he stood upon a tub, and handed up the tacks and pincers when wanted, or entertained them with humorous anecdotes, and diverting snatches of melody, so that they were glad of his company; and Mrs. Ledbury was not sorry to get him out of the house; where, truth to tell, he was rather in the way, after all the decorative arrangements entrusted to his taste, were finished. With this co-operation they covered in the tent with canvass, and then proceeded to arrange the tables underneath; feeling some comfort at being concealed from the gaze of the neighbours; for all the back-windows of the contiguous houses had their full complement of spectators, who were intently watching the construction. And, when the supper itself began to appear, and the glass-cups had been filled with custard, Master Walter Ledbury, who had behaved with unparalleled propriety for two hours, never leaving the nursery, was allowed to come into the kitchen, and clean the interior of the stew-pan after his own fashion, with a large piece of bread in his hand, and an enormous pinafore tied under his chin, until he made himself quite as poorly as the fondest and most indulgent parent could desire.

"My dears!" said Mrs. Ledbury to Titus and Emma, who, under her direction, were writing the names of various delicious comestibles upon slips of paper, and placing them in the dishes intended for their reception; "my dears! you must endeavour, when supper-time comes, to put Mrs. Claverley as near the trifle-basket as you can. I particularly wish her to see it."

"I'll look out," replied Ledbury, writing "anchovy sand" on a piece of paper, and putting it in a small dish.

"And, at the same time, get old Mrs. Hoddle away from it, or

she will be sure to be telling its history to all the table, and how much it cost: she was in the shop when I bought it."

"If you will give me a hint when the time arrives," said Jack, "I will come out, and light up the balloon. It will come out uncommonly grand, if my plan answers."

"And, pray, what clever contrivance have you got to astonish our guests with, Mr. Johnson?" asked Emma Ledbury.

"Why, you must not say anything," replied Jack, confidentially; "but I have hung the balloon to the bottle-jack, so that when I wind it up, it will keep turning round."

And here everybody expressed their admiration at Jack's ingenious application of domestic machinery to the purposes of social enjoyment; and were astonished to see how very cleverly he had contrived to conceal the bottle-jack in a large tassel of coloured paper, fringed at the edges.

"How it will puzzle the company to find out how it is done," observed Mr. Ledbury.

"Now, don't go telling the people all about it, Titus," said Emma; "as you did last year, when Brown lent us the Chinese lamps out of the shop-windows to put in the conservatory."

"I shall be studiously secret on this point," replied her brother.

"The only thing that would betray it to a keen observer," said Jack Johnson, "is this. If any one listens attentively, he will hear a "click" every half minute, or so; and then it will turn the other way."

But they all agreed there was not much chance of this; for people at supper were usually occupied in assisting, or being assisted; and, as it was a rather noisy period of the evening's festivities, they were not very likely to detect the contrivance.

It was evening before the preparations were completed, and then Jack Johnson took his departure, with all sorts of expressions of gratitude from the family, promising to return as soon as his ball-toilet was made to his satisfaction. Mr. Ledbury vanished to his own room, where he laid all his French clothes in great state upon the bed, and then spent half an hour in admiring them: and Mrs. Ledbury and Emma contrived, about eight o'clock, to procure some coffee from the nursery tea-things — it not being thought advisable to disturb the order of the China service, which was awaiting the guests in the parlour. And the old gentleman had not returned from the city; but was presumed to be spending the evening in a retired tavern in the city, — so quiet a place, that the very clock appeared afraid to tick, and vibrated with a grave and subdued beat, which endowed it with an air of tranquil respectability, perfectly in accordance with the usual frequenters of the house.

Jack Johnson had resolved, for this day and evening, at least, to cast all his care and troubles to the winds; and, true to his promise, returned to Ledbury's at an early hour. Indeed, Titus had not completed his toilet when his friend arrived; so Jack bounded upstairs to his room, and superintended the finish of his ball-costume, eventually turning him round three times, as if he was playing at blindman's buff without the bandage, to see that everything was perfectly *comme-il-faut*. They then descended to the drawing-room, where they found Emma Ledbury admiring a *bouquet* which was lying on the cheffonier; and her admiration greatly increased when Jack

stated that he had brought it in his hat on purpose for her; and, then, she admired the beautiful flowers, and Jack invented an elegant compliment, something about her being a more exquisite flower than any of them; and then Emma curtsied so prettily as she smiled at Jack's politeness, and Jack Johnson bowed gracefully in return; and Titus, perceiving that his presence was not in any way necessary to the absolute happiness of either his sister or his friend, walked into the conservatory on the landing, and gave a last glance to see if his oranges were all right, previously to lighting one or two illumination-lamps, which he had suspended to the laurel-branches. And, when he had finished, he stepped back to admire his handiwork, and called Jack and Emma out to look at it, and say if it was not quite like a scene in the story of Aladdin. But Jack and Emma were having a turn or two in a waltz to their own music, just to see if their step was the same, which was proved to be so, to their entire satisfaction; so Mr. Ledbury was compelled to be content with the encomiums of his mother, who came down just at that period, and requested Emma would see that all the lamps and candles were properly lighted, because she thought she heard the sound of a fly in the lane.

Nor was she mistaken, for immediately afterwards there was a knock at the door; and, after much mysterious shuffling about in the passage, and inquiries of the servant as to what time the carriages were ordered—for flys are always "carriages" at evening parties,—the guests were ushered upstairs, preceded by the boy in buttons, who rushed up like a lamplighter, and announced "Mr. and the Miss Simpsons." Mr. Simpson was a young gentleman, with his hair curled, of delicate fibre, and mild temperament, in a rich, plaid, satin stock, which he imagined to be very fashionable, having seen so many of that quiet, unobtrusive pattern in the shops of Islington, in compliment to Her Majesty's visit to Scotland. The Miss Simpsons were three tall young ladies, with red hair, who looked as if they had been cut out of Parian marble, and nourished upon writing-paper; and, being thin withal, and dressed in light poplins, they prompted Jack Johnson to tell Emma Ledbury, very wickedly, that they put him in mind of animated sticks of self-lighting sealing-wax. Then the young ladies remarked what a beautiful day it had been; and asked Miss Ledbury if she had been out walking; and Mr. Simpson inquired of Mr. Ledbury how he liked Paris, and whether there was anything in the papers.

Old Mrs. Hoddle, who lived a few doors off, next made her appearance, preceded to the gate by her maid with a lantern (although the entire distance was between two bright gas-lamps), and having her head enveloped in some artful contrivance of green calico, lined with pink, about the size and fashion of the calash of a Margate bathing-machine. The old lady was a long while coming up stairs, and would stop on the landing, to look at the conservatory, which pleased Titus when he perceived that his ingenuity was already rewarded with one admirer; and, when she finally arrived at the drawing-room, she "would say this, that, amongst all her friends, Mrs. Ledbury certainly did contrive to exhibit the greatest taste in her arrangements:" and then, after the customary courtesies, she began a long story of how dreadfully she and her maid had been frightened the night before by a strange cat, and one or two other

appalling circumstances, which were cut short by the arrival of some more guests. Mrs. Hoddle was then inducted by Titus to a comfortable seat at the end of the room, where she remained until supper, greatly edified by the quadrilles, which she still called the new-fashioned way of dancing, and occasionally considerably terrified by the waltzers.

When the hour of invitation to an Islington evening-party is stated to be nine o'clock, the guests have a curious custom of assembling within a short period of the exact specified time; and, accordingly, they now began to arrive pretty quickly; so much so, that Titus saw, with honest pride, as he peeped through the blinds, at one time there were actually two cabs and a fly waiting to put down their inmates at the gate. And he felt the triumph the greater because his family were not exactly on the best of terms with the Grimleys, next door; and only hoped that Mrs. Grimley was at the window, to see what a large connexion they had. Besides, he knew there were some private carriages to come — the Claverleys, at all events, never minded taking their horses out at night: and he was, also, uncharitable enough to imagine how uncomfortable Miss Grimley would feel, as she lay in bed, and listened to the piano, through the wall, playing the various dances.

But if this trifling circumstance afforded Mr. Ledbury gratification, how much more was he delighted when he received the congratulations of all his friends, by turns, upon his safe return to England! And when the thrilling time came for him to commence the quadrille with one of the prettiest girls in the room, in all the glory of his Paris trousers, and little French boots, with glazed toes, he thought all his past dangers were compensated by the power they thus endowed him with of being able to distinguish himself. And he did not feel awkward by the side of his partner, nor find a difficulty in entering into conversation, as he did when we first knew him, before he went abroad; but he indulged in a rapid succession of brilliant images and descriptions, that almost astonished himself, but at the same time persuaded him of the wonderful efficacy of travelling in expanding the mind.

Jack Johnson danced opposite to him with Emma; and there were many telegraphic signals between them, or sly speeches when they chanced to meet in the quadrille. And now and then, when Jack caught Ledbury's eye, in the confusion of the figure, he introduced a quiet imitation of the *cancan*, quite betwixt themselves, and understood by nobody else, which instantaneously gave birth to a new train of ideas, and *souvenirs* of their own party in the Rue St. Jacques, and Aimée, as her own pretty self, and as the *débardeur*, with recollections of Mr. Ledbury's *début* at Tonnelier's, when he could not waltz at all, and many other pleasant retrospections, which Titus was almost tempted to tell his partner about, thinking it would astonish her. And, in all probability, it would have done so very much.

The guests had all arrived, including the Claverleys, who *did* come in their own carriage, as Mr. Ledbury hoped they would; and one of the young ladies who had brought their music, of extreme timidity, and with a faint soprano voice, was in the middle of favouring the company with the trumpet-chorus at the commencement of "Norma," put to some highly vigorous and poetical English words

about her cottage-home, or her native land, or something of the kind, when a scuffle, accompanied by sounds of infantile anger, was heard upon the stairs, and the door being thrust violently open, Master Walter Ledbury made his appearance, habited only in his night-gown and cap, with the nurse's shawl partly dragging behind him, and partly wrapped round him, in a manner which led the spectators to believe he had made his own toilet. And his presence was scarcely noticed ere Foster rushed in after him, and exclaiming, in mingled accents of distress and intimidation, "Oh! Master Walter—you naughty, naughty boy!" caught him up in her arms.

But Master Walter was not going to yield himself a prisoner without a struggle; and, after vainly attempting to seize the light-blue sarsnet ribands of Foster's cap, published quite new upon the occasion, he commenced a series of loud cries and struggling gymnastics, kicking his little fat legs about very wildly, in a reckless manner, that caused great confusion amongst a large part of the company. Nor did there at first appear a great chance of getting him back again; for the truth was, that the young gentleman, having been wide awake all the evening, with a restlessness induced, most probably, by indigestion, had listened to the music until he felt desirous of joining in the revelries; and, taking advantage of Foster's absence in the refreshment-room, had marched down stairs, to her great consternation.

"Now, my darling Watty! — there 's a dear, good boy! — go up stairs so pretty and nice with Foster," said Mrs. Ledbury, overcome with confusion, and putting on her most winning look and accent.

"I shan't," was the simple, but energetic reply.

"Return to the nursery, sir!" cried Mr. Ledbury, in a voice that was absolutely terrific, and made his partner tremble.

"No, I won't," said Walter. "I don't care for you, and I don't care for Foster, and I don't care for mamma, and I don't care for nobody."

Nor did it appear as if he did; for even Emma's proverbial ascendancy over his actions entirely failed. And the usually potent threat of summoning the tall man in the cocked-hat and shirt-sleeves, who kept the bogies to eat little boys, was of no avail; so that at last Titus, losing all command over his better feelings, and with a wrath he had never before shown, seized his brother wildly, and bore him off in a Rolla-like paroxysm, when the closing of the nursery-door soon shut out his very energetic cries. One or two of the guests had the curiosity to watch the retreating group; and these were also favoured with a momentary glimpse of Mr. Ledbury, senior, who had arrived at home during this slight interruption to the gaieties of the night, and forthwith darted to his own bed-room with all the alacrity he could muster, never once showing his face amongst the guests all the evening, but regarding the whole assemblage as a society of harmless lunatics, each, in the true spirit of the inmates of Bedlam, finding amusement in the other's antics.

The usual routine of evening-party amusements went on in the accustomed order, in the course of which Jack Johnson was, to use his own phrase, swindled into singing a sentimental song, which was an impropriety he would never have been guilty of had not Emma Ledbury played the accompaniment; and about a quarter past twelve Mrs. Ledbury informed Titus, in great confidence, that

she thought it was time the lamps in the supper-room were lighted, if Mr. Johnson would be kind enough to look after them. Whereupon Jack enlisted the boy in buttons into his service, and left the room, giving Miss Ledbury the hint to get up another quadrille, or "prevail upon some young lady to favour them with another of her delightful songs," just to carry on time, both of which Emma contrived to do; and, by the time they had finished, Jack had touched all the wicks with turpentine, lighted the lamps, and wound up the jack, which set the illuminated balloon revolving in a manner highly gratifying to behold.

In a short time, all being pronounced perfectly in order, the French window of the supper-room was thrown open, amidst the continuous expressions of lively admiration from the guests, and more especially from old Mrs. Hoddle, who, knowing the accommodations of the house, had been wondering all the evening whereabouts the supper would be, or whether they were to be put off with a few tarts, sandwiches, and cut oranges handed about the room. There was the customary confusion in providing seats for all the ladies; and several funny young gentlemen, who had ensconced themselves very comfortably next to their last partners, for the sake of talking all sorts of delightful nonsense to them, and turning the whole meal into a *mélange* of fowls and flirting, creams and compliments, and lobster-salad and love-making, were summarily ejected by Jack Johnson, as soon as he discovered that there were ladies still without seats. Emma displayed considerable generalship in placing Mrs. Claverley exactly opposite the trifle; and Titus, in a most polite manner, offered his arm to old Mrs. Hoddle, and, engaging her in conversation, walked her quite down to the bottom of the table, where there was nothing for her to tell the price of to her neighbours. Nobody appeared to notice the absence of Mr. Ledbury, senior, or if they did, nobody seemed to care about it: indeed, as two or three of the most presentable clerks in his office had been invited, the chances are that they were much more gratified to find he did not show upon the occasion.

After a space of about twenty minutes had elapsed, during which considerable havoc had been made amongst the delicacies of the table, Jack Johnson took a pint-decanter in his hand, and, rising from his seat, exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, may I request you to see that the ladies have some wine in their glasses; and will you do me the favour to fill your own?"

Hereupon there was a little simultaneous bustle, every young gentleman seizing the nearest decanter, and every young lady, after about four drops had been poured into her glass, arresting the effusion of a greater quantity with her hand, as she said, "That is quite sufficient, thank you."

"Ladies," continued Jack, laying much softness on the word, "and gentlemen, I have the permission of Mrs. Ledbury to propose a toast, which I am sure will be received by all of you in the most enthusiastic manner, and more especially by the ladies, if I may judge from the kind expression of that nearer, dearer, clearer heaven of stars that beams around me."

And here Jack gently pressed Emma Ledbury's foot under the table, and Emma, very much offended, drew her foot away, but,

with her usual amiability, forgetting the affront altogether, allowed it to return to the same place the next instant.

"The individual, whose health I am about to propose, is known to all of you; and I am certain you will agree with me, that to know him is to admire him."

"Hear! hear!" from the gentlemen, and especially the presentable clerks.

"I have proved his good qualities beneath the skies of foreign lands," continued Jack, "and on the bounding ocean,—that mighty monster, that lies coiled like a green serpent round about the world—"

"Beautiful!" from several young ladies, including the Misses Simpson.

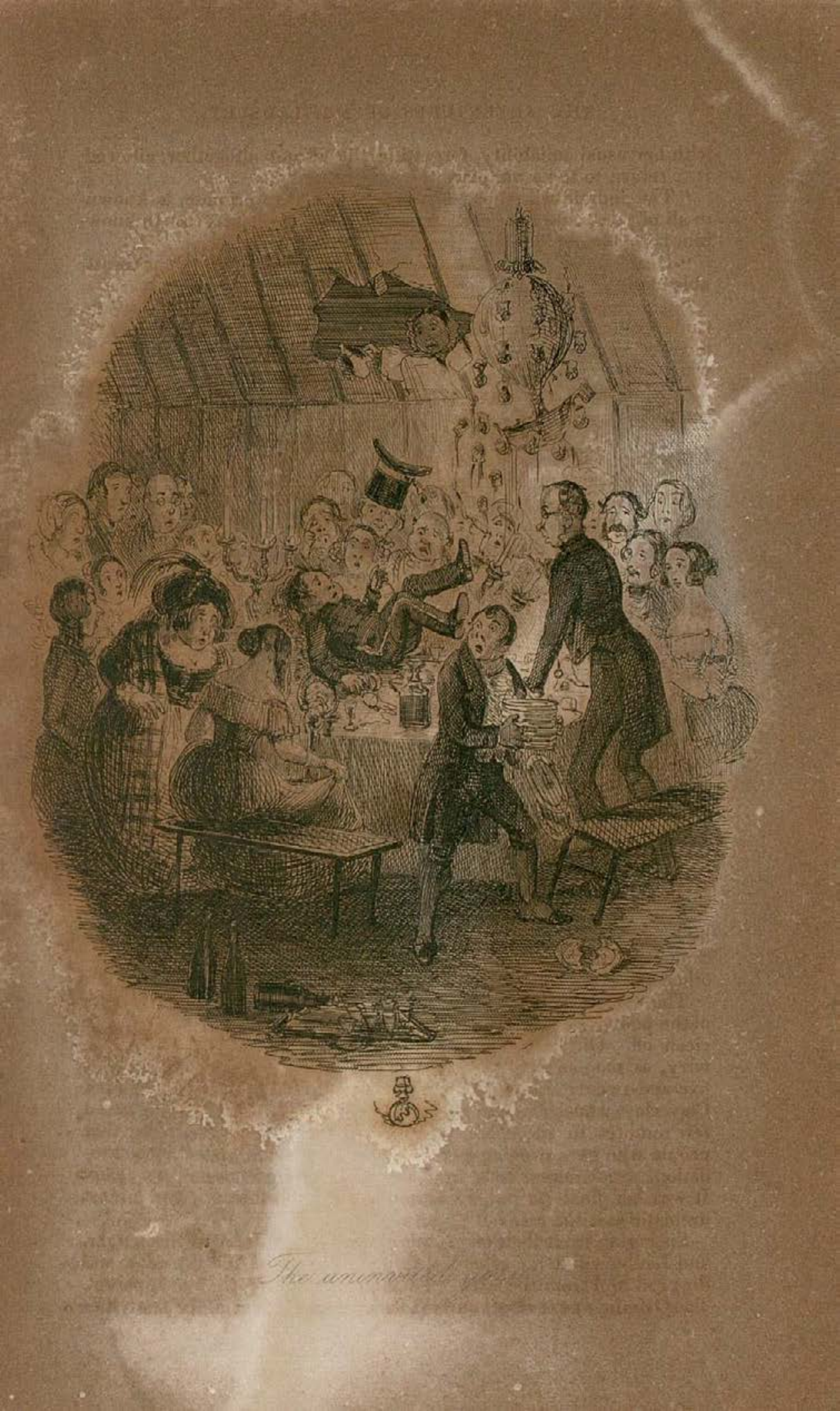
"And I can assure you that I am proud to call him my friend. I therefore will intrude upon your time no longer, but beg you will drink the health of Mr. Titus Ledbury, whose happy return we are met here to celebrate this evening: and—if you please—with the usual honours."

Great applause followed the conclusion of the speech, everybody looking towards our hero, and thumping the table; and, as they all drank his health, a very close observer might have seen his eyes glisten under his spectacles; especially when Jack Johnson shook his hand warmly, and merely observed, "Leddy! old brick! here's your jolly good health!" in an under-tone, but not the less warmly upon that account.

There was a general silence as Mr. Ledbury tremblingly poured out a glass of wine until it ran over, and rose from his seat. But, scarcely had he uttered "Ladies and gentlemen,"—scarcely did the majority of the guests know that he had commenced his speech, when there was a sudden and violent rent in the canvass of the ceiling,—a leg forcibly protruded itself; and, the same instant, to the horror and astonishment of the guests, a boy in buttons burst through the top of the temporary room, and fell down, all in a heap, upon the trifle, breaking the barley-sugar temple that enshrined it into ten thousand fragments, and scattering its contents far and wide, but more especially into the lap of Mrs. Claverley. At the same time he knocked over an argand-lamp into the lap of one of the Miss Simpsons, and kicked a decanter of port over the dress of the other.

The wildest confusion followed the unexpected apparition. Many of the young ladies, who had eligible gentlemen near them, fainted clean off. Old Mrs. Hoddle was perfectly paralysed. Mrs. Ledbury, as soon as her intellects returned, recollected there would be five-and-twenty shillings to pay for the broken trifle-dish! and Mrs. Claverley, whose emerald velvet was covered with trifle, remained a few minutes in speechless anger; and then, boldly asserting that people who gave evening-parties ought to provide better accommodation, strode majestically from the room, and was never seen again. It was her final retirement from the Islington theatre; and a most dramatic exit she made.

Springing from their respective places,—Jack Johnson like a tiger, and Ledbury like a mechanical frog,—they seized the intruder, and dragged him from the table. In an instant the truth was apparent. The Grimleys next door, curious to have an account of the festivities



The unannounced guest

from which they were excluded, had stationed their "page" on the garden-wall, to watch the proceedings, and report accordingly. But the "page," in the manner of his ancient pretty prototypes, anxious to "look out afar," had climbed on to the roof, to get a better view. As long as he kept upon the poles, he was tolerably safe; but, chancing to miss his hold, he had glided down a little, and, the canvass not being strong enough to support him, allowed him to enter the supper-room in the unceremonious manner here described. The greater part of this was inference, for the boy was in such an extreme state of trepidation that he could not utter a word. So Jack Johnson committed him to the care of Ledbury's boy in buttons, with directions that he should be immediately kicked back again by the front doors, with his kind regards to the family: and, as, in a similar manner to ancient times, the feuds of the family were followed up amongst the retainers, the order was immediately executed in a most satisfactory manner.

Of course the ladies immediately left the table; and it was not until they had danced two sets of quadrilles by themselves that they recovered from the affright. The harsher sex, it is true, looked upon it as a glorious joke, and their re-appearance set everything going again as merrily as before: more especially when Mrs. Ledbury and Emma agreed not to tell the old gentleman anything about it, but leave him to find it out. And so the evening passed, or rather the night, and part of the next morning, until Jack Johnson, who remained until the last, took his departure, promising to send Spriggy the next day to take down the things, with a recommendation for them to look after him. And Mrs. Ledbury, Titus, and Emma, having seen that all the plate was right, and not a great deal of glass broken, or oil spilt on the carpet, blew out what remained of the wax-candles, and retired to bed, each having comforted the other with the assertion, "that they were sure everybody must have passed a very happy evening," and delighted to think, with the exception of the accident, that everything had gone off so well.

SONNET.

Sail on, thou pearly barque, through ocean heav'n,
  Young summer-moonlight turn away from me—
A happy course through starry isles is giv'n
  To thy fair splendour in that waveless sea!
Why look upon a wretch in sorrow weeping
Over a tomb, where all he loved lies sleeping?
He would be lonely in his grief, but thou
  Dost light him to the glare of curious eyes—
Let a dim vapour hide thy glorious brow,
  And leave him to the darkness he doth prize!
Or, like the anguish'd parent-bird, that flies
  Far from her nest, to lure the hunter on;
Be thou that bird to me, with kind disguise,
  Oh! turn thy beams elsewhere, and leave me lone!

W.

LIFE IN HANOVER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Early the next morning, as Denham was walking down the Burg Strasse, with the half-formed intention of visiting the garden, to get a glimpse of its fair inhabitant, he heard some one call out his name, and, looking across the street, he perceived Templewell, Saville, and Sir Nicholas at the open window on the ground-floor of a house opposite. It was where Templewell lodged, and, in his quality of host, he was sitting at the breakfast-table in a flowered-silk dressing-gown, with a cigar in his mouth, and a glass of brandy-and-water before him. On the table, amidst the *débris* of the meal, which was just over, lay an open volume of Wordsworth, his constant companion, whose philosophy he had been expounding at intervals to no indifferent listeners; for he possessed the rare art of fixing the attention of his audience upon every subject which he discussed. But the thunder scarcely follows the flash in quicker succession than his transitions from grave to gay: he was familiar with every mood, and adopted all, apparently, without an effort. It was, perhaps, the intensity of suffering which his countenance sometimes betrayed, that caused him so recklessly to fling himself away upon things which, in his mind, he held in utter contempt. He knew no contented medium. If he failed in high and noble aims, he plunged at once into the depths of the lowest excesses. He was determined to be great,—if not in virtue, at least in vice.

"Halloa! old fellow, come over here!" shouted Templewell, beckoning with his cigar; "you're just the man we wanted. Come in. You'll find the door in the passage, on your left hand."

"Oh! there's a shorter way than that, I dare say," said Denham, availing himself of a narrow ledge beside the entrance; and with an easy spring he seated himself on the window-sill, much to the astonishment of a staid old gentleman who witnessed the feat outside, but highly to the gratification of the party within, especially that of the host.

"Well done, old boy!" cried he; "you're a trump, I see, and no mistake. *Ein trumpf und keines versehen,*—hey, Sir Nicholas? Well, come to an anchor. Have some brandy-and-water? No!—Oh! you're a young man, mild, and gentle, I suppose—never drink anything before tea. That's my rule; and, for fear I should break it, I never drink tea at all. What do you think?—we are all going to the races."

"Races! What races?" inquired Denham.

"Why, the races at Celle, about twenty miles off. They are the great attraction in this part of the world. Everybody will be there. We shall have a steeple-chase; and Von Stir'emup, of the Jägers, is backed to win. All the women bet on him: he is the Adonis of Hanover. We have got a carriage, and want a fourth."

"I hope you'll join us," said Sir Nicholas and Saville together.

"Oh! with pleasure," replied Denham, who was never backward when there was a prospect of amusement abroad. "When do we set out?"

"Most of the Hanoverians are gone already; but it will be time enough for us to set out in the morning, only it must be early,—not

later than four o'clock, or else we shall never get there, they 're so infernally slow on the road."

"That *is* early," yawned Sir Nicholas. "How the deuce shall we ever get up?"

"I 'll tell you," said Templewell; "we won't go to bed. Those that like to sleep can have a shake-down on my sofas; and we who stay awake will drink their particularly good healths, and pleasant dreams to them."

"And have you ordered the carriage?"

"Yes; and here comes the *Graf* to tell us all about it. Well, Count, what sort of a drag are we to have?"

"Oh! mein Gott! gentlemen," replied that worthy, who at the moment entered the room, "upon my honour, I tell you sincerely, you shall have the very best carriage in Hanover. And for the horses, upon my soul! gentlemen, I don't know whether the horses are better *as* the carriage, or the carriage *as* the horses."

"Speak English, old fellow! You mean to say that they 're both so bad, there isn't a pin to choose?"

"Upon my honour! Mr. Temple, I tell you sincerely, they are fit for my Lord Mayor. They carry you to Celle in less time as I talk to you about it."

"What sort of a driver is the *kutscher*?"

"Oh! such a fine man! He is my brother-in-law. He sings as an angel!"—"A good recommendation for a coachman," said Saville.

"One of his best, I dare say," observed Templewell. "Then, Count, he must be here exactly at four o'clock to-morrow morning; and you will go on the box, and take care to keep him up to the mark."

"Upon my honour!" began the Count; but his speech was cut short by Templewell.

"There, — go, you old humbug! — take that, and see you are in time."

So saying, he threw him a dollar, which the Count pocketed, pulled off his hat, made a low bow, and departed.

We need not recount the further proceedings of the day. It resembled its predecessor in all its principal features, and ended in a somewhat noisy carouse; from which, however, feigning an excuse, Denham stole away at a comparatively early hour, leaving the rest of the party too busily engaged to note his departure.

Daylight had broken, but the sun was not yet up, when Denham rose on the following morning to prepare for the projected expedition. He was soon ready; and, after giving directions at the hotel for the carriage to follow to the Burg Strasse, he proceeded thither on foot, enjoying, as he went, the freshness of the morning air, and the perfect stillness that yet reigned over the city. He traversed the silent square, and crossed the narrow bridge, beneath which the waters of the Leine now flowed with a hoarse murmur which was lost amid the many sounds of the busy day; then, pausing only to glance for a moment at the fantastic forms of the old buildings, whose outlines were so strongly defined against the clear, pale sky, he made the best of his way to the house where the three revellers had passed the night. The promise of wakefulness had not been kept. It was as silent as those around it, though a faint light still glimmered through the uncurtained windows.

The street-door was opened by a slip-shod portress, who, yawning, and rubbing her eyes, came slowly to answer the bell, Denham was admitted, and entered the room where he had left the party. It presented a singular contrast to the scene out of doors. There, Nature was just awaking from her slumber, calm and pure, the sweet breath of morning was stealing through the air, and the rosy light of the undiscovered sun but faintly tinged the highest arch of heaven; here, the inmates were locked in the heavy sleep which succeeds a long vigil of dissipation, their deep breathing the only sounds that broke the universal silence, — the only light was that which flickered from a dying lamp, and the vapours of spent tobacco the best perfume that filled the chamber.

On a large table in the middle of the room were tokens of the business of the night. Empty porter-bottles, broken wine-glasses, a saucer of cut tobacco,—a punch-bowl thoroughly drained,—plates and dishes in admired confusion, containing the fragments of a supper, a pile of oyster-shells, the well-picked bones of chickens,—a bottle of brandy half full,—a water-jug lying on its side,—two or three meerschaums, and other fancy pipes, — an inkstand, with a cigar stuck in it instead of a pen, — a sheet of paper, dabbled with hieroglyphics, the ineffectual attempt to record the words of some Bacchanalian song,—a long loaf of bread transfixed by a knife, the handle decorated with a rich travelling-cap, of which the heavy golden tassels lay soaking in a pool of brandy-and-water, and the remembered volume of Wordsworth, sadly stained with bottled-porter, lying open in the midst.

The three sleepers were in different positions. On a small bed in a cabinet, the door of which was wide open, lay Sir Nicholas Lackland, his heels, asserting a right which belonged to them intellectually at the moment, were considerably higher than his head, and, as they rested on a pillow, displayed the boots, which he still retained, to the greatest advantage. In order that the fiction of going to bed might be kept up, he wore a white cotton night-cap, which he had pulled completely over his face, as if he had expected to be turned off in the course of the night. His coat and waistcoat were lying on the ground; in other respects, he was completely dressed.

The Honourable Mr. Saville had selected the floor of the saloon for the repose of his limbs, having evidently *preferred* it to a vacant couch which stood invitingly near. He had been effeminate enough, however, to wish for a pillow; and, accordingly, his head rested upon the sharp edge of the tripod which sustained the table. In order to keep him steady in this position, a chair had been carefully tumbled across his body, probably by himself, whose weight must have materially increased the effect of a very pleasant visitation of night-mare, which seemed to oppress his slumbers. The Honourable Mr. Saville had not divested himself of any of his garments.

Templewell, who, like Yorick on another occasion, had relinquished the "*droit de la chambre*" to his friend, Sir Nicholas, reclined upon a sofa. He, too, was booted; but, having cast off his neckcloth, and wearing his large loose dressing-gown, he appeared more *en costume de nuit* than either of his companions. His head was thrown back, his face was pale as death, his mouth half open, his breathing thick and heavy, and his long black hair straggled wildly over his features. One arm was doubled up under his head,

and the other stretched towards a chair beside the sofa, on which stood a full glass of brandy-and-water, and an empty candlestick,—the candle, broken in two, lay on the floor.

This aspect of things was taken in at a glance by Denham, who saw at once how the affair stood, and anticipated some trouble and delay in rousing the party, and getting under weigh. Having first thrown the windows wide open, he turned to the sleepers; and, in order to get at the Hon. Mr. Saville, was obliged to pull him gently by the legs from under the table. This act removed his head from its uneasy pillow, and, as it came with a smart concussion to the floor, it awoke the sleeper, who, fancying himself rather roughly treated by some individual bestriding him, set to work vigorously to pummel the unconscious chair which lay across him; and having, at the expense of his knuckles, dislodged his supposed antagonist, he got upon his feet, and, staring about him, requested, in forcible language, to know where he was.

Denham, who could hardly speak for laughing, contrived at length to enlighten him, and begged his assistance in rousing the others, to which he at once agreed; and, after much shaking, and the gentle shock of a little cold water sprinkled over their faces, with the intervention of a wet towel to the side on which they turned their heads, and other such devices, they contrived to dispel the slumbers of Templewell and Sir Nicholas. The first words of the former were an earnest inquiry as to what he had said in his sleep; the only remark proffered by the baronet had reference to the monosyllable "beer."

Having quieted Templewell's apprehensions, and provided a substitute for the wants of Sir Nicholas, the business of the toilet made progress; and it was high time, for the carriage was ready at the door, and the hour long past at which it should have set out.

At length they were fairly under weigh, and, once clear of the town, got on at a tolerable pace along the level road that leads to Celle. We shall not pause to describe how, when the horses were baited about half way, the party breakfasted in the carriage on cold fowls and Burgundy, and how they afterwards exercised their ingenuity, and displayed their skill in making "cock-shies" of the empty bottles; neither shall we dwell upon the songs sung from the box by the Count, and his brother-in-law, the coachman, to which the British youths responded in harmonious chorus; nor narrate how, after more than once kicking over the traces, the cattle were urged to the full gallop, at which they triumphantly entered the gay, but astonished, town of Celle. These are circumstances which may well be imagined, where high spirits and strong stimulants were operating in conjunction.

With no longer delay than was absolutely necessary to inquire the road to the race-course, the party proceeded on its route, and, after toiling for about a mile along a heavy, sandy road, the scene of amusement broke upon the view. Few things in England present a gayer appearance than a race-course,—provided always that the weather be fine,—and in Germany the effect is not diminished; for, though neither the women nor the horses are comparable to our own, yet the former have a certain share of out-of-doors beauty, and the latter are mostly of English strain. One peculiarity, however, on this occasion, added much to the brilliancy of the show:

scarcely a single peasant, man or woman, (and hundreds were present,) was without a bright crimson umbrella, to keep off the burning rays of the mid-day sun; and the dense line that surrounded the course looked at a distance like a thick belt of many-coloured flowers. The tents for the accommodation of the better classes were thronged with visitors; and the booths, spread out like a fair, contained numbers who came as much to eat and drink, and make merry, as to see the horses run.

Racing is not indigenous in Germany; but in the north, especially in Holstein and Mecklenburg, it has been readily grafted; and not only do the horses show very well, but they are also fairly ridden, though in this respect they owe much to the tuition of English jockeys.

As soon as the carriage reached the course, the party quitted it to reconnoitre the ground; and Templewell, Saville, and Sir Nicholas soon found sufficient attraction amongst the booths to keep them there; while Denham, leaving them to the enjoyment of the humours of a band of grotesque musicians, instinctively took his way to the stands. Having paid his dollar fee, and, imitative of the natives, stuck the green card in his hat, which secured admission at pleasure, Denham entered the principal stand, the front rows of which were filled with ladies, a group of whom were clustered round a young man in the centre of the arena—an object, apparently, of general attraction. This was Lieutenant Von Stir'emup, of the Jägers, who, attired in the costume of a jockey, was that day to ride his own horse in a match against one belonging to the Duke of Brunswick. He seemed not a little proud of the figure he cut in purple and orange, and manfully accepted every wager with which he was defied by the fair dames who surrounded him. He was secure of winning, or it might have gone hard with his patrimonial estate at Osnaburg, — an old house, with twenty-four windows and one door in it,—to raise the needful to pay for all the gloves which he now so freely betted.

Amidst the chorus of voices which assailed the gallant *reiter*, there was one at whose clear, laughing tones, Charles Denham suddenly started. He could not be mistaken;—it was one which he well remembered to have heard before. "Ludwig," the speaker said, in playful accents, "I bet you no gloves; the stake must be deeper between you and me."

"Whatever you please, cousin Armgart. Shall it be the hand that fits the glove?"

"Whoever wins, Ludwig! — you know the risk you run — of course, I give my hand to the conqueror."

"And he keeps it, of course!"

"*Cela depend;*—there must be an equivalent." And, as the lady spoke, she turned her head from the circle, and beheld, gazing upon her with an intensity that sent the eloquent blood to her cheek, the Englishman whom she had before seen in the garden of her mother, Madame de Bortfeld. He had already made a similar discovery. For a moment she met his gaze, and then, turning quickly away, returned to the seat which she had quitted in front of the stand. Von Stir'emup saw the movement, though he knew not the cause, and merrily exclaimed, "Well, at any rate, I am safe. If I lose the race, Armgart can't marry the Duke of Brunswick's jockey."

Denham fixed his eye upon the Jäger, and scanned him attentively; then, as if some idea had suddenly struck him, he threw one glance towards the Fräulein Armgart, whom he saw engaged in close conversation with a friend, and hastily quitted the stand.

Passing quickly through the crowd of loiterers below, he made the best of his way to the booths, where, in the midst of an uproar of laughter, he found Templewell seated on a barrel, smoking a long pipe, and haranguing a circle of *bauern* on the utter impracticability of their language, the ugliness of their *frauen*, and their own intense stupidity,—a theme which, perhaps, was but imperfectly understood, from the fact of its consisting chiefly of strong English, sprinkled with a few German expletives. It had the effect, however, of Scrub's personal appearance in the comedy—it made his audience "laugh consumedly."

Forcing himself through the ring of amused listeners, Denham went up to his new friend, and, after a little persuasion, induced him to leave his exalted position, and enter one of the booths, where, when they were quietly ensconced, he narrated briefly the circumstances detailed in our first chapter, the conversation he had just heard, and the plan he had suddenly formed, and respecting which he now came to ask Templewell's opinion.

The plan was this:—Denham was an excellent horseman, and had ridden many a steeple-chase and hurdle-race in England, and he conceived that, if by good luck he could take the place of the Duke of Brunswick's jockey, he might win the race, discomfit Von Stir-'emup, whom he already looked upon as his rival, and obtain an introduction to the noble Fräulein, the object of his aspirations. The scheme was sage and notable, and there remained only the question —Was it feasible?

Templewell, to whom no proposition of rashness, or adventure, came amiss, at once decided that the project was a good one, but observed, "You should make your party as strong as you can, and get hold of some of these Hanoverians. There are some excellent fellows in the Guards, who are as fond of fun as we are ourselves. If we can find Steinmann, or Brinkhausen, I dare say we can manage it. Have you any objection to mention the thing to Saville and Sir Nicholas?—they may be able to help us. I see them at the entrance to the next booth, talking to a knot of rather good-looking girls."

"None in the world," replied Denham; "in fact, I would rather do so."

"We want your assistance," said Templewell, approaching them, "in an affair of some moment. This young gentleman has fallen over head and ears in love, and is bent upon doing something desperate. Your sage advice is much desired."

As soon as the subject was named, Saville exclaimed, "By George! it 's very lucky. There 's an aide-de-camp of the Duke's here, if I can find him, with whom I was very intimate at Berlin. He said he should be at the Celle races to a certainty. Let us go to the betting-stand."

Thither they went, and by good fortune soon espied not only Saville's friend, Captain Von Hartig, but the officers whom Templewell had also named. The greeting between the former was most friendly, and Denham was introduced at once to the aide-de-camp as a first-rate gentleman rider, who, fond of these amusements, would

be happy to ride for the Duke of Brunswick if he stood in need of such service.

"Upon my word," said Von Hartig, who spoke English remarkably well, "I really do think the Duke would catch at the opportunity. He has a match with Count Von Stir'emup, of the Jägers, a conceited fellow, who thinks he can ride, and, what is more, has made others think so too; so that none of the officers will venture against him; and the Duke has been obliged, to let the match go on, to mount his own jockey. I know he would rather a gentleman rode his horse; for, he says, there would be no credit gained if little Stumps, the English groom, were to beat Von Stir'emup. But we must see his Highness. Will your friend, Captain Denham, come with me to be presented?"

Immediate assent being given, Von Hartig took Denham's arm, crossed the course to the stables, where the Duke was at the moment inspecting his racing-stud. His Highness received the Englishman with the courtesy for which he was remarkable, smilingly observing, "I know your countrymen are proficients in this exercise; but you will be so good as to let me see what you can do. It is a hurdle-race, and Von Stir'emup is a clever dog. I make no doubt you can ride well; but let me see you take a few leaps. Here!—Stumps—Stumps—put up the bar in the inclosure outside. Is four feet too much of a jump?"

"Certainly not, if your Highness does not think it too little."

"Here, bring out Oscar! He is a fine creature!—an Irish horse, accustomed to these things. I won with him last year."

Denham gazed admiringly upon him, and, vaulting lightly into the saddle, sat firm and erect, while the noble creature made two or three sidelong bounds on being thus suddenly backed.

"A good seat!" said the Duke, "a very good seat! Now, sir, will you try him?"

Denham slightly raised his hand, and in an instant he was rapidly in motion, and over the bar without the slightest effort; but it was not his purpose to stop here. The wall of the inclosure, about a hundred yards distant, stood apparently between five and six feet high, and Denham dashed on towards it.

"Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed the Duke, "what is he going to do? He will kill himself and the horse, and knock down the wall into the bargain!"

"Never you fear, yer 'ighness," said little Stumps, who looked on approvingly; "that 'ere 's a gen'l'm'n as *can* ride. He'll take the wall, and no mistake." And the words were scarcely uttered before Denham, giving the Irish horse his head, cleared the wall in gallant style, and, greatly to the Duke's astonishment, repeated the leap into the inclosure, bringing Oscar safe and sound to the spot where the Duke stood.

"Upon my honour, sir!" said his Highness, "I had no idea that any horse of mine could have done such a feat. Poor Von Stir'emup!—he is beaten already."

"I'll back the gen'l'm'n at five to one," said Stumps. "He's as safe to win as if I rode him myself."

The Duke seemed to be of the same opinion, and it was accordingly settled that Denham should ride the match, which was to come off the last of the sports of the day. In the meantime he returned to

the course, where the first race was about to begin. Templewell and Sir Nicholas had gone back to the booths; but he found Saville, who told him that the report had already got abroad that an Englishman was to ride the Duke's horse, and much speculation had been set afoot about him. Brinkhausen and Steinmann had offered to back him at even, and Von Stir'emup had caught eagerly at the bets.

"Now, then," said Saville, "you must point out the lady for whose sake you have made all this coil. In which stand is she to be found?"

"Here," replied Denham, "directly opposite to us. She wears a light blue bonnet and scarf."

Armgart Von Bortfeld was at that moment engaged in an animated conversation with the friend who sat beside her, and Saville at once admitted that she was an exceedingly beautiful girl.

The business of the races now began, and, considering that they were not contested on an English course, were, for the most part, very creditable. During almost the whole time Denham remained in the position he had originally taken up, as thence he could gaze upon his mistress; nor did he fail to observe that, from time to time, a steady and searching glance was thrown to the spot where he stood, by a pair of eyes whose hue rivalled the colours which she wore.

At length the hour approached when it became necessary for him to prepare for the coming race; and it was not without a slight feeling of nervousness that, accompanied by Saville and Von Hartig, he withdrew to the Duke of Brunswick's stables. That feeling, however, vanished in a moment as his eye caught the figure of Von Stir'emup *piaffing* across the course on a wild-looking chesnut horse, all mane and tail.

"That may do very well in the *manège*," said he to himself. "A good enough cavalry seat; but you must ride a little shorter for the hurdles, or you 'll never fetch them."

There was no lack of jockey costume at the Duke's stables; and, as Denham was a light weight, and neat figure, he found no difficulty in suiting himself. We need not say that he chose light-blue for the colours of his cap and jacket. Having duly weighed, the antagonists mounted, Von Stir'emup cantering to the starting-post, while Denham followed at a walk. The former rode a hot chesnut mare, called Wildblast, with a good deal of action,—the latter, the bay horse, Oscar. All was eagerness and excitement. The men shouted, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and expectation stood on tiptoe. The odds were in favour of the Jäger; for Wildblast and her rider were both Hanoverian,—Denham and Oscar foreigners.

After two or three preliminary curvets on the part of Von Stir'emup, the horses were brought to the post, and, on the signal being given, the mare started off at score, Oscar waiting upon her quietly to the first hurdle, of which there were five in the race, the distance to be run being a mile and a quarter, twice round.

Von Stir'emup took his leaps in very good style, though the mare jumped anything but steadily. The Irish horse behaved very well, and Denham felt that he had him in perfect command. It was evidently his policy, as much as his inclination, not to take the lead. In this position, therefore, they went round the first time, Wildblast about two lengths in front. The unsophisticated Germans looked

upon this as a certain indication of winning, and shouted "Hohoh!" and "Juchhei!" with all their lungs. The Duke, however, was calm and silent; for Stumps, who stood behind him, had already pronounced his opinion. "He can vin vhen he likes," was the only observation he made.

As Denham passed the principal stand, he turned his head, and thought he did not deceive himself when he saw a white handkerchief wave after Von Stir'emup had gone by. It was evidently a token of encouragement to him from the Fräulein von Bortfeld.

"Now, then," said Denham to himself, "she *is* interested in the race. Look to yourself, Mr. Von Stir'emup!" And, letting his horse out, though not to his full powers, in a few strides he was abreast of the mare; and this time they took the first hurdle together.

This was evidently a surprise to the Jäger, who thought till now that he had the thing hollow; but, seeing Denham close beside him, he spared neither whip nor spur to maintain the vantage he had at first taken. Denham's tactics were now altered; it was no longer a waiting-race with him; the contest became exceedingly animated and interesting, and the horses ran neck-and-neck till the fourth hurdle was past. Von Stir'emup here flogged with all his might; but Denham never lifted his whip. The consequence to the Jäger was, that his mare, always hot, and now slightly restive, swerved something from the course, and it was with difficulty her rider could keep her from bolting. Oscar headed her a few yards, and they drew near the last hurdle. Von Stir'emup became desperate; and, burying his spurs in Wildblast's sides, he took his leap a thought too soon, and, for want of coolness in the rider, the mare caught one of her hind-feet in the hurdle, and down she went, sending Von Stir'emup over her head, flying in his purple and orange jacket, like a balloon in a state of collapse. Not so Denham; with the same ease that had marked him throughout the race, he cleared the hurdle at a stride; and, merely turning his head for an instant, to note Von Stir'emup's actual position, went past the winning-post like lightning, amidst a loud and uproarious noise of mingled congratulation and disappointment. The Jäger, who, luckily, was only shaken, soon found his legs again, as well as the mare; but they had parted company for that day, and he led her off the course. Denham had taken the first step towards the conquest he sought.

THIS WORLD OF OURS.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

THIS world of ours, if free from sin,
Oh! would it not be fair?
Sunshine above, and flowers beneath,
And beauty everywhere!
The air, the earth, the waters teem
With living things at play;
Glad Nature from an hundred throats
Pours her rejoicing lay.

Each balmy breeze that wanders by
  Whispers some angel tone;
And the clear fountains have a voice
  Of music all their own.
Even the leaves of forest trees,
  Moved by the zephyr's wing,
Make a low murmur of content
  To little birds that sing.

The busy bees o'er garden-flowers
  A holy song attune,
Joining, with never-tiring mirth,
  The minstrelsy of June:
And the great waves upon the deep,
  Leaping, like giants free,
Add, in their hollow monotone,
  The chorus of the sea.

There 's beauty in the summer sky,
  When from his ocean bed,
Like a strong man refresh'd by sleep,
  The Sun uplifts his head;—
And when behind the western rocks
  At eventide he goes,
How beauteous are the crimson clouds
  That curtain his repose!

Are not the grassy valleys fair,
  Deck'd in their spring array?
And the high hills with forests clad,
  How beautiful are they!
Look on the sea, that girdle vast,
  Wherewith the earth is bound!
Even in Fancy's wildest dreams
  Can aught more grand be found?

Oh! 'twere indeed a radiant world,
  A paradise complete,—
So redolent of lovely things,
  So fill'd with voices sweet,—
If Sin had not in evil hour
  Enter'd this pleasant clime,
Yielding them over unto Death,—
  Sad consequence of crime!

Hence is it that the choicest flow'rs
  Fall by a swift decay,
And hopes to which we fondly cling
  Pass suddenly away;
Yet, 'mid all trials of our life,
  This blessed thought is given,
Earth is not our abiding place,—
  Man's native clime is Heaven!

Banks of the Yore.

PLEASURES OF A TRIP IN A BUDGEROW.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

When I first embarked on board my budgerow, near Calcutta, *en route* for Berhampore, to join my regiment, I could not help feeling the superiority of this mode of travelling over the less luxurious conveyances of Europe. It is true that it is not expeditious, (I expected to be eight days performing a journey, which might be accomplished by a "yellow post-chaise" in about twelve hours;) but on the other hand I found that my splendid barge contained a good sitting-room, large enough for eight persons to dine in with comfort, an excellent bed-room, and above these a half-deck, where, after sunset, I could sit and enjoy my hookah. The river up which I was travelling was broad, its banks were picturesque, and provisions plentiful. I was not even to be annoyed by the smell of cookery, or the presence of any supernumerary servants; they had a separate boat, which followed at a respectful distance. In a word, I discovered the vast difference, as far as living goes, between an ensign in the service of the Honourable the Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies, and an officer of the same rank struggling to keep up the appearance of a gentleman in one of his (or her) Majesty's Corps in Great Britain.

A couple of military friends, quartered at Barrackpore, accompanied me as far as that beautiful spot, some fifteen miles from the capital, where we arrived late on the first evening. Never had I passed a more delightful day. We had partaken of an excellent tiffin and dinner, played half a dozen rubbers of dummy-whist, and smoked our pipes *al fresco*, met several of our friends going up and down the river, talked of Europe, made several bets, speculated about promotion, drank several bottles of Carbonell's claret, and enjoyed ourselves to the very *acmé* of every Indian luxury.

Arrived at our destination, we landed, and, passing through the park-like grounds of the Government-house, went to a tent, under which a grand *nautch* was to be held. Here we saw several half-naked black girls twisting about on one foot, with one of their arms raised in the air; while others sat by, singing a lugubrious tune through their noses, accompanying themselves on a hand-drum. An overpowering smell of attar of roses and cajeput oil turned me perfectly sick; so I left almost immediately, to the great surprise of my brother officers, who were in ecstasies, and could not manage to understand how I could feel otherwise than pleased at these wretched twistings of an ebony Venus; and returned to my budgerow, where I slept soundly.

My second day's journey was not quite so delightful as my first. We began to lose sight of all human habitations; the flat country was sadly monotonous; and I began to suspect that my admiration for this splendid style of travelling was already diminishing. This day we only proceeded ten miles. The *dandies* (native boatmen) were forced to jump more than once during the day into the water, to get the boat off some sand-bank, and they tracked oftener and farther than they rowed. My dinner was perhaps as good as that of the day before; but I really began to be sick of chickens, and my *consomer* (purveyor) seemed determined to give me nothing else. The glare of the water hurt

my eyes, the musquitos were more troublesome than ever, so I went to bed early.

The great curse of going to bed early is the probable chance of awaking proportionably soon in the morning. I was sitting up in my bed; sleep had flown from me before four o'clock next morning, so I heartily repented having retired at such an unconscionable hour; but, as that availed me nothing, I got up, although I saw a terribly long day before me. The boat was still *lugouwed* (moored); for I ought to have informed my reader that at sunset the budgerow is directed up to the bank, and there made fast by a rope to a staple driven in the ground. The *dandies* then cook their night-meal, finish it, and, strewing themselves over different parts of the vessel, cover their faces with a cloth, and on the bare planks, beneath the powerful rays of the moon, (which in India are more potent, and supposed to be far more dangerous, than those of the sun,) sleep through the night. The boat is freed at about five in the morning, to recommence its wearying progress.

As I said before, I was up, and dressed before the hour of starting. My breakfast-hour was eight, — till then what should I do? How should I pass my time? While I was deliberating, I happened to cast my eyes on my fowling-piece, which stood in the corner. The morning was cool, the country around open and promising; I therefore determined on shooting for a couple of hours. In accordance with this resolve, I desired one of my kitmudtgars, and a bearer with a *chatter* (a large umbrella), in case of extreme heat, to accompany me, ordered the boat to meet us at a point about a mile and a half off, and jumped ashore, quite pleased with the discovery I had just made of how to kill time before breakfast.

I had very indifferent sport,—indeed, I may almost say I had none; for I saw nothing to shoot at, save a few wretched *paddy* birds; and, therefore, after an hour's wandering about, I determined on returning to my boat, and crossed a wide field to do so, in which I saw some animals grazing. No sooner had I entered it, than a sleek-looking *Brahmin* bull immediately singled me out as the object of his attack. Now, though they are smaller than a similar animal in Europe, they are far more savage, far more active, and, were it not for a hump they have on their shoulders, a handsomer beast than the English bull. In India they are held sacred. To slaughter one would be to commit a crime; to wound or maim one wantonly is punishable by law; to attempt to combat one would be sure destruction: I, therefore, saw the approach of my enemy with no inconsiderable feeling of terror. As my bearer carried a second gun, and there were three of us to one, I thought it but fair to stand my ground; so, pointing steadily at him as he came up, I fired at him from the barrel in which I had placed a ball, and hit him close to the shoulder, which made him pause for an instant; then, turning round, I looked for the man who carried my other gun; but, alas! he had fled. On seeing me fire at the holy beast, he had not hesitated, but, throwing down the fowling-piece, had run away as swiftly as his legs would carry him. Before I again turned my face towards the enraged quadruped, he had recovered the shock, and was again coming full on me. His nostrils were dilated with anger and pain, the foam flew from his mouth as he tossed his head about, he lashed his sides with his tail, and ploughed up the ground as he came tearing on. I had no time to re-load, no time for deliberation. I quitted my gun, and flew for my very life towards the spot

where I had ordered my budgerow to meet me. I did not dare to turn round; but I could hear the furious beast close behind me. Every instant brought him nearer. He was within a dozen paces of me, when my hat flew off. To that trivial circumstance I owe my life. The bull stopped for an instant in his full career to trample on it. Finding it, however, an inanimate object, he again started off in pursuit of me. There were now about a hundred paces between us. I need not say how I exerted myself, my very existence depending on my speed. The animal, in spite of all my efforts, gained on me. At length I doubled the corner, where I expected to find my boat. It had not arrived; I looked on the broad stream,—not a vessel was to be seen. I cast a glance around me,—not a soul was visible; no living object broke the quiet of the scene, save the infuriated monster that now came up more quickly than ever. I already began to pant with fatigue. My last hope, my last chance was gone. The agony of that moment I can never forget—to describe it would be impossible.

I saw but one course before me, and that was almost as full of danger as my present position; yet it presented a less painful, though perhaps as sure a doom. I was unable to swim; the river was deep and rapid, and filled with alligators. The chances were a thousand to one that I was either drowned or destroyed by these monsters if I plunged in; but, even that was better than being gored and trampled to death. In a single thought I commended my soul to its Creator, and plunged in. As I did so, I thought I heard a sudden report, which mingled with the gush of waters as I instantly sank. In the next moment I rose; as I did so, I was suddenly laid hold of, and dragged into a boat, with no other harm than a severe ducking. I was safe—I was saved.

The budgerow had grounded on a sand-bank; and, being unable to proceed, they had sent forward a portion of the boat's crew in a light canoe. It had just turned the point as I leaped into the stream, and miraculously picked me up in the very nick of time. After uttering a prayer of thanksgiving for my escape, I looked round. The bull was still pacing up and down the bank, apparently half-inclined to pursue me, even into the water. I looked with terror at him. He was severely wounded, and, evidently, unable to live; he was fast bleeding to death. But this fact, instead of decreasing his rage, seemed to add strength to it. He tore up the earth around him, and kept pacing about in agonies of pain and anger.

I never felt more happy than when I re-entered my budgerow. The fright had altogether robbed me of appetite for my breakfast. This I was annoyed at, as I wished to be looked upon as a man of courage by my followers; but, then, again, I rightly argued that a Brahmin bull was a most unfair foe. The two servants who had fled I never saw again. On passing the spot, in my barge, where I had left my antagonist, I saw him lying down in the last agonies of expiring life. One of my people soon after went ashore, and recovered my English guns; which were both, however, injured by being thrown down. That night I slept most uneasily, and began to dislike travelling by water. The next morning I was disturbed from my slumbers by a loud and angry colloquy between my crew and a number of persons, who stood jibbering away on the bank of the river. I instantly went out, and found a crowd of natives, accompanied by some of their strange-looking provincial guards, with shields and rusty arms, yet half-naked

and barefoot, clamorously calling for my presence. It appeared, as soon I was able to make out the case, that, in the first place, the people were dreadfully irate at my having killed a sacred bull; and, in the second, the owner of the said animal insisted on my making good to him the price of the brute I had destroyed; and, until the matter was settled, they positively refused to let my boatmen unmoor the budgerow. A conflict with these people, even had I been sure of victory, would have brought me into much trouble and annoyance, so I philosophically determined on giving them the sum demanded, though I confess I did so grumbling all the time, at thus paying for being nearly killed. The case was, however, clear. I had no right to trespass; and, if I had not trespassed, I should not have been attacked by the bull; so I handed them the amount, and was suffered to proceed on my voyage.

I was annoyed all day by the constant sight of dead bodies floating down the stream. Every now and then one of these grim objects would bump against the boat; and, when I looked out to see the cause, I frequently beheld objects so sickening to view, corpses so mutilated by birds of prey and carnivorous fish, and so decomposed that I drew in my head with horror and disgust. I found two scorpions in my cabin; one of my *dandies* broke his leg. I never spent a more unpleasant day. I forgot, moreover, to put down my gauze-curtains that night; and, consequently, was almost bitten to death by musquitos.

When I was sitting on the deck next morning, smoking my hookah, with a *chatter* over my head, I saw at a short distance a wild duck swimming about in the water, near a large bed of rushes. I sent for my gun, and was about to fire at it, when I found that it was an Indian fowler, who, ensconced in an artificial and moveable bunch of rushes, was sitting in the river, with his decoy duck, to draw others near him; but, as he had no weapon, I was anxious to know how, when the game was within a proper range, he would be able to destroy it. This I soon learnt. As soon as a flight of wild-ducks settle in the river, he pops a large jar (called in India a *kidgeree* pot), or a gourd, over his head, and, entering the river considerably above, manages to swim, or float, uprightly down with the stream. The ducks see nothing but the gourd, or jar, coming down; and, unsuspectingly, remain where they are, and allow the wary Indian to get in amongst them, who drags them down one by one, and fixes them in his girdle; continuing to do so till some unlucky accident betrays him, when he shifts his quarters, and re-enacts the same scene elsewhere.

In the evening I went to take a stroll on the shore, which was sandy; and, as there was a village near, I had no fear of being attacked by bulls, or other wild animals. After walking for some time, and taking up several of the skulls which lay scattered about, I heard the assurance of a native that the jagged joining of the upper and lower parts were nothing more nor less than the predestination of the man, written by the finger of his Maker on his pericranium before he is sent into this world. I found that my shoe-string had become undone, and was about to place my foot on a log of wood, which lay just in front of me, for the purpose of tying it, when, lo! the apparent log suddenly started up, and plunged into the river. It was an enormous alligator that I had disturbed; a monster with whom, had he attacked me, I could never have been able to cope. My very blood ran cold. I hastily got back to my budgerow, from which, I firmly vowed, I would not again move till I arrived at Berhampore.

I was about to retire to my couch, when I perceived a light on shore. I went on deck; and found that it proceeded from a bonfire, on which some natives were burning a dead body. I instantly made my people undo the vessel, and proceed a mile higher up the river. Here I was again annoyed by precisely the same occurrence. I afterwards found that I was almost sure to be subjected to the same thing, if I persevered in my wish to make fast my budgerow in the neighbourhood of a native village.

On the following night my head-boatman was very particular about choosing a place for mooring. On inquiry, I found that the greatest danger might be apprehended if he made the slightest mistake, as it was just at that period of the moon's age when a boa might be expected. Though somewhat alarmed at this intelligence, I was rather pleased at having an opportunity of witnessing this strange phenomenon. As the man had foretold, at ten o'clock it came on. For miles before it reached us I could hear the roar of the wave as it plunged down the edge of the river, destroying everything in its course; for I must inform my reader that the boa is a dreadful wave, of some ten or twelve feet high, which at certain periods regularly surges down one of the banks of the river, crosses at particular points, travelling its exact, its invariable, course, which is so well known, that a skilful and practised *dandy* may always manage to avoid it. My pilot unfortunately anchored a little too near a spot where it crossed; so that, though not actually in it, we caught the swell at a short distance. The boat lurched over; and I was thrown down. By this accident I received such a severe blow on my head that I was for a time deprived of consciousness. On the following morning I arrived at Berhampore, thoroughly sick of the river, and its barges.

SONG OF THE MORNING STAR.

Age on age has roll'd away,
Like the waves of a shoreless sea;
Age on age has been past me borne,
By the band of its spectre hours forlorn,
To its home in Eternity,
Since I first look'd forth from my starry throne
On the countless worlds around me strewn;
Since I first drank in with eager ears
The mighty music of circling spheres,
And a shout of joy through Heaven rang,
When the Morning Stars together sang.
I saw the hour
When Almighty Power
Waked the earth from its dreamless sleep,
And Chaos and Night
From the holy light
Fled in alarm to the startled deep!
Oh! how fair did the face of creation seem,
As it met the kiss of that first pure beam!
The mountains their snow-crown'd heads uprear'd;
The vales in their robes of green appear'd;
And dimpling smiles on ocean play'd,
As the new-born breeze o'er its bosom stray'd;—

All Nature assumed her fairest dress,
As she woke at once into loveliness!
The Moon came forth with her starry train,
  And smiled on the smiling earth;
The Planets utter'd a mystic strain
  Of joy at their sister's birth;
For sorrow was then a thing unknown,
  And Eden's bliss was undim'd by a tear;
Not yet from this earth was Happiness flown,
  But Love, Joy, and Peace were inhabitants here.
As a ruin, which Time and Neglect efface,
Of its former glories still shows some trace;
As Hell's dark monarch, with thunder riven,
Still bore some signs of his native Heaven,—
So the faded charms of this still fair world
Show what it was, ere Sin unfurl'd
His sable banner, and led the way
For Death to seize on his destin'd prey:—
All beauty fled from his gaze, aghast,
As the gloomy king through the doom'd world pass'd
With a conqueror's step; while by his side
Crept the form of Corruption, his ghastly bride;
Like a spring-flower crush'd by the North's keen breath,
Shrank the young World's bloom from the glance of Death!
A thrill shot through me of sudden fear,
As the shadow of Death dim'd my bright-orb'd sphere,
And I view'd each grim and loathsome form
  Which gloom'd around his path;
Like clouds which robe the coming storm
  And herald the Lightning's wrath.
Then I turn'd to the Future in wild amaze,
  And the mists which veil it from mortal eyes
Melted before my ardent gaze,
  Like the ling'ring snow 'neath the South wind's sighs;
And I saw far off the shadowy hours
  Which slumber in Time's dim halls,
Till one by one they awake, like flowers
  When the soft voice of Summer calls.
As I gazed entranced on that wondrous sight,
  A form step'd forth, and all around
Was flooded with rays of purest light,
  Shed from a star, which her forehead crown'd:
And she seem'd, as she cleft the yielding air,
  Clad in the light of those silver beams,
Like the fabled form of some Naïad fair,
  View'd through the waves of her moonlit streams.
She check'd by my side her swift career,
And her voice fell like dew on my thirsting ear;
For, she told of a time when the earth should be
Happy, and sinless, and pure and free!
When a mighty spirit should reign abroad,
  And the sceptre be torn from Death's grasp away,
While the earth, which so long his frown had awed,
  Should bloom again 'neath a holier sway!
When tyrant and slave should alike be unknown,
The victor's pride, and the captive's groan;
When Sin and Sorrow should fly forlorn,
  Like ghosts, as Mercy smiles above,
And Earth, as at Creation's dawn,
  Own but one Lord—the Lord of Love!

GEORGE CHILD'S SECOND LOVE.

A LEGEND OF SOUTHWARK.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

COURTEOUS reader! if you have not interested yourself with our metropolitan antiquities, and would know anything of ancient London and its boundaries, before the "greate and dreadful fier," which laid the greater portion of it in ashes, you had need take a peep at the panoramic view of the faithful Hollar, from the top of Saint Saviour's church; you will then see what a monster this Babel of ours has grown since that terrible event, and be enabled to picture to yourself its appearance in the first half of the seventeenth century. You may there count off the churches, the sites of which are now, in many places, merely church*yards*, and all the other edifices which then rendered London venerable, but which fell "a prey to the devouring element," as our newspapers phrase it, in the days of the "most religious and gracious king."

But, if a change has come over the *city*, how great has been that of the suburbs! What rows of dull, uninteresting dwellings!—what an interminable line of brick and mortar!—what an endless succession of cockney "villars" now meet the eye, where green fields and hedges once flourished! Mile-end and Stepney, Shoreditch and Hogsden, (where Ben Jonson "killed his man,") Islington, Clerkenwell, and Holborn, and, lastly, Saint George's Fields, where Prince Hal played his mad pranks. It is not fire which has been busy here, but *man*. It is the especial delight of a thorough-bred cockney to destroy every tree which he himself has not planted;—but we are growing testy,—so to our tale.

Saint George's Fields were, as already said, not defiled with brick and mortar, and unpicturesque dwellings, in the days of the British Solomon, hight James the First, but, like other parts of the country around London, were the occasional resort of holiday folks in fine weather. The old people came to sniff the air of the country, young couples a sweet-hearting, and children for cakes and cream. Then there was no lack of hedge-alehouses, where the lovers of the regally denounced Indian weed might enjoy a whiff, without offence to majesty.

One fine afternoon, in the year 1605—(we love accuracy in dates; and, though our story will not be found in Howell, nor Aubrey, nor the collections of Rushworth, we defy the critic to pick a hole in our chronology)—one fine afternoon, then, in the year 1605, the third of the reign of the Royal Demonologist, a loving couple were seen strolling along a green lane, in the neighbourhood of the spot where now stands that classic erection, ycleped by Mrs. Ramsbottom "the Obstacle." Anybody might have discovered at a glance that they were either lovers, or a newly-married pair who had not yet passed their honey-moon, they were so *very* loving, and used such an abundance of honied phrases. On they went, entirely engrossed by their own conversation; the lark was caroling above their heads, and the early note of the cuckoo was heard in the tall elms at a little distance; but neither were heeded by the fond couple, who stopped at length before a small cottage, at the door of which sat an aged woman, feeble and deaf, but busily engaged in knitting. There was

a magpie in a cage against the wall, which began to chatter at the approach of the strangers, and a couple of goldfinches, disturbed, perhaps, in some more favourable spot by truant schoolboys, were assiduously making up for lost time, and building their pretty nest in the moss-grown branches of an old apple-tree, which grew in the garden in front of the cottage.

"The good time o' the evening to you, mother," said the young man. "We would fain hear what good or ill is in store for us." And he placed a piece of money in her hand, taking, at the same time, that of his fair companion, which he presented to her, having first drawn the wedding-ring from her finger.

"Ah! yes—marry, that would you—ay, in sooth," muttered the old dame, as if talking to herself, while she put away the piece of money; then, fumbling with the fair hand which had been placed in hers, she continued aloud, "So you have tied the knot which man cannot untie, fair mistress. I warrant you would know how many tall sons and pretty daughters will call you mother?—"

"Ha! how know you that I am married?" interrupted the young wife, withdrawing her hand. "Thou art a witch!"

"Softly, my love," remarked the young man; "you would offend her, if she could hear you. Hearken to what she has to say."

The bride, for such she really was, extended her hand again to the ancient dame, who had been looking at them both with the inquiring countenance peculiar to deaf persons, and the sybil continued, "Ah! fair mistress, you are light of heart now; but sorrow awaits you both."

The bride again withdrew her hand, and said peevishly, "Come away, George; I don't like the woman. Let us begone from such a boding owl." And, taking the arm of her husband, she constrained him to leave the spot, and proceed homeward.

George Child was a notary, residing on the west side of London Bridge. He was an only son, and had been left a tolerable competency, though he still followed the profession of his father. He was a handsome young fellow, a captain in the city train-bands, dressed well, and associated with some of the gayest within the city walls. These companions, however, were abandoned when he married the daughter of a wealthy citizen, five years after his father's death. She was a girl of great beauty; and, as the match was one of mutual affection, George was the happiest man in London. On the day with which our story commences he had strolled out with his bride, when he remembered the cottage of the old fortune-teller, of whom he had heard some of his companions speak. The result of their visit is already narrated.

Now Mistress Child, though a kind-hearted dame, was yet a woman; and the most uxorious husband will confess that the sex are often "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." George found this out before the honey-moon had passed. His wife was, besides, exceedingly superstitious; a very excusable thing, when we consider that the reigning sovereign maintained the existence of witches and demons, and many of the learned considered unbelief in such matters a sort of Sadduceeism. She "took on," as the nurses say, and thought a good deal of the fortune-teller. She dreaded to know the worst, and yet she wished to visit the old woman again,—a wish which she communicated to her husband, who used every means to dissuade

her, — of course, in vain; so Mistress Child, attended by her maid, stole out one day to the cottage in Saint George's Fields. What she heard is not precisely known; it will be sufficient to say, that it made her perfectly miserable, and that all the endearments of her fond husband were insufficient to chase away the settled melancholy which took possession of her, her health declined daily, and six months after their marriage George Child was a widower.

We shall not dwell unnecessarily on the distress of the bereaved husband, who seemed crushed by the weight of his affliction. He shut himself up, and refused to see even his most intimate friends and neighbours, who justly feared that grief would soon consign him to the grave. At length one of the companions of his more youthful days, a law-student, named Herbert, ventured to call, and endeavoured to withdraw him from the melancholy seclusion to which he had devoted himself. Though a gay fellow, Herbert, touched by his friend's altered appearance, with much tact proceeded to engage him in conversation, and succeeded so well, that he suffered himself to be enticed abroad again. Having once yielded, George Child could no longer endure the solitude of his own chamber; everything reminded him of his beloved wife. He contemplated giving up business, and retiring into the country; but his friend dissuaded him, alleging that it would only furnish him with food for melancholy. Wretched, indeed, was the condition of the young notary, when, after spending the evening with his friend, he returned to his desolate home, where so many objects recalled the recollection of what he had for ever lost. Home, at length, became intolerable, and George sought to overcome his sorrow by indulgence in dissipation. The theatres and the bear-gardens were his frequent resort, the intervals being filled up at the tavern.

One fine afternoon, George Child, his friend Herbert, and several of their companions, were assembled at a tavern called the *Mermaid,* in the neighbourhood of the Globe theatre, on Bankside. The wine was circulating freely, and song and joke made the upper room, in which they were assembled, ring with their merriment. Any casual looker-in would not have supposed that George Child was so young a widower. While thus engaged, the sound of a pipe and tabor was heard in the neighbourhood.

"Ha!" cried Herbert, jumping up, and looking out, "there 's a pipe and tabor! By cock and pie! I never hear the sound without finding my feet keeping time." And he began to skip about the room.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed one of the company, Will Harrison, the son of a city alderman. "I saw Bruin dance the same pavise at the Bear-Garden yesterday! Bring thyself to a seat, and I 'll sing thee a song made by Jack Davy, the player on this same pipe and tabor."

"A song! a song!" cried the company; and Herbert sat down, while Harrison, with a preparatory hem or two, sang as follows:—

"Hey for the sound of pipe and tabor!
'Tis music fit for prince or king;
The one we 'll blow, the other belabour,
Till we make the welkin ring:
The wailing flute
May lovers suit;

But pipe and tabor
Give to me;
We 'll foot it while the sun goes down;
Then thump and blow right lustily!

"There 's bandy Will, the serving man,
And lusty Mat, the miller's son,
And Kate, and black-eyed Marian,
Who love a dance when work is done.
Pan made such strains
For village swains.
Let every one,
His labour leave:
We 'll foot it while the sun goes down,
Like merry gnats on a summer's eve!"

By the time the applause which followed this song had subsided, the authors of the music were under the windows. They were three countrymen, dressed up with ribbons, as morris-dancers; one of them carrying a pipe and tabor. They were accompanied by a buxom wench, as Maid Marian; she danced with a vigour that quite delighted the company, who rewarded them with several pieces of money.

"Bravely danced, wench!" cried George Child, throwing the girl a groat; "what is thy name?—thy face bespeaks a light heart."

"Millicent, sir," replied the girl, picking up the money, and curtsying as she spoke.

George Child withdrew from the window as he heard the name pronounced—it was that of his deceased wife; and, though the incident would have made but a slight impression on some minds, on his, in its morbid state, it acted like an electric shock, which almost deprived him of his senses. A few minutes afterwards he found himself in the fields on the south of the Thames, whither he had walked, scarcely conscious of his having quitted his companions, who naturally were surprised at his abrupt departure.

It matters not how long George wandered about in this manner; it will be sufficient to say that, exhausted by rapid walking, he sat himself on a stile, and looked about him with the air of a man who cared not where his next walk might be. London rose in the distance; the broad stream of the Thames glowed in the rich sunset, and the shadows of the trees and houses which studded the landscape were rapidly lengthening.

As he looked listlessly about him, George saw a female, of elegant figure and gait, approaching the stile. Surprised at seeing a woman in that lonely spot, he leapt from the stile, which he supposed she was desirous of crossing. He was not mistaken: the lady drew nigh, and George, bowing gracefully to the fair stranger, proffered his hand, which she took without the least embarrassment, and assisted her in the ascent. He perceived that she wore a mask; which, however, did not conceal her mouth and chin, both of the most perfect form and expression. She smiled sweetly as she accepted the gallant offer, and disclosed a most beautiful row of teeth; and, as she reached the ground on the other side of the stile, George caught a momentary glimpse of the prettiest pair of ankles in the world.

"Fair mistress," said he, "your road is lonely; the evening is drawing in."

He was checked by the stranger, who laid her finger on her lip, and, with a negative motion of her head, walked away.

"Strange creature!" thought George, "and as fair as strange! She took my hand with the familiarity of long acquaintance, and yet that gesture forbade me to advance a step."

He looked at the receding figure of the lovely stranger, who proceeded along the path with a rapid step, and a turning soon hid her entirely from sight.

"She is gone," continued the young notary, "and I may never see her again; yet that step will——"

He checked himself suddenly, as if his soliloquy could be overheard; and, quitting the spot, walked homewards, musing on his adventure.

From that evening the young notary had no relish for the society of his companions; and it was soon whispered abroad that George had found matter more attractive. Indeed, a tradesman living at the bridge-foot had told his neighbours that he had, one afternoon, while returning from Lambeth, seen Child walking in the fields with a lady of elegant figure, wearing a mask, which concealed the upper part of her face, but left the lower part uncovered; and that, as she conversed she was observed to display a remarkably beautiful set of teeth. These vague gossipings were soon verified, and the story of George Child's acquaintance with the masked lady was rife in every tavern in Southwark.

One evening the notary had just returned from the city, when the youth who acted as his clerk came in to say that a lady was waiting in the outer-office, and was very desirous of seeing him on important business. Desiring that she should be immediately admitted, George arranged his ruff, smoothed his doublet, and twirled his moustache into its most inviting shape. He had scarcely effected this important preparation when the visitor entered.

"By this light! you are welcome, my sweet mistress!" cried the notary, in a transport of joy, handing his visitor a seat, and pressing her hand with much warmth: then, closing the door, he continued, "So, thou art resolved to be no longer coy—eh? Come, let me remove that envious vizard, that I may behold those eyes, which I have seen but in my dreams. Come!"

He essayed to remove the mask; but the lady, with a very significant gesture, positively forbade it. George, restraining his ardour, sat down again, drew his chair close to his fair companion, and resumed,

"You promised when we last met that you would tell me how long you have vowed to wear that vile curtain, which shrouds so much beauty; prithee, speak!"

He concluded with one of the extravagant compliments in use by the coxcombs and euphuists of those days; at which the lady smiled.

"Master Child, thou art the veriest flatterer within this good city," said she: "methinks these honied phrases have oft been uttered to the disquieting of poor simple maidens."

"Prithee, cease," replied George; "thou dost belie me; or, if thou wilt torment me by unkind speeches, let me look upon thy features the while."

"Flatterer!" rejoined the lady, shaking her head, "they would soon become plain in thy eyes."

"Never!" interpolated the young notary passionately.

"You have not performed your promise," continued his visitor playfully; "you swore to me that I should have the ring you value so highly; but, doubtless, it reminds you of one to whom you have already given your heart."

George Child felt his heart flutter almost to choking him. It was the ring which his wife in her dying moments had placed on his finger, exacting from him a promise that he would *never* remove it —a promise which he had bound by a solemn oath. It was a turquoise, set very plainly; but he valued it more than all he possessed in the world; yet, he dared not think of *her* who had bequeathed it to him; to think of those sad moments was madness; to withhold it would give mortal offence to one who had entire dominion over him. With a groan of anguish, which he vainly endeavoured to suppress, George drew the precious relic from his finger; his heart swelled to bursting; his lip quivered, big tears filled his eyes; and the dying words of his wife rung in his ears. He held out the ring, seized the hand of the enchantress, and placed it on her finger; which, to his great surprise, was cold and rigid as an icicle.

With a powerful effort to repress his feelings, George raised once more his downcast eyes; but, as he did so, he beheld a sight which froze the blood in his veins. The mask of his companion was melting like wax before the summer's sun; it did not fall from her face, but seemed to become a part of it. Petrified with terror, he gazed at the appalling sight in speechless agony,— when, oh horror! the features of his deceased wife became apparent. They looked at him for a moment with an expression of reproach and pity, and then vanished!

A few words will suffice to conclude this strange story. The boy who waited in the outer office, hearing a heavy fall, entered the room, and found his master lying on his face in a fit; but the lady was gone! The doctor came, and bled the spectre-haunted man; and, about two hours after he was sufficiently recovered to utter a few incoherent words; the purport of which was, that he wished to see the curate of St. Magnus. The curate came to him; and he subsequently related the particulars of his final interview with the masked lady.

Of course, in these matter-o'-fact times of ours the whole would be attributed to a diseased imagination, notwithstanding the collateral evidence of the boy; but, in those days scepticism in such matters was considered akin to infidelity, and old and young religiously believed in the story of George Child being visited by his deceased wife; while King James, it is said, meditated a new book on demons and spectres; but the diabolical scheme to blow up his majesty, and his liege parliament, being detected soon after, the royal intention was never fulfilled. As for poor Child, he lived for some years afterwards, a victim to occasional fits of blue-devils, and *delirium tremens*, from which death at length relieved him, to the infinite delight of a poor cousin, to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his property.

P. P.

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

THE WANDERING JEW.

We are not acquainted with any popular English ballad on the subject of the Wandering Jew, though the adventures of this extraordinary being have afforded themes to the poets of the people in almost every other country in Europe. France, especially, is rich in legends connected with this fabled personage; songs and sermons equally relate the horrors to which "the undying one" was subjected, and the heritage of woe conjoined to his unparalleled length of life. Most of the notices are announcements of his speedy appearance at some specified place, or anecdotes supposed to have been related by those who had the good fortune of meeting with him. They all agree in describing him as aged, care-worn, with a white beard of immense length, and grizzled hair. His dress, though ragged and torn, was said to retain traces of oriental finery; but he also wore a leather apron, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the usual cognizance of labourers, and the lower class of mechanics. Xeniola declares that, in Spain, he appeared with a very awful mark, which is not mentioned either by the French or Germans. According to this worthy Father, whom Lewis has followed in "The Monk," the Jew wore a black bandage on his forehead, which concealed a crucifix of flame, ever burning a brain that grew as fast as it was consumed. It is intimated that the familiars of the Inquisition had orders to keep a sharp lookout for the wanderer, and that the crucifix was designated as the mark by which he might be known. The Inquisitors never caught him; though they often had information of his practising as a conjuror, and exhibiting the blazing cross on his forehead in the dark,—a trick often practised by school-boys with a bit of phosphorus. They arrested, indeed, a juggler at Seville; but, on inquiry, he proved to be "no conjuror," and had the good luck to be liberated, after having endured "only the moderate torture."

While the Spaniards were taught to regard the Wandering Jew as an object of horror, the French and Brabantine legends always spoke of him as deserving the warmest sympathy and compassion. The Germans invested him with something of a speculative and philosophic character; whence Göethe, in his singular piece, "Ahasuerus," the name last bestowed upon the wanderer, has made the Jew a scholastic cobbler, strongly attached to materialism, particularly in the shape of material comforts. Ahasuerus is represented as having engaged in a dialectic controversy with our Saviour, who, provoked by his insensibility to spiritual blessings, sentences him to continue in the life for which he manifests so decided a preference. This is one of the worst perversions of a poetic legend with which we are acquainted; and it is saddening to find it connected with so great a name.

Ahasuerus was the name usually given to the Wandering Jew in the last century; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he was known as Isaac Lackedem, or Lackedíon—names which point to an

Armenian or Greek origin of the story. The Chanson, of which we are about to lay a version before our readers, as nearly in the original metre as the structure of our language will admit, is believed to have been composed in Brabant, rather earlier than the age of the Reformation. The language has been softened and modernized, as it passed down the stream of tradition; but the air possesses the psalmodic character of those slow and plaintive chaunts, with which in the Middle Ages the relics of martyrs were venerated, and the sufferings of the saints lamented. We have preserved in the translation some of the roughness which characterizes the original ballad, particularly in the verses spoken by the burgesses to the Wanderer.

Can life, with each transition,
From bright to darkest hue,
Show one of worse condition
Than the poor Wandering Jew?
How horrid is his state!
His wretchedness how great!

One day, before the city
Of Brussels, in Brabant,
We saw, with fear and pity,
This man of comforts scant,
And ne'er before our sight
Was beard so long and white!

His garments, torn and streaming,
The winds could not withstand,
And we knew by his seeming
He came from Eastern land:
A leathern bag before
He, like some workman, wore!

We said, "Good-morrow, master!
One little moment stay,
And tell us the disaster
Which has brought you this way.
Come, do not plead excuse,
Nor sympathy refuse."

Then he replied, "Believe me,
I suffer bitter woe;
Incessant travels grieve me;
No rest for me 's below;
A respite I have never,
But march on, on for ever!"

"Come, join us, good old father!
And drink a cup of ale;
We've come out here together
On purpose to regale;
And, if you'll be our guest,
We'll give you of the best."

"I cannot take your proffer,
I'm hurried on by Fate;
But for your hearty offer
My gratitude is great.
I'll ever bear in mind
Strangers so good and kind."

"You seem so very aged,
That, looking on with tears,
We find ourselves engaged
In guessing at your years.
We'd ask,—if not too bold,—
Are you a century old?"

"Years more than eighteen hundred
Have roll'd above my head
Since Fate has kept me sunder'd
Both from the quick and dead!
I was twelve years that morn
When Christ our Lord was born!"

"Are you that man of sorrow,
To whom, our authors write,
Grief comes with every morrow,
And wretchedness at night?
Oh! let us know—are you
Isaac, the Wandering Jew?"

"Yes; Isaac Lackedíon
To me was given for name,
And the proud hill of Zion
As place of birth I claim.
Children! in me you view
The hapless Wandering Jew!

"Good Lord! how sad, how weary
This length of life is found!
Now, for the fifth time, hear ye!
I've paced the earth's wide round!
All else to rest have gone,
But I must still live on!

"I've cast me in the ocean—
The waves refused to drown;
I've faced the storm's commotion
In heaven's darkest frown;
But elemental strife
Went by, and left me life!

"I've pass'd through fields of battle,
Where men in thousands fell;
While the artillery's rattle
Peal'd forth their funeral knell:
The mangling shell and shot
Whizz'd by, and harm'd me not!

" Beyond the broad Atlantic
I 've seen the fever spread,
Where orphans, driven frantic,
Lay dying on the dead:
I gazed with hope, not fear;
But still death came not near.

" I have no home to hide me;
No wealth can I display;
But unknown powers provide me
Five farthings every day.
This always is my store,
'Tis never less nor more!"

" We used to think your story
Was but an idle dream;
But, when thus wan and hoary,
And broken-down you seem,
The sight cannot deceive,
And we the tale believe.

" But you must have offended
Most grievously our God;
Whose mercy is extended
To all on earth who plod:
Then tell us for what crime
You bear his wrath sublime?"

" 'Twas by my rash behaviour
I wrought this fearful scathe:
As Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Was passing on to death,
His mild request I spurn'd,
His gentle pleading scorn'd.

" Beneath the cross when sinking,
He pass'd before my door;
From the crowd's insults shrinking,
He stepp'd the threshold o'er,
And made a mild request
That I would let him rest.

" 'Begone!' said I, 'thou vile one!
Move on, and meet thy fate,
I know it would defile one
To suffer thee to wait;
Blasphemer! haste! begone!
To death—to death move on!' "

" Then Jesus, turning mildly,
Look'd on my angry brow,
And said, 'Thou speakest wildly,
For onward, too, must thou!
March onward! 'tis thy doom,
And TARRY TILL I COME!'

" A secret force expell'd me
That instant from my home;
And since THE DOOM has held me
Unceasingly to roam;
For neither day nor night
Must check my onward flight.

" Farewell, ye pitying strangers!
For I must now away;
Ye cannot know the dangers
Which menace my delay:
Farewell, ye kindly men!
We never meet again!"

Thus ends this most singular and beautiful legend, in which the simplicity, and almost ruggedness, of the style, greatly enhances the miracle of the story. It is scarcely necessary to say, that there is no historical authority for the legend; but the Wandering Jew may be regarded as an allegorical impersonation of the destiny of the Jewish nation, which, since the death of Jesus Christ, has been outcast and wandering among the nations of the earth, still subject to that fearful imprecation, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" The words "Tarry thou till I come" were actually addressed to the apostle St. John; and, as this evangelist himself informs us, they led many of the disciples to believe that St. John would be one of those who should be found alive at the second coming of the Messiah. Another prophetic declaration of our Lord was similarly misunderstood: "Verily I say unto you, that there be some of them which stand here which shall not taste of death until they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." This prophecy, which the best commentators apply to the destruction of Jerusalem, was, by many Greek Christians, supposed to refer to the second advent; and the story of the Wandering Jew was probably invented to support the truth of the interpretation. This was very naturally suggested to the Greeks by their own national legend of Prometheus, whose immortality of woe, fettered to the rocks of the Caucasus, with a vulture eternally preying upon his

liver, had been rendered familiar to them by the noblest poem that ever proceeded from an uninspired pen.

The first direct mention of the Wandering Jew dates in the year 1215, when his story was made known to the learned of that day by an Armenian prelate, who came on a pilgrimage to the relics of the saints, which the Crusaders had brought from the Levant to England. According to this episcopal pilgrim, who averred that he had seen and conversed with the wanderer, the name of the hapless Jew was Cartophilus; a name which not a little strengthens the theory of the Greek origin of the legend. He was a subordinate officer in Pilate's court; one of the many chronicles which have repeated the story, calls him "the crier;" and, when Jesus was condemned, he struck him a violent blow on the back, and pushing him towards the infuriate crowd, exclaimed, "On with thee, Jesus! wherefore dost thou tarry?" Jesus turned round, and, with a severe accent, replied, "I go; but thou must tarry until I come!" The doom was no sooner pronounced than Cartophilus found himself irresistibly hurried onwards from his family and friends, compelled to be a vagabond and wanderer on the face of the earth, without ever finding any relaxation from his toils. After wandering over the whole of the East, he was converted and baptized by the same Ananias who baptized St. Paul, when he took the name of Joseph. Baptism, however, could not efface the curse; he still continues his erratic life, and looks daily for the second coming of the Messiah. Every hundred years he is seized with a strange malady, which brings him to the very point of death; but, after remaining for several days in a trance, he awakes, restored to the same condition of youth and health which he possessed when he insulted our Saviour.*

The chroniclers of the fourteenth century, in relating this legend, changed the name of Joseph into Isaac Lackedem or Lackedíon, and omitted the fine incident of his periodical renovation. The ballad which we have translated is founded on this version of the story, which was generally received in Brabant. Indeed, he visited this country, according to the Brabantine Chronicle, in 1575. Notwithstanding the meanness of his apparel, he was found to be a man of superior education, for "he spoke better Spanish than any nobleman in the court of the Duke of Alva."

Göethe's travestie of the story is derived from an earlier appearance of the Wandering Jew in Europe. On the Easter Sunday of the year 1542, two German students encountered him in a church in Hamburgh, listening to the sermon with great attention and devotion. He was a very tall man, with white hair that reached below the middle of his back, and a beard that extended to his girdle; though the weather was still cold, his feet were naked; his dress, which the chronicler describes with edifying particularity, consisted of a sailor's trowsers "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," a tight-fitting vest, and a large, loose cloak. He readily entered into conversation with the students, telling them that his name was Ahasuerus, and that he had been a thriving shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. Impelled by the vulgar passion for excitement, which collects crowds to witness executions, rather than by religious bigotry, or personal rancour, he formed one of the multitude which surrounded the judgment-

* Godwin has introduced this part of the legend into his singular romance of St. Leon.

seat of Pilate, and clamoured for the release of Barabbas. When Jesus was condemned, he hastened home to give his wife and children an opportunity of seeing the procession which was to pass by their doors. When Jesus came up the street, he staggered under the weight of the cross, and fell against the wall of the house. Ahasuerus repulsed him rudely, and pointing to Calvary, the appointed place of punishment, which was visible in the distance, said, "Get on, blasphemer, to thy doom!" Jesus replied, "I will stop and rest; but you shall march onward until I return." He was instantly hurried forwards by an irresistible impulse, and never afterwards knew rest. Ahasuerus, according to the report of the students, was a man of few words, very abstemious in his mode of living; accepting alms only for the purpose of distributing them to the poor, and at the same time soliciting their prayers, that he might be blessed with the boon of death. Twenty years later Ahasuerus appeared in Strasburg, where he reminded the magistrates that he had passed through the place two centuries before,—a fact which was verified by a reference to the police registers of the city! He inquired rather affectionately after the students with whom he had spoken at Hamburgh, and declared that since his conversation with them he had visited the remotest parts of the Eastern Indies. It is recorded that he spoke German with very great purity, and had not the slightest foreign accent.

In 1604, the Wandering Jew visited France; "The true history of his life, taken from his own lips," was printed at Bourdeaux, in 1608; and his "Complaint," set to a popular air, was a very favourite ballad. The learned Louvet saw him, on a Sunday, at Beauvais, coming from mass. He was surrounded by a crowd of women and children, to whom he recounted anecdotes of Christ's passion in so affecting a manner as to draw tears from the most obstinate eyes, and to unloose the strings of the tightest purses. On this occasion, he asked for alms with a lofty tone of superiority, as if he was conferring, instead of receiving, a favour. His appearance excited great emotion throughout France; some being alarmed at such a portentous apparition, and others affecting to be edified by the instructive narratives he related. Indeed, for nearly twenty years, about this time, several impostors made large sums of money by personating the Wandering Jew.

Passing over some vague accounts of his being seen at Salamanca, Venice, and Naples, in which last city he was rather successful as a gambler, we find that he visited Brussels on the 22nd of April, 1771, and sat for his portrait, to illustrate the ballad composed on his interview with certain of the burgesses some centuries before. The portrait was graven on wood, and copies of it may be seen suspended in most of the cottages of Belgium, where his legend has always been more popular than anywhere else. In fact, the two great objects of hero-worship among the Flemings are the Wandering Jew and Napoleon.

Dr. Southey has based "The Curse of Kehama" on this legend; and Dr. Croly has made it the subject of his gorgeous romance, Salathiel; but the fiction has never laid hold of the popular mind in England, as it has in France and Germany, though there are few superior to it in the power of captivating the imagination.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE STORY OF A SKULL.

BY HENRY CURLING.

I ONCE spent a merry Christmas at a regular old-style country mansion in Yorkshire, where the yule-clog, the hudening-horse, and the morris-dance, together with all the time-honoured observances of "the old age," were most scrupulously and sacredly held in especial reverence and delight during that festive season. Alas! well-a-day! such practices and pastimes are fast fading away in merrie England, even from our remembrance! 'Tis a cold, calculating, and selfish age, my masters! this that we have fallen upon. The good old customs of former times are now considered slow, unworthy, and ridiculous; consequently they have been altogether reformed, and refined away.

As I am not about to give another version of Bracebridge Hall in this paper, I shall not, therefore, describe the jovialities, and the varieties of diversion, which followed fast upon each other during the delightful visit I have before hinted at. Suffice it, there were all sorts of revels, masques, games, dances, and even a play toward; whilst nothing was omitted which could by possibility contribute to pass away the lazy-footed time, and ease the anguish of a torturing hour, should one be found, that at all hung on hand. Such, however, was not likely to be the case in a hospitable and ample mansion, situate upon the wolds of canny Yorkshire, and in which were assembled a party composed of several members of those families of condition resident in the immediate neighbourhood; most of them related to the host and hostess, and picked and culled, from their known conviviality and amiability of disposition. My own introduction was accidental; I was visiting on the wolds, and consequently introduced by my invited friends there. It was after a somewhat noisy revel on Christmas-eve, and on which we had been rehearsing the play intended to be produced a few nights afterwards, as we were seated cozily around the ample fire-place, watching the crackling log upon the hearth, and listening to dark December's snow-storm against the casements, that story-telling commenced. Now came in "the sweet o' the night," as old Falstaff words it,—'twas the very witching hour, when churchyards yawned, and graves stood tenantless, — accordingly, many and awful were the ghostly stories and withered murders then and there recounted. Hebe faces then might be observed crouching more nearly to their protecting partners of the dance; and even the hostess, as she drew her high-backed chair closer to the hearth, was fain to glance "a far-off look" into the gloom of the old oak-paneled hall we were seated in.

Amongst the stories related on that night was one which, perhaps, more from the manner of its relation, and the appearance of the narrator, than from anything else, particularly interested me. The narrator was an officer on half-pay, a remarkably stern-looking, sedate, and Quixotic-visaged individual; he was a Cornish man, but lately returned from foreign parts, where, since childhood, he had been a wanderer and an exile; a true soldier of fortune, who had seen the sun rise and set in foreign parts, till his own country, when he returned to it, seemed the only spot of earth where he had neither kindred nor friends to greet him, and whose customs and manners were now totally at va-

riance with his habits and tastes. He was, however, very distantly related to our hostess; and but lately landed in England, laden with an accumulation of rupees which he had neither health nor wish to make use of. Fifty years had elapsed since, a youth, he had left his home; and now, as the poet says, "there came a worn-out man." He stalked about, I remember, during this visit with a most unbending presence, watching all that was going on, but taking no part in the diversion.

At the present time, as more than one ghost was dilated upon, the bright eyes of several of the young ladies sought and dwelt upon the Bois-Guilbert visage of the stern-looking soldier. At length his turn arrived.

"Come," said the squire, "now let's have your tale, Colonel Penruddock. Methinks one who hath put a girdle round about the globe, and 'in the spiced Indian air' so long been sojourner, must have seen many things worthy of record."

The Colonel's iron visage slowly relaxed; he drew himself up, looked around, and smiled, *after a sort*, — Tales of flood and field, captures by an insolent foe, deeds of blood, he said, were not exactly sport for ladies. He must be held excused: in sooth, he must——

"Not for the worth of his commission," said the squire, "shall he escape. A song, a story, or a quart of salt and water, one or other shall go round the circle, though we sit by the fire till the early village cock salute the morn."

"What shall 't be?" said the *militaire*,—"a tale of gramarie, a love-story, or a murder?"

"Most hands up for love and murder," cried the squire. "Murder has it; I thought so; all the ladies are for deeds of horror. Begin, murderer! begin!—leave your damnable faces, and begin!"

The Colonel cleared his brazen throat with a preliminary cough or so, and commenced his story with military brevity.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

"Near the village of Abbots Lillington, in Cumberland, in the year 1616, stood a small church, of Saxon architecture: on the right of the overgrown pathway of the hungry-looking churchyard, on Christmas-eve of that same year, yawned a newly-dug grave.

"The sun was setting upon the walls of that old grey tower, as a stranger slowly took his walk of meditation amongst the tombs. Ever and anon, as he paused to decipher some moss-covered epitaph upon the sunken grave-stones on either hand, his ear caught the sounds of mirth and revelry, which floated upon the evening breeze from the distant hamlet. Wrapped in his own imaginings, as he continued to saunter onwards, he gradually approached within a few yards of the newly-made grave, and his eye rested upon a skull, which Goodman Delver had that morning thrown up.

"The stranger paused, and gazed intently upon the poor remains before him. What he thought, or what the reflections this bleaching fragment of mortality called forth, is not at all necessary to the story. Perhaps, amongst other things, it struck him for the first time that it was a somewhat hard case, when even the sexton's spade could give no secure and certain resting-place, but that in the cold damp grave, like an inn or caravansera, the old guest was made to turn out to give room for later company.

"Suddenly the stranger started, and, just as he was about to turn away, gazed more intently at the skull.

"There was nothing very uncommon in a skull thus lying upon the fresh mould, which had so recently been thrown up from a newly-dug grave, but that which followed was a trifle more extraordinary; for, as the stranger gazed upon the skull, he distinctly beheld it move. Starting back a pace or two, he involuntarily shook his riding-cloak from his shoulder, and laid his hand upon his rapier.

"'Pshaw!' said he, smiling at his own folly, 'what an idiot I am, to grasp my hilt in opposition to a decaying piece of bone like this! How full of shapes is fancy!'

"Just as he was about to turn and leave the spot, again he distinctly beheld the skull move. This time he was convinced that it was not his fancy which had deceived him. The skull continued in motion; and, rolling off the ridge of earth it had before lain on, actually reached the pathway, and struck the toe of his heavy riding-boot. Still more astonished, he kicked the skull from his path, and out rolled a great lump of poison, in the shape of a huge, bloated, overgrown toad!

"The stranger had been a soldier in his time, and even now had returned to his native land, after many years of toil and service. In fact, he was one of those adventurous blades who, following the fashion of the time, set by Sir Walter Raleigh, and other choice and master-spirits of his age, had for many years buffeted the broad waves of the Atlantic, in search of unknown islands and continents, which existed but in their own heated brains. He had sold his own lands, as Rosalind has it, to see other men's; and returned to his native country to find his kith and kin for the most part dead, and his inheritance in the hands of strangers.

"He felt rather annoyed with himself for being thus startled at so simple a circumstance as that of a toad having taken shelter in a dead man's skull, and, in the endeavour at emancipating itself, caused it to roll to his feet. With a 'hah!' and a fierce twist at his moustache, he stooped, and picked up the skull.

"The sundry contemplation of his travels had, doubtless, wrapped him in a most humorous sadness, and it is likely he moralized, curiously as the royal Dane, upon the *memento* in his hand. Whether, however, it was the pate of a politician, 'one that would circumvent God,'—or that of a courtier, who praised my Lord Such-an-one's horse when he meant to beg it,—or whether it was the 'skull of a lawyer, with his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks,' he did not give himself time enough to consider; for, as he turned it over and over in his hand, to his surprise, he discovered that, just above the right ear, a twenty-penny nail had been driven into it. Struck with the circumstance, he examined it yet more attentively, and found the nail had evidently lain in the earth as long as the skull itself, the decomposing iron having formed a red stain, an indelible mark upon the bone, of at least half an inch in breadth, around the spot where it had been driven in.

"The circumstance of a skull, with a rusty nail sticking in it, having rolled to his feet, was somewhat curious, independent of the fact that an overgrown toad had been its inside-passenger.

"'Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood!—
Yes! blood will have blood, they say.'

"It was singular, to say the least of it. The nail was firmly fixed and rusted in the skull; it had evidently been driven in whilst the wearer of the head was in life, or rather life in him.

"''T must have been a curious *pia mater*,' said the traveller, 'if it bore this infliction, and kept its functions—*ergo*, some lewd son of Belial hath done a murder upon this *os frontis*.'

"Clapping the skull beneath his cloak, the stranger looked around him. 'The crow was winging to the rooky wood,' the gloaming approached, and once more he was about to turn and leave the churchyard, when, from the porch of the old tower, where he had been taking his evening nap, after depositing his pick and spade, hobbled forth old Martin Delver, the sexton. You might see, by his earthy look, that he gained his living by making the narrow house of the dead; and, accordingly, the traveller stopped the old muck-worm as he was about to pass, and accosted him.

"'Did you make that grave there, old man?' said he.

"'Fa's doutin' that?' returned the digger sulkily. 'I've made a pretty many on 'em in my time here. Speak up! I'm hard o' hearin'.'

"'You're sexton here, then, I presume?'

"'Fat's yur wull?'

"'You're a Scot, I find. How long have you been sexton here?'

"'A Scot am 'e? fa's doutin' that? I've been sexton here any time these four-and-thretty years; and I'll dig a grave wi' living mon by the same token. I were in the trade in my ain kintra before I crossed the border.'

"'And you really dug this grave?'

"'Hout tout! who *but* I?—I'm sexton, I tell ye! Dug yon grave, quotha! I'd like to see the mon would dig its equal! — arn't she a beauty? I'll scoop *ye* out a hole in this churchyard, if yer needing one while ye stay here at Lillington. Here, just step up, and look in. Now, that's what I calls a bonny piece of workmanship. Yes, yer a pretty man enough. I'd like to make yer grave. Six feet twa, if yer an inch, without the chopines.'

"The stranger smiled. 'Thanks, friend, thanks!' said he. "No, no, good sexton; I trust I shall not need *your* art; and hope the service will not be required, good delver, till you yourself have long been debtor for the same good turn to your successor, — ay, till your old pate is as fleshless and decayed as this skull I hold in my hand. And, now tell me, sexton! since you say you have dug every grave here for the last forty years, have you any idea who that piece of bone belonged to?'

"'Where gat ye yon skull?' said the old man, in ire, and making a clutch at it. 'What's your business wi' that skull? What for d'ye come here, stealing my bones, I'd like to ken? That's my skull; I ken it weel: by the same token, I buried the mon twa-and-twenty years agone, as owned it. Ye took it up frae this mould here.'

"'I'll not deny it, sexton,' returned the traveller, keeping the old man back; 'more pertains, perhaps, to this head-piece than you think for. Hold! there's a dollar for thee; let that content ye, old man: and now, tell me truly, since you say you buried it some two-and-twenty years ago, to whom did the skull belong, and how did its owner die?'

"The old sexton didn't half relish this examination from one whom

he had never seen before. He evidently thought the place had its privilege; and that the secrets of the grave should be respected; however, the touch of a Spanish dollar somewhat mollified his testy humour, and untied his tongue.

"'That skull,' said he, 'belonged to one I know well. Mony a mutchkin ha'e we tossed off together in his time; mony 's the pottle-pot we ha'e drank out! Ah! it 's pleasant to remember the jolly nights I ha'e had wi' some o' the tenants of this churchyard! and then to think, as I do, how I 've pit 'em all to bed my ainsel, with the pick and shovel. There, on that mound, where your foot rests, lies my ain father; it 's just six-and-twenty years agone sin I put him there wi' my ain hands. That mound on your left is my mother's grave. Yonder, awa' there, nearer the wall, just under that spout wi' the ugly face, lies my youngest brother, Walter. The Duke's head keeper gied him the death of a fat buck one night, for walking too late amongst the fern by moonlight. Yonder, awa' to his right, lies my wife—hout! ay! Aweel — aweel! I 'm eldest o' seven sons; and I 've lived to earth 'em all with my ain hands, like decent Christian souls! I should ha' grieved at any other body putting my family i' the earth.'

"The stranger plainly saw that the easiest way to come at what he wished to learn was, to let this eccentric old sexton run himself aground before he proceeded to question him further. He was evidently a character; and custom had not only made grave-digging a habit of easiness, but 'twas evidently a labour of love; he was quite an enthusiast in his profession, and took as much delight in giving the last finishing touch to his tenement of clay, as a sculptor would in chiselling from the Medicean Venus, or a painter, in perfecting a Madonna!

"'And, how about the future tenant of this last grave you have finished, — did you know him, too?' he continued.

"'It 's for a young 'oman, that — a lying-in 'oman, and her babe: no, I did na ken her.'

"''Tis no matter,' said the stranger to himself. 'I shall earth the incorrigible old fellow here at last. And so, then, you 've many old friends about you in this churchyard, you say?'

"'Hout! ay! it 's pleasant to have one 's old friends around one, ain't it? I 've outlived all my kith, and kin, and auld acquaintance, in these parts, I have. There 's a new world in the village, now; all the old hands are here; and, as I canna tak my pipe wi' 'em, as I used to do, at the public, why, I e'en come up, and bring my stoup o' licker, on fine nights, and smoke it amongst my acquaintances here. I pay 'em reg'lar periodical visits, I do. Sometimes I comes and has a chat wi' feather: we goes over the old stories exactly as we used, twenty years agone, in the ingle nook. Sometimes I visits my brothers; and sometimes I pays a visit——'

"'To your wife, I dare be sworn?' said the traveller.

"'Na! na! we bean't on visiting terms, she and I; we 're fairly divorced, praised be God for 't!'

"'Well, then; your old friend here, the owner of this skull; you 've smoked many a pipe over his clay, I suppose?'

"'Ay, have I! I always gied him a libation, as the saying is. I poured half my stoup on his mound, for mortal weel did he love the licker in his life-time. He wur landlord of the Shin o' Beef and Saddlebags down in the village yonder.'

"'*So!*' said the traveller; 'and, did the liquor he loved so well

prove fatal to him at last?—did he die of pint-stoups and half-mutchkins?'

"'Nae; I cannot just answer that. He died o' the sudden somewhat: he wur found by 's wife dead in his bed one morning!'

"'Were there any circumstances about his death which led folks at the time to think his end extraordinary, did you ever hear?'

"'Extraordinar', did ye say? Noa; not that I ever heard. He died of an apoplex' in 's sleep,—there 's nought very extraordinar' in that! I wur wi' him the very night afore, taking a glass of canary in his bar. I remember he rated Will Ostler soundly that night, and swore he 'd discharge him next morning, for making away wi' the aits out o' the girnel-kist. I mind weel the wife took Will's part; and he went aff to 's bed in rage at 'em baith. Doubtless the passion he wur in brought on the fit.'

"'Did you see him after he was dead?'

"'Troth, did I! I seed him after the mistress had strekkit the corpse.'

"'How did he look?'

"'Why, just like any other mon dead in a fit—how should he look? just as ye wad look in a fit o' apoplex'; and I buried him here, as I told ye. I 'll bury *ye*, if ye stay here long enough. I 'd like to ha'e the digging of your grave, for I 've rather ta'en a liking to ye.'

"'Pshaw!' said the stranger, turning away, 'I like not such jesting, old man, upon so grave a subject.'

"'Ha! ha!—good! good!' returned the sexton, with a sort of sepulchral laugh, which seemed to come from his stomach, and had an unnatural sound. 'It 's no jesting I am. I 'll pit ye i' the earth, sure as you stand up before me—I 'm *sure* on 't!'

"'Harkee!' said the stranger, who began not to like the turn the conversation was taking, 'you said but now that you knew the wife of the landlord of the Shin of Beef; is she alive?'

"'Ay, is she!—she keeps t' house yonder.'

"'What! then she married again, did she?'

"'Ay, did she; she married Will Ostler—him as I told ye of,—rather o'er soon arter the first mon's death, I 'm thinking.'

"'How soon?'

"'Why, three months arterwards.'

"'Good!' said the traveller, musing deeply.

"'Na; 'twasn't good, neither; folks hereawa' said 't were d——d bad!' struck in the sexton.

"'What manner of man is the landlord of the Shin of Beef? Do you ever take your pipe and mutchkin with him, as you used to do with his predecessor?'

"'Na! na! I dinna like the chiel well enough; he 's but a dour, down-looking mon. I don't go to 's house ava!—there 's a something tells me I shall never have him in *my* churchyard here. I 'm seldom out in my reckoning; and I 'll nae hesitate to say yon man 's not for the earth ava; he 'll never lay i' the earth! he 's either for the air or the water, that chiel, tak my word for 't! An the kites and crows dinna pick out 's een, the eels will.'

"'I begin to think so,' said the stranger, 'from what you have told me. Well, good sexton! the air is somewhat cold here, and the sleet begins to fall: I shall now wish ye good-night. Perchance I may require your services again.'

"''*Troth will ye!*' said the sexton, seating himself upon a square, flat tomb, beside which he had stood, and, taking out his pipe and tinder-box,—'troth will ye; and sooner than you think for, too!'

"'About this skull, I mean,' said the traveller.

"'*What!* ye're no going to take Master Phillpot away wi' ye!' said the sexton sharply. 'I'se no permit him to leave.'

"'Rest ye content,' said the traveller, gathering his cloak about him, and taking the skull beneath it; 'I must do so; Master Phillpot must go with me to-night; but I promise you he shall return, sexton; and you shall once more have the pleasure of burying your old friend.'

"'Ay, shall I?' said the sexton sulkily; 'and you, too; tak my word for't,—I'm never deceived, I arn't! Good night, sir!—good night! Yes; I'll pit him i' the earth before this day week! Ay, gang yer way! I see the death-mark on yon man's brow as plain as I see that yew-tree before me there; and that 'minds me I'll pit him in that very spot there, under yon yew! Ay, will I; and I'll begin his grave first thing to-morrow morn. Nae; not to-morrow—to-morrow's Christmas-day! Ay, 'twas this very night, twa-and-twenty years agone, that Phillpot and I foregathered together in his bar for the last time. Aweel! aweel, Phillpot! I did nae think ye would ha'e left this churchyard as ye ha'e done the night wi' yon stranger.! Aweel! aweel! ye went awa' together, and together will ye return here!'

"Half an hour after the conversation we have thus recorded, a tall, military-looking man entered the hostel of Abbots Lillington, and made his way into the kitchen, or common apartment thereof. It was Christmas eve, as we have before said, and the host and hostess, together with all the servants of the little inn, and several guests, were seated around the ample fire upon the hearth, discussing the good cheer customary at the season. The song, the story, and the Christmas carol were duly seasoned with the hot spicy liquor, and the mistletoe and holly-branch garnished every part of the roof.

"'A guest,' said the landlady, rising and coming forward. 'Will your honour be pleased to walk this way? We've a good warm fire in the sanded parlour.'

"'Thanks, hostess,' returned the stranger, 'I will so, more especially as I would fain speak with ye on business of import, connected with your late husband.'

"The hostess paused, and her alacrity seemed to leave her. 'My late husband!' said she; 'business about him, said ye, sir?'

"'Even so,' returned the traveller. 'He died possessed of property in other lands, and which, perhaps, you, having been his second wife, was not aware of. I must speak with you alone for a few minutes.'

"The hostess seemed rather taken aback: she turned towards her husband.

"'Get a candle, Margery, in the parlour,' said the host. 'Go, wife; hear what the gentleman has to tell us of. An' he bring money of old Phillpots, it shall be welcome!'

"The hostess looked hard at the stranger, and, leading the way to the parlour, he followed.

"'You know me not, hostess,' said he, after shutting the door, and taking off his high-crowned beaver,—'you know me not, I dare say; nevertheless I am native here.'

"'I cannot say I have the least recollection of your features, sir,' returned the hostess.

"''Tis very like,' said the traveller. 'You may, however, remember the circumstance of Sir Nautilus Seaward parting with Mouldy Hall to the Earl of Cumberland, investing all his money in ships for the western voyage, and joining the expedition under Sir Walter Raleigh, some five-and-twenty years agone?'

"The traveller was a tall, swarthy-looking cavalier, with high features, and a keen dark eye; his hair was thin, and partially grey; and in his sunken and sun-burnt cheek was to be seen the traces of both climate and disease; 'war, and care, and toil' had evidently 'ploughed his very soul from out his brow.'

"'Perchance the mother that him bore,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan cheek and sun-burn'd hair
She had not known her child.'

"The hostess again looked hard at him; she evidently did not recognise his features.

"'To be sure, I remember that,' said she, 'since it was Sir Nautilus Seaward who set my husband up in this tavern when he left the country. I recollect, too, although I was but young at the time, how the ships were said to have been built on a Friday, launched on a Friday, and set sail on a Friday. They were all wrecked, I've heard; at least they were never heard of more in these parts.'

"'They *were* lost,' said the traveller, with a sigh, 'though *all* did not perish, as you may surmise; for I am Sir Nautilus Seaward.'

"'What has this to do with my husband, sir,' said the hostess, something re-assured.

"'Much,' returned the traveller, 'since I had transactions with him before I left the country. Pray, tell me, how did he die, Mrs. Snake? —I believe that's your present name, is it not?'

"'It is, sir,' returned the hostess. 'He died of apoplexy. I found him dead in his bed.'

"'You're *sure* he died of apoplexy?' said the stranger sharply,— 'quite sure of that, Mrs. Snake? God bless me! what a sharp pain I feel across my head here! It's just as if a nail was being driven into my brain!'

"'God be here!' said the hostess, turning deadly pale; 'what mean ye, sir?'

"'Nothing,' said the traveller; ''tis gone. 'Twas a sharp pang, however,—just as though a twenty-penny nail had been driven into my skull!'

"The hostess sank into the chair beside her; whilst the traveller, stepping to the door, beckoned to a man who was in waiting there.

"'Take charge of this woman, constable; allow her neither to call out nor move till I return.' So saying, the stranger left the room abruptly, as the hostess fell in a fainting-fit upon the floor.

"After leaving the room, Sir Nautilus Seaward walked straight to the kitchen, and, making his way through the circle of guests, placed his back to the blazing fire, and fixed his eye upon the landlord, a stout, broad-shouldered, sulky-looking fellow, who was seated in the chimney corner. There was a something so steady and so stern in the knight's gaze, that the man, although he could not for a moment endure it, at length grew angry under its infliction, and, rising from

his seat, fumbled at his girdle, as if seeking for some weapon to rid himself of his tormentor; whilst the whole assemblage, the good cheer marred, and their mirth stayed by the intrusion of the stranger, and the oddity of his bearing, awaited the result in a silence which grew at length quite painful.

"The knight was still enveloped in his ample riding-cloak, and, as he stood before the light of the fire, he seemed a form of giant-height. Still keeping his eye fixed upon the host, he thus addressed him:—

"'You were once the ostler of this inn, sir?' he began.

"'I thank thee for the news,' said the other surlily.

"'And married your master's widow, after his death?'

"'Again I'm bounden to ye for the information,' said the host.

"'Three months after!' continued the knight sharply.

"'I shall be more bounden to ye still, if ye mind your own business, and trouble yourself less with mine,' said the host, growing more angry.

"'Your master died suddenly, I think?' continued the stranger.

"'You think right, then.'

"'Exactly on this night, two-and-twenty years ago?'

"'More or less.'

"'What did he die of, sir?'

"'A fit.'

"'Of what sort?'

"'How can I tell? You'd best ask the doctor, if you want to know. A fit of drunkenness—like as not.'

"'Were there not circumstances connected with his death which were considered extraordinary at the time?'

"The host grew uneasy, his bearing became less resolute; that secret fear, which is ever present with the guilty, warned him that danger hovered near. He became less dogged, and his eye glanced towards the door, whilst his cross-examiner mercilessly hurried his questions upon him.

"'Did you see the body after death?'

"'What! me?—me see the body?' said the host, with a shudder. 'Noa, noa, not I!—not for worlds would I have look'd on't!—that is—I—Margery, lass! Where's the missus all this time? I'll go seek her.'

"'Stay, sir,' said the traveller, 'I've further trade with you. Who did examine Roger Phillpot's body? *Some one*, I conceive, was employed to ascertain the cause of his demise?'

"'The leech of the village saw him,' said the host.

"'Where is that leech?'

"'Dead and buried, many years agone.'

"'What did he say?'

"'Why, that he died of a fit: I told you so before. He was found dead in 's bed—he died suddenly.'

"'*Well might he die suddenly!*' cried the knight, instantly bringing forth the skull from beneath his cloak, and thrusting it in the very face of the astounded landlord,—'*well might he die suddenly*, when you drove a nail into his brain, villain!'

"The landlord glanced one glance at the grinning deah's-head, uttered a piercing cry, and attempted to fly from the apartment; but the knight closed with, and arrested him.

"'Your wife, caitiff, hath confessed all to me in the next apartment!' said he, grasping the collar of his doublet. 'Yield thee!'

"'Nay, then,' said the host, grappling with his enemy, ''tis useless to deny the fact. I'll ha'e a spat at thee, however.' In saying this, he assaulted the knight in his turn, and both went down together.

"Sir Nautilus, who had seen many a stricken field, and brought away more than one scar in token, succeeded in getting his antagonist beneath him; and calling to the astonished spectators, desired them to assist in securing the murderer of Roger Phillpot. Several of the guests, accordingly, rushed upon the prostrate host, and secured him; whilst Sir Nautilus rose, though not altogether scatheless, from the fray.

"In his struggle with the murderer of Roger Phillpot he had still held fast to that respected publican's ill-used brain-pan, and, in falling, the twenty-penny nail had pierced deeply into his hands. Disregarding the wound, he took order for the security of the prisoner, and his being brought forthwith to justice.

"Before morning's dawn, however, owing to the shattered state of his constitution, sharp and racking pains attacked the hand and arm, violent fever supervened, his pulse beat rapidly as the strokes of a fulling-mill, and, in twenty-four hours from the time of his finding the skull in Abbots Lillington churchyard, he was seized with lock-jaw.

"It was exactly a week after Christmas day of the year 1616, that old Martin Delver was to be seen, about the hour of noon, labouring in his vocation, burrowing like the blind-mole, and throwing up little hillocks of mould in the aforesaid churchyard. He stood about shoulder-deep in the pit he was then making to order, and Phillpot's skull once more rested upon the turned-up earth, on the margin of a new-made grave. Ever and anon, as he paused to wipe off the sweat from his brow, he regarded his sometime crony's head-piece with infinite satisfaction and self-complacency. As they were thus face to face, he lightened his toil with an occasional chat:—

"'Ha! Phillpot,' said he, 'so ye're come awa' hame again, have ye? Weel, weel; ye've borne testimony i' the Court-house yonder, like an honest, decent mon; an' I respect ye for 't. You've convicted that ill-fared loon and his wife, and, doubtless, they'll swing for 't—fine that! Hout, ye daft gomeril ye! but ye were always a sly rogue! Ye gied yon chap a sharp reproof for lifting ye frae consecrated gr'und, —ay, and ye've brought him hame alang wi' ye—*fine that, too!* I kenn'd 'twould be sa. Weel, I said I'd pit him here awa', beside the auld yew, and he'll lie snug and pleasant enough. He was a decent, civil body yon; and I think I ha'e dug him out as handsome a grave as any in the hale kintra side. Troth! but he suld ha'e lain in the vault yonder; for he came o' gentle bluid. But then, they say, he was but a puir body, though he was a knight; so he mun e'en rest content wi' what I ha'e done for him here.'"

The Colonel said, and glanced around the circle—"the whole quire" were in a deep and balmy slumber — the yule-clog had expired,—the wassail bowl was empty—

> "Night's candles were burnt out, and jocund day
> Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Winning, therefore, a pair of gloves from the prettiest girl in the room, with Tarquin's ravishing strides, he betook himself to his truckle-bed.

THE GALANTI-SHOW;

OR,

LAUGHTER AND LEARNING ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

BY JACK GOSSAMER, PPP.S.S.E.

RAILROAD PHILOSOPHER EXTRAORDINARY TO THE MILLION.

SHOWMAN. Now, my merry customers, my show is meant *for all.* For, though it looks but fun at best, I assure you there 's a *moral.* The current of my talk goes smooth; yet you can't tell how deep the thing *may run;* but, if you 'll lend your ears a while, it will strike you *every one.*



"*Punch in the eye.*"

It must be *confess'd* that, at *best,* the world is but a *show;*—For how one half of it lives the other half, I 'm sure, can never *know.*—We are all puppets, and do, like them, the most ridiculous *things,*—Acting as wildly in the scene when passion pulls the *strings.* — When first we are born, what is there then to mark us from the *rest?*—We may be beggars, or be kings, like puppets, 'till we 're *dress'd.*—Therefore, I do confirm what you all ought to know,—Life, at best, is but a jest, the world is but a show.

I have been very exact in "noting down" every fact, or "throwing up" each funny act, to make a volume of mirth compact. — There 's drawing, and music, and science, and physic for *the* skyantific; and logic and larning, to *suit* the discarning; and philosophy, for those that *Bee-ant-fly;* and am lie-censed by authority to have a great my-JAW-rity.

So just gather round, and keep silence profound, — Till my yarn I have spun, which recordeth the fun—of the months, one by one;—for in this my mission I have seen, by intuition, mankind and womankind in every shade of condition.—Then witness my grand exhibition.



The Pig Piano.

SCENE I.—A NEW INVENTION.

Music springs from the *rocks*,—if any one *knocks* ;—In fact, she is everywhere in *natur* :—in the air, in the *sea*,—in the earth hid, you *see*,—buried in the hardest of *strata* :—in such commonplace *things*—her melody *rings* :—we scarcely expect you *believers*.—When people get *married*,—they are played upon, and *carried*,—we mean the marrow-bones and *cleavers*. Mr. Hullah is *next*—in and out most *perplexed*—unravels the thread in a *minute*.—No babies now *squall* ;—he makes them sing *small*,—and sees nothing difficult *in it*.—But this is a *joke*—to our pig in a *poke*,—a thing ne'er thought of *before* ;—although they've been *roasted*,—and as pickled been *boasted*,—did you ever see them as a *score*? — Scored pork in a *line*,—I'm told, 's very *fine*,—with a very large flowery *potaty* ;—and why should it *fail*—in a musical *scale*,—if its grunt is sufficiently *weighty*?—I've no need to *speak*—of the little pig's *squeak*,—which in music is so *necessary* ;—it gives all the *grace* — to the old boar's *bass*, — without which we never should *vary*. — So thus all the *keys* — I can handle with *ease*,—while their tails to those irons are *tied up* ;—they grunt at each *pull*,—with a note round and *full*,—as the octaves I gracefully *slide up*.

The object of this invention—is to call public attention—to the state of musical society,—now in a state of great satiety ;—to bring into existence,—not genius from a distance,—but to let the "*creative*" — be exclusively "*native*." — And, as Irish pigs are sweetest, — it is certainly meetest—to select from the mire-land—of darling ould Ireland—the best of the creatures—that live on potatoes,—to turn all their mumblings,—and squeakings, and grumblings—to music delightful,—in spite of the spiteful,—as the chink of the rint—to Dan is at this *minit*.

Then, ladies and gentlemen,—wise men and simple men,—with souls all intent,—look at this instrument.—'Tis made of my hog and I (mahogany),—and will bear all your scrutiny,—like ripe "Yarmouth bloaters,"—or Nottingham voters.—'Tis a bran-new piano,—ev'ry hog a *soprano*.—Those *Whites* of *Killarney*—give the *natural blarney*.—Those "Cork county *blacks*"—are the *sharps* and the *flats*.—Half grunting, half squaking,—half singing, half spaking.—Each pig has but one note—coiled up in his throat,—like the unvaried speech—that Roebuck can screech,—trying vainly to rouse—a half-empty house,—to look in a morning—like a Jackass a-yawning.—But each jockey a finger,—each saddle a springer,—each stick is a hammer,—on my soul! 'tis no *Cramer*,—each nose is a *wire*,—and each octave a *choir!*

Blessed machine! 'twill be bringing—a new-born grace to conventional singing!—will stir up the Quakers,—the Jumpers, and Shakers,—will rouse the Oxonians,—cheer up Muggletonians,—be better than organs to all Swedenborgians,—make musical schism—back up Methodism,—give a tone to rank heresy—of loveliest melody,—and to all sorts of ranters,—and all sorts of canters,—from field-preachers to horse-chaunters,—be a might and a power,—each day and each hour;—and thus will the Church—be left in the lurch;—and sects not oppressed—by the "woman and beast,"—the saints shall have rest.

Sure this is the instrument—that, to every intent,—ought to be prized,—and *Pat*ronised,—as it is sure to be—the way to popularity;—for it will give to the—greatest of the three—estates of the realm—greater *power over the helm*,—always ready to *overwhelm*.—It will bring into action—a new power to put a tax on.—It will hasten repale,—and raise in the *scale*—of music and civilization—the Pigarchy, the Swinocracy, and Hogonomy of this great, grand, pure, thrivin', and wonderful nation!

SONG FOR THE PIG-PIANO.

Arranged as a *solo* for four voices.

"The tooth-and-nail policy."

There were two tom-cats on a wall,
Both full of political gall,
  Tommy Buff, and Tommy Blue;
These two tom-cats on a wall,
Both full of political gall,
  In a thundering passion flew.

'Twas "Patronage" made them to sigh,
In an Augean stable hard by,
  Which brought the two lovers that way,
To give her a sweet serenade;
And a pretty malrowing they made,
  From the close to the break of the day!

With *speeches* like daggers they met,
And to it like tigers they set—
  It was doubtful which was the stronger;
They spat, and they scratch'd, and they swore;
Their poor mottled jackets they tore,
  Till they could hold out no longer.

Miss Public awoke at the clatter,
Pop'd her head out and cried "What 's the matter?"
  And seem'd both angry and coolish.

Says Tom *Blue*, "My sad plight only view!
I've got this in fighting for you!"—
Says she, "That is devilish foolish!"

Says Tom *Buff*, "I love *you* to distraction!
And promise no more to be tax on—
I'll renounce for your *sake* pelf and mammon."
Miss Public replied in a rage,
For nothing her wrath could assuage,
"Old Nick fly away with your gammon!"

"But," said he, "I have lost half my tail."—
Says Miss Public, "That does not avail.
I vow that my back it quite up is,
To think that two cats on a wall,
For the sake of political gall,
Should go for to act like two *puppies!*"

MORAL.

Hear this, if you please!
Be not too hot!
Never stay measures good and great,
Because you 're in a "savage state;"
Or it will surely be your fate
To go to pot,
Like pork and peas!

The next *sight*, ladies and gentlemen! is a "*sight* of *sights*,"—a *scene* seldom *seen* in this here most perfect of all possible worlds. The idea is owin' to Mr. Owen, a great "mixed pickles" marchant, on the principle of the parallelogram, who, not being able to make things *square* well, has "gone round" to the disunited "United States" of America.



"United States."

You see before you, ladies and gentlemen! the representation of Univarsal Harmony, parfect and complete, under the Queen's own royal letters patent, and ready for delivery. And here you may see hanimals of different, nay, of the most hopposite, natur's, tied together by the true-lovers' knots—"plenty of wittles." It is a symbol of the union which ought to subsist atween nations, and, if carried into effect upon a "slidin' scale," would freeze the vorld into one broad, waveless, iceful pacific "notion."

Liberty and equality for ever! ladies and gentlemen!—that is to say, have no "quality," which means "Free and Easy" all the vorld o'er; and here you behold a *tableau* of the Free-and-Easy System. 'Tis the union of parties, the knittin' together of "jarrin' sects," and a "pictorial" personification of the "Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge," and of the "Bubble-and-Squeak School Society,"

"Every Boy his own Parson," and "Jack's as good as his master," and *'tisn't* afraid of its own principles.

This part of the exhibition, ladies and gentlemen! may be said to stand alone, just as an empty sack won't. It is *sue generous,—i. e.* wastly good-humoured and liberal, as the cook was when she gov away her misseses tea and sugar. Look at 'em, the pretty dears! Can anything be more inwitin'! There is the lion lyin' down by the lamb, — the fox dancin' a *pas seul* with the goose, — rabbits sittin' cheek-by-jowl with hawks, — cats quadrillin' with rats,—owls and turtle-doves,—puppy-dogs and monkeys,—guinea-pigs and serpents, — all regular Socialists, and makin' together, hindewidually and collectively, a grand social system,—and all alive!

MRS. MARVEL (putting on her specs). Hem!—hem! — Mr. Showman! I am glad to hear you say the animals are all alive; for a gentleman positively assured me that they were *stuffed.*

SHOWMAN. It was all stuff, maarm, if he said they wasn't alive. But they sartinly are *stuffed,* and well *stuffed,* too. The *stuffin'* is the grand secret o' the whole concern.

MRS. MARVEL. But, is it not very cruel to the poor creatures to cram them so? Don't you come under Mr. Martin's act?

SHOWMAN. Cruel, maarm! I calculate you haven't cut your eye-teeth yet! The crammin' and the stuffin' system is more univarsal than you seem to have any notion of. It begins as soon as we are born. The Lord knows the quantity of *pap,* baked flour, tops and bottoms, Daffy's Elixir, Godfrey's Cordial, &c., we are stuffed with. Then, when we gets to school, the crammin' system begins quite reg'lar. Isn't Latin and Greek forced into us like gunpowder into a Congreve-rocket? and isn't a divinity degree the very essence of *cram?* Then, look at the *crammers* we tell the gals and the old maids, and (sometimes the vives, and *always* the vidders! And, don't lawyers cram us with rhetoric, and doctors with physic, and mountebank-parsons with tropes and figures, till at last the undertaker's man finishes the vork by crammin' sawdust into our coffins? I do declare that knowledge, and vartu, and all natur', is nothin' more nor less than a regular *cram.*

MRS. MARVEL (rubbing her spectacles with her pocket-handkerchief, and putting them again on her nose). Well! I declare! is it possible? Can it be? Yes, it is!—yes, it does! But is it not very unnatural, Mr. Showman, for a man to suck a lion?

SHOWMAN. Lawks bless you, maarm,—not at all! Such things do happen: and I should not wonder if the lamb be not turned into a lion some day. This lamb has sucked the lion for a long time at the back of the cage. But, now he has lost his "*mavias honte,*" and comes boldly forward, as if he was the lion's own bantlin'. It is a livin' lesson on the reciprocity system. There's nothin' unnatural in it. Did you never hear of a lamb-on-table (lamentable) statesman, who was glad to draw strong principles from his natural enemy, to prop up a weak cause? Just as that lamb sucks lion's milk. If you haven't, I have, maarm!

MRS. MARVEL. 'Tis very wonderful! But, will you be so good as to tell me the name of that skulking, brooding, sullen, swollen bird, which seems to be muffled up in his own thoughts, with his eyes shut.

SHOWMAN. That, maarm, is the most vonderful bird in the whole collection. He is called the *strix stridula,* or great tawny owl, and is

a bird wot always sees best in the dark. He is fond of twilight, and of the time between twilight and darkness; and, in the peculiar darkness of his own light, calls out almost incessantly to-whit-to-*woe!* In strong sunlight, and vhen things are as clear as noonday, his eyes are the veakest. He has lately got a knack of dozin' in the sun, and has lost much of his natural propensity to prowl about; and, although he used to be continually "hootin'," he has seldom done so since he has been a member of the "Plenty-of-Wittles'" community. Here is one of its old songs, maarm.

Darkness!—O darkness is light to me,
Under the shade of the hangman's tree;
Here I can sing right merrily,
To-whit-to-whit-to-woe!

And when the heavens are all in a smoke,
Perch'd on a Little ton of Coke,*
I sing the tune of the "Black Joke,"
To-whit-to-whit-to-woe!

I can see best through a stone-wall;
I can see light where there's none at all;
And so, from day to day would call
To-whit-to-whit-to-woe!

MRS. MARVEL. A very pretty song, I declare! almost as pretty as that little bird hopping about so nimbly from pillar to post, and from post to pillar. First, he is on the back of the eagle, twittering and chattering; then he perches on the lion's nose, and looks as fierce as if he would peck his eyes out. Then he pecks fleas out of the fox's tail; and then has a pluck at the *lamb's wool,* as if he wanted to *make a nest;* and, then he picks up a stray feather of the eagle's, as if he wished to *feather it.* It is a very pretty bird, I do declare, upon my modesty!

SHOWMAN. That bird, maarm, is called the "Tooke-tit," or tom-tit, or *Duncombrensis parva;* a very sprightly little bird indeed, and up to all manner of tricks. He will peck at anythin', and bob about here, there, and everywhere, in a "brace of shakes," as the sayin' is. It is feared, however, that some day he will jump down the lion's throat; and, therefore, we watch him very narrowly.

MRS. MARVEL. How is it, Mr. Showman! that the finest bird in the collection, the noble eagle, perches himself up in the corner? Is he afraid of the rest of the creatures?

SHOWMAN. He afraid! I should think not! Why, that old eagle, maarm, *is* a bird, and no mistake! He afraid! vhy, he is the king o' the whole of 'em. He keeps rather aloof as a king ought to do. He is on the top perch, you see. When he shakes his vings, the rest o' the animals are seized with a shakin' also; only of a different kind. Why, maarm, sometimes, when he only raises his toe to scratch his old, weather-beaten nose, the whole of the lower animals are put into a strange quandary. He keeps the whole lot in awe, I can tell you. He is on good terms with the lion, and always perches over him.

MRS. MARVEL. There is an animal, Mr. Showman, at the back of the cage. I can only discern the tip of his nose, and a small portion of his fore-paw. Will you be so kind as to stir him up with your long pole?

SHOWMAN (stirring up the beast). Come out, you warment! You'll bite, will you? Take that in your ribs, then! This, maarm, is what

* Coke and Littleton.

is called the "*vulpes finalitis.*" The New-England fox—and a cunnin' dog he is,—as sharp as one of the bran-new Exeter Hall *constructive* schoolmasters! He is pretty quiet just now; but, depend upon it, his head is as full of projects as an egg is full of meat! Lawks! maarm, he is the downiest cove as ever lived. He will run up one side of a hidge, while the hunters come down the other side; and give 'em the double close under their wery noses. Look at his soft fur, and full, bushy tail,—although, by the way, he lost part of it some time ago by the slappin'-to of the lid of the corn-bin. But, you see, he is just made for goin' slick through anythin'. He greases himself all over once a day, by rubbin' against the lamb's tail; and then he slips through the fingers that would lay hold of him, like an eel. Whenever he gets his head in, his body is almost sure to follow. He robs the parson's hen-roost every night, reg'lar; takes the cream off the farmer's milk; and sometimes sucks the cows. Springes, and pitfalls, traps, and gins, are nothin' to him; he smells the very iron of trap!



"Up to trap."

Mrs. Marvel. Dear me! I wonder, then, you ever "cotched" him?

Showman. I will tell you how 't was, maarm. Old Farmer Bull, having been plundered by him for a long time, till there was scarcely a fowl left in the farm-yard, or a bird on the estate, determined to trap him; so he tied a string to the door of the corn-spout, in such a manner that *vulpus* could not get into the bin, without drawin' the weight of a comb of wheat upon his shoulders. He then placed a savoury bait at the bottom. Reynard soon jumped in; and, he was no sooner in than down came the corn, like the falls of Niagara, and smothered him. He was taken out for dead. His funeral oration was pronounced. He was taken by the tail, and swung into a certain receptacle; but he fell softly, and rose again speedily, and, like Cavil the bookseller, in the Dunciad, he "scoured and stunk along," till he was captured for this exhibition by regular "funkin'" in his hole. But, I fear we shall lose him for ever, maarm, for he has made several

attempts to jump down his own throat; and I have no doubt he will succeed some day.

MRS. MARVEL. Well, Mr. Showman! yours is a most extraordinary exhibition! but it seems strange to me, when I am in a proper contemplative mood, that such animals should be created. What can be the intention of Nature to make things of such opposite characters?

SHOWMAN. Ah! maarm, you may well wonder when you see such things as *those is;* but, I assure you, they are all put down to the *metempsychosis.* Every hanimal you sees here was once a human *actor.* He died, and lives again, to show what was his real *character.* That *Adjutant* was in the *law*—how like a lawyer, *still!*—he's doomed to show his character by that preposterous *bill!* Those two rats sittin' *dos-à-dos,* were turncoat members for *the mob;* now, here you see the proper change they got out of the *job!* That bear was once a Munster of Russia; and, by *goles!* he still remembers what he was, by musin' o'er the Poles. That lamb that sulks so moodily, was once high in the *State;* but, still remainin' what he was, he grumbles at his fate. That hyæna, with constant grin, is of a common *sort.* A courtier he! there's shoals of them now, every day, at *court.* That owl, with solemn, buzwig face, and lantern-lookin' *eyes,* was once upon the bench to look—but never did—the *wise.* That Secretary vulture, who stands aloof, not noticin' the *rest,* was a state secretary once—how well the bird has feathered all his *nest!* That 'ere rattlesnake, what gets every year a new joint unto his tail, was once a mad M.P., whose fangs were drawn—so his rattle's no avail.

MRS. MARVEL. Oh! do tell me, Mr. Showman! what were those love-birds—they coo and coo, like turtles.



"A pair of loving turtles."

SHOWMAN. They, maarm, were a prince and a queen, celebrated for their fidelity and love. Now, in death they are not divided; but live again, their constancy to prove!

MRS. MARVEL. Well, I do declare, it is a perfect model, Mr. Showman!

SHOWMAN. Yes, maarm; that is just what a high personage said to me when I showed it to her the other day. "Mr. Showman," said this lady (as sweet a creature as ever lived!), "it is a capital model," said she, "for a '*coalition ministry:*'" and there has been a talk of one ever since I condescended to exhibit. Coalition, maarm! there is nothing like coalition, depend upon it. One of the best of methods for neutralisin' parties; mergin' the practical in contemplation; makin' a stirrin' stagnation; and bringin everythin' again to *statu quo.*

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

On the 10th June, 1776, Mr. Garrick retired from the stage, and quitted it, leaving no rival or successor; for no subsequent actor could embrace the vast sphere of his genius. He ran through the "whole compass" of the drama, and was "master of all." Even Mrs. Siddons, the miracle of our times, who was as fond of playing comedy as Mrs. Jordan, another miracle, was of attempting tragedy, could not command the gift of universal dramatic talent:—the comedy of the one was serious, and the pathos of the other insipid. When some one observed to Sheridan, that a tragedy of Cumberland's was not entertaining, "I am sure it is," said Sherry; "for I laughed at it from beginning to end."

It is difficult to estimate the powers which constitute an actor. Men of the highest attainments, of the most efficient physical powers, and agreeable persons, have totally failed. The instances are not rare where a performer, who approached so near the summit, that he seemed to touch it, was yet an inch beneath. Others have played effective parts with correctness and judgment, and met with but cold approbation — the "*mens divinior*" was not in them. The applause was, in no few instances, reserved for the ignorant, the dissolute, and the idle.

None of these remarks apply to the three distinguished performers referred to,—especially not to Garrick. Truly characterized

"As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line."

We have spoken of the first; in the latter character, he replied to Goldsmith's Retaliation with force and neatness; and lashed his assailant, Dr. Hill, in two, perhaps, the most poignant epigrams in our language. His epitaph on Sterne,—his prologues and epilogues, are masterpieces in their way. In conjunction with the elder Colman, he wrote the "Clandestine Marriage," the second best comedy of modern times. The part of Lord Ogleby* has generally been attributed to Garrick.

Mr. Garrick took his farewell of the stage in Don Felix, in Mrs. Centlivre's play, "A Wonder! a woman keeps a secret;" thus confirming Sir Joshua Reynolds' impression, who, in delineating him at a loss to choose, between Tragedy and Comedy, turns his admiring

* I believe George Colman, junior, denies this. However, it is certain that Garrick had a large share in writing it. Mr. Austin was present when Garrick read the play in the green-room: feeling fatigued, he handed the MS. to Mr. King. Mr. King read it in his usual tone, until, warming with the subject, he imitated the voice and manner of an old country beau, the counterpart of the character, well known to himself and Mr. Austin. Garrick listened with evident delight, and when he took back the MS. said, "King, I intended that part for myself; but you shall play it. I cannot play it, after having heard you read it." King did play it, and in such a style as was never approached, until it was acted by Mr. William Farren.

glance towards Tragedy; but his attitude and smiling face seem to imply, "How can I tear myself from Comedy?" He delivered a farewell address, and took his leave, admired and regretted by all.

In summing up the general merits of this unrivaled actor, it is admitted on all hands that he carried his art to its highest pitch of perfection; whilst he conferred dignity on its professors by the propriety of his conduct, his literary abilities, and his familiar intimacy with noble and eminent men. Even the House of Commons, when it refused to enforce the standing order, which would have excluded him from the gallery during a debate, paid a high tribute to the merit of the greatest master of elocution. Most of his predecessors, excepting Betterton, who, from Colley Cibber's eloquent description, must have been a master of his art, were mere mouthers. Garrick banished declamation from the stage, and introduced a natural tone of speaking, more in conformity with the language of passion in ordinary life. There had prevailed, also, a pedantry in the use of action, and in gesticulation. It was supposed that the dignity of tragedy required that the arms should be moved horizontally, "sawing the air," and one at a time;—"the right hand laboured while the left lay still." Garrick broke through this conventional rule at once in Murphy's "Orphan of China;" advancing to the front of the stage, and exclaiming, "China is lost for ever!" with both arms raised above his head. The effect was startling, and the truth of the attitude at once recognised by the audience. The only fault alleged against him is, his want of perception in continuing the incongruity of the usage of modern costume in tragedies of an ancient date; playing, for instance, Macbeth in a red coat. But the writer can state, on the authority of the late Mr. Austin, that Garrick had long considered the subject. It was not in the catalogue of his demerits, which Sterne's "Critic" discovered; and, had it been, he might have appealed to the thorough illusion which he always created, and exclaimed, "Was the eye silent?" But Garrick was a prudent man; he knew that the public did not demand the novelty, and were satisfied without it. He was afraid of encouraging a taste, which might prove in the end too exorbitant to gratify,—of raising a spirit which he could not exorcise; and he did not think it necessary to sacrifice his hard-earned competency to gratify a fastidious appetite for secondary objects. No doubt the public were largely indebted to that accomplished man and excellent actor, Mr. John Kemble, for the benefit which his classical education, correct judgment, and thorough knowledge of his profession conferred on the national taste; but it was Agamemnon sacrificing his child! Mr. Kemble devoted a large portion of his fortune to the ambition of forming a correct scenic personification.

Like the great masters in painting, Mr. Garrick endeavoured to transmit his perfection in his art to posterity. He instructed many tyros, especially the junior Bannister, in tragedy, and Miss Young,* —wrote for, and encouraged, the young comedians, Quick and others, whom he brought prominently forward, and termed his children. But

* The anecdote of Miss Young is affecting. She played Cordelia to Mr. Garrick's Lear, a few days previous to his retirement. On returning to the green-room, Garrick remarked, "My dear, I shall never be your father again!"—"Then, sir," rejoined Miss Young, kneeling, "give me a father's blessing."—"God bless you, my child!" said Mr. Garrick, placing his hands on her head in visible emotion.

there were comic actors, his contemporaries, who needed not instruction, for they seemed to play from instinct; such actors were Weston* and Shuter. To the latter performer, who took great pains with the young aspirant, the public is indebted, unaccompanied by servile imitation, for a large portion of the diversion which it derived from the rich humour of Munden.

Joseph, or, as he was more generally called, Joe Munden, was the son of a humble tradesman, in Brook's Market, Holborn, where he was born, in the year 1758. He might have replied, as Horne Tooke did, with great readiness, when, at the university, some impertinent person inquired what profession his father followed, "He is a Turkey-merchant." True it was that the elder Mr. Munden, like the elder Mr. Horne, dealt in geese and chickens. Brook's Street is a short one; but it was the grave of Chatterton, and the birth-place of Munden.

Joe was a very refractory boy. He is said to have been apprenticed to an apothecary; but, though not highly educated, he wrote an extraordinarily fine hand, and, through this accomplishment obtained a situation in the office of Mr. Druce, a respectable law-stationer in Chancery Lane. Here, it is reported, Joe handled the ruler as a truncheon, and taught the hackney writers to perform Richard the Third.

In the evening he emerged from his parental window, which the curious may satisfy themselves, by inspection, is not far from the ground, and stole to the gallery of the theatre to witness the performance of Garrick, &c. He thus imbibed a taste for acting; if, indeed, a taste is ever formed in human beings, without that *afflatus* which, like the faculty of instinct in animals, seems to direct them to the most natural bent of their pursuit. It is singular that the number of persons who are what is termed "stage-struck," has greatly decreased since it has become a profitable profession. The new stars are very rare; but, when it barely afforded a subsistence, there was scarcely an attorney's clerk who did not leave that "calling for this idle trade." Perhaps there was something attractive in the romantic career they followed, as gypsies are said to despise the practices of ordinary life. Some of the greatest actors that the stage has yet seen performed in barns,—Yates and Shuter in a booth at Bartholomew fair.

Many were the times that truant Joe eloped from his home to join a band of strollers, and was followed and brought back by his fond and indulgent mother. She knew his haunts, and that he had not the means of wandering far from town, and she generally succeeded in finding him. Dreading an *escapade*, she was in the habit of mixing with the audience, and pouncing upon poor Joe when he made his appearance. On one occasion, his coat thrice presented itself to the view of the audience before its owner appeared in *propria personâ*,—being the best coat in the company, and consequently the most suitable for gentlemen in comedy. His coadjutors were put to sad shifts. The actor off the stage, as we have seen, supplied part of his wardrobe to him that succeeded; and a jack-chain, borrowed from the

* Weston is said to have been a prototype of Liston, occasioning roars of laughter by a single look. This seems confirmed by the portrait of him by Zoffani, in Dr. Last. On one occasion, when the audience were dissatisfied at some assumption of Weston's, and called out, "Shuter! Shuter!" Weston, looking towards the lady who was on the stage with him, exclaimed, with an appearance of simplicity, "Why should you shoot her? I am sure she plays her part very well!"

kitchen of a neighbouring alehouse, served for the fetters that bound the tyrant Bajazet.*

Various droll stories have been recorded of Joe's early career. Some of them are, doubtless, apocryphal; for, in after life, Munden was in the habit of what is called *cramming* the hunters after theatrical biography, who sought to fill the magazines at his expense. The most suspicious tale is, that, in a moment of emergency, he presented himself before a sergeant of the Warwickshire militia, and, under the pretext of enlisting, obtained bed and board for the night, quietly taking his departure the next morning. This is manifestly a fiction: the sergeant would have tendered the shilling at once, and knew his duty too well to let his recruit be a deserter. It is certain that he contrived to get conveyed to Liverpool, and there, in consequence of his great skill in penmanship, obtained a situation in the Town Clerk's office.† It was at Liverpool that he met with Shuter, and experienced his kindly attention. The demon of theatrical mania took possession of his soul, and he is said to have played sundry characters of small repute for eighteenpence per night! From Liverpool he repaired to Rochdale,‡ where he had relations, and joined a strolling company. A laughable circumstance is related of this company, which took place during the performance of the "Fair Penitent." In the scene where Calista is seated, in all the dignity of grief, beside the clay-cold corse of the false Lothario, it unfortunately happened that the person who lay as the lifeless form of the gay perfidious was neither more nor less than a footman in the neighbourhood. His master happened accidentally to be at the theatre, and presented himself behind the stage, to the great discomfiture of poor John, who, hearing his voice, speedily started up, to the surprise of the audience, and immediately took to his heels.

Munden returned to Liverpool, and remained for some time at the Town Clerk's office; but the fascination of a stroller's life could not be resisted. With a guinea in his pocket, he set off for Chester, and expended his last shilling for admittance to that theatre, of which he afterwards became the proprietor. It is said that, on leaving the house, he made a vow that he would one day be the manager. Some prophesies insure their own fulfilment; for they direct the energy of powerful minds to a distinct object, when difficulty and doubt hang around them.

Again he had recourse to his pen, and obtained employment in the office of a writing stationer. Here he met with a London acquaintance, who, not being flush of money, pledged his ring, and with the produce they repaired to Whitchurch, where they separated. From Whitchurch Joe managed to reach, with some casual assistance, Birmingham, and again met with a friend, a supper, and a bed. Thence, by some means or other, he contrived to get to Woodstock, where he was

* In the country they played upon what is called shares; and even the pieces of candle were carefully divided.

† The late Mr. Pope presented me with the cash-book of this office, which had somehow fallen into his hands. Munden's salary is there entered at ten shillings and sixpence a-week. It does not appear to have been suffered to remain long in arrear.—T. S. M.

‡ Mr. Munden had a near relation at Rochdale who was wealthy, and from whom he had large expectations. He did not leave him a farthing; and the reason, which was pretty well ascertained was, that Munden, in the fulness of his heart, invited him to the principal inn, and gave him a handsome dinner, which the careful tradesman considered a wasteful expenditure.

recognised by a person who had left Liverpool a few weeks before, in consequence of a law-suit, in which a verdict had been given against him. At Liverpool this man followed the business of a gardener, which he quitted on that occasion, and had fled to this place, where, in the gardens of Blenheim, he again wielded the spade.

Much pleased at meeting Munden, owing to a grateful remembrance of services which our hero, during the time he was clerk to the gentleman who defended his suit, had rendered him, he administered to his wants, and gave our adventurer a comfortable proof that good offices are not always forgotten. In the morning Joe pursued his journey. Nothing material happened for some days, till he fortunately met a friend near Acton, to whom he had written from Oxford to meet him on the road with money. Fortunately, it may be said; for a second day's travel and fasting had nearly exhausted his strength, and he was just sinking beneath the pressure of hunger and fatigue.

His chequered journey completed, for some time the quill supplied the means of subsistence, until the long vacation to attorneys, and all dependent on them, stopped for a time the course of cash,—that friend of all friends, without which none can be said to live. Munden, in after life, remembering his early distress, was accustomed to say, in the strong language which he sometimes used: "By G—d, sir, a man's best friend is a guinea!"

At this moment of necessity Munden became acquainted with the manager of a strolling company, then assembled at Letherhead, in Surrey. He entered his name among the list, and under the banner of this theatric monarch he set off, possessed of the amazing sum of *thirteen-pence!*

As the reader may reasonably suppose, the thirteen pence was nearly exhausted in a journey of eighteen miles. He found the theatre—a barn; the stage-manager making the necessary arrangements, whilst the prompter was occupied in sweeping down the cobwebs, and clearing away the refuse of corn and straw on the floor. Munden wanted money; the manager had none; and the actor's watch was pawned for support.

The following night was appointed for a performance; the rehearsal over, the barn-floor cleared, planks erected, and saw-dust strewed for the expected company: but, in vain was the barn-floor cleared,— in vain the saw-dust strewed,—the audience were—*nil!*

At length a play was bespoke by a gentleman in the neighbourhood for Saturday-night; which, being a night of fashion, the audience assembled, and the profits of the evening allowed to each performer, *six shillings!* besides having paid off incidental expenses incurred by the failure of the two unfortunate nights. To this good luck may be added the saving of two small pieces of candle.

This was the first sum of money Joe Munden had yet gained by acting; but, such amazing good fortune could not be expected to last long. The theatre, after this, was poorly attended; and, had it not been for a custom,* which prevailed among itinerant companies, of the

* A near relative of the writer, a great many years ago, saw the afterwards celebrated and wealthy Mrs. Siddons walking up and down both sides of a street in a provincial town, dressed in a red woollen cloak, such as was formerly worn by menial-servants, and knocking at each door to deliver the playbill of her benefit. Roger Kemble, the father, was manager of a strolling company, in which Mr. and Mrs. Siddons performed. The company consisted, principally, of the Kemble family.

performers delivering the playbills themselves round the neighbourhood, and who, on such occasions, were styled orators, and for which service he gained one shilling, poor Munden would have sunk into his former distress.

The theatre was burnt down. Joseph wrote a petition in the best style of Tomkins; and a collection was made, which amounted to between twenty and thirty pounds. The manager dealt five shillings a-piece to about twelve members; and, under the pretence of going to London, to furnish a wardrobe for the Guildford theatre, left a part of his troop at Letherhead in vain to expect his return.

Munden's next performance was at Wallingford, in Berkshire; thence to Windsor and Colnbrook: here, again, the manager deserted his company. He then returned, like the prodigal son, to the abode of his parents; but, the fatal bias still existing, he performed in private plays at the Haymarket theatre.

At one of these representations, Hurst, the Canterbury manager, saw his promise, and engaged him for the season. At this period (1780), Munden began to emerge from his difficulties. The line he was to figure in was that of second parts in tragedy and comedy; but, for want of a comedian, he was persuaded to attempt the first line in low comedy. His success was equal to his wishes; and he left Canterbury with the good-will and applause of its inhabitants. His companion from Canterbury was Mr. Swords, subsequently of the Haymarket theatre; who, after enacting Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the tyrant, Richard, at the Canterbury theatre, was obliged, with Munden, to take his passage from that city to London—in a cart! In the course of their journey, the former exclaimed, "Tap my eyes! when you are at Covent-Garden, and I at Drury-Lane,—for you know we shall be too eminent to be both retained by one house,—what will the theatrical biographers say when they hear that the great Billy Swords, and the great Joe Munden, rode from Canterbury to London in a *cart?*" Swords had but one pair of boots; which, when of red morocco, had graced the boards, but were now blackened for general use. Time having done his worst with them, they were daily taken to the cobbler for repair. One day, when the little drab girl who conveyed them approached the cobbler's stall, he took up his last in anger, shook it at her, bade her begone, swearing he would have the job no more, as he lost money by the time expended in the reparation.

Munden afterwards went to Brighton, where again he met with indulgence and patronage.

About this time a performer of some consequence in the company of Messrs. Austin and Whitlock, at Chester, dying, Munden was applied to; the proffered terms were accepted, and he supplied the place of the deceased comedian. From Chester he went to Whitehaven by sea; his finances not permitting him to go by land. Here success still followed him. From Whitehaven the company repaired to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. After a stay of three months, he visited Lancaster and Preston. He likewise played at Manchester; still rising in the estimation of his audience.

He had engaged as a performer, with a low salary; but, his general good conduct, attention to the business of the theatre, and evident ability, raised him high in the estimation of the Chester audience. A gentleman, whose memory is still highly esteemed in Chester, and who survived to see his *protegé* in the highest rank of his profession, lent

him the money to purchase Mr. Austin's share (that gentleman being desirous of retiring) in the circuit of theatres of which Chester formed the principal. The money was punctually repaid. Munden thus became joint-manager and lessee, with Mr. Whitlock, of the Chester, Newcastle, Lancaster, Preston, Warrington, and Sheffield theatres. Mr. Austin continued to reside at Chester as a private gentleman. It is a singular circumstance that, many years afterwards, after having been widely separated, the three managers took up their abode in the same village, Kentish Town, near London.

Never has it been the fortune of a provincial (and seldom of a metropolitan) theatre to possess such a company of able actors as were then on the boards of the Chester theatre. The principal tragedian was George Frederick Cooke,* — a name afterwards so renowned, — then in the prime of life, with powers said to be superior to those he afterwards evinced, and a voice as mellifluous, as it became, in the end, hoarse from intemperance. Mrs. Whitlock was the tragic heroine. This lady is reported to have trodden closely in the steps of her sister, Mrs. Siddons, whom she greatly resembled in her commanding figure, dignified attitude, and expressive intonation; she was not, however, handsome. Mrs. Whitlock subsequently appeared on the London boards; but was borne down by the surpassing talents of the greatest of past and present actresses, as her brother Charles was, for many years, eclipsed by the superior genius of John Kemble. There is a portrait of Mrs. Whitlock in Bell's "British Theatre," in Margaret of Anjou. She afterwards went to America, where she was a great favourite, and amassed a handsome fortune. The chief comedian was Joseph Shepherd Munden, then remarkably good-looking, and in the full possession of buoyant spirits, and exuberant humour. Mr. Whitlock performed the lighter parts in comedy. Mr. Hodgkinson played those parts which Lewis and Jones represented on the London boards; and is said to have been little inferior to those excellent actors. Mr. Austin,† who formed one of the company when Munden first joined it, had been greatly in the confidence of Garrick, who trusted to him not only in matters of a professional nature, but as a private friend. Mr. Austin excelled in the part of Lord Ogleby. It must be presumed that he

* Cooke had then begun to indulge in his favourite propensity. On the occasion of the company's removal from one town to another, Cooke accompanied Mrs. Munden in a post-chaise. He was exceedingly sentimental; decried the fatal effects of liquor. "Never, my dear Mrs. Munden," said he, "permit my friend, Joe, to drink to excess; but, above all things, make him refrain from spirits: brandy and water has been my bane." They separated for the night to their different quarters. In the morning Cooke did not come to rehearsal. Search was made after him in every direction; and, with some difficulty, he was discovered, lying dead drunk on the floor of a subterranean wine-vault.

† Austin used to relate that, in walking up the stage with Garrick, until the burst of applause which followed one of his displays in "Lear" should subside, the great actor thrust his tongue in his cheek, and said, with a chuckle, "Joe, this is stage-feeling." In like manner, Mrs. Siddons, after rushing off the stage in, apparently, the most excruciating anguish in Belvidera, or Mrs. Beverley, was accustomed to walk quietly to the green-room, thrusting up her nose enormous quantities of snuff, with the greatest *nonchalance* imaginable. After commending Kelly's acting in "The Deserter," she gravely added, "But, Kelly, you *feel* too much: if you feel so strongly, you will never make an actor." True it is, that an actor, who plays from feeling, will play worse at every successive representation, until he will be unable to act at all.

was not an ordinary actor, since he had played such parts as Edgar to Garrick's Lear. He was the last surviving hero of the Rosciad, in which he is immortalized by one line,

"Austin would always glisten in French silks."

Among the actresses was Miss Butler, whose history will be related hereafter, and Mrs. Hun, the mother of the celebrated George Canning. This lady, whose maiden-name was Costello, occasioned, by her marriage with the father of Mr. Canning, a breach between that gentleman and his relatives, which was never healed: he entered in the Temple, but died in indifferent circumstances. Her second husband was Mr. Reddish, of Covent Garden theatre; and her third, Mr. Hun, by whom she had two daughters. Being unsuccessful in business, they resorted to the stage for subsistence, Mr. Canning being then a boy at school, under the protection of his uncle. Munden was godfather to one of the daughters. When Mr. Canning, on his secession from office, became entitled to a retiring-pension, he settled it on his relatives. It is honourable to the memory of that great statesman that, amidst his struggles for political advancement, and the bitter warfare of party animosity, he never forgot his duty to his mother. He duly corresponded with her, never omitting to write to her on Sunday, which he set aside for that purpose, as the only day he could account a leisure one. So invariably punctual was he, that, during his mission to Lisbon, not being always able to transmit his letters regularly, he still continued to write, and sent sometimes two letters by the same packet. Mrs. Hun is dead; but the letters are, probably, in existence: it is to be hoped they will, at some future period, be given to the world, divested, of course, of all matters of a personal or confidential nature. We ought not to lose "one drop of that immortal man." Mrs. Hun was an indifferent actress, but a sensible and well-informed woman.

Mrs. Sparks performed in characters of old women, and subsequently, played at the Lyceum, and Drury Lane. She was inferior, in her line, only to Mrs. Mattocks and Mrs. Davenport.

There was another actress, of whom mention must be made, as she exercised a large influence over the fortunes of Munden. She played under the name of Mrs. Munden; but her real name was Mary Jones. She possessed some beauty; but was vulgar and illiterate in the extreme. In the wild thoughtlessness of youth, when the looseness of his habits did not afford an introduction to respectable female society, Munden had formed a connexion with this woman. When he had a settled abode at Chester, he sent for her, and had the imprudence to introduce her as his wife. By his consummate skill in his profession he had contrived to instruct her sufficiently to render her competent to play minor parts, and to prevent an exposure of her ignorance on the stage. By Mary Jones, Munden had four daughters, when the event took place which we are now about to relate.

In the year 1789, this wretched female, with whom he had so long cohabited, and who had borne him so many children, eloped with Mr. Hodgkinson, carrying with her thirty guineas of Munden's money, his daughter, Esther, and a child yet unborn. Munden had long suspected that some familiarities existed between the parties, and had called

Mr. Hodgkinson to account; but the fact was denied. A vile scrawl which she left behind her, addressed to Mr. Whitlock, apprized Munden of the step she had taken. After many entreaties to soothe and calm him,—which, indeed, were not needed,—she adds, "I likewise inclose a leter wich I beg give him—also the lisd of his property—with many thanks for your frensip for 9 years." Mr. Hodgkinson, also, wrote to Mr. Whitlock, attempting to justify his own conduct, and throw the blame on Munden. This precious couple were married at Bath, the female being in the last stage of pregnancy; but Hodgkinson soon found out what a bargain he had got, and separated from her at Bristol, embarking for America with an actress of the name of Brett. Previous to his departure he addressed a letter to Munden, begging him to take care of the children. Mrs. Hodgkinson had been delivered at Bristol of a boy, whom she christened Valentine Joseph. Hodgkinson stated candidly that his wife, "by the worst temper in the world had brought misery on them both," and added, "Justice demands I should acknowledge it (the connexion) has terminated as it ought; and, I dare say, as it was expected." Many years afterwards, the lady who became Mrs. Munden, taking her seat in a box at the Haymarket theatre, at her husband's benefit, observed a face that was familiar to her close by her side—it was Hodgkinson. He did not recognise her; and she immediately removed to another box. He had returned from America, where he had played with great success; but soon afterwards went back, and died there.

The poor creature he left behind at Bristol was taken dangerously ill, and became penitent. In her last moments, she begged a person with whom she had lodged to write to Mrs. Munden, which was done in these terms: — "Before she died, she told me that I should soon come to her funeral. She said, 'You will some time have an opportunity of letting the injured Munden know how sensible I am of my ingratitude to him. Oh! say 'tis the greatest affliction I labour under. Sure he will forgive me! And to that amiable woman who is a mother to my children, tell her my prayers are daily, nay hourly, sent up for her happiness." To the credit of Munden be it said, that he supplied her with money during her illness, paid for her burial, and took care of the two children, whom he sent to be nursed at Newcastle, with their infant sisters.

This event had well-nigh shaken Munden's popularity at Chester, as it drew aside the veil of his pretended matrimony. He acted, however, like a man of sense and determination; attempted no pursuit; admitted his error, and set about repairing it, by getting married in earnest. His choice fell on Miss Butler, a young actress of merit, and considerable personal attractions, who had been some time in the company.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY JOHN STUART.

SIR ROMULUS was born a twin; Sir Remus was his brother;
Their father was unknown to them; they never knew their mother;
So, hand in hand, they wander'd, like the "children in the wood,"
In search of an asylum, and some proper infant food.

At length they found a lady-wolf, who 'd lately lost her cubs;
And in her friendly, furry breast, they warm'd their little snubs;—
I do them wrong to call them snubs, for both had *Roman* noses,—
And Lupa's couch to them appear'd a thornless bed of roses.

This Wolf a buxom widow was; her husband had been slain
On lofty heights of Abraham, across the western main.
Thus left without society, most dreary was her day,
So she was very much amused to see the children play.

With nursing such as hers, the boys in time grew strong and stout.
One morning cried the elder lad, "'Tis fit that we look out
To make our way in this wide world, and try what we can do.
A robber *I* should like to be; dear brother, what say you?"

To whom, Sir Remus, "That's the trade that I should likewise choose,
And her consent our foster-mother surely won't refuse."
Then, with pistols in their girdles, and a broadsword in each hand,
These youths made many travellers *lie*, whom they desired to "*stand*."

Said Romulus, "There's hereabout a deal of useless ground;
I 'm tired of dens and caverns,—a large city let us found!
Free masons are we,—say no more!—quick!—let the town be built!
Like other rising towns, 'twill let—to misery and guilt!"

They set to work; and, when the walls were raised about three feet,
Young Remus, in derision, cried, "Is this your empire's seat?"
Then leapt the wall; but Romulus, who couldn't take a joke,
From off his shoulders whip'd his head at one decided stroke!

Then mildly to his comrades said, "Now we have built our cabins,
We 'll give a spread at our Town Hall, and ask our friends, the Sabines.
The ladies, too, shall have invites—their girls are very pretty;
And wives are what we now require to populate our city."

The day was fix'd,—the cards sent out,—the ladies all accepted;
For at a *fête* by bachelors there 's something crack expected.
They came,—and when the Sabine gents. were steep'd in drug'd Falernian,
The maidens were abducted in a fashion quite Hibernian.

Next day the topers wondered much wherever they could be,
And why the ladies had forgot to summon them to tea?
But, being easy-temper'd blades, they stagger'd home next day,
Not dreaming that their daughters were *en route* another way.

Their mas were quickly reconciled, as all the girls were "*settled*;"
But at their husbands' carelessness the matrons felt much nettled.
While those, in lame excuse, thus spoke, "My dears! we wern't at home;
And folks must do as Romans do, while they abide at Rome."

Forthwith Rome went to war with them, destroying many lives,
And made the Sabines pay th' expense of keeping these new wives.
Says Romulus, "My countrymen! of what I 've done I 'm proud;
So now I 'm off to join the gods, for which I 've hired a cloud!

"And, when you read my will, you 'll see I 've left you—this advice:
Treat all the neighb'ring nations as a cat treats rats and mice!
Kill your own Kings and Consuls; but, if you 've any hope
Of absolution, you 'll not hurt his Holiness the Pope!"

9th December, 1842.



THE SOFT MAN.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Soft Man is one of the cuts and clippings from the world.

"Cuts and clippings! — humph! a sort of literary larceny, we suppose!" exclaims the sagacious reader,—"a work of paste and *scissors!*" Of *sheer* industry, call it, gentle reader! with a sprinkling of genius, flavoured with wit and humour, and coloured by the rainbow tints of sentiment. An *olla podrida* of romance and reality, wherein the *short* pieces shall not be *low*, nor the *long broad;* and wherein, if we sometimes play the fool for your entertainment, we shall always remember that we are playing to the dress-boxes, and not to the gods of the gallery! And if we now and then do "do a little tumbling," depend on it, you shall have occasion to applaud the head as well as the *feet;* or, should we ever offend your taste or delicacy, we are right willing that the *tumbler* should be *cut*.

Not wishing to cramp or limit the exuberance of our genius, we

have resolved to place the whole world before us, that we may have as extensive a field as possible; and assuredly no wit ever proposed to himself a greater latitude, nor could our ambition have possibly placed us in a position more favourable for taking a *degree*.

To those who are ignorant of the world,—some going through it so smoothly that they think it a little *plain*, while others, gastronomically inclined, regard it as an *ordinary*,—we think it necessary to explain that the world is a ball, flattened (like some of the Indian tribes) at the *poles*, revolving round the jolly sun, until it is done,—a process which takes a year. That, however, is neither "here nor there."

Now it does appear, from our deep philosophical observations for many years, for we are P. M. (past the meridian of life), that the imaginary spit, or axis, on which it turns must have been thrust through the said ball in a very peculiar manner, by which the creatures inhabiting certain portions of the outer crust are done black, some slightly salamandered to a brown, others remain merely with the chill off, while thousands are never even warmed through; ay, and all this apparent negligence goes on, notwithstanding our enlightened government sent a *Cook* round the said *world*, expressly to arrange these matters!

The world, ladies and gentlemen! is like a large plum-pudding. There is abundance of fruit in it, too; but somehow it does not appear to be well mixed and stirred; for we daily see some cut a slice, and get nothing but the burnt crust; while others, with less brains, and born to good luck, obtain a *plum!*

We have made many cuts, and we hope to supply the fastidious reader with samples of the hard, the crusty, the crummy, the soft, the "done brown," the very black, the raw, the undressed, and the plummy. Without phrase or metaphor, we intend to be very amusing; hand and head have both been long at work to cater for your critical palates.

Should we succeed in making you laugh,—not at, but with us,—we shall be amply repaid for all our labours. On the contrary, should we fail, we shall be like a cooked calf's head, garnished with lemons, appearing before you both simple and sour, and certainly feel not only dashed, but *dished!*

THE SOFT.

DANIEL GREENE was a wealthy man, in whom the want of brains and education was more than balanced by a superabundance of that industry and prudence which form the two first rounds of the ladder by which the mayors of London usually mount to the civic chair. He possessed the negative virtue of a good neighbour; for, as he frequently observed, "he never molested nobody." He was an excellent citizen; for he punctually paid all the dues, and willingly served every office in the ward in which he dwelt, preferring on every occasion the service to the fine, even taking upon himself the irksome duties of the headborough, to the great disappointment of the small green-grocer, who had been the paid substitute for every gentleman, "as was a gentleman," in the ward.

Daniel had been originally a porter in the house of which he was now the principal, and, indeed, the only representative. We mention this rather to his honour than disparagement; for, by his habits of

business, and his cunning in the mysteries of the trade, he had, in the course of thirty years, become a partner;—the rest of the firm had gradually retired, or had undertaken a journey "to that bourne whence no traveller returns;"—and, at the age of sixty, Daniel was left alone in his glory, doing a good stroke of business in the wholesale line, with a good capital, unlimited credit, and an only son,—the fruit of his marriage with a widow, who had taken him in as a lodger, and subsequently married him. For, although she was an ordinary woman, she possessed the peculiar attraction at that period of two thousand pounds invested in the "fives."

Upon the occasion of her irreparable loss, which happened when his son had not attained his fifth year, he prudently summoned his sister, who was housekeeper to a single gentleman, to superintend his domestic establishment, by which he obtained the services of one interested in his welfare, at little more than the expense of her "keep;" and, in two or three years more, he invited his sister, Jane, (an excellent cook,) to reside with Maria, by which means he saved the expense of a servant; and contrived to conduct his economical establishment with one maid-of-all-work, who generally received warning to quit after a two months' service; for they were "sich screws, and found fault so continually, as was unpossible for any gal to bide under the same roof with 'em." And they soon found it very difficult to obtain any respectable servant; for their character was reported to all the recommending tradespeople in the neighbourhood, and they were, consequently, compelled to have recourse to the register-offices and newspaper advertisements for a continual supply.

Daniel was too much engrossed by his commercial speculations to note these revolutions in his household. Certain it is that he never experienced any inconvenience from them; for the two long-necked, sharp-eyed jackals who superintended his house, took especial care that their kind and affectionate relative should not be unprovided with anything that could tend to his comfort; and he was, therefore, content with his petticoat ministers, the formidable Maria and Jane.

Little Daniel, too, was scrupulously cared for, petted, and spoiled. They dressed him as old maids usually dress children, like a doll, and humoured him to the top of his bent. Nothing could be too good for the heir of their brother; and they were as remarkable for their extravagance in all that pertained to his adornment, as they were mean and paltry in the expenditure of the kitchen and larder.

The boy had no capacity; and he was so "dullicat," as Maria said, and so "sensible, that he cried his little heart out, if he was only snubbed," as Jane added, that at the age of ten, when he was a long-legged boy, though still in the garb of a miss,—in a frock and trousers, and curled locks, — they thought it best not to subject him to the rude and boisterous collision of a boys' school, and engaged a morning-governess for him at home; a genteel girl, who was soon disgusted with the vulgarity and interference of the "ladies," who thought, because the idle boy did not "get on," as they termed it, that the fault was in the teacher, and so "changed" her, as they did the servants, without finding, however, that it wrought any material change in their dunderheaded nephew, whose spelling at twelve was very bad, and his writing illegible. "But what 's the odds?" remarked the elegant Maria; "for the 'dear' will have money enough

to keep him, without bothering his brains about pot-hooks and hangers, and all that,—thank goodness!"

And the lean spinster had good cause to be grateful that her hopeful nephew was the son of a rich man; for truly, if he had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the slenderness of his acquirements would never have found him in meat, drink, washing, and lodging; for he had all the stupidity, without the usefulness, of a donkey.

When the "child" (so the sallow spinsters still called little Daniel, although he had actually used a razor for the last twelve months,) had attained his nineteenth year, his father, after the fashion of many before him—died!

How a man, possessed of everything his heart or his ambition could desire, could make up his mind to such a termination, would be inconceivable, were we not assured that it was not his intention, nor was it hinted at in his *will*, made a few months before, which set forth that he was in good health, and was of sound mind, memory, and understanding.

The whole of the property was bequeathed to Daniel; and his aunts recommended to his care and protection! and, certainly, they merited his consideration; for, however they had erred in their indulgence and his education, their error arose solely from affection combined with ignorance.

For a short time Daniel continued attached to their apron-strings; but in the course of a few months the wilful heir expressed a determination to turn up that beautiful white collar, which still reposed on his narrow shoulders, and to have a tail to his coat, having up to this period worn a short jacket and trousers.

The fact is, he began to look abroad; and, having the organ of imitation as strongly developed as a monkey, he resolved to do as others did, despite the remonstrances of his affectionate relatives,—and, of course, he carried the day.

He persisted in going out by himself, and would not tell them where he went, and who were his companions; and, then, sometimes he did not come home till past midnight, to the consternation of his aunts; who sent in all directions to find him,—and failed; and impatiently sat down to needlework by a solitary candle, pricking up their ears, and running to the door, at the sound of every approaching footstep: the ungrateful cub only laughed at their anxiety when he did arrive, and cut short their complaints by advising them "not to preach to him, for—he would not stand it!"

At length, to his delight, he attained his majority; and, the following week, the house and furniture were advertised for sale by auction, without reserve, as he had resolved to turn everything into money, cut the city, and take lodgings at the fashionable end of the town. The aunts were dismayed; but, as they had been recommended to his care and protection, he promised to allow them an annuity of fifty pounds per annum, which was as much as he could spare out of a clear income of some two thousand a year!

The practical meanness which they had early taught him, had taken root in his weak and vulgar mind, and sprung up as vigorously as nettle-seed, to be used in retributive justice upon themselves.

Of course, this was regarded by his discontented relatives as a most "ongrateful" return for all the kindness and attention they had

lavished upon him for so many years: but, the sum total of all they had imparted was selfishness; and what could they expect?

Daniel was now an independent man, in every sense of the word. He had neither friends nor relatives whom he could visit; and, naturally, had recourse to those amusements which the town so abundantly furnishes for the gratification of those who have the means; and Daniel, who had no resources within his own mind, walked listlessly through the exhibitions, dropped into chop-houses and taverns, and lounged in the boxes of the theatres.

Although shy and reserved, he met many agreeable "fellows" at the usual places of his resort, who saved him a vast deal of trouble by introducing themselves to his acquaintance, and cracking a bottle with him at his expense; and he would, probably, have been a victim to these "dear" friends, if he had not, fortunately, encountered a mentor, a guide, and friend, in the person of Cornelius O'Kane, Esquire, who timely rescued him from the fangs of these harpies, and effectually preserved him, — as men preserve game, for their own peculiar benefit and recreation.



Cornelius O'Kane was a handsome young Irishman, with most unexceptionable whiskers, an agreeable brogue, and a suit that fitted his handsome figure without a wrinkle. Few men could speak in his presence, for his eloquence was like a cataract; and he was such a shot (by his own account,) that very few ventured to contradict him!

He soon insinuated himself into the favour of the friendless Daniel, and became his most inseparable and *attached* friend. He even condescended to forego innumerable invitations from families of the first rank and fashion, (so he asserted,) to contribute to the entertainment of his dear friend.

Daniel congratulated himself in monopolizing his excellent company, and really felt extremely happy, for he had gradually become very miserable for want of excitement, and felt like a man in posses-

sion of a valuable cremona, the music of which he delights in, but cannot play, and is compelled to be indebted to the skill of another to bring out its tones.

He was, consequently, never so happy as when Cornelius was present; and the young Irishman possessed so much of the milk of human kindness that he actually sacrificed most of his time to his excellent friend; chalking out for him the routine of amusements for the day, and accompanying him everywhere.

He found fault with his tailor, and recommended his own! He bought a horse for him, and a cabriolet, and engaged a smart tiger; and even condescended to drive it for him. He was "quite awake," as he said, and would not allow anybody (else?) to swindle him; and took so much trouble off Master Daniel's hands in every money transaction, that he felt unutterably obliged to him.

He went so far as even to make sundry small bills payable at Daniel's lodgings—a confidence which was so flattering, that Daniel could do no less than give a cheque for the amount on his bankers!

"I have paid this bill for you, Cornelius," Daniel would innocently say.

"By my soul! now, Dan," would Cornelius reply, "but you 've bate me by chalks, you have; for it 's a thing that, by the holy poker! I could not have convaniently done myself, anyhow!"

"What a rum devil you are!" exclaimed Daniel, delighted with his humour—and—there the matter ended!

Daniel's passions, like his intellects, were, fortunately, not strong; he, therefore, escaped many difficulties, into which he might have been led: at the same time, he was so complete a blank, and so perfectly dependent on others for amusement, that on one occasion, when his dear friend was compelled to go to Brighton for a fortnight, he was so overwhelmed with *ennui*, that he wrote to him three several times, "for goodness' sake, to return, or he should be eaten up with the blue-devils!" and, his dear friend, his prop and *alter ego*, at a great sacrifice, obeyed his summons, after receiving a remittance, for which he had written, for the thoughtless creature had "outrun the constable," and could not, in honour, return to London before he had paid his tavern-bill—a circumstance, as he stated, which he would not have communicated to any other mortal breathing—for the cogent reason that it would have been fruitless!

Notwithstanding the bold and blustering manner of Cornelius, there were certain occasions on which he exhibited the most refined delicacy; he would, for instance, command the waiter at a tavern to bring *our* bill, after a champagne-and-chicken dinner, and then invariably look out of the window, or adjust his cravat, when he returned with the note payable at sight; while Daniel disbursed the charges, merely inquiring, for the sake of information, "What have they charged *us?*" And, sometimes he would proceed so far as to thrust his hand in his pocket when the bill was produced, (an *obstinate* pocket, that appeared to grasp him by the wrist, and handcuff him like a pickpocket,) and insist upon paying the score; but Daniel would not hear of it, and Cornelius had too much respect for him to give him any offence. How kind is Nature in the distribution of her favours! Some are born with brains; and some with silver-spoons in their mouths! How just is the interchange! and, what a delectable picture does it produce!

FIGURES FOR THE MILLION.

BY

A CYPHER.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Go the whole figure."—SAM SLICK.



A figurante!

"GOOD wine needs no bush," and, therefore, little by way of preface is necessary. "He who is ignorant of arithmetic," says Archimedes, "is but half a man." Therefore, for the sake of *manhood*, which drapers'-boys and lawyers'-clerks attempt by means of mustachios and penny-cigars, read this,—for, if the dead abstractions of this science will make a *man*, what must the living realities do?—Nothing less than a Phœnix D'Orsay, which is, at least, 1 man $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{5}{8}$.

Read this book, then, my friends, young and old. It teaches practical philosophy in every chapter; wisdom in every page, and common sense in every line. Get this manual at the fingers' ends of your mind, and your physical and mental powers will be so expanded that you will be able to catch a comet by the tail, take the moon by the horns, knock down the great wall of China, *à la Cribb*; or measure the spectre of the Brocken for a pair of breeches, and thus cut a pretty FIGURE.

EXPLANATION OF ARITHMETICAL SIGNS AND CHARACTERS.



"Who are you?"

= Equality.—The sign of equality: as "A living beggar is better than a dead king;" or, both being dead, are equal to each other.



— Minus, less. — The sign of subtraction: as, for instance, an elopement to Gretna; or, a knocking-down argument by the way-side, — minus ticker. Take from — from take.



A pluralist.

+ Plus, or more.—The sign of addition: as, 3 livings + to 1 =4; or, 5 millions of new taxes + to 48 = 53.



The sacred haltar.

× Multiplied by. — The sign of multiplication: as, "The sun breeds maggots in a dead dog."—*See Shakspeare.* Or, "Money makes money." — *See Franklin.* Or, Anti-Malthus.—*See Ireland.*



Dividing the Chinese, a cutting joke.

÷ Divided by.—The sign of division. Example 1. The Whigs. —2. The Church. A house divided against itself. Division of property; the lion's share, &c.

SIGNS OF PROPORTION.

Is to : so is :: As Lord B—— IS TO Bishop P——, SO IS a blue musquito to a planter's nose.
As Sir Robert Inglis IS TO Joey Hume, SO IS a pair of donkey's-ears to a barber's-block.
As Tommy Duncombe IS TO Lord Stanley, SO IS shrimp-sauce to a boiled turbot.

OF ARITHMETIC AND ITS IMPORTANCE.

ARITHMETIC is the art or science of computing by numbers. It is national, political, military, and commercial. It is of the highest importance to the community; because it pre-eminently teaches us to take care of NUMBER I. Our ministers succeed according to their knowledge of the science of numbers. Witness, the skilful management of majorities of the lower house.

He who understands the true art of *Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication,* and *Division,* as here laid down, will not be considered a mere *cypher* in the world; but will, in all probability, make a considerable *figure:* and in the figurative words of Horace be "Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis."

Let us, therefore, under the guidance and protection of that god of honest men, the light-heeled and light-fingered Mercury, be delighted so to *add* to our store by *subtracting* from the stores of others, that we may *add* to our importance. Let us so *multiply* our resources, by encouraging *division* among our contemporaries, that we may see their *reduction* in the perfection of our own *practice.*

RULE I.

NUMERATION.

NUMERATION teaches the different value of figures by their different *places* (see Walkinghame, Court Guide, Law List, &c.), also the value of cyphers, or noughts, according to their relative situations (see Intellectual Calculator, or Morton's Arithmetical Frames). As regards the value of figures in places, we have illustrations in sinecures of all grades, from the Lords of the Treasury to the meanest underling of the Stamp-office.

Place and pension make the *unit* a *multitude,* according to the position of the noughts,—that is, that large portion of the public called the nobodys. The more a man is surrounded by his inferiors, the greater he becomes. Hence the necessity of restrictive tariffs to prevent wealth in a community,—and of impediments to education. It is not, therefore, *naughty* for our betters to keep us down by any kind of mystification; as the sun always looks larger through a fog.

The value of figures and of cyphers will be well understood in the following table, which ought to be committed faithfully to memory. It will be seen that when the noughts, the nobodys, that is, the people, go before the legislative units, their value, is consequently decreased; but, when they follow as good backers in good measures, the value of the characters is increased *ad infinitum.*

TABLE I.—"LEGISLATION BEHIND THE PEOPLE."

The good old times.

	1	King.
PEOPLE.	02	Lords.
	003	Tithe-eaters.
	0004	Quarrel-mongers (lawyers).
	00005	Men-killers (army).
	000006	Land-swallowers (landlords).
	0000007	Dividendists.
	00000008	Pensioners.
	000000009	Sinecurists.

TABLE II.—LEGISLATION IN ADVANCE OF THE PEOPLE.

The new system, or march of intellect.

King	100000000	PEOPLE.
Lords	20000000	
Tithe-eaters	3000000	
Quarrel-mongers	400000	
Land-swallowers	50000	
Dividendists	6000	
Men-killers	700	
Pensioners	80	
Sinecurists	9	

RULE II.

ADDITION.



A Save-all.

OUR life is an addition sum; sometimes long, sometimes short; and Death, a kind of Joey Hume, with "jaws capacious," sums up the whole of our *hum*anity by making the "tottle" of the whole.

Man is an adding animal; his instinct is, to get. He is an illustration of the verb, to get, in all its inflexions and conjugations; and thus we get and beget, till we ourselves are added to our fathers.

There are many ways of performing addition, as in the following: A young grab-all comes upon the fumblers at long-taw, as Columbus did upon the Indians; or, as every thrifty nation does upon the weak or unsuspecting, and cries "*Smuggins!*"

Addition is also performed in a less daring manner by the save-all process, till Death, with his extinguisher, shuts the miser up in his own smoke.

Addition may also be performed by *subtraction* by other methods. It is one to make "Jim along Josey!" the watchword, as Joey does in the pantomime.

If you would be merry,
And never would fret,
Then, get all you can,
And keep all you get.



Mihi cura futuri.

Addition teaches, also, to add *units* together, and to find their sum total, as A + B = 2. A bachelor is a *unit ;* a Benedict, *unitee.*

MATRIMONIAL ADDITION.—By common cyphering 1 and 1 make 2. But, by the mathematics of matrimony, 1 and 1 will produce from 1



A man of many woes.

to 20, arranged in row, one above another, like a flight of stairs. They make a pretty addition to a man's *effects*, if not to his *income*; and, if not themselves *capital*, are a *capital* stimulus to exertion. Surrounded by these special pleaders, a man becomes as sharp-set as a Lancashire ferret, and looks as fierce as a rat-catcher's dog at a sink-hole. Such men ought to be labelled, "Beware of this unfortunate dog!" for he would bite at a file!

Adding to your name.—This is another mode of performing addition. It is not necessary to go to a university for this, any more than it is necessary to go to a church to get married. The thing can now be done better without. Schoolmasters, and pettifoggers of all kinds, will find this an excellent piece of practical wisdom.

"ADDITION FOR COMMON NAMES."

The Reverend Dr. O'Crikey,	D.D.	Duke of Dunces, or Dull Donkey.
The Reverend Samuel Snuffers,	A.M.	A Muff.
John Petty Fog, Esq. .	LL.D.	Devilish Lying Lawyer.
The Right Hon. Lord Dolittle,	F.S.A.	Fumbler in Science and Art.
The Most Noble the Marquis of Sligo, . . .	F.R.S.	Fellow of the Rigmarol Society.
The Lord Knowswho, .	F.A.S.	Fool a star-gazing.
Jeremy Stonybatter, .	F.G.S.	Fluking of the Gammony Society.
Billy Buttercup, Esq. .	F.L.S.	First of the Lubberhead Society.
Captain Marlinspike, .	F.N.S.	Fellow of no Society.

ADDING TO A STORY.

"Oh! Mrs. Wiggins, I declare
I never heard the like!
The wretch knows how to curse and swear,
To bite, and scratch, and strike!

"All day he's tossicated, and
All night he roams about;
But that is lucky, sure, for he
Is worse when in than out."

"If this is what you get when wed,
I'm glad I yet have tarried:—
Better to keep one's single bed,
Than venture to get married.

"But such a monster! By and by
That idle minx, his wife,
With all her mawkish tenderness,
Must 'gainst him swear her life.

"The fine piano long ago,
Just after my last rout,
With candlesticks and cruets too,
Are all gone up the spout.

"And bills return'd, as I have heard,
Last week, one, two, or three;
And summonses for grocery—
'Tis nothing, though, to me.

"They live like cat and dog. I own
She always *was* a scold.
She bröke the table on his crown;
So I was lately told.

"'Tis nothing, though, my dear, to me,
As I before have said.
If married people don't agree,
They ought not to get wed."

To go back a little to first principles, which should never be lost sight of in the teaching of any art or science, we must set forth the grand leading rule before our pupils. Addition teaches, therefore,

1. To get all we can.
2. To keep all we get.

SONG.

"Argent comptant."

PARENTAL ADVICE.

RULE I.—Get money, my son, get money,
Honestly if you can.
It makes life sweet as honey—
My son, get money, get money!

Don't stand upon ceremony,
Or you may look mighty funny;
But make it your constant song,
Get money, get money, get money!

Money makes the mare to go, boy,
Where every path looks sunny.
Go it! my lad, through thick and thin;
Get money, get money, get money!

RULE II.—TAKE CARE OF NO. I.

NO. I.

O! since the world was made from 0,
And since old Time began,
The maxim was, and still must be,
Take care of No. I.

Look at the "Times," our oracle,
As sure as any gun,
With hand upon the dial-plate,
It points to No. I.*

All men are fond of him, and for
His sake round earth will run,
And bustle, turmoil, rub, and scrape
For goodly No. I.

* Any one wishing to observe this great lesson to all mankind set forth by the leading journal of Europe, has only to look at the little vignette at the top of the leading article of the "Times."

The soldier, who so gallantly
  Hath battles nobly won,
Though bravely fighting, ever still
  Takes care of No. I.

The mouthing prigs of Parliament,
  With long yarns nightly spun,
Watch well for place and patronage,
  And all for No. I.

And those who preach of charity,
  Enough your ears to stun,
In making up their long accounts,
  Take care of No. I.

One follows law, one physic serves,
  As shadows serve the sun;
But briefs, and draughts, and boluses
  All make for No. I.

And those that oft make love more sweet
  Than cakes of Sally Lunn,
In all their ardour ever have
  An eye to No. I.

In short, mankind, both young and old,
  When serious or in fun,
From hour to hour, from day to day,
  Take care of No. I.

The rich, the poor, both high and low,
  Ay, every mother's son,
From Court to Poor-law Union,
  Take care of No. I.

Too bad it is to be a bore,
  And so my strain is done,
Except it is to say once more,
  Take care of No. I.



The man who takes care of No. I.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.—No. VII.

THE LAY OF ST. MEDARD.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"Heus tu! inquit Diabolus, hei mihi! fessis insuper humeris reponenda est sarcina; fer opem quæso!"

"Le Diable a des vices; c'est là ce qui le perd. Il est gourmand. Il eut dans cette minute-là l'idée de joindre l'âme de Medard aux autres âmes qu'il allait emporter.—Se rejeter en arrière, saisir de sa main droite son poignard, et en percer l'outre avec une violence et une rapidité formidable, c'est ce que fit Medard. —Le Diable poussa un grand cri. Les âmes délivrées s'enfuirent par l'issue que le poignard venait de leur ouvrir, laissant dans l'outre leurs noirceurs, leurs crimes, et leurs méchancetés," &c. &c.

In good King Dagobert's palmy days,
When Saints were many, and sins were few,
Old Nick, 'tis said,
Was sore bested
One evening, and could not tell what to do.

He had been east, and he had been west,
And far had he journey'd o'er land and sea;
For women and men
Were warier then,
And he could not catch one where he 'd now catch three.

He had been north, and he had been south,
From Zembla's shores unto far Peru,
Ere he fill'd the sack
Which he bore on his back—
Saints were so many, and sins so few!

The way was long, and the day was hot;
His wings were weary; his hoofs were sore;
And scarce could he trail
His nerveless tail,
As it furrow'd the sand on the Red Sea shore!

The day had been hot, and the way was long;
Hoof-sore, and weary, and faint, was he;
He lower'd his sack,
And the heat of his back,
As he leaned on a palm-trunk, blasted the tree.

He sat himself down in the palm-tree's shade,
And he gazed, and he grinn'd, in pure delight,
As he peep'd inside
The buffalo's hide
He had sewn for a sack, and had cramm'd so tight;

For, though he'd "gone over a good deal of ground,"
And game had been scarce, he might well report
That, still, he had got
A decentish lot,
And had had, on the whole, not a bad day's sport.

He had pick'd up in France a *Maître de Danse*,
A *Maîtresse en titre*, two smart *Grisettes*,
A Courtier at play,
And an English *Roué*
Who had bolted from home without paying his debts.

He had caught in Great Britain a Scrivener's clerk,
A Quaker, a Baker, a Doctor of Laws,
And a Jockey of York—
But Paddy from Cork
"Desaved the ould divil," and slipp'd through his claws!

In Moscow, a Boyar knouting his wife—
A Corsair's crew, in the Isles of Greece—
And, under the dome
Of St. Peter's, at Rome,
He had snapp'd up a nice little Cardinal's Niece.

He had bagg'd an Inquisitor fresh from Spain—
A mendicant Friar—of Monks a score;
A grave Don, or two,
And a Portuguese Jew,
Whom he nabb'd while clipping a new moidore.

And he said to himself, as he lick'd his lips,
"Those nice little dears! what a delicate roast!
Then, that fine fat Friar,
At a very quick fire,
Dress'd like a woodcock, and serv'd on toast!"

At the sight of tit-bits so toothsome and choice
Never did mouth water more than Nick's;
But, alas! and alack!
He had stuff'd his sack
So full, that he found himself quite "in a fix:"

For, all he could do, or all he could say,
When, a little recruited, he rose to go,
Alas! and alack!
He could not get the sack
Up again on his shoulders "whether or no!"

Old Nick look'd east, old Nick look'd west,
With many a stretch, and with many a strain,
He bent till his back
Was ready to crack,
And he pull'd, and he tugg'd, but he tugg'd in vain.



Legend of St Medard

London Richard Bentley 184[illegible]

Old Nick look'd north, old Nick look'd south;
  Weary was Nicholas, weak, and faint,
    And he was aware
    Of an old man there,
  In Palmer's weeds, who look'd much like a Saint.

Nick eyed the Saint,—then he eyed the sack—
  The greedy old glutton!—and thought, with a grin,
    "Dear heart alive!
    If I could but contrive
  To pop that elderly gentleman in!

"For, were I to choose among all the *ragoûts*
  The *cuisine* can exhibit—flesh, fowl, or fish,—
    To myself I can paint,
    That a barbecued Saint
  Would be for my palate the best side-dish!"

Now St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile,
  In a Pyramis fast by the lone Red Sea.
    (We call it "Semiramis,"
    Why not say Pyramis?—
  Why should we change the S into a D?)

St. Medard, he was a holy man,
  A holy man I ween was he,
    And even by day,
    When he went to pray,
  He would light up a candle, that all might see!

He *salaam'd* to the east,—he *salaam'd* to the west;—
  Of the gravest cut, and the holiest brown
    Were his Palmer's weeds,
    And he finger'd his beads
  With the right side up, and the wrong side down.

* * * * *

(Hiatus in MSS. valde deflendus.)

St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile;
  He had been living there years four score,
    And now, "taking the air,
    And saying a pray'r,"
  He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.

Little he deem'd—that holy man!
  Of Old Nick's wiles, and his fraudful tricks,
    When he was aware
    Of a Stranger there,
  Who seem'd to have got himself into a fix.

Deeply that Stranger groan'd and sigh'd,
  That wayfaring Stranger, grisly and grey:
    "I can't raise my sack
    On my poor old back,
  Oh! lend me a lift, kind Gentleman, pray!

"For I have been east, and I have been west,
Footsore, weary, and faint am I,
And, unless I get home
Ere the curfew bome,
Here in this desert I well may die!"

"Now Heav'n thee save!"—Nick winced at the words,
As ever he winces at words divine—
"Now Heav'n thee save!
What strength I have,—
It 's little, I wis,—shall be freely thine!

"For foul befal that Christian man
Who shall fail, in a fix,—woe worth the while!—
His hand to lend
To foe, or to friend,
Or to help a lame dog over a stile!"—

St. Medard hath boon'd himself for the task:
To hoist up the sack he doth well begin;
But the fardel feels
Like a bag full of eels,
For the folks are all curling, and kicking within.

St. Medard paused—he began to "smoke"—
For a Saint, if he isn't exactly a cat,
Has a very good nose,
As this world goes,
And not worse than his neighbour's for "smelling a rat."

The Saint look'd up, and the Saint look'd down;
He "smelt the rat," and he "smoked" the trick;
When he came to view
His comical shoe,
He saw in a moment his friend was Nick.

He whipp'd out his oyster-knife, broad and keen—
A Brummagem blade which he always bore,
To aid him to eat,
By way of a treat,
The "natives" he found on the Red Sea shore;—

He whipp'd out his Brummagem blade so keen,
And he made three slits in the Buffalo's hide,
And all its contents,
Through the rents, and the vents,
Came tumbling out, and away they all hied.

Away went the Quaker,—away went the Baker,
Away went the Friar—that fine fat Ghost,
Whose marrow Old Nick
Had intended to pick,
Dress'd like a woodcock, and served on toast!

Away went the nice little Cardinal's Niece,
  And the pretty *Grisettes*, and the Dons from Spain,
    And the Corsair's Crew,
    And the coin-clipping Jew,
  And they scamper'd, like lamplighters, over the plain!

Old Nick is a black-looking fellow at best,
  Ay, e'en when he 's pleased; but never before
    Had he look'd so black
    As on seeing his sack
  Thus cut into slits on the Red Sea shore.

You may fancy his rage, and his deep despair,
  When he saw himself thus befool'd by one
    Whom, in anger wild,
    He profanely styled
  "A stupid, old, snuff-coloured son of a Gun!"

Then his supper—so nice—that had cost him such pains,
  Such a hard day's work—now "all on the go!"
    —'Twas beyond a joke,
    And enough to provoke
  The mildest, and best-temper'd, fiend below!

Nick snatch'd up one of those great big stones,
  Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,
    And he hurl'd it straight
    At the Saint's bald pate,
  To knock out "the gruel he call'd his brains."

Straight at his pate he hurl'd the weight,
  The crushing weight of that great, big stone;—
    But Saint Medard
    Was remarkably hard,
  And solid, about the parietal bone.

And, though the whole weight of that great, big stone
  Came straight on his pate, with a great, big thump,
    It fail'd to graze
    The skin, or to raise
  On the tough epidermis a lump, or bump!

As the hail bounds off from the pent-house slope,—
  As the cannon recoils when it sends its shot,—
    As the finger and thumb
    Of an old woman come
  From the kettle she handles, and finds too hot;

Or, as you may see in the Fleet, or the Bench,—
  Many folks do in the course of their lives,—
    The well-struck ball
    Rebound from the wall,
  When the Gentlemen jail-birds are playing at fives:

All these, and a thousand fine similes more,
Such as all have heard of, or seen, or read
Recorded in print,
May give you a hint
How the stone bounced off from St. Medard's head.

And it curl'd, and it twirl'd, and it whirl'd in air,
As this great, big stone at a tangent flew!—
Just missing his crown,
It at last came down
Plump upon Nick's orthopedical shoe.

Oh! what a yell and a screech were there!
How did he hop, skip, bellow, and roar!
"Oh dear! oh dear!"
You might hear him here,
Though we 're such a way off from the Red Sea shore!

It smash'd his shin, and it smash'd his hoof,
Notwithstanding his stout orthopedical shoe;
And this is the way
That, from that same day,
Old Nick became what the French call *Boiteux!*

Quakers, and Bakers, *Grisettes*, and Friars,
And Cardinal's Nieces, where ever ye be,
St. Medard bless!
You can scarcely do less
If you of your *corps* possess any *esprit*.

And, mind and take care, yourselves, and beware
How you get in Nick's buffalo bag—if you do,
I very much doubt
If you 'll ever get out,
Now sins are so many, and Saints so few!

MORAL.

Gentle Reader, attend
To the voice of a friend;
And, if ever you go to Herne Bay, or Southend,
Or any gay Wat'ring-place outside the Nore,
Don't walk out at eve on the lone sea-shore;
Unless you 're too Saintly to care about Nick,
And are sure that your head is sufficiently thick!

Learn not to be greedy!—and, when you 've enough,
Don't be anxious your bags any tighter to stuff;
Recollect that good fortune too far you may push,
And "A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH!
Then turn not each thought to increasing your store,
Nor look always like "Oliver asking for more!"

Gourmandise is a vice—a sad failing, at least;—
So remember "Enough is as good as a feast!"
And don't set your heart on "stew'd," "fried," "boil'd," or "roast,"
Nor on delicate "woodcocks served up upon toast!"

Don't give people nick-names!—don't, even in fun,
Call any one "snuff-coloured son of a gun!"
Nor fancy, because a man *nous* seems to lack,
That whenever you please you can "give him the sack!"

Last of all, as you 'd thrive, and still sleep in whole bones,
IF YOU'VE ANY GLASS WINDOWS, NEVER THROW STONES!!

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
Dec. 20, 1842

THE SEDAR.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

I RECEIVED a letter addressed to me at Calcutta, from a friend at Berhampore, stating that several robberies had taken place in my household during my absence, and that my sedar-bearer, on whom I could rely, had begged of my friend to write to me to return as soon as possible.

This information reached me as I lay on my couch, completely worn with the fatigues of the day previous; for I had been with some brother-officers to Barrackpore, to see a hunt by leopards — a sight the most curious that I ever beheld in India. These animals are so tame, that they range at large, and actually sleep beside their keeper. This I can vouch for, as I have seen it. They protect him with the same fidelity that a dog would defend his master, if any stranger should approach him during his slumbers. This I particularly know, as I unfortunately went to awake him, unaware of his faithful guardians, and nearly paid the penalty of my folly. The keeper, however, started up, and called them off. They obeyed with the docility of domestic animals, and fell behind him at his word of command. They belong, I believe, to the Governor-General for the time being, and are kept in the park of the government-house. It was here that I saw them run down a deer. Never in my life have I beheld anything so graceful as their movements, or so rapid as their speed. Considerably swifter than greyhounds, they bounded along, and soon brought down their game. Fatigued with the excitement of this beautiful sport, I returned to Calcutta, and, as I have mentioned, was lying on my couch when the information, conveyed by my friend at Berhampore, arrived. No time, however, was to be lost; so, starting up, I ordered my palanquin to be brought to the door, determined on travelling up the one hundred and sixteen miles by bearers. This mode of proceeding may appear strange to Europeans, who will scarcely believe the rapidity with which

such a journey is accomplished. By the river, on account of the current, seven days are required to arrive at Berhampore; by land, it only takes twenty-eight hours. The bearers, like post-horses, are relieved every twelve or fifteen miles. Each relay consists of eight men, who shift the burden to each other at the end of about every league. The others trot alongside to rest themselves, the whole party singing and jolting on at the rate of about four miles and a half an hour. During the night the disengaged bearers carry torches, to scare away the wild beasts. The fire-flies buzzing about, like innumerable stars, add to the beauty of the picture, and render this scene most romantic and picturesque; though I must confess the uneasy motion, the broiling of the sun in this luxurious, coffin-like conveyance, and the fear of a voracious tiger, or other savage monster, take away, in my opinion, all the charms which would otherwise gild this mode of travelling.

At daybreak on the second morning, (for I had halted a few hours at Aghardeep,) I arrived in the cantonments, and entered my house, which stood in the extensive barrack-square.

After breakfasting most luxuriously on Bombay ducks, (a small salt fish, something like the European caplin,) the sable fish, (closely resembling our salmon,) and snipes, which are here far more plentiful than sparrows in England, I secretly sent for the WISE MAN of the place to come and discover the thief; then, ordering the servants to fall in, in a row under the verandah, I quietly and confidently awaited his arrival. I had often seen his powers tested, and never knew them fail. I am aware that my countrymen will smile at my credulity; but, as I have the conviction from personal and constant observation, I do not hesitate to assert, that his manner of discovering crime, though the simplest, was the most wonderful that I ever beheld. The present instance served to strengthen my belief.

In every bazaar or village in India there exists a *wise man*, a sort of half-priest, half-conjuror, who predicts events, tells fortunes, secures families, and discovers crimes. These individuals are looked upon with great awe by the natives, and are often found useful in the last instance by Europeans.

On the arrival of the magician, he made the men form a circle round him; then, uttering some prayers, he produced a small bag of rice, and taking out a handful, gave it to the man nearest to him, and desired him to chew it, while he continued to recite certain prayers, or incantations. In a moment or two he held a plate to the man, and desired him to spit out the grain. He did so; it was well chewed, and the man instantly declared innocent. Another and another succeeded. At length he came to one of my favourite servants—one whom I never suspected. On taking the rice, the man seemed dreadfully convulsed. He ground his teeth, and worked hard to masticate it; but all in vain. When he rendered it on the plate, the grain was uncrushed, unchewed. The WISE MAN instantly proclaimed him to be the thief; upon which, the servant, falling on his knees, confessed the crime, and detailed a series of thefts, for which I had suspected, and even punished, others. By his own showing he must have been the greatest rascal, the greatest scoundrel alive. He had, however, lived long with me; so I contented myself with instantly dismissing him.

In the evening I was sitting at whist, when I was called out by

my sedar-bearer, whom I before mentioned as one of the most faithful creatures in existence. He begged of me instantly to set out for Moorshedabad—a distance of about ten miles, in order to see a cousin of mine, who had sent me a verbal message by a *pune* (a foot-runner,) requesting my instant attendance, as he had met with a serious accident. When I asked to see the servant, I found he was already gone; and, when I expressed my astonishment that he had not even sent me a *chit* (note), my bearer assured me the accident had deprived him of the power of writing; but that he earnestly solicited me to lose no time in setting out. Of course I did not hesitate ordering my palanquin out once more. Though sadly tired, I started off, after making an apology to my friends for thus abruptly leaving them. On my arrival at Moorshedabad, I hurried to the bungalow of my relative. Here I found all the world fast asleep; and, amongst others, my cousin. He was perfectly well, and slumbering most comfortably. On being awoke, he positively denied having sent any messenger whatever to me, and had met with no accident, nor was ever better in his life.

The deception thus practised on me staggered me so much, that, in spite of every remonstrance, I borrowed a relay of bearers, and set out on my instant return home.

On re-entering my quarter I found all quiet and still as the grave. I aroused some of the sleeping-servants; and, having obtained a light, asked for the sedar-bearer, determined to make an example of the rascal for having thus played off a practical joke on me. None of the others, however, knew where he was; so I proceeded to my bed-room, resolved to punish him in the morning. As I passed through my dressing-room, I perceived my drawers open; I examined them, and found that a suit of my clothes had been extracted; and, by a turban I found lying near, I discovered that they had been taken by the sedar. That a man, whom I had hitherto looked upon as incorruptibly honest, should thus act, was a matter of the greatest surprise. That one, who had ever been considered as the most faithful of my servants, should thus suddenly turn thief, annoyed, and disappointed me. But, what puzzled me more than all was, that my people declared he had been seen to enter this room early in the evening, but most positively had not passed out again. Tired with conjecture, I went into my sleeping apartment.

I started back with surprise. Upon the bed lay a figure, the very counterpart of myself! My heart misgave me as I rushed forward, and tore a handkerchief from the features of my other self, who so closely resembled me, as he appeared stretched on my bed, that my followers kept staring first at me, and then at the figure before them, as if doubtful of my identity.

As the covering was removed, I perceived the countenance of my sedar. He was fast asleep. I attempted in anger to awake him. He was a corpse. Stone dead before me was stretched my late favourite servant. On a close examination I found a sharp-pointed instrument (probably poisoned) thrust into his heart, from which it was still undrawn. I could not decipher the dreadful mystery.

Presently one of my kidmutgars rushed up. He held a leaf in his hand on which some characters in Hindostannee had been traced (as usual) with a pin. I sent for my *munchee* (interpreter), who thus translated them. "Beloved master! a plot was formed by the man

whom you this day discovered to be a thief, to murder you. It was too well planned for you to escape. I was too solemnly sworn to dare to reveal it to you! Pardon me, beloved master! but I ventured to deceive you. I took your place; and have felt happy to die for you! May the God of the white man make you happy!"

The riddle was solved. The delinquent, thinking he had completed his deed of blood, had fled. I provided for the family of my attached servant. Not one of his fellows, however, seemed astonished at the act. They appeared to look upon such devotion as a matter of course. For myself, I never can, I never will, forget the fidelity of my devoted "sedar."

TO ANNA.

Bright, bright as a beam of the glorious sun
To the ransomed captive free!
Or the glance that speaks of a mother's love,
Is thy gentle smile to me,
My love,
Thy gentle smile to me.

And soft as the sigh of Italian breeze,
As it plays round the orange flower,
And glad as the songs of happy birds,
Thy notes from thy perfumed bower,
My love,
Thy notes from thy perfumed bower.

And modest the ray of thy beautiful eye
From its heav'n of liquid blue;
As light as a rose-leaf drops thy kiss
From lips of a kindred hue,
My love,
From lips of a kindred hue.

And glossy, and free as the chainless wind,
Waves the hair o'er thy spotless brow;
And white as thy snowy fazzolet
The hand that thou wav'st to me now,
My love,
The hand that thou wav'st to me now.

Thou art gone! and my soul is as dark as the night
When the moon and the stars have fled;
But a sunny morrow will greet me yet,
And thy light o'er my soul be shed,
My love,
And thy light o'er my soul be shed.

Edinburgh. K. J.



Mr. Ledbury's

London Richard Bentley 1843

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which we find Jack Johnson at home.

The morning had advanced to an hour halfway between the average time of breakfast and lunch in sober and well-conducted families, ere Jack Johnson awoke, on the day subsequent to the party at Ledbury's. Upon retiring to bed, in the vanity of his heart, and the reliance upon his strength of mind, he had set the alarum of a small clock, which hung in his chamber, to go off at half-past eight; but, when the time came, and the weight ran down in a most intoxicated manner, to the shrill clatter of its own bell, he was still wrapt in a deep slumber. Nor were his dreams disturbed either by the noise in the house, the perambulating euterpeon in the streets, (which always reminded one of many trumpets put into a coffee-mill,) or the occasional information conveyed to him by the servant at the door, that each time she came it was half-an-hour after her last visit; and that the warm water had been changed three times, in consequence (to use the language of useful knowledge) of diminution of caloric caused by gradual evaporation.

At length he awoke; and, collecting an immense quantity of resolution, as soon as he understood clearly that he was in proper possession of his faculties, he proceeded to make his toilet, which he did pretty well, considering that he got through the greater part of the process with his eyes shut. But all the time he could not banish the vision of Emma Ledbury from his imagination; and when he sat down to breakfast, he thought what an elysium his second-floor front would become if she were there to make coffee for him! With her for a companion, how smoothly the current of his life would flow, and how very pretty she looked last night! with many wonders as to whether she cared for him, or merely regarded him as she did other friends of her brother; and various other pleasant speculations which young gentlemen are apt to fall into after they have met attractive young ladies at evening-parties. But, perhaps, all these reveries were the more singular in Jack Johnson, because he had not often amused himself, before this time, with building matrimonial bowers in the air, or giving way to any other delicious absurdities of the same class.

He was trying to persuade himself that he really had an appetite for his breakfast—a custom usual with people after a festive evening—when the servant announced that a man wished to speak to him; and, as she appeared anxious not to leave him alone in the passage longer than was absolutely necessary, Johnson ordered him up. As he entered the room, our friend immediately recognised the professor of "misery for the million," whom he had met in the cellar in St. Giles.

"I've brought this bit of paper, doctor," said the man, who apparently still believed such to be Johnson's profession, "from the young man as was ill in our crib."

Johnson hastily took the note, and read with some difficulty the following words, faintly scrawled in pencil:

"I have not thought it advisable to stay here longer; and, by the time you receive this, I shall have left the place. You will hear from me as soon as I have again settled. Take care of *that*—you know—for we may need it."

"When was this written?" asked Johnson.

"Last night, sir," was the reply; "before he left. I don't think he was much fit to go. He look'd uncommon cranky, to be sure!"

"Did any one ever come to see him besides myself?"

"There was a gentleman, sir, as come two or three times, and went off in a cab with him last night."

"What sort of a man?"

"A perfect gentleman, sir. He wore a scarlet neckcloth and mustachios."

Johnson made no further remark, but remained for a few minutes lost in reflection. His visitor also kept perfectly silent, perched upon the extreme corner of a chair, with his legs tucked underneath it, after the manner of the common orders in general, when they sit down in company with their superiors,—as if they thought it was good breeding to wear out as little of the carpet and furniture as possible. And so they rested for a short period, Johnson finding out models of the Alps in the moist sugar, and the man looking about at the neighbouring windows of the street, apparently calculating what sort of an audience he could entice to them, on a future occasion.

"I beg pardon, doctor," said the visitor, at length breaking silence; "but, perhaps, you can be of some service to me."

"Oh! certainly," replied Johnson, not exactly hearing the question. "What is it?"

"I keeps a fantosceny, magic lantern, and punch; and perwides amusements for parties," continued the man. "I'll make bold, sir, to give you my card."

Whereupon he searched in some mysterious pocket of his fustian coat, and produced a small parallelogram of dirty pasteboard, imprinted with the information which he had conveyed to Johnson; and immediately afterwards dived into another capacious opening in his jacket, and dragged out a Punch's head, which he exhibited with great admiration, accompanying the action by one of the squeaks peculiar to that facetious puppet.

"There's a pictur', sir! ain't it nat'ral?" asked the man, looking at it with the affection of a parent. "My pardner's going to tog it to-night; and then we shall keep it for families of respectability."

"I think it is too smart for the streets," said Johnson, feeling himself called upon to pay some compliment to the wooden offspring of his visitor.

"Bless you! he'll never perform in the streets!" answered the man, apparently feeling his *protégé* insulted; "the dodges there is too wiolent for such a handsome Punch as this. He's too genteel to attract the street-people, he is. He wouldn't draw no more than a second-hand blister upon a milestone."

"Then, what is he for?" asked Jack.

"Why, you see, sir, we are obliged to cut the jokes uncommon underdone for families; they doesn't like the baby being thrown out o' window, nor the coffin for Jack Ketch."

"And, why not?"

"Because the children always pitches their dolls into the streets, to imitate us, from the nursery-windows. I 've know'd 'em try to hang the babies, where there has been any, before this."

Johnson could not forbear smiling at the man's caution, in assuming to himself the censorship of his own drama; but, as he was at present in no very great humour for talking, he told him that he would let him know if he required his services, previously to wishing him good morning. And, when he was gone, Jack again fell into a train of anxious thought respecting his cousin, mingled with a certain proportion of apprehension least he should be inveigled into any unpleasant position from the trifling share he had taken in the transaction. More than once he felt tempted to start immediately to the bank from which Morris had absconded, and return the whole of the money entrusted to his charge, which, to his surprise, amounted to upwards of a hundred sovereigns: but, then, the solemn promise he had made to his cousin, and the hope that he might still be reclaimed, again changed his resolution, and for a period he remained in exceeding perplexity; the reaction, after his high spirits of the previous evening, in no wise tending to make him think the better of the world, or its inmates; or helping him, for the moment, to place things in a more cheering point of view. Then he thought of his own position, and the little prospect which appeared of his ever being able to improve it sufficiently to reach that proper station in society, which, with all his levity, he wished to occupy; and this point of his ruminations brought him again to Emma Ledbury, towards whom, he could not persuade himself that his feelings were altogether indifferent. And, finally, he thought of all these things at once, until he got into a labyrinth of intricate ideas, that almost made him imagine his brain was revolving on its own axis.

We have never studied metaphysics, nor shall we make the attempt until we have heard an argument upon that science which will conclude by one of the parties disputing being brought round to the other's way of thinking—a consummation we never yet witnessed; but we may, perhaps, be allowed to speak of the elasticity of the mind as one of its most glorious attributes. It turns the brain into a stuffed spring-seat for the weary spirits to repose upon after any unusual exertion; and provides an easy-chair for thought nearly worn out by trouble, luxurious and repose-inviting as an hydrostatic bed. And, very accommodating indeed was Jack Johnson's mental organisation in this respect, for it resembled the metal-coil of a patent candlestick; since, however forced down by contingent circumstances, yet, as soon as a light dispelled the dark shade that hovered round, it rose up again higher and higher, until the cause of its depression had disappeared altogether, and it retained its wonted freedom and elevation. He might, perhaps, have been as aptly considered as a human Jack-in-the-box, whom no adverse casualties, however forcible at the time, could permanently beat down; but, on the contrary, they enabled him to rise again above the gloom of his troubles, even with increased power, and aspiring

energy. Had he allowed himself to be depressed by every unpleasantry, he would have experienced a sad time of it altogether; but he was, as we have seen, of a cheerful and vivacious disposition, rather inclined to look at the bright side of everything and everybody, and seldom paying trouble the compliment of meeting it half-way; which proceeding, from a sense of politeness on the part of the coming evil, often causes it to advance with greater confidence, when it would otherwise have kept off altogether.

Although Jack was not above six-and-twenty, yet he had lived and seen more than many with ten or twelve additional years on their shoulders. Thrown upon his own resources at comparatively an early age, he had precociously acquired a practical knowledge of the world, and the usages of nearly all classes of society. His father had been an idle and improvident man, always in embarrassed circumstances, although, it is but fair to state, more from carelessness than dishonesty; and allowing his children to grow up, rather than be brought up, solely because he would not exert himself to put them in the right path. The consequence was, that, upon his death a perfect separation of the family took place; one or two of the boys going to situations in the colonies, or other refuges for the destitute social-suicides; and Jack, who was the eldest, inheriting what little property was left behind; which, whilst it was scarcely enough to enable him to live in moderate comfort, was yet sufficient to give him a distaste for exertion in following any avocation. And so, after trying various schemes; after having taken up medicine, literature, law, and even the drama, he gave up the pursuit of employment under difficulties, and eked out his small property by some of those mysterious occupations which men follow who are reported to live by their wits.

He had just determined upon taking a walk to Hampstead, to imbibe a little fresh air, when he heard a knock at his door; and Mr. Ledbury came in, all smiles and pleasantry, with some violets in his button-hole, and looking quite like a gallant cavalier. From this Jack inferred that he had been calling to inquire after the health of one of the *belles* who had shone on the preceding evening, which proved to be the case; Mr. Ledbury having risen rather earlier than he would otherwise have done, and, by crafty mechanical appliances of glue, ribbon, and gold-paper, mended a fan in most workmanlike style, which the most attractive of his partners had broken in one of the quadrilles; and now he had been to return it, with many delightful speeches and compliments, and energetic assurances from the young lady that "it was the most delightful evening she ever recollected," as is customary upon such occasions.

"Well, Jack! old man! how are you?" was Mr. Ledbury's first question, as he shook hands with his friend.

"Oh! very well, as the times go, Leddy! What fun we had! And, what are you going to do to-day?"

"Nothing particular," replied Ledbury: "can you put up anything? I am not much inclined for work; and they are doing nothing at home but putting things away. There's no great fun in that, Jack?"

"Not much. How's the governor?"

"Nobody has seen anything of him. The servants say he went into the city this morning, as usual — I believe, a little time before they thought of going to bed. Well; what shall we do?"

"Rush out, and take our chance of whatever may turn up," replied Jack. "I feel myself as if I wanted to be shaken about a little; and I suppose they will not miss you at home?"

"Not at all!" said Ledbury. "It will be a decided case of go-to-bed-early with all of them."

Whereupon they both agreed that they would make a night of it; and Ledbury went back to Islington, intending to get the key, as well as a highly-fashionable and picturesque ten-and-sixpenny-coal-sack-looking coat, which he had been persuaded by Jack Johnson to buy, for night-excursions; promising to meet his friend in the afternoon, and dine with him at the old eating-house where we first introduced them both to the reader.

CHAPTER XV.

Of the adventure which Mr. Ledbury, in company with his friend, met with at a penny-show.

TRUE to the appointment, just as the gas-lamps were beginning to glimmer in the haze of the declining daylight, and Hanway Yard and Great Russell Street were nearly filled with a stream of population, (chiefly young ladies, governesses, and little girls, hurrying home in a north-easterly direction, to the squares, with the purchases they had been making at the West-End,) just as the post-meridian milk-pails intimated their arrival, with melancholy cry, at the areas of Alfred Place, and the *al-fresco merchants* of Tottenham Court Road began to exhibit their whity-brown paper transparencies, casting a mellow and subdued light upon the baskets; which, in company with Hesperus, brought 'all good things home to the weary, to the hungry, cheer,'—as we have it so well described by a great poet, who goes on to talk about the "welcome stall" and "hearthstones," which prove incontrovertibly he had Tottenham Court Road in his mind when he penned the stanza;—just at this time, then, (for we are losing ourselves in a very long sentence, and must come back to where we began,) Mr. Ledbury once more found himself at Jack Johnson's lodgings. His friend was finishing a letter for the post; and, requesting Ledbury to sit down for a short time, begged him to send out for some very immense and finely-flavoured half-and-half, which was to be obtained round the corner,—a peculiar locality, connected with *every* house where *every*thing is always to be got. But, as dinner-time was approaching, Ledbury declined; contenting himself with borrowing Johnson's pipe, which he filled with some tobacco from the capacious stomach of a broken Lablache tumbler-doll, standing on the mantelpiece, and then puffing away with suitable gravity, watching the smoke as it assumed a thousand fantastic shapes ere it disappeared; which occupation is presumed to be one of the chief pleasures which a pipe can offer.

At last they started off; and the moment they left the door all Jack Johnson's vivacity returned, his merriment being in no degree lessened by the recollection of bygone frolics, which being out once more alone with Ledbury gave rise to. And Mr. Ledbury partook of his friend's hilarity, and even once attempted to chaff a policeman, by making a courteous inquiry after the health of his inspector. After which Jack knocked over a row of little boys, one after another, who were standing on their heads by the side of the

pavement; which proceeding drew after them a volley of salutations peculiar to little boys, much increased when he put one of their caps in his pocket, and carried it with him an indefinite distance, concluding the insult by throwing it a great way into a linendraper's shop; where it hit one of the gentlemen in the white neckcloths, who revenged himself upon the little boy by kicking him out of the shop, across the pavement, and clean over to the cab-stand, the minute he went in to ask for it.

The dinner passed off with considerable spirit, aided by the "feast of reason, and the flow of"—beer; and, having ordered a pint of wine in a reckless manner, that completely paralysed the waiter, no such fluid ever having made its appearance there before in the memory of the oldest frequenter, they sallied forth again.

"I shall trust to you, Jack," said Ledbury; "for I am quite as ignorant of the ways of London as I was of Paris when I first got there. But I shall soon improve under your tuition."

"Of course," replied Johnson; "before I have done with you I'll make you 'such a fellow!' Do you ever go into Piccadilly when there is a levée or drawing-room?"

Ledbury replied in the negative.

"Well, then," said Jack, "I always do; and great fun you may have there. I get a walking-stick, with a pin at the end of it: and when I see a particularly nice John Thomas behind a carriage, who does not seem at all proud of his calves and whiskers, and thinks he's nobody, I pretend to cross, and gently dig the pin into his leg—only a little way, to amuse him."

"And what does he do?" asked Ledbury.

"Do!" replied Johnson; "what can he do? fixed up on the board, and bobbing about, like a solitary potato in a wheelbarrow. He usually looks very indignant; and, if he's insolent, and it chances to be muddy, I dip my stick in the dirt, and dab his silk stockings."

They wandered through a number of back-streets, making various observations, philosophical and playful, upon what they saw, until their attention was arrested by the announcement of an exhibition of peculiar interest at the door of a house which they were passing; and several loiterers were on the pavement, listening to the organ, that was playing to entice an audience, or endeavouring to peer into the mysteries of the *penetralia* beyond the entrance. The price of admission was one penny, which they both paid, after Johnson had offered to toss the proprietor whether they should give him twopence or nothing — a speculation which the exhibitor repulsed with much indignation.

Mr. Ledbury felt rather nervous as he approached the dark portal of the exhibition-room; and was not re-assured, upon asking a decent-looking female seated at the door which was the way, in receiving no answer; until he perceived he had been addressing a wax-likeness of Maria Martin. At last they arrived at a long room, adorned with panoramic paintings of several of the most favourite localities in the artist's imagination,—the most effective being a view of Constantinople from the middle arch of Blackfriars' Bridge. A large party of wax heads, put upon bodies, and furnished with clothes, were ranged round the room; and the inventive facetiousness of the owner had been taxed in assigning to them various names of popular or notorious individuals, whom he supposed or wished

them to resemble. Mr. Ledbury had never been to Madame Tussaud's, nor, indeed, had he seen any wax-figures at all, except the vivid representation of a gentleman as he appeared with his hair curled in the window of a *coiffeur* at Islington, who had been by turns Marshal Soult, Prince Albert, and the King of Prussia, — so that he was still somewhat awed at finding himself in the presence of so many great people. But at last he took courage from watching the reckless manner in which Jack Johnson behaved, questioning the exhibitor right and left respecting his curiosities.

"This," said the man, approaching a species of oblong cucumber-frame with great importance,—"this is the mummy of an Egyptian above three thousand year old."

"Bless me!" observed Jack, with an air of great importance; "what an age they lived to in Egypt! Pray, sir, is it Cheops!"

"No, sir," replied the man indignantly; "it's real bones and flesh."

"I never saw a mummy," said Ledbury, peering into the case, upon the compound of pitch and brown paper which it enclosed.

"You'll see thousands soon," replied Jack. "The New Asphalte Company are going to import all they can find in Egypt, to pound them up, and pave the walks of Kensal Cemetery with. Come along, or we shall lose the description."

"This is George the Fourth," said the man, pointing to a very slim figure, with a theatrical crown on its head.

"I thought he was a very stout man," observed Ledbury, plucking up sufficient courage to make an observation.

"Very likely," replied the man shortly, not approving of the comments of his visitors; "but, if you'd been here without victuals half as long as he has, you'd be twice as thin!"

There was a laugh from the other spectators; and Mr. Ledbury, completely overcome, did not try any more chaff, but followed the man and his audience to another *salon* upstairs, where a coarse, red curtain was drawn across the room, concealing more wonders. The exhibitor formed his audience into a semicircle upon low forms round the chamber; and then, first of all, led forward a young lady with pink eyes, who appeared to have allowed no end of silkworms to spin all over her head; and next, a little man, about two feet high, in knee-breeches and mustachios, who bowed very politely to the company, and then, without further preface, struck up a song, with a very indistinct articulation, which Jack Johnson defined to be expressive of fear, commencing, as nearly as he could catch the words "My heart's in my highlows!"

He had not got through four lines, when Ledbury heard a sudden noise in the thoroughfare, upon which the window close to him looked down—one of those mysterious localities only disclosed when their unknown topography is occasionally invaded by a new street. A hack-cab had stopped at the top of the court, surrounded by a crowd of people, who beset it on either side, peeping in at the windows, crawling up to the box, and betraying various other signs of intense curiosity to behold what was inside. Presently a couple of policemen appeared, and cleared a passage to the door; and then Ledbury saw a female, in what appeared to him a theatrical dress, carried from the cab to the door.

"Look here! what is going on below?" said Ledbury, interrupting the dwarf's song, and calling the attention of the man to the window.

The noise in the court had put all the inhabitants on the *qui vive*, and every window had an occupant gazing upon the tumult. The neighbours, also, had assembled on the steps of each other's doors, to inquire "What was the row?" and add to the general Babel of chatter; for a disturbed ant's nest is a scene of tranquillity compared to the sudden gathering of a court in a low London neighbourhood, when an itinerant posture-master, a drunken riot, an insulted policeman, or an unexpected accident, breaks in upon its general uniformity of dirt, drunkenness, and poverty.

"I 'm shot if it ain't Letty brought home bad!" observed the man to the dwarf, as he caught a sight of the girl, who was being taken into the house.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the little dwarf, in accents of distress, as he stopped his song, "what has happened to her?" And, hurrying towards the window, round which the greater part of the audience now collected, he ran backwards and forwards, trying to peep between them, as we have seen a mouse do between the wires of his cage, when newly introduced.

"I 'll be much obliged to you to go away, ladies and gentlemen, if you please," said the showman. "I think an accident has happened to a young woman as lives in the house."

"Keep by me," whispered Johnson to Ledbury, as the people were departing, "and we may see something here. I am a medical man," he continued, addressing the exhibitor, "and so is my friend. We shall be happy if we can be of any service to you."

The offer was thankfully accepted; and, leaving Ledbury for a minute to make the agreeable to the young lady with the pink eyes, Johnson and the showman, followed by the dwarf, whose countenance betrayed extreme anxiety, went down stairs, and met a policeman carrying the girl, whom they immediately assisted.

Being directed to one of the rooms at the top of the house, they had no little difficulty in supporting their patient up the steep and narrow stairs; nor were their clothes improved by the contact of the rough and craggy walls on each side of them, the plaster from which had fallen off in large flakes, laying bare the laths in several places, and crushing under their feet as they ascended. At every landing the occupants had collected from curiosity, peeping over one another's heads through the half-opened doorways of their apartments, one or two miserable slip-shod females following them up stairs.

They kept going up and up, until they came to the topmost garret, and here they entered, when Johnson ordered the policeman to remain at the door, admitting only Ledbury, the Albinese, and the dwarf. They then placed their patient upon an apology for a bed in the corner of the room, and proceeded to ascertain what had befallen her.

It appeared that she had been dancing on the tight rope as a "Swiss gleaner," or something of the kind, at one of the inferior musical taverns of the neighbourhood; and the rope, not having been firmly secured by the pulley, had slipped, and thrown her upon the floor, giving her foot a severe wrench. She was unable to stand, and her face assumed an expression of acute pain, ill disguised by the coarse rouge and powder covering her features, which, but for their jaded and anxious look, would have been perfectly beautiful.

Whilst the pink-eyed girl was divesting the sufferer of a few outer

portions of her tawdry, spangled dress, Johnson sat upon an old deal-box in the corner, and cast a glance round the room. From the slanting roof, it was evidently immediately beneath the tiles, and about ten feet square. A few bricks, divided by pieces of old iron-hooping, formed the fire-place; but the blackened front of the mantelpiece, and ceiling altogether, showed the smoke had a predilection for the interior of the apartment, instead of going up the chimney, in spite of the tattered piece of drapery nailed across the top of the aperture to improve the draught. A patched and ancient bed-curtain, which had once been blue-check, attached to a line, divided the room into two small portions. There was an old Dutch clock in one corner of the apartment, surmounted by a quaint little figure of a skeleton, which mowed away in unceasing unison with the beat of the pendulum; but, as the hands pertinaciously refused to move, except when they went occasionally a little backwards, the whole affair seemed in the situation of a favourite done-up horse, turned out for the rest of his life in a paddock, who having worked hard in his time, and being no longer useful, is allowed to go on as he likes, just for his own amusement. A few articles of stage-costume and jewellery were scattered about the room, and some worn-out slippers, edged with tarnished lace, were lying upon the floor.

"Well, now we'll see the foot," said Johnson kindly, as he approached the bed.

"I hope you're not going to cut me, sir?" said the dancer, entertaining the common opinion of the lower orders, that no operation can be accomplished without knives.

"No, no; you need not alarm yourself," replied Johnson, grasping the foot, and moving it in different directions. We have said that he knew something of surgery, and the examination sufficed to show him that no bones were broken. But he kept up the importance of his assumed profession, and, turning round to his friend, said, "Now, Mr. Ledbury, have the kindness to look at this. I think you will agree with me that there is no fracture."

For a wonder, Ledbury perceived his drift, and, pretending to examine the joint, although with much trepidation, returned a satisfactory answer.

"It is a bad sprain," continued Johnson, "and will require rest. Have you any rags, for some pads and a bandage?" he asked of the Albinese.

The pink-eyed girl didn't know—she was not quite sure—the children did take everything so,—and she had only been saying that morning that they shouldn't do so. Last week she had plenty,—more than she knew what to do with; but now she hadn't any."

The dwarf, who had been silently watching the whole of the scene with great interest, went outside the door, and communicated with the man on the landing. The result of the conference was an agreement to rob the heads of Courvoisier and Oliver Cromwell of their contents; and, the plan being adopted, a quantity of rags was the result, which Johnson soaked in some vinegar, and applied with praiseworthy adroitness.

"How long do you think it will be before my sister can dance again, sir?" asked the dwarf.

"Is this your sister?" exclaimed Johnson, somewhat amazed to think that so small a man could have so well-formed a relation.

"She is indeed, sir,—by the same mother," replied the dwarf, as he clasped one or two of her fingers in his tiny hand.

"She must not think of moving just yet," said Johnson, not knowing exactly what space of time to mention.

"It is a bad job both for Madame Angelique and myself," said the girl despondingly.

"And who is Madame Angelique?" inquired Jack.

"She dances the double dance with me, sir, that earns us most money," said the girl. "She cannot do it by herself."

"Tilly Davis could learn it very soon, I 'm sure," said the dwarf, most probably alluding to another *artiste*; "but I don't know where she 's gone, since she quarrelled with the Chinese Gladiator at Croydon Fair."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the pink-eyed girl, "if she is one of the Styrian Stunners at the Albert Pavilion. You can see to-morrow."

This appeared to be a great triumph of suggestion, from the manner in which it was received by the girl and her friends. And now, upon the patient's declaring that she felt much easier, Johnson and Ledbury prepared to take their departure, having promised, with grave looks, to call and see how the foot was going on the next day. And then, leaving the Albinese with her, they went down stairs to the room they had quitted at the time of the accident, lighted by the dwarf, who carried an emaciated candle stuck in an old inkstand, so yellow and thin, that it appeared to have suffered from jaundice for some time.

The policeman having been treated to a glass of gin, went away, having first engaged to call upon Johnson the next morning, who promised to procure him an out-door patient's order for one of the hospitals, to cure a bad cough from which he suffered; the man having applied to him, believing him to be a surgeon, and receiving no benefit from the medical man attached to the force.

"I beg you 'll be seated, gentlemen," said the dwarf, as they entered the show-room, now quite deserted. "I have nothing to offer but a glass of whisky, which I hope you will do me the favour to taste."

There was such an appearance of gratitude, and anxiety to evince it, in the little man's manner, that Ledbury and his companion seated themselves at the fire-place, and accepted the proffered refreshment.

"That is very fine," said Johnson, as he drank off the contents of a wine-glass without a stem, and handed it to Ledbury.

"It is very good, I believe, sir," answered the dwarf. "I had an Irishman in my exhibition once, who was the Wild Malay. We were very good friends, and sometimes he sends me some."

"You are master, then, of this establishment?" asked Ledbury, with as staid a politeness as a fit of coughing, brought on by the whisky, would permit.

"I am, sir," returned the little man. "It is very hard work, though; and my health is not very good. I have sung my song four-and-twenty times in a day, when I could hardly hold my head up. Once I used to wince under the coarse jokes of the spectators at my figure; but I do not mind them now."

"Does your sister belong to the show as well?" inquired Johnson.

"She did, until about a twelvemonth ago, sir," replied the dwarf, as his voice fell, "and then she left me for a time. Poor thing!

poor thing!—I believe him to have been a villain, although she was very fond of him. But she has suffered for it!"

There was something very touching in the mannekin's voice as he uttered these words. Johnson, with ready tact, immediately turned the conversation, fully sorry that he had led up to it. They sat some little time longer, much amused at the intelligence and conversation of their small host; and then, wishing him good night, took their leave, promising to return.

"It is very strange," said Johnson to Ledbury, when they gained the street, "that all this should have happened. I know that girl's face as well as I know yours, and I thought that once or twice she regarded me very strangely. Where can we have met?"

"I would not trouble myself to find it out," said Ledbury. "Those things always come upon you all at once, and so will this. In the meantime let us hunt up some more amusement."

CHAPTER XVI.

Of the diverting manner in which Mr. Ledbury concluded the evening.

After a variety of minor adventures, not of sufficient importance for us to chronicle, although highly interesting to the parties concerned, our friends found themselves, about midnight, in the neighbourhood of the theatres. Crossing over in the direction of Covent Garden Market, and enlivening the journey by occasional banterings with the basket-women, in which, it must be confessed, they generally got the worst of it, they entered Maiden Lane. Lingering an instant over the kitchen-grating of the Cyder cellars, in contemplation of the large fire, and affectionate admiration of the viands there displayed, they went down one flight of stairs, and up another, until they stood at the entrance of the supper-room.

"Now, then, Leddy, go a-head!" said Johnson, giving his friend a push.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," interrupted the waiter at the door, placing himself in their way; "song 's going on."

"Well, let it go on, if it likes," said Johnson; "I don't want to stop it."

"No, sir," replied the waiter, in a vague negative; "only it interrupts the harmony."

In the course of two minutes, an unusual excitement in singing the chorus proclaimed that the "harmony" was about to finish.

"Is this your first visit here?" asked Jack of Ledbury, to which he received an answer in the affirmative.

"Very well, then," he continued, "they will be sure to applaud you, as a welcome, when you enter; so be prepared."

In another instant the song concluded; and, as Jack seized Ledbury by the hand, and led him into the room, the burst of applause commenced, meant, of course, for the singer. But Mr. Ledbury took it to himself, and, removing his hat, as he would have done in a French *café*, smiled very amicably, and kept bowing on either side with much grace, all the way to the top of the room, to the great admiration of the spectators; and at last he took his seat, amidst the jingling of stout-glasses, the cries of "*encore*," the shouts for "waiter," and the concussions of pewter-goes upon the table. The room had just filled from the theatres, and the usual bustle was in full

play. There were a great many guests walking into poached eggs and roast-potatoes, as if they had eaten nothing for a month; and a great many others smoking and drinking grog, and some talking, and others asleep, so that altogether there was a large company.

"This is a gratifying sight, indeed, Jack!" said Mr. Ledbury, rubbing his hands with glee, and feeling considerably better for a pint of stout. "What a noble room!"

"And noble company, too," replied Johnson, getting wicked. "You would not credit the number of great people who come here."

"Law! Point out some of them to me," said Ledbury.

"Do you see that gentleman in the white Chesterfield, with the green shawl, and his hat on one side, sitting by the third pillar? Well, that's Sir Robert Peel."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Ledbury, rising, to get a better view of the gentleman. "And who are those two next to him?"

"Why, I think they are Count Kielmansegge and Baron Bjornstjerna."

"Who?" asked Mr. Ledbury, somewhat confounded.

"Don't ask me again," said Johnson; "they are troublesome names to pronounce. They are the Hanoverian and Swedish ambassadors."

"I suppose Prince Albert never comes?" observed Ledbury.

"I think not," said Johnson, sinking his voice, and speaking confidentially; "but I have seen Herr Von Joel here."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury, not liking to appear ignorant, and setting down the last-named person as a relative of the Prince.

A knock from the chairman's hammer on the table commanded silence for a song, which was immediately obeyed by everybody calling out "order!" at once. When quiet was obtained, the gentleman who did the comic melody sung a humorous song, at which Mr. Ledbury so laughed, that his joyous hilarity was the admiration of everybody near him. There were one or two points in the song at which very staid people might have taken a slight exception; but it told very well in the present company, and was followed up by enthusiastic cries of "*encore!*"—a word implying a wish to hear anything over again, which the singer attended to by trolling out an entirely different one.

Thus things went on, and, aided by grog and excitement, Mr. Ledbury's mirth became fast and furious. He was in ecstasies. He laughed at the comic songs, applauded the sentimental ones, slapped Jack Johnson on the back, and once even attempted to make a pun; but this was not until after the second go of brandy. At last Jack reminded him that it was getting late, and he had a long way to go home.

"Home!" said Mr. Ledbury; "never mind home! What's the use of going home? You can always go there, when you can go nowhere else."

And indeed he did not seem at all inclined to seek his paternal roof, until Johnson had used all his eloquence and influence to persuade him. But then, before he left, he insisted upon thanking the company publicly for their kind reception of him; and next he shook hands with all the singers, telling them how happy he was sure his father would be to see them all at Islington to stay a fort-

night. Then he paid the like compliment to the waiters, and finally to Mr. Rhodes himself, thanking him for his hospitality, and assuring him that he had spent a very delightful evening.

Spirituous excitement does not receive much benefit from cold air, and, in consequence, Mr. Ledbury's vivacity increased when he got out of the room. As he really had a great distance before him, Johnson, who felt little inclined to go to bed, walked with him almost as far as Sadler's Wells' theatre, and then wishing him good-b'ye, and telling him to take care of himself, returned home. It was a fine frosty, moonlight night, and Titus remained for a little time gazing on the New River, between the iron rails, and allowed his thoughts to wander romantically to the happy days of his childhood when he fished therein, always buying his tackle at the adjacent shop, where there was a large stuffed perch in the window, about a foot and a half long, in the firm belief that he should catch nothing but similar ones. Having ruminated here for some little time, he pursued his journey towards the Angel; and when he arrived there, as he had not a very great distance further to go, he mechanically felt in his waistcoat pocket for his key. But how was he horrified to find it was not there! He searched all his pockets twice over; he took out his handkerchief, and shook it; he even looked in the lining of his hat; but all to no purpose—the key was gone! And now in an instant the sense of his situation broke upon him. He could not go home. They had, doubtless, all retired to bed early, fatigued from the preceding evening; and what would his father say if he disturbed the house at that unusual hour? Johnson, he knew, would have given him a bed; but he was at home by this time,—upwards of two miles off. It was so late, that the very inns were fast closed; he did not even see a policeman to make inquiries of; nor were any other persons about in the street that he chose to apply to. The nights were also the longest of the year, and he was very tired already, or he would have walked about until morning. In fact, he felt in a very awkward and uncomfortable plight, from which he saw at present no chance of escape.

But oftentimes, when everything around us assumes its darkest form, a light will break in from a quarter whence it was least of all expected; and so it proved in the present instance. It will be hardly necessary to inform our readers, that High Street, Islington, where Mr. Ledbury now found himself, is an airy and imposing thoroughfare, intersected by a colossal turnpike, and bordered with broad footpaths and trees. The intelligent and enterprising tradesmen of this locality have the custom of placing their wares for show on the broad space in front of their houses, and emblazoning their names and callings on standards there erected. Now one of these good people—a cunning worker in metals—had caused a huge slipper-bath to be fixed against a tree in front of his house, about ten feet from the ground, possibly for the purpose of advertising the passers-by that he kept such articles for sale or hire. We believe this may be seen at the present hour.

Driven to desperation by circumstances, Mr. Ledbury resolved, as the bath caught his eye, to make it his lodging for the night, to which end it seemed very well adapted. At another time he would have thought himself in the last stage of insanity to have even dreamt of such a proceeding; but now the plan appeared very fea-

sible, and by no means to be disapproved of. Making a rapid survey up and down the street, to see that he was unobserved, he took off his rough coat, and pitched it up on to the bath; and then ascended himself, by means of certain large nails and hooks, which the curious observer may still perceive driven into the trunk of the tree. Having ascertained, to his satisfaction, that the bath would bear his weight, he let himself gently into it; and, pulling his coat over his shoulders, was in five minutes perfectly settled and comfortable, delighted at his enterprising spirit, and feeling a thrill of excitement from his novel position.

For a time he employed his mental powers in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies; and then, his love of harmony once more gaining the ascendant, he indulged in a few snatches of songs, commencing with "I 'll watch for thee from my lonely tower," as the most appropriate. But he had not sung above half a dozen, when a policeman of the N division, parading down High Street in his beat, and holding his lantern successively to the keyholes, as if he expected to find a thief getting through them, was struck by sounds of harmony, proceeding evidently from some elevated situation close at hand. His first impulse was to look up to the houses; but, as the middle of January is a strange time for people to sing with open windows at three in the morning, he found no solution of the mystery. Then he looked up the trees, and amongst some tubs piled at their feet, but nobody was there; and he was giving up the search, and going away, when a sudden burst of melody once more attracted his attention; and, looking round, he perceived, in strong relief against the moon, what eventually turned out to be Mr. Ledbury's conical French hat showing above the rim of the bath, and rocking backwards and forwards in time to the song he was giving forth.

"Halloo there!" shouted the policeman, as he advanced to the foot of the tree. "Who are you?"

Mr. Ledbury's song immediately ceased, and his head peeped over the top of his tin bed-room.

"Come, I 'll trouble you to walk a short distance with me," continued 135 N.

"I don't want your company," said Mr. Ledbury, rather haughtily. "I am not in the habit of associating with policemen."

"Now, are you coming?" repeated the policeman, getting impatient.

"No," replied Ledbury, "I am not; and I 'won't go home till morning, until daylight does appear.'"

"Where is your home, then?" asked the policeman.

"Mr. Ledbury's, you know: you were at the door last evening. So go away and leave me; 'for it 's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year,' to sleep where I choose. It 's a wager."

The man immediately recognised his intended prisoner, and, seeing it was all right, and that he was not a burglar, directly altered his tone, coming to the conclusion that Mr. Ledbury was a little flighty.

"You must find it very cold, sir," said N; "I think you had better come down."

"Cold!" said Ledbury, still harmonious; "not at all: it 's the 'warmth of its December, and the smiles of its July.'"

"There 's a fire at the station-house," observed the policeman, holding out an inducement for Titus to descend.

"Now, don't worry me, there 's a good fellow!" replied Mr. Ledbury. "I 'm very well here, and mean to stay. Leave me alone, and call me at seven o'clock, if I am not down."

Seeing that the gentleman was determined, and not exactly making out how he could be got down, if he did not choose to descend himself, the policeman walked away. But he kept watch still over the bath and its contents, returning at short intervals, to see that all was right. At two or three visits Mr. Ledbury was still singing; but at length he became tired, and, pulling his coat all over the top of the bath, covered himself in, and, it is presumed, went into a doze. And when the first grey light of morning crept over the district, before the crowd of passengers had commenced, he came cautiously down, and returned to his home. The servants were just up, so that he had no occasion to disturb the household; only telling them not to say anything about his entrance, he walked quietly up to his own room, and, undressing himself, got into bed,—his brain being still a little confused, although he was pleased to see the key of the door on the dressing-table, whence he had forgotten to take it the evening before.

CHAPTER XVII.

The encampment in Burnham Beeches.

If the reader wished us to point out to him one of the loveliest pictures of rural scenery in our leafy England, so tranquil and secluded, and yet comparatively so small a distance from an important and bustling highway, that any one wishing to live the life of a convivial anchorite could therein combine his retirement with every novelty or luxury that the great world could offer, we would conduct him into the centre of a finely-wooded district in Buckinghamshire. Its goodly trees may be perceived by the traveller on the Great Western Railway, after he has passed the Slough station, on the headland to the right of the line between Farnham Common and Dropmore, and it is known as Burnham Beeches.

The tract of land, broken and irregular, is thickly covered with the trees from which it takes its name, presenting some of the finest and most picturesque specimens of forest scenery in the kingdom. Long shady avenues of velvet turf, spangled with daisies, and teeming with quivering harebells, which ever and anon ring out their soft music to the fairies who ride by on the passing zephyr, — for, after all, we cannot believe that the fairies have entirely gone away from us, — pierce the green-wood in every direction; now as small footpaths, climbing up the side, and running along the edge of some forsaken and precipitous gravel-pit; and now plunging into the depths of the forest, apart from the beaten track, amidst coverts of fern and underwood, until they widen into fair glades. These are bordered on either side by the gnarled and misshapen bolls of trees, venerable in their garniture of hoary lichen, whose moss-covered and distorted trunks, far above the ground, offer natural and luxurious settles to the visitor, and induce him to rest awhile, as he lingers with a sense of intense pleasure so exquisite that it almost amounts to pain, upon the deep tranquillity and loveliness around him. And many changes have those old trees seen, during the cen-

turies of smiling summers and stern winters that have rolled their sunshine and shadow over their venerable head-tops: they have budded and put on their foliage when the chimes of Burnham Abbey called the villagers to the *compline*, and the low chaunt of Saxon prayer floated on the breeze towards them; they will still put forth their verdure when the very recollection of those who now loiter in their shade shall have passed away. The remembrance of the calm seclusion of Burnham Beeches, when once visited, will never be banished from the mind of the traveller, but come back fresh and green upon his heart, after many years of worldly toil and harassing existence, and cheer his pilgrimage, by awakening every old and pleasant association connected with the time when all was fair and peaceful as the surrounding prospect.

But at the exact period of our story few of these attributes were visible, for it was towards the end of January; whilst a heavy snow lay upon the ground, and was still falling, from which the huge stems of the trees started up like spectres, black and fantastic from the contrast. Everything was wrapped in the dead silence of the country, broken only by the occasional report of a gun, sharp and clear, in the freezing air, which echoed for a few seconds through the woodland, and then died away; or the fall of small heaps of snow, disturbed from their equilibrium by the perching of some intrusive sparrow restless with hunger, and tumbling through the crisp and naked branches of the trees. Even the waggons and horses, with muffled wheels and feet, went noiselessly across the common, pulling up the snow after them, and leaving marks like those we see upon removing the ornaments of a twelfth-cake,—the only evidences of sound which they gave out being the creaking and straining of the wheels as they lumbered over the heavy ground, or the flick of the driver's whip.

Along one of the principal avenues of the beeches, about the middle of the day, any one who had chosen to take his station there at such an uninviting time, and keep an attentive look-out, might have seen a solitary pedestrian trying to make what way he might towards the centre of the wood. Had he been previously acquainted with the person, he would probably have recognised Spriggy Smithers—the gentleman in ankle-jacks, the acquaintance of Jack Johnson, who, it may be recollected, assisted him in building the temporary supper-room on the morning of the party at Ledbury's. We say he would, probably, have recognised our friend, because he might have been readily pardoned for not perceiving at first who it really was, Spriggy having swaddled himself up in so many old worsted-comforters about his neck, and haybands round his feet and legs, as to destroy all leading traces of identity. His toilet was never very carefully made at the best of times; but now it was even more eccentric than ever; and he had mounted an additional ornament, in the shape of a red-cotton handkerchief tied round his hat, over the band,—for what exact purpose it is difficult to determine. An old game-bag, patched and mended with pieces of sacking, carpet, net, and whatever had come uppermost at the time it was required, was slung over his shoulder, offering certain evidence, from its outward appearance, of being well filled; and he carried a long staff in his hand, which had been, without doubt, pulled from some eligible spray-pile that had fallen in the line of his journey.

It was snowing hard, as we have stated; and the feathery particles seemed to have combined against Spriggy, and put all their inventive powers to the stretch, that they might render his progress as uncomfortable as possible. They had, evidently, made friends with the wind, who entered into the joke as well, and blew them into his eyes, whenever he opened them wider than usual, or lifted up his face, until they made him wince again. Then they waited for him in sly corners at the tops of avenues, and when he came by they all scuffled out at once, and tumbled and whiffled about his head, the more desperate getting into his ears, and violently rushing down his neck; but by the time he put up his hand to catch them, they had all vanished away. The idler flakes did not personally insult him, but settled gently upon his hat, as well as the perfect absence of nap would allow them to remain there; and contented themselves with being carried a little way for nothing, when they quietly disappeared, and were seen no more.

But, in spite of these intrusive annoyances, Spriggy still kept on his journey, occasionally turning off along a by-track, whose situation beneath the deep snow could be ascertained only by some peculiar briar or hornbeam in its vicinity; all of which were, however, as well known to him as our various coast landmarks to a channel-pilot. It was heavy walking, to be sure, and there was not a trace left by previous travellers to guide him, for the snow kept falling so thickly that even his own footmarks were soon obliterated, and all was as dazzling and level as before. But he had, as he termed it, put the steam on; which process was accomplished by lighting a short pipe; and, setting the snow at defiance, he crunched his way still deeper into the wood, until a sudden turn round a thicket of holly, yew, and other evergreens, brought him to the end of his walk.

The spot at which he now arrived was situated on the side of a small, but steep declivity; part of which had given way in a landslip, forming the hill, as it were, into two large steps. Upon this platform, and against the embankment above, a large, rude tent, had been constructed of poles and ragged canvass, apparently the remnants of some ancient race-course or fair drinking-booth. Before it the greater part of the snow had been swept away, and two fires lighted, round which a large party of individuals were gathered, more or less disreputable: several having the costume and expression of real gipsies, but the majority evidently belonging to that anomalous class of perambulating manufacturers known as "tramps." A couple of tilted carts with chimneys were stationed near the tent, in one of which a fire was also burning, and to these were attached bundles of the thick sticks used to throw at snuff-boxes, as well as poles for building stalls; and one of them also carried a light deal table, with three legs, from which an ingenious observer might have inferred that some of the party were versed in the necromantic mysteries of the pea-and-thimble. A pile of fire-wood had been collected, and stacked up close at hand; and lower down the slope, in a decayed cow-shed, two miserable horses and a donkey were mumbling such scanty fodder as their owners could procure for them.

"Well, my beans,—here we is," said Spriggy, announcing his own arrival, which was perfectly unnecessary, to judge from the cordial manner in which he was received. "How's the times?"

"Brickish," replied one of the party, showing a small bit of wool to the new comer. "Cooper took something in that line the night afore last from a farm t'other side the Splash."

"Cut up?" inquired Spriggy.

"Safe," replied the man, pointing to the large saucepan which was slung over one of the fires. "What have you brought?"

With an air of anticipated triumph, Spriggy unslung the game-bag he was carrying, and, shooting out a quantity of vegetables, at last produced a very fine jack, of some ten or twelve pounds' weight.

"There's a jockey!" he exclaimed admiringly. "I took a pair of 'em with trimmers in Squire Who-is-it's fleet last night, and sold one to him this morning. Wouldn't the guv'nor swear neither if he know'd it!"

Whereupon, chuckling at his deception, in that hearty spirit ever displayed by the lower orders when they impose upon their superiors, Spriggy was attacked with such a fit of coughing, aggravated by the combined influence of night-air and mountain-dew, that it was found necessary to produce some cordial from a flat stone bottle in possession of one of the party, to bring him round again; and, after a tolerable draught of its contents, poured into a small pipkin without a handle, he felt considerably relieved.

"And now to business," he observed, as soon as he recovered his breath. "Is the Londoner still here?"

The man nodded his head, and pointed towards the cart.

"He's got into rayther a okkard fix, then," continued Spriggy. "I've walked ten blessed miles this very morning to get him away, for there's no time to be lost."

"Are the beaks fly?" asked the man.

"Downy as goslins," returned Smithers. "They're coming here all in a lump, you may depend upon it, and won't do you much good if you ain't careful. How about that mutton?"

"All right," replied the tramp. "The snow hides it, and it will keep for ever if the frost lasts. But look sharp, if the young un is to be got off; for them rails is terrible things for quick journeys."

Following his advice, Spriggy went towards the cart, from whose chimney the smoke was ascending, and knocked at the door, which was fastened on the inner side. It was opened by Edward Morris,—the cousin to whom Jack Johnson had paid the visit in St. Giles', the night of his arrival in London. We have learned already that he had left the cellar; and he had now joined the present party, with one or two of whom he became acquainted in his late domicile, in the hope of remaining safely in the refuge which their encampment offered, from the vigilance of the London police.

One of those delusive changes—the occasional supposed ameliorations which form, to the professional eye, the most distressing evidence of confirmed pthisis—had somewhat improved his appearance since the interview in St. Giles. But his eye was brighter, his lips more vividly tinted; and the same self-satisfied conviction that he was quickly recovering from his "slight cough," only went to prove how the blighting canker was still rapidly, though silently, at work within. As Smithers informed him in a few words that his retreat was suspected, he betrayed some slight emotion; but immediately afterwards assumed his customary indifference as he calmly inquired of his visitor what course was best to pursue.

"I reckon you are not much of a hand at walking now you are bad?" said Spriggy; "and yet, there are four or five miles of snow to be trudged through this afternoon, if you wish to get away!"

"Why should I not walk?" asked Morris hastily. "I am strong enough now to go any distance."

"I only want you to go as far as Eton Brocas," returned Spriggy. "I've got a skiff lying there that will soon take us to my place at Penton Hook. The river's as full as a tick, and will carry us down in no time of itself; but we haven't a minute to lose."

"I will be with you directly," said Morris; "as soon as I have collected these few things. Tell them to keep awake, in case of any pursuit; and, of course, not to know anything about it. Do you hear?"

"All right!" replied Smithers, clapping his hand against his open mouth, intending to intimate by the pantomime that they would be silent.

Then, going back to his friends, he made a hasty, but very satisfactory meal, whilst Morris was preparing for his departure. The whole business, rapidly transacted as it had been, scarcely seemed to disturb the economy of the camp in the slightest degree. Possibly they were accustomed to such scenes, for they took no notice of what was going on, although by this time all of them were perfectly aware of the circumstances; their only care being, apparently, directed to putting their social establishment in order, and disposing of such objects as might give rise to any unpleasant arguments with the expected police as to right of possession, or lawful acquisition; and, when this was done, they set to work in their tent, making clothes'-pegs and door-mats, with an alacrity that would have led any one to believe he was visiting a most industrious community of hard-working individuals.

In a quarter of an hour from the commencement of this hurried interview all was arranged, and Spriggy, re-lighting his pipe, led the way, having put the parcel of the other into his empty game-bag, followed by Morris, to whom he had given his staff as an assistance. The gipsies watched their forms until they were lost in the copse of evergreens, and then resumed their wonted occupations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The flight of Johnson and Morris at Savory's Weir.

The policeman for whom Jack Johnson had promised to procure the outpatient's ticket to the hospital, presented himself at that gentleman's lodgings the next morning, some little time before the appointed hour. He apologised for so doing by informing Jack that he had received orders, in company with others of the force, to proceed that very day to the country, in pursuit of a young man charged with felony, who was supposed to be concealed in the neighbourhood. It is needless to state that Johnson's suspicions were immediately aroused as to the object of the search; but, assuming an indifference as well as he was able, he contrived not only to learn that it was indeed Morris they were in search of, but also to worm out a description of the locality in which they expected to find him.

Informed of the danger that threatened his cousin by this singular chance, as soon as the officer had departed he began to consider by what means it was possible to avert the impending evil; and, after half an hour of anxious thought, he determined upon leaving town without delay, and endeavouring to give Morris timely notice of the pursuit by arriving at the Beeches before the police, should he be fortunate enough to get the start of them. He, therefore, lost no time in proceeding to the railway; but had the mortification of finding that one of the trains had left scarcely a minute before he arrived at the terminus, involving a delay of two hours: and, to add to his dismay, he learnt from one of the guards, after a few indirect inquiries, that several police-officers were included amongst the passengers. Under the present circumstances this was most unfortunate, as there was no resource left except to wait until the next departure. At length, after two hours—which appeared multiplied into half-a-dozen — of harassing suspense, Johnson took his seat in the train, and set off, as fast as steam could take him, for the Slough station.

There was yet some little daylight before him when he arrived at the end of his journey; and the fall of snow had ceased for a time, although the sky still looked threatening. He immediately went to the hotel, and procured a horse, thinking that he should travel quicker by that means; at the same time he was anxious not to be embarrassed by the company of another person. Whilst the animal was being saddled he got all the information he wished respecting his route to the Beeches from the ostler; and also found out that the officers had not long departed, having waited some time at the inn "to keep out the cold." This information induced him to use more haste; so that, in three-quarters of an hour from his leaving Paddington he was riding in the direction of Farnham Common, across the uplands, as fast as the state of the roads would permit.

As he arrived at the less-frequented lanes and bridle-paths, he plainly made out the traces of the party who had preceded him, as well as some prints of horse-shoes, from which he conceived that they had procured the assistance of the local horse-patrol as guides. He inquired of every person he met how long the police had passed? and from every one received the reply, that they were about twenty minutes ahead of him; but were not using very great speed, in consequence of one or two of them being upon foot. There was but a slender chance, he knew, of reaching Morris before them; more especially as they were in advance: but still, the chance was worth pushing for, and he determined at all hazards to ride on at a quickened pace, and pass the officers as a casual traveller. He therefore took advantage of a favourable piece of road to increase his speed, and soon reached the borders of the common at a sharp trot.

A shepherd was standing, with his dog, at the gate of a field which he now came to, and he pulled up for a minute to ask which road he should take; for several thoroughfares crossed one another at this point, and the footmarks were lost amidst many others.

"Are you along of them patrols?" asked the rustic.

Johnson hesitated for an instant; and then thought it best to answer in the affirmative.

"I seed them go up the hill, nigh half an hour back," continued the rustic; "they're after a poacher in the Shaw—ain't 'em!"

"Yes—yes!" answered Johnson impatiently, "I think they are; but, which is the nearest way?"

"Why, if you likes to come over this field," said the man; "and through that gap at the end, you 'll cut off two mile or more."

"That will do!" cried Johnson; "and there 's a shilling for you!"

"Thank ye, sir!" answered the man, touching his hat, and apparently overcome by the munificence of the present. "You 'll just put up the hurdle again when you 've got through."

"All right!" exclaimed the other; and, setting off again, he was soon at the end of the field.

Skirting the copse all the way, he passed through the gap, as directed; and then, crossing another long meadow, he pushed down the hurdles, without caring to replace them, and entered one of the avenues of the Beeches. Fortunately, whilst he was deliberating which direction to proceed in, an urchin came up, with a bundle of dry brushwood; and, finding that he was going to the very spot, forming in himself a small member of the gipsy community, Johnson stimulated him to a little increased action by the promise of a few pence; and, starting the boy to run before him, he followed as closely as he could, without riding him down. They traversed several thickets, in some of which the branches hung so low that Johnson was compelled to stoop completely forward, until his head touched the horse's neck. At length, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the fire of the encampment shining through the trees of the Shaw in intermitting flashes.

The whole party of gipsies, and their associates, were apparently in great confusion when Johnson arrived; and one or two approached him, when they saw that he was alone, with countenances expressive of anything but courtesy or polite reception. But, luckily, the man who had conversed with Spriggy Smithers in the morning was amongst them, and he directly recognised Johnson as a friend of Morris, having been in the St. Giles's cellar on the evening when the former called. He immediately explained to him what had occurred, producing no little alarm in our hero's mind when he told him that he was too late after all, for that the police had been there already; in fact, it was singular enough he did not meet them, as they had not left above ten minutes.

"And what has become of Morris?" inquired Johnson anxiously.

"Of the young man?" replied the other. "Oh! he 's all safe at present with Smithers; but I don't know how long he 'll be so."

The tramp here informed Johnson of his cousin's having left them with Spriggy in the morning; but added, that the police had gained intelligence of his flight, by some extraordinary means or another; for that, upon failing to discover their expected prisoner in the Shaw, he had heard them express their intention of going directly to Penton Hook, where Smithers resided.

"They 're uncommon crafty birds, them police," he concluded. "I think they 'd find a man in the middle of a hay-stack, when he wasn't there even."

"Would there be a chance of passing them?" asked Johnson.

"Like enough, like enough," returned the man. "It 's nine miles if it 's an inch; and they are sure to have a drain or two upon the journey."

"There is a hope yet, then," thought Jack; and, bestowing another trifling gratuity upon the man for his information, he turned his horse's head, and once more started upon his enterprise.

The wind howled mournfully through the naked branches of the copse, whilst the day was rapidly declining, as he quitted the Beeches, and gazed upon the dreary expanse of country before him which he had to traverse, in its one unbroken cloak of snow, now darkening in the cold wintery twilight. Large flakes, the indications of an approaching heavy fall, began to descend, and the drifts were in many spots so high, that the boundary of the road was scarcely perceptible. But, under the excitement of the position, Johnson urged his horse along a narrow lane, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the first fall, and, by dint of caution, and no small degree of courage,—for the snow in some places reached to his stirrups,—he passed the more exposed portion of the country, and arrived at the comparatively low grounds below East Burnham, where the road was somewhat clearer, and allowed him to progress for a trifling distance with tolerable speed. But this was of short duration; the drifts had again collected from the uplands, and when he reached the line of the railroad, which crossed the lane, he found the archway completely filled up with snow. This presented, at first sight, an insurmountable obstacle to any further advance. It was impossible to cross the line, or he would immediately have done so; for the embankment directly beyond the ox-rails that bounded it, rising up like a wall, precluded the possibility of clearing them by a leap; nor, indeed, would it have been practicable on level ground, from the quantity of snow on either side. There was but one chance left, and that was to ride right through it, trusting to its being a mere curtain. But the horse refused to charge it, as if it had been a solid mass, and turned sharp round each time Johnson approached it. At length he hit upon a new plan. Without descending from the saddle, he took out his handkerchief and tied it as a bandage over the animal's eyes; then, applying the whip pretty vigorously, urged him forward against it. The whole body of snow immediately crumbled down about him, and the horse, alarmed at the falling mass, made a violent plunge forward, which nearly threw Johnson from the saddle, but sufficed at the same time to clear the archway. The road to the leeward of the embankment was tolerably practicable; and, taking the handkerchief from the head of the horse who was snorting and quivering with fright, he rode on with little delay through Slough, and along the turnpike road to Eton.

As he reached Windsor bridge, and halted at the gate, he was much gratified to learn from the toll-keeper that the officers had not yet passed, and the lamps and animation of the town, as he slowly rode through its streets, somewhat reassured him; but, when he had passed it, the darkness seemed more apparent from the lights which he had quitted. Still he kept on his way, stopping only for ten minutes at the "Bells of Ouseley," to take some hurried refreshment, before he crossed Runnymede.

The distant bell of Egham church tolled the hour of six as he arrived at this extended waste, and it was now quite dark, scarcely a star appearing in the black sky. The river, too, had in some places overflowed the road, rendering the greatest caution necessary to distinguish between its depths and the firm ground, whilst the col-

lected snow began to ball in the horse's feet, rendering every step precarious. There was no alternative for Johnson but to get down, and walk at the head; and this he did with much difficulty and exertion, until he reached the causeway on the high road. Here there was very little snow, the sharp wind having carried it all away into the hollows as it fell; so, clearing out the shoes of his horse, he once more mounted, and the animal's hoofs rang sharply over the frozen ground towards Staines Bridge, the gas-lamps on which could now be seen about a mile off. After several inquiries, he learned the situation of Smithers' house;—indeed he could not well miss it, for they told him there was no other dwelling upon the road for two miles; and, turning off from the great road, at the foot of the bridge, he traversed another rough piece of country, and in twenty minutes more was shouting for entrance at the gate of Spriggy's almost amphibious habitation on the banks of the Thames.

After some little delay, the owner of the mansion made his appearance at the door, where he remained, imagining that the noise proceeded from some traveller who had lost his way — interruptions of this kind, on such an out-of-the-way road, being by no means unusual. But, as soon as he recognised Johnson's voice, he bustled forward, and assisted him to dismount, leading the horse round to a small shed at the side of the house; and then, with a few expressions of surprise at his unexpected appearance, ushered him into the interior of the cottage. Morris was smoking at the fireside, but he started up, as if alarmed, when Johnson entered; and, shading the light of the solitary candle from his eyes, gazed anxiously towards the door.

"Jack! is it only you?" he exclaimed, as soon as he knew it was his cousin. "Who would have dreamt of seeing you here at this time of night? I declare I thought it was the police."

And, with an attempt to force a laugh of indifference, he resumed his place on the settle of the hearth.

"Is this all you have to say to me, Morris?" returned Johnson, as he approached the fire-place. "I am sorry you do not think me worth a better welcome."

"Oh!—well, then, how d'ye do?—if that 's it," replied the other, carelessly, holding out his hand. "I 'm better, you see; my cold is quite gone; I told you that it was nothing. But what brings you here?"

"The police are after you; they have discovered your retreat."

"I know it," returned Morris; "but we have given them the slip, after all."

"You are deceived," returned Johnson, with an earnestness that checked his cousin's derisive laugh. "They are now in pursuit of you, and a few minutes may bring them to the gate."

"Oh! you must be mistaken. How could they have found out where I had gone to?"

"I know not; it suffices that they have done so, and are close upon my track."

As he spoke, a short, expressive whistle from Spriggy, who was stationed at the window, attracted their attention.

"Look!" he exclaimed, "if there isn't the bull's-eye lanterns coming down the lane, may I never set a night-line again. Up with the dead-lights, until we see what stuff they are made on!"

He closed up the window-shutter as he concluded this sentence, and a few seconds passed of anxious silence, so perfect, that nothing disturbed it but the quick, fevered respiration of Morris, which was painfully audible. Johnson held his breath, and compressed his lips between his teeth, until he had nearly bitten them through; whilst Smithers rapidly threw some water on the wood embers in the fire-place, extinguished the candle, and took up his position of sentinel at the door, having put up the bar, assuming an attitude of earnest watchfulness.

"Hush!" exclaimed the fisherman, after a short pause; "it's them, sure enough! Ah! werry good!—werry good!" he continued, as the party were heard calling out from the lane; "you must wait a bit! we're all gone to bed, and asleep."

"We are taken!" cried Morris, in accents of distress, now losing all his fortitude. "What can be done?"

"Get down to the river as fast as you can, by the back-door," answered Spriggy. "You'll find the punt lying there; and I'll keep 'em all right for five minutes; but you must lose no time."

Quickly collecting their outer articles of dress, they prepared to follow his advice. Johnson gave a few brief directions to Smithers respecting the horse; and then, catching up the lantern, which Spriggy had left on the floor, folded his coat round it, to conceal the light, and hurried towards the Thames, in company with his cousin. The punt was moored there, hauled a little way up the bank. Morris directly entered, and took his seat at the end, whilst Johnson pulled up the iron-spike that fastened the boat by a chain to the land; and, pushing it off with all the force he could collect, jumped on to it as it floated in the deep water.

The river, swollen with the floods, was rapid and powerful; and directly bore the punt away from the shore, whirling it round with ungovernable force in the eddies, and then bearing it at a fearful rate down the stream. But they had scarcely started when Johnson, to his horror, found that in their hurried departure they had forgotten to bring anything with them to guide it, and were, consequently, entirely at the mercy of the angry waters. In vain he endeavoured to arrest its progress with a few slight rods, pertaining to some fishing apparatus, that were lying in the boat; they snapped off like reeds. In vain he caught at the large rushes that danced and coquetted with the stream, as the punt occasionally neared the side of the river. They eluded his grasp, or were torn away from their stems as if they were pieces of thread. On, on went the boat in its headlong career; the rapidly-passing outlines of the bare and ghastly pollards on the river's bank proving how swift was their progress. And, now, for the first time, they heard a deep and continued roar, which increased each moment, as if they were quickly approaching its source. Neither could offer an explanation of the noise; and they remained in painful anxiety for some seconds, until Johnson, who was endeavouring to peer through the darkness, cried out,

"I can see the barge-piles of the lock! We shall be carried down the weir!"

THE TWO LIEUTENANTS.

A SKETCH OF THE YEAR 1628.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

"Revenge is a kind of wild justice. . . . . . A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well."—Bacon.

One evening in August, in the year 1628, the upper room of the tavern called "The Anchor," looking on Tower Hill, was filled with company, among which were several officers of foot, quartered in the Tower. Some of them had been drinking pretty freely, and their boisterous manners, hard swearing, and profane songs, seemed to be ill relished by half a dozen staid-looking citizens in one corner of the room. Among the officers was one who sat a little apart from the rest, and maintained a moody silence, taking no part in the revelry, though occasionally addressed by his military brethren with freedom, and by some with familiarity, especially by one who, like himself, wore the uniform of a lieutenant. This young man, of handsome features, and elegant figure, had exceeded his companions in his libations, and was talking and making more noise than any two of the company.

"Why, Jack!" cried he, addressing the silent officer, "honest Jack, what makes thee so moody, man? Cheer up, cheer up, my heart? What saith thy favourite, Flaccus?

——'non si malè nunc, et olim
Sic erit.'"

He to whom this remonstrance was addressed raised his downcast eyes for a moment, glanced reprovingly at the speaker, and then resumed his look of abstraction.

"Well," continued the young man, "if you *won't* take a leaf out o' your favourite, 'tis not my fault. I 've heard you say 'twas a good book for those out o' favour with Fortune. As for me, I 'll laugh at grizly Care, till he flee from me with the speed of Sir Tristram!—ha! ha! ha!"

"Silence! Sam Lovell!" cried one of the company; "or, if thou wilt be uproarious, prithee, give us a song; we can then turn thy noise to some profit."

"With all my heart!" replied the lieutenant. "What shall it be? 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid?'—or 'Greene Sleeves?'—or 'The Tanner of Tedbury?' It matters not to me; but first let me call for a cool tankard; this wine hath made my throat like an oven. What ho! drawer! bring me a tankard of ale, and look ye, sirrah, that it be well stirred with an icicle!"

While the drawer was gone on his errand, Lovell took his purse, and, probing it with his fore-finger, extracted a small silver coin, the only one left therein.

"There 's room for the Devil to dance in thee to-night," said he, as if talking to himself. "I must send thee to plead with my venerated uncle, Sir Timothy, who, I trow, will bestow on thee more curses than Caroluses. Well, never mind—'*La speranza è il pan de' poveri*,' as my little master o' fence hath it; and I have lived upon it often."

The ale was now brought, and he was about to raise the tankard to his lips, when he suddenly proffered it to his silent friend, who shook his head in token of refusal.

"Come, come, Jack," said he imploringly, "don't refuse to drink with thy old friend! It may be years before we meet again."

"I drink to thy good fortune, Sam," said the other, taking the tankard; then adding, in a low, subdued tone, "'tis the last I shall drink with thee, I ween!"

Lovell heeded not this remark; perhaps he did not hear it; and his brother officers now called for the promised song.

"You shall have it," said he, laughing, and finishing the ale. "The whistle being wetted, you shall hear it anon. Remember to join in the burden.

'’Twas in the piping time of June,
When Nature was in merry mood,
The sparrow chirp'd upon the thatch,
The jay was chattering in the wood,
And gossips at my birth did say
My life would be one holiday.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

'When boyhood came, I proved that they
Were right in this their prophecy;
I frolick'd all the live-long day,
None was so gay, so blithe as I;
And, free as Nature's child should be,
'Twas summer always then with me.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

'But, when to man's estate I came,
And Fortune looked no longer fair;
When old familiar friends grew shy,
Who whilom did my bounty share,
I quitted all, nor did I grieve
Such cold, unfeeling mates to leave.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy!
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

'They tell us of an ancient wight,
Who, laughing always, Care defied;
Then, let not such ensample be
By moping moderns e'er decried;
For laughing—take this truth from me—
's the sum of all philosophy.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy!
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!'"

"An excellent ditty!" cried the men of the sword. "'Twas surely made by thyself on thy mother's own son."

"A fitting stave for one who is on the high road to perdition!" charitably grunted one of the aforesaid puritan-looking citizens; but the observation, luckily for him, was not heard.

The silent lieutenant here rose, drew on his gloves, and was leaving the room.

"What! going, honest Jack!" exclaimed Lovell; "then I will bear thee company. Gentlemen! valiant cavaliers! give you good even!" And, taking the arm of his friend, he reeled out of the room.

"Sam!" sighed the elder of the two officers, as they got into the street, "thou art always merry. Oh! for the light heart I once had! It is nigh breaking now!"

Lovell stopped short, and, steadying himself by a post, which happened to be at hand, looked earnestly in his friend's face. "Why, what now?" said he, endeavouring to assume a serious air.

"The die is cast," continued the other; "my hopes are blighted; even that I cherished, is fled; the Duke threw my letter into the fire, with a curse upon the writer!"

"How know you this?"

"I have it from good report."

"Tush! I don't believe it! he will send for thee, some day, be assured."

"Never!" exclaimed his friend bitterly; "he is heartless and worthless, a hollow friend, a traitor to his country, a ——"

"Whist! whist, man!" interrupted Lovell, taking his arm, "these loiterers here may catch thy words, and bear them where they may work thee mischief."

"They can work no mischief on a desperate man!" observed the other despairingly.

"Nay—nay; despair is for cowards! and thou hast a stout heart. Pluck up a spirit, and come with me, and try thy luck with the dice this evening."

The elder officer smiled sarcastically.

"Why," said he, "if mine eyes deceived me not, I saw thee draw the last groat from thy purse!"

"Tut—tut!" replied Lovell, laughing; "they will take my word of honour. I shall stake my week's pay; which, thou knowest full well, is the goodly sum of fourteen shillings for a poor lieutenant of foot; and, if Fortune's my friend, why I may march away with as many broad pieces!"

"They will fleece thee!"

"Nay, good Jack! I shall fleece them! Come with me, man; and thou shalt see me sweep the board—come!"

"I will not come; they will make thee a beggar, like myself, who am bankrupt of hope and fortune!"

"Then good even to thee! I will call at thy lodging to-morrow," said the young lieutenant, and he strode away across Tower Hill.

His friend looked after him for a moment.

"Farewell!" he mentally ejaculated, "thou hast a kind heart and a high spirit; but the accursed vices of gambling and drinking cleave to thee like rank weeds around a noble plant! Farewell! we shall meet no more in this world!"

While the younger of the two officers reeled away to the gaming-table, the other sauntered moodily into Barking churchyard, and, entering the shop of a Jew, after a few minutes emerged from it

without his sword. He then crossed the hill, and entered the Tower.

Scarcely half an hour had worn away when the moody officer quitted the Tower by the postern-gate. With his hands folded behind him, and his eyes bent on the ground, he again crossed the hill, muttering to himself, and heeding nothing around him.

"The parliament are right!" soliloquised he; "his sentence is pronounced, but who dare execute it? who will strike the blow? who dare wag his tongue? who dare raise a finger against this favourite of Fortune? this rank fungus, raised in the hot-bed of a corrupt court?"

He ceased for a moment, and looked furtively around him, as if he suspected his musings might be overheard, and then continued:

"But, what said the preacher at St. Faith's? *'Every man in a good cause is both judge and executioner of sin!'* Yet, fool that I am! I have parted with my weapon! Lo! yonder is a fitting one for my purpose."

At the moment that he uttered this, his eye fell on a glass-case on the stall of a cutler, within which, among other instruments, was a knife, designed, as its shape denoted, more for some useful and peaceful purpose of every-day life than as a weapon of offence, the blade and handle together being scarcely twelve inches in length.

"Goodman cutler," said the officer, pointing with his finger to the knife, "I would fain know thy price for that misshapen tool yonder."

The shopkeeper, with a smirk, opened the glass-case, and taking out the object thus designated, carefully wiped the blade with his leather apron, and handed it to the querist.

"'Tis an excellent blade, sir!" said he, "fashioned from a morsel of Spanish steel, and might be stricken through an oaken panel without snapping."

"Ha! how know'st thou that?" asked the officer. "Know'st thou anything of steel beyond thy craft?"

"I know a Bilboa-blade from a Flemish tuck, sir," replied the cutler, drawing himself up to his full height, for he was somewhat doubled by age. "I served under the Lord Essex in Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's days, and have seen hard blows given, coming in for a share myself."

"Good! then I will take thy word for its quality. What hast thou the conscience to ask for it?"

"Sixteen pence, sir," was the reply. "I'll not bate a farthing, even to the Prince, or the great Duke himself."

A smile of dubious import illumined for a moment the rigid and sombre features of the customer; but they quickly relapsed into their former moody expression, while he drew from his purse, which appeared anything but plethoric, a shilling and a groat, which he threw down on the counter. He then pocketed the knife, and walked away.

The sun was rising in all his splendour, and the yellow corn waved to the gentle breath of a south wind, as a man of woe-begone aspect, in a thread-bare suit, of military cut, but without any weapon at his side, trudged wearily along the road leading to the town of

Portsmouth. He was well powdered with dust, and seemed foot-sore with walking. It was the moody lieutenant, who had purchased the knife at the cutler's shop on Tower Hill. A sudden turning in the road brought him in sight of a ruined cross, upon the steps of which he threw himself down to rest awhile. Half sitting, half reclining, he covered his face with his hands, and remained for some moments as if lost in contemplation. So completely insensible was he to everything around, that a thunderbolt might have fallen near and not aroused him from his fit of abstraction. Two countrymen, proceeding along the road with their team, passed a coarse joke upon the wayfarer; while a farmer's wife, as she trotted by, "supposed it was one o' the Duke o' Buckingham's people, who had strolled out, and got a leetle drap too much last night."

We have said that the weary man heeded nothing around; but, when the road was again clear, he raised himself from his recumbent posture, and looked vacantly about him.

"Shall I do it?" he muttered, "shall I send him, with all his sins upon him, into that dread presence?" Then, after a pause, "Pshaw! what means this trembling? Hath distress palsied my hand, and rendered me nerveless? I 'll up and be doing. Come forth, thou only remedy for so great an evil! thou scalpel, that shalt excise this great moral cancer! and, if thou art true to thine owner, thou shalt be honoured, ay, more than the sword of Arthur or Charlemagne!" He drew forth the knife from his bosom, and continued,—"Lo! on this monument of our forefathers' idolatry I 'll fit thee for the destruction of an idol, whose worshipers are more corrupt than those of Baal."

With these words, he proceeded to improve the point of the knife on the steps of the cross, which having accomplished, he placed it in his bosom, and, snatching up his walking-staff, walked towards the town.

Portsmouth was then, as it has been ever since, in time of war, a scene of bustle and preparation. The Duke of Buckingham was at his lodgings, and the fleet was on the point of sailing to the relief of Rochelle. As the travel-worn officer entered the town, the crowd around a certain house told him where the Duke was staying; and it was with no small surprise that he saw emerge from it his friend, Sam Lovell, gaily appareled, and with the flush of excitement and expectation on his cheek. Lovell did not see him, and proceeded towards the harbour with a joyous step.

"Ha! Sam!" sighed the lieutenant, "thy good looks and gallant bearing have done for thee what long service would have failed to procure."

People were every moment passing in and out of the house, and the new-comer had no difficulty in finding ingress. He had scarcely entered, when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the Duke, followed by Sir Thomas Friar, one of his colonels, descended into the passage.

"Farewell, my Lord Duke!" said Friar, bowing low.

"Farewell — farewell, honest Tom!" replied Buckingham, bending his tall and graceful figure, and embracing the colonel. He then attempted to draw aside the hangings which concealed the door of the parlour in which he was about to enter, when the intruder stepped forward, as if he would have performed this service; and with a single blow stabbed the Duke to the heart!

Not a word escaped the victim, who, with a gasp, drew the fatal weapon from the wound, and fell dead on the floor of the passage!

The consternation and tumult which followed this frightful deed may be imagined. Men were hieing in every direction in pursuit of the assassin, who, in the confusion, had walked away unmolested; the drums were beating, and the troops flew to arms. In the midst of the uproar, Lovell came running from the harbour, and with difficulty forced his way into the house. Directed by a violent uproar in the kitchen, he proceeded thither, and found it crammed with persons of all ranks; some of whom, with their swords drawn, were making passes at the assassin, who, though held and shaken by a dozen pair of hands, betrayed no fear of the impending danger.

With a feeling which he would have found it difficult to explain, but which, perhaps, originated in the very natural one that it would be unnecessary thus to dispatch a man already seized and disarmed, Lovell drew, and struck up the threatening weapons, one of which flew over the head of its owner, Stamford, a follower of the Duke, who had nearly accomplished his purpose; but, as he did so, his eye glanced at the prisoner. Dashing his own weapon to the ground, he cried, with bitter emphasis,

"Merciful heaven! FELTON!" Then wringing his hands, he added, in accents which made even the assassin start and shudder, "Oh, Jack! thou art damned for ever for this bloody deed!"

The sequel to this story need not be recapitulated; it is known to every reader of English history. The arrival of the homicide in London was greeted with acclamations by thousands of republican spirits, and his health was toasted in all the taverns—an indulgence which cost some of the drinkers their ears. Among these was Alexander Gill (the son of Dr. Gill, master of Saint Paul's School,) the tutor of Milton; who, on three charges, one of which was the drinking the health of Felton, was heavily fined by the Star-Chamber, and condemned to that barbarous punishment!

TO ELLEN.

BY ALEXANDER M'DOUGALL, ESQ., OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THOUGH thy bosom appear like the drifted snow,
There 's a heart that can cherish a flame below.
Thy hair has its "Cupids in ev'ry curl,"
And thy white, white teeth are like rows of pearl,
That shine in despite of thy coral lips;
And thine eyes are like stars in the moon's eclipse!

There 's a charm on thy cheek, with its crimson dye;
There 's a spell in the light of thy soft blue eye;
There 's a thrilling touch on thy finger's tip,
And a magic dew on thy rosy lip;
While a potent pow'r, which I gladly own,
Exists in thy voice, with its silver tone!

What joy is mine! when I fondly see
The light of thy glance shining down on me;
When thy fairy fingers I faintly press,
Or woo thy cheek with a soft caress;
While thy sweet voice, swell'd to its utmost stretch,
Cries "*What are you arter? Get out, you wretch!*"

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

Miss Frances Butler had been born to affluence. She was a lineal descendant from Wollaston, the author of "The Religion of Nature," and, consequently, nearly related to Dr. Wollaston, head-master of the Charter-house, and Dr. Wollaston, the great chemist, the discoverer of the metals, palladium and rhodium, and the method of rendering platina malleable. Her father, a private gentleman of landed property, usually resided at one of his estates near Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. He had two sons apprenticed at Birmingham. When they were out of their time, he was induced, with the view of bringing them forward in the world, to remove to Birmingham, and enter into trade as, what was then termed, a merchant, taking them, and another person acquainted with the business, into partnership. The extravagance of the former, and ill conduct of the latter, soon brought him into the Gazette. He stayed some time at Lichfield, and then repaired to London, where he shortly afterwards died. Miss Butler maintained her mother by working at millinery and embroidery. She was at length persuaded by some friend to try the stage, and made her first appearance at the Lewes theatre, on the 28th July, 1785, as Louisa Dudley, in "The West Indian." Osborne, the Lewes manager, subsequently obtained the Coventry theatre. Miss Butler, being there thrown among her father's old connexions, was much patronised at her benefit. She was afterwards engaged, at the particular instance of some respectable townspeople, at Birmingham, by the celebrated comedian, Yates,* the manager there; subsequently at Lichfield, where she received much kindness from Miss Seward, the distinguished poetess; and was favoured with a letter of introduction from Mr. George Garrick, brother to the Roscius, for the purpose of presenting a MS. play. When she had an opportunity of delivering the letter to Mr. Garrick, at his house in the Adelphi, that eminent man had retired from all interference with theatricals. He told Miss Butler that he had not recommended a play to the theatre since the appearance of Miss Hannah More's "Percy." He conversed with her for a considerable time, and with great affability. She had also an interview with Mr. Sheridan on the same subject. Her last removal was to the company of Messrs. Austin and Whitlock, where she met with Mr. Munden. In all these journeys, and during all her performances, she was accompanied by, and watched over with parental care, by

* Miss Butler called on Yates at his residence at Pimlico. The manager requested a specimen of her abilities. After she had recited a speech, Yates repeated the speech himself, commenting as he went on. On a sudden the folding-doors were burst open, and in rushed Mrs. Yates. She was one of the greatest of Mrs. Siddons' predecessors, and had been the rival of Mrs. Crawford. Turning to her husband, she said, in an angry tone, "What do you teach the young woman in that foolish way for? Listen, Miss; speak the speech as I pronounce it;" and, though then a coarse old woman, bedaubed with rouge, she delivered it with an energy, which proved that the latent fire of genius was not yet extinguished.

her mother. Munden was united in marriage to Miss Butler, at the parish church of St. Oswald, in Chester, on the 20th of October, 1789, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock. Whilst absent on the wedding excursion, Mrs. Munden's mother, from whom she had not been separated before for years, was suddenly taken ill at Chester, and died. Her affectionate daughter, in a diary of that date, bitterly laments that she was not present to close her eyes, terming herself "a bride and orphan within a month." After her marriage, Mrs. Munden quitted the stage.

By his wife, Munden had two children,—a boy, who died an infant, and is buried at Lancaster, and the writer of the present narrative. But Mrs. Munden, compassionating the helpless condition of her husband's illegitimate children, and the prospect of their being consigned to obscurity, not many years afterwards took them to her home, tended them in infancy like her own offspring, saw that they were properly educated, and, by her respectable sanction, elevated them to a station in society, through which two of the daughters formed happy and wealthy alliances in marriage. One of them, Alice, who died some years ago, was a lady of extreme beauty, and most amiable disposition. Valentine, the son, an ingenuous and brave young man, rose to the rank of chief mate in the East India Company's naval service. Although in a merchantman, he was three times in action. He ruptured a blood-vessel off St. Helena, whilst in the active discharge of his duty, in command of the vessel, during a gale of wind, — was landed on the island, and, dying soon afterwards, was followed to his grave by the military and naval officers on the station. No stone or monument marks the spot where his remains rest, though something of the kind might have been looked for at the hands of those connected with him by the ties of relationship. These children, of whom only one survives, testified a grateful sense of the obligations they were under to Mrs. Munden, with one exception.*

Returning to Chester, Munden, who had led hitherto rather a free life, now moored "in the calm haven of domestic bliss," settled down into quiet habits. The theatre was profitable, and he began to save money. He received great attention from the neighbouring gentry. Amongst other compliments paid to him, was an invitation from the late Earl Grosvenor to some private theatricals at Eaton Hall. He used to describe these performances as ludicrous in the extreme. The noble actors and actresses, accustomed to tread in drawing-rooms with perfect ease, no sooner found themselves on the stage than they were thoroughly embarrassed. They did not know what to do with their arms, and could not contrive to get off the stage without turning their backs to the audience. Even Lord Belgrave, (the present Marquis of Westminster,) then an elegant young man, in addressing the audience to apologise for a delay in the performance, occasioned by the detention of some of the aristocratical performers in a snow-storm, committed the *gaucherie* of commencing with "Gentlemen and ladies;" but Munden said he played very

* Truth obliges me to state that the exception is the survivor—a lady of fortune, who, when her benefactress was labouring under the affliction of blindness and extreme old age, (she was then above eighty,) neither visited nor inquired after her for some years previous to her death, nor sought her forgiveness in her dying moments!—T. S. M.

well, and was the only one that did. It is to be hoped that the theatricals at Bridgewater House are better managed; otherwise, Mrs. Bradshaw must be sadly confused. An illustrious personage is said to have inquired of one of the colleagues of an amiable and intelligent nobleman, who is fond of acting, "what sort of an actor he was?"—"A very bad one, madam," is the reported reply of the Minister; *ne sutor*, &c.

In 1790 died the "Inimitable Edwin," as he is called in the records of the times. Very little is preserved which can give us a notion of his peculiar qualities. A writer, who seems to understand his subject, describes him as "a thin, tidy, dollish kind of man, with a quizzical, drollish air. He acted a sort of fribble, a weak-headed dandy of those times. There was a quaintness about his manner which took possession of the town, although, in general, he played solely to the upper classes—the gallery." He must have been much better than this criticism describes; for few comedians ever carried the town so far with them as Edwin did. It is undoubted that he was one of the best comic singers that ever trod the stage. The subjoined original letter will show that he was not a man of much education or refined feeling.* He is said to have been as fond of raising the glass to his lips as Cooke was. The late Stephen Kemble once asked, rather jesuitically, if Cooke did not owe much of his celebrity to this vice, and his utter disdain of public opinion. There might be something in this insinuation. The crowds who flocked to see Richard the Third, and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, were always in doubt whether they should have value for the price of their admission; since it was an even chance that, before the curtain rose an apology would be made for Mr. Cooke, who was suffering under "violent spasms." This, unquestionably, created excitement, and rendered him a rarity, which his more regular rival, Kemble, was not. When he did appear, the rapture of the audience knew no bounds. In a similar way, Edwin, as is described by the writer before referred to, "was brought to the stage-door, senseless and motionless at the bottom of a chaise. Brandon was then called in as practising physician. If they could put on him the proper dress, and push him to the lamps, he rubbed his stupid eyes for a minute; consciousness and quaint humour awoke together, and he seemed to play the better for it." Be that as it may, the public thought Edwin a great actor; and great, without doubt, he was; for the public are seldom wrong.†

* "DEAR MARY,—I wrote to you by the post before dinner to-day, in answer to your letter of eleven o'clock this morning; but, fearing, as I wrote it in a hurry, I might say something to displease you, I write again, to request the favour of your company at Mrs. P.'s to-night to explain myself, and you may rest assured I will not say anything to displease you. I wish to explain myself entirely to you. I am not in the farce, and will go to Leicester Street as soon as I have finished in the play. Your letter has made me unhappy. Oh! dearest love! think how much I esteem and admire you. I would do everything for you. I love and adore you! my heart bleeds when I reflect on your displeasure, and can never be happy but in your smiles. Reflect on my truth and love; and be certain of my honour and my friendship. Do not be so easy to be offended. Come to me, and continue to love,

"EDWIN."

"Tuesday, six o'clock.

"To the only one that is lov'd by Edwin."

† The Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser for Friday, 26th Nov. 1790, contains the following

This huge void in the green-room it seemed impossible to fill. It happened that Mr. Const (the late chairman of the Clerkenwell Sessions,) who held a share in Covent Garden theatre, had a *liaison* with Miss Chapman, an actress respectable in her line. Miss Chapman having frequently played with Munden in the country, spoke warmly of his merits, and strongly pressed Mr. Const to engage Munden to supply the place of Edwin. Mr. Const wrote to the country-manager to offer him four, five, and six pounds per week; the answer, as reported in Mr. Bunn's book, is perfectly true: "I can't think of it, sir; it is too much—it is, indeed; I shall never be able to gain you as much." Miss Chapman's friendship went further. She remonstrated with her friend, and strongly urged that, to render the new actor of value to the theatre, he ought to have more; at least sufficient to entitle him to the *entrée* of the principal green-room. The salary, it is believed, was finally fixed at eight pounds per week. Munden came to London with his wife, having previously disposed of his share in the country theatres to Mr. Stephen Kemble. He took lodgings at the corner of Portugal Street, Clare Market — now a coal-shed. Here, again, Miss Chapman's foresight interposed. She called upon him on his arrival, and, looking round the rooms, said, "Munden, you must not live here; these lodgings are not sufficiently respectable for you." He, consequently, removed to Catherine Street, in the Strand, where he occupied apartments at the house of Mr. Steele, who was afterwards so barbarously murdered on Hounslow Heath.

Munden determined to "take the bull by the horns," as the phrase is, and at once to measure his strength with the memory of the defunct comedian in one of his best parts.* On entering upon

"LINES EXTEMPORE ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN.

"Here, master of the comic art,
Who ne'er in vain that art applied,
Lies Edwin ! finished now his part;
He gave but sorrow when he died.

"Failings he proved—the human lot,
Let Pity shed a kindly tear;
For, ah ! when these shall be forgot,
Shall Mirth hang drooping o'er his bier !

"Too late departed worth we prize,
To living merit oft unkind;
Regret exclaims, with sad surprise,
He has not left his like behind !"

The same newspaper contains an announcement underneath the Covent Garden bill, "On Thursday, Mr. Munden will make his first appearance on this stage, in the characters of Sir Francis Gripe and Jemmy Jumps, in the comedy of "The Busy Body," and the opera of "The Farmer."

* The annexed is a copy of the original play-bill:—

"Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

This present Thursday, December 2, 1790, will be presented a comedy, called

THE BUSY BODY.

Marplot, . Mr. Lewis. Sir George Airy, . Mr. Holman.
Sir Jealous Traffic, . Mr. Thompson. Charles Gripe, . Mr. Macready.
Whisper, . Mr. Bernard.
Sir Francis Gripe, . Mr. Munden (being his first appearance on this stage).
Isabinda, . Mrs. Mountain. Patch, . Mrs. Harlowe.

the stage he was received with much applause, which he bore with great presence of mind; but was for a moment disconcerted by observing an old Newcastle acquaintance in the centre of the pit, standing on the bench, waving, in the enthusiasm of the moment, his wig above his head, and bawling out "Bravo! Joe Munden!" This well-meaning person had a short time previously made his way to his dressing-room, whilst the new actor was dressing, in a state of nervous excitement; and, bursting in, addressed him in these terms, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder, by way of encouragement, "Now, Joey, my boy! show 'em what thee art, for the honour of Newcastle!" The success of the debutant is thus described by Mr. Boaden:—

"On December 2nd, 1790, Mr. Munden, an actor of great provincial celebrity, made his first bow at Covent Garden theatre, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe, in 'The Busy Body.' Since the days of Shuter nothing had been so rich, for Wilson was not a tythe of him; and his mind seemed teeming with every surprise of comic humour, which his features expressed by an incessant diversity of playful action, and his utterance conveyed in an articulation of much force and neatness. He was received by a very crowded house with triumphant applause; and, with the proper confidence of a great master of his art, he acted in the farce also, the facetious Jemmy Jumps. Here he felt some alarm, from the recent impression of poor Edwin; but he was above imitation, and played from himself so peculiarly and divertingly that he pleased even those who could not think him equal to Edwin; and, although the latter was a master in musical science, Munden sang the 'Fair-haired lassie' in a style so powerful as to show that burletta had gained in him nearly as much as comedy."

A more moderate criticism is given in the "Public Advertiser" of December 3rd, 1790:—"Covent Garden. Mr. Munden, a gentleman who had acquired much celebrity in many of the provincial theatres for his comic talents, yesterday made his first appearance in the character of Sir Francis Gripe, in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of 'The Busy Body,' and in Jemmy Jumps in 'The Farmer.'

"Mr. Munden evinced a considerable share of ability in Sir Francis Gripe; and, though labouring under the disadvantages of a muscular person, joined to a powerful voice, contrived to make a very favourable impression upon the audience. His conception of the character was correct; and he played in a style of chaste and dry humour, rather than with great force of comic colouring.

Scentwell, . Mrs. Platt.
Miranda, . Mrs. Pope (being her first appearance in that character).

End of the play, a dance, called
The Wapping Landlady.

To which will be added, the comic opera of

THE FARMER.

Jemmy Jumps, . Mr. Munden. Valentine, . Mr. Johnstone.
Rundy, . Mr. Blanchard. Dormant, . Mr. Hull.
Fairly, . Mr. Thompson. Farmer Stubble, . Mr. Powell.
Blackberry (first time), . Mr. Bannister.
Molly Maybush, . Mrs. Martyr. Louisa, . Mrs. Mountain.
Landlady, . Mrs. Platt. Betty Blackberry, . Mrs. Mattocks."

"Mr. Munden afterwards appeared in Jemmy Jumps. To follow the late Mr. Edwin with success extraordinary talents are requisite. This gentleman, considering the great drawback the name of his predecessor will have upon the performance of the person who succeeds him, made a very tolerable stand in the character. In some parts he reminded us strongly of the original, and in others he played from himself, and with deserved applause. His tavern-scene, in particular, was excellently acted.

"Upon the whole, we think this gentleman will prove an useful addition to the company, though we do not think his abilities of that very powerful nature which the sanguine reports of his friends had given us reason to expect. He was extremely well received by a most numerous and elegant audience."

Munden's success was, indeed, complete and immediate. The public and the critics were alike satisfied. Of the latter, Anthony Pasquin alone carped, and wrote an epigram, in the last line of which he asserted,

"He is neither the Quick nor the dead."*

The actors hailed him as a brother. The veteran comedian King, writing shortly afterwards to Mr. Austin, spoke of him in these terms:—"Munden is a great favourite with the public, and with me also; but they have given him a hint lately about *improving* Shakspeare in Dogberry."

Thus was the highest object attained which a provincial actor covets—to fill first-rate parts on the London boards, and to have his merits appreciated by the acknowledged criterion of English taste.

Munden found Mr. Quick in possession of the best parts, as was justly his due, from priority, admitted talent, and high favour with the public. At Covent Garden was, also, Wilson; at Drury Lane, King, Parsons, and Suett, fearful competitors to contend with: however, he

* Of course this allusion was to Quick and Edwin. Anthony Pasquin (or, as his real name was, John Williams,) was the most degraded of human beings. He wrote only for the purpose of extorting money, and defamed everything and everybody venerable in the land. He published the "Children of Thespis," a bad imitation of Churchill's "Rosciad," and gave to the world, from time to time, extracts from a MS. poem, entitled "The Kembliad," which he pretended to have written, no doubt, in the hope of forcing a bribe from Mr. Kemble for its suppression,—a hope which, assuredly, he did not realize. Mr. Adolphus states, that, after partaking of John Bannister's hospitality, he proceeded to some den in the neighbourhood to write a foul attack on him. He wrote to Mrs. Martyr, with a threat, for a set of shirts, and obtained them. He had the impudence to bring an action against Mr. Gifford for a libel on him in the "Baviad or the Mœviad," which alluded to "the rank fume of Tony Pasquin's brains;" but got so severely handled by Garrow, that he judged it expedient to proceed to the United States of America. Cobbett, who was there at the time, enacting Peter Porcupine, alludes, in language as coarse as the subject he treated of, to his arrival. "They tell me that dirty fellow, Anthony Pasquin, has come here. I have often heard say that people like their own stink, but I never heard they liked another's stink; so I trust they will drag him through the Hudson to make him clean, before they allow him to land," Williams afterwards returned to England, abused Sir Walter Scott and Edmund Kean, until the newspapers would have nothing to do with him. He died in a garret, near Tottenham-court Road. From Munden he never got a farthing, though he afterwards paid much court to him. It was Munden's habit never to reply to a newspaper attack. "If I do," he said, very sensibly, "I play into their hands, and raise a nest of hornets around me; if I do not, they'll fall upon somebody else to-morrow, and I shall be forgotten."

studied carefully, played what was set down for him, and lost no ground. It is a great mistake of actors to suppose that they derogate from their station in performing occasionally second-rate characters. In some instances there may be reasons for such a belief. Cooke used to remark that in playing Iago to John Kemble's Othello, he felt the difficulty of making a point. "It seemed to me," he said, "as if I were a snail, which, endeavouring to issue from its shell, finds a large stone impeding its progress." Without taking into account the great powers of his antagonist, and the disparity between the parts, it must be admitted by all who witnessed Mr. Cooke's performance, that, although displaying great vigour in a portion of it, it was an entire misconception of the character. It was the very reverse of "honest—honest Iago." His villany was so apparent that it degraded Othello from a confiding dupe to a credulous dotard. The spectators wondered that he could not discern what they saw—the manifest imposture. "If Cooke," said a gentleman of great experience in theatricals, on leaving the pit, "be right, Henderson must have been sadly mistaken." Setting aside this digression, it is really of benefit to a good actor to play at times an inferior part. Granting that vanity be wounded, the public perceive that the talent which produces such effects, when they have been accustomed to witness inanity, must be extraordinary; and the whole *tableau* is complete; the actors play up to each other, and wonderful is the emulation when the one in the superior part feels him in the inferior treading on his kibe. Murray's performance of the Old Man in "The Stranger," and (the late) Mr. Macready's delivery of the few speeches in the small part of the Hosier in "The Road to Ruin," were cases in point: they could not have obtained more applause had they played Alexander the Great. Munden, after filling equal parts with his great rivals, played, without a murmur, the First Carrier (in "Henry IV.") to Wilson's Falstaff.

On the 4th February, 1791, he performed his first original part, Sir Samuel Sheepy, in "The School for Arrogance," by Holcroft. Holcroft's politics, and an impression that Mr. Harris was unfavourable to him, induced him to request Marshall to father the piece. February 16, he played Lazarillo, in "Two Strings to your bow,"—"never before acted in this kingdom." March 14th, Frank, in "Modern Antiques," a new farce, by O'Keefe. Cockletop by Mr. Quick. Munden's excellence in Cockletop, which he, and he only, performed in later days, is recorded in a chapter by Charles Lamb, in language as eloquent as the criticism is just and discriminative. It is useless to transcribe it, for who has not read Elia? Mr. Lamb sent Munden the book, with the annexed inscription:—

"Mr. Lamb presents his respects to Mr. Munden, and begs his acceptance of a volume, at the end of which he has ventured a faint description of the pleasure he has received from Mr. Munden's acting. —20, *Great Russell Street, Covent Garden.*"

His next parts were, Lovel, in "High Life below Stairs;" and, the 16th April, another original part, Ephraim Smooth, in "Wild Oats," by O'Keefe, produced by Lewis for his benefit. May 2nd, Cassander, in "Alexander the Little," for Quick's benefit. For Johnstone's benefit, Pedrillo, in "The Castle of Andalusia." Mrs. Martyr's benefit, Daphne, in "Midas Reversed;" and Sir David Drowsy, in "The Dreamer Awake." Miss Brunton's benefit, Tipple, in "The Flitch of Bacon." Wilson's benefit, Young Quiz, in "Union; or, St. Andrew's

Day," a farce written by Wilson himself. May 19th, for his own benefit, Caleb, in "He would be a Soldier;" and Darby, in "Love in a Camp." In "Primrose Green," a farce not printed, for Mr. and Mrs. Bernard. June 6th, Camillo, in "The Double Falsehood." At this period Drury Lane was pulled down, for rebuilding; and the company performed at the King's Theatre (Opera House). September 12th, Munden played, first time, Ennui, in "The Dramatist." The General Evening Post, a newspaper of that period, alludes to his performance in these terms: — "Munden had frequent applause in the performance of his new character, Ennui, which he sustained with more ease and discrimination than his predecessor."

September 21st, Fawcett, from the York Theatre, made his first appearance in Caleb ("He would be a Soldier.") Munden subsequently played the Gentleman Usher, in "King Lear;" Lord Jargon, in "Notoriety," a new comedy by Reynolds; Lopez, in "Lovers' Quarrels;" Mustapha, in "A Day in Turkey;" and Tippy Bob,* in "Blue Beard;" or, the Flight of Harlequin." January 6th, 1792, the Second Witch in "Macbeth;" Meadows, in "The Deaf Lover;" Sebastian, in "The Midnight Hour." On the 18th February, was performed, for the first time, "The Road to Ruin," by Holcroft; and Munden appeared in the part, which formed the corner-stone of his fame. It is not generally known that the original title of this piece was "The City Prodigals." The manager, fearful of some party opposition, counselled an alteration of the title; and Holcroft, who, from the violent part he took in politics, was in constant dread of an adverse audience, (one of his pieces having been stopped until an assurance was given that it contained nothing political,) readily consented to the alteration. The part of Old Dornton was sent to Mr. Quick (the writer has it in his possession, with Mr. Quick's name, and the original title of the play affixed); and Silky was assigned to Munden. As this was the first opportunity of making a hit in a strong original part, Munden studied it deeply and carefully, and told his wife he felt confident of the effect he could produce. Those who recollect his performance of Sir Francis Gripe will readily believe that he had formed a just estimate of his conception. What was his mortification when the part of Silky was withdrawn from him, and that of Old Dornton substituted! Mr. Quick, after much consideration, deemed it too sentimental for his cast of characters, and, insisting upon the choice of parts, which was his undoubted right, selected Silky: he played it admirably. Munden, with vexation and regret, and many a violent ejaculation against the manager, received the new part, and, in bitterness of

* By his style of singing it, Munden rendered a song called "Tippy Bob" very popular. It ran as follows:—

"My name is Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob,
View me round, view me round on each side, and the top;
If I 'm not the thing,
May I wish I may swing,
Since I 've got such a nice natty crop, natty crop.

"As I walk through the lobby,
The girls cry out "Bobby!"
"Here, Bobby! here, Bobby! my tippety Bob!"
Such squeaking! such squalling!
Such pulling! such hauling!
Oh! I can't get them out of my nob—of my nob!"

spirit, sat down to study it. He soon perceived the weapon he had within his grasp. All former triumphs he had achieved were whelmed in this great effort. The power, the pathos, the deep, intense feeling he threw into it, rendered it the chief, the prominent part in the play. The original cast was as follows: — Goldfinch, Lewis; Old Dornton, Munden; Harry Dornton, Holman; Silky, Quick; Sulky, Wilson; Milford, Harley; Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Mattocks; Sophia, Mrs. Merry; Jenny, Mrs. Harlowe. "Munden," says the Public Advertiser, (February 20th, 1792,) "gave some of the fatherly tints with great force and much judgment. The tears of beauty were the best possible proofs of his doing justice to the tender affection of a fond parent." At a later period, when, perhaps, his performance had become more mellow, he is thus described:—"His was an unique piece of acting; so full of feeling, so imbued, even in its most angry parts, with the milk of human kindness, that we despair of ever seeing its parallel. In some of his scenes the indignant feelings of the man, softened down by the fond affection of the father, — as oil thrown on the turbulent waves is said to moderate their fury, presented as fine a picture of undulating passion as the pathetic of comedy (the structure of our modern comedies will allow the expression,) is susceptible of." The audience went with him. They saw, with astonishment, an actor, whose forte had been hitherto considered to be comedy— broad comedy,—display the greatest power over the tragedy of domestic life. Holcroft, the author, who had remonstrated against entrusting his favourite part to a comparatively untried actor, was surprised at the effect of his own composition. His perpetual attention to the man who had followed out his idea, perhaps beyond the bounds of his own conception, was such, that, when the Secretary of State issued the warrant for his apprehension, on the silly charge of high-treason, that functionary directed the officer to search for him at the residence of Mr. Munden. Munden, though never extreme in politics, was at that time a Whig, and wore the "blue and buff of Fox;" in which dress he is painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee. "The Road to Ruin" was repeated thirty-eight nights during the season, and was twice commanded by the King. Fawcett spoke the prologue.

As a London performer, he was now a *star* of the first magnitude; and in that capacity was engaged during the vacation at the Dublin theatre. At his benefit there he netted two hundred and fifty pounds. He afterwards visited his friends at Newcastle, and played there with acclamation. He was accustomed to say that the first one hundred pounds he realized he laid out in a pipe of port-wine. Perhaps it was a joke upon the bibacious propensity, which was so much the fashion of the day. A host would have blushed at his own want of hospitality had he sent away his guests sober. He hid their hats, locked the door, and detained them by force. Austin once dined at the house of Mr. Bowes, who carried off Lady Strathmore. Being a domesticated man, he was desirous of quitting in reasonable time. After earnestly remonstrating against the violence used to detain him, he at length lost all patience, took up a plate, threw it at a pier-glass, which was smashed in pieces, exclaiming, "Now, will you let me go?"

His host, seeing him cast a menacing look at another in the room, threw down the key of the door, and called out, "Oh! by G–d! Austin, go as soon as you like!"

Jack Bannister dined with another madman, who, in his drunken

fit, attempted to inflate a balloon in such a way as to occasion a sense of suffocation. The company rushed to the glass folding-doors, and burst them open; they fortunately opened upon a balcony.

There were clubs, at which fines were inflicted on any member who was not drunk when the sittings were closed; whist-clubs, where the members sat up to their knees in the rejected packs of cards, curtains being drawn between their faces to conceal any expression of disappointment at a bad hand. This practice is said to have been introduced in consequence of Mr. Fox losing a large sum of money by the cards being reflected on the bright surface of some large steel buttons which he wore. One of these card-clubs had a singular constitution. It was called "The never-ending club;" and the law was, that no one should quit the table until relieved by the arrival of a fresh member. Days passed, and even nights; and the fresh dawn beheld the *parti carré*, after a snore or two, commencing a new game. They did not

"Carve at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drink the red wine with their helmets barr'd!"

but they did "carve at the meals" with dirty hands, which had so long thumbed the cards; and they "drank the red wine" with eyes half-closed by exhaustion, and the fever of gambling. We have lost much of the "wisdom of our ancestors," and this amongst the rest.

On the 26th March, 1792, Munden played Proteus, in a new piece, for Mrs. Pope's benefit; and Nicholas, in "Fashionable Levities," for Lewis's benefit. April 10th, Aircastle, in "The Cozeners," for Quick's benefit. May 10th, for his own benefit, Stave (the clerk of the village), in a new piece, entitled "Just in time;" and recited "Jemmy Jumps in the Dumps;" concluding with "The Deaf Lover." June 18th, 1792, Munden's old friend, Mrs. Whitlock, made her first appearance at the Haymarket theatre, in the Queen in the "Battle of Hexham." September 17th, Covent Garden being rebuilt, the prices of the boxes were advanced to six shillings; pit, three shillings and sixpence; gallery, two shillings. An upper gallery was afterwards added. The insane row, which took place at the next rebuilding, and which, in defiance of all law and justice, was permitted to take place in the English metropolis, did not then commence its disgraceful origin.

November 3rd, Munden played Peregrine Forester, in a new farce, called "Hartford Bridge;" and, November 17th, Sir Anthony Absolute, in "The Rivals." December 8th, Sir Francis Wronghead, in "The Provoked Husband." December 27th, Polonius, in "Hamlet." Mention is made of this part, as it was one of our actor's chastest performances. It had been the custom to represent Polonius as a buffoon: a more erroneous conception could not be entertained. Shakspeare intended him for a pliant and supple courtier, and man of the world, ready to accord with any man's opinions, whom he deemed it expedient to flatter: but his advice to his son indicates sound sense, and just reflection. Munden, apart from his humorous acquiescence in Hamlet's assumed vagaries, exhibited in his personification a venerable and dignified demeanor, which he imitated from old Lord Mansfield, "Murray the Polite."

At the conclusion of this year (1792) we lose sight of Wilson. He is said to have died in the King's Bench, in 1796. Munden succeed-

ed to most of his characters, which formed a very wide range. January 2nd, 1793, he played Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer;" 16th, Don Jerome, in "The Duenna." 29th, was represented, for the first time, "Every one has his fault," by Mrs. Inchbald: Sir Robert Kemble, Lewis; Harmony, Munden; Irwin, Pope; Lord Norland, Farren; Solus, Quick; Placid, Fawcett: Edward, Miss Grist; Miss Wooburn, Mrs. Esten; Lady Eleanor Irwin, Mrs. Pope; Miss Placid, Mrs. Mattocks; and Miss Spinster, Mrs. Webb. This comedy was excellently performed. Munden continued to play new parts in succession. For his own benefit (May 3rd, 1793), Robin Redhead, in (first time) "To Arms; or, The British Recruit;" with Old Dornton, and Lazarillo. May 11th, was represented (first time) "Sprigs of Laurel,"—Nipperkin, Munden; a part he rendered famous. O'Keefe, the author, alluding to his own production, says, "Munden was very diverting in the most impudent, bold, audacious character that I think was ever before any audience." This farce was revived at Covent Garden, May 17, 1797, reduced to one act, and entitled "The Rival Soldiers." O'Keefe counted much on Munden in such parts as these; for he played up to the extravagance of the character. Strange that hyper-criticism should have discovered this was over-acting. Who ever expects a caricaturist to be bound by the strict rules of painting? Most of the creations of O'Keefe could only be played in this way, or could not be played at all. So sensible of this was the author that he never augured well of a piece unless it was nearly damned the first night; if received with cold approbation, he gave it up for lost. When the audience had pretty well hissed, they began to laugh at the oddity of the conception, and the next night roared with laughter. On one occasion, when Munden had an incipient attack of the gout at his chambers, in Clement's Inn, on the eve of a new play, O'Keefe called, with Mr. Harris, the manager, and implored him, if possible, to play his part for one night, even though he resigned it the next day to an inferior performer. The actor consented, postponed the fit by the use of a violent remedy, got through the part with difficulty, and ensured the success of the piece.

The following dry enumeration of parts played, from the period of September, 1793, upwards, by Munden, is exhibited to show his activity, versatility, and quickness of study. September 18th, 1793, "Much Ado about Nothing;" Dogberry, Quick; Town Clerk, Munden; Verges, Fawcett. October 18th, Skirmish, in "The Deserter."—19th, Peachum, in "The Beggar's Opera."—25th, Puzzle, in "Grief-à-la-mode."—November 12th, Old Grovely, in "The Maid of the Oaks."—23rd, "The World in a Village," first time, by O'Keefe; Jollyboy, Munden.—January 1, 1794, Sir Andrew Acid, in "Notoriety."—January 2nd, "School for Wives;" General Savage, Munden.—February 5th, Craig Campbell, in "Love's Frailties," a new comedy, by Holcroft.—22nd, Sydney, in (first time) "Travellers in Switzerland."—April 7th, for Mrs. Pope's benefit, was performed "The Jealous Wife;" Oakly, Pope; Major Oakly, Quick; Charles, Holman; Sir Harry Beagle, Fawcett; Captain O'Cutter, Johnstone; Russet, Munden (being their first appearance in those characters); Lord Trinket, Lewis: Mrs. Oakly, Mrs. Pope; Lady Freelove, Mrs. Mattocks (first time); Harriet, Mrs. Mountain (first time). This, indeed, was a strong cast.

April 12th, for Lewis's benefit, Trim, in "Tristram Shandy."—29th, for Johnstone's benefit, Joey, in "British Fortifications," never before acted; and Old Pranks, in "The London Hermit."—May 13th, for his own benefit, "School for Wives;" with, never before acted, "The Packet Boat; or, a Peep behind the Veil,"—Quick, Johnstone, Munden, Mrs. Martyr; after which, "British Fortitude," fifth time.—22nd, "Speechless Wife,"—Quick, Munden, Incledon; this opera was damned.—23rd, Mrs. Mountain's benefit, Lopez, in "Lover's Quarrels."—28th, Middleton's benefit, Martin, in "The Sicilian Romance," never before acted.—June 11th, Robin, in "The Waterman." Parsons died in February, 1795. He had played with Garrick, and was one of his "children." He is represented by Zoffani, as one of the Watchmen, in the scene with Garrick, as Sir John Brute, and the expression of his face is very comical. Parsons' chief forte was in old men in comedy, in which he greatly excelled. His best part was Corbaccio, which he played from the recollection of Shuter.

At this period Munden took a house in Frith Street, Soho. His next-door neighbour was his friend, Jack Bannister. They were chosen parish-constables. With the whimsicality that attaches itself to the profession, they waited on the vestry, and were excused, by urging that their authority would not be respected, as the constant habit of appearing as Dogberry and Verges rendered them too comical for anything but stage-exhibition. They established a kind of club, which met alternately at their respective houses. The actors came in the dresses they had worn during the performances at the theatres. Amongst their visitants were Colman, Peter Pindar, O'Keefe, Lord Barrymore, and Captain Wathen. Here Peter Pindar extemporized the following epigram on O'Keefe, after the dramatist had quitted the room:—

"Some say, O'Keefe, that thou art a thief,
And stealest half of thy works or more;
But, I say, O'Keefe, thou canst not be a thief,
For such stuff was ne'er written before."

The supper consisted of rump-steaks and mutton-chops; and the author's revered mother told him that she never saw anybody eat with more appetite than the luxurious prodigal, Lord Barrymore. So it is: sweets produce satiety. A royal epicure is said to have *fallen back* on mutton-chops.

The man in this society who was most talked of at this time was Lord Barrymore. He was one of a motley trio, known by the nicknames of Newgate, Cripplegate, and Hell-gate. His Lordship was the first; his successor, the next Lord, who was lame, the second; and the Hon. Augustus Barry, a clergyman, the third. The latter gentleman passed much of his time in prisons for debt. The two noblemen were both addicted to gambling, with this difference, that the first played to lose, and the second to win; and they both by their several ways succeeded in the attempt. The habit of extravagance was early fostered in Lord Barrymore. It is asserted that his grandmother, who doted on him, gave him, when he went to Harrow, a thousand pounds, just as a good-natured old woman would slip a crown-piece into her darling's hand at parting. The freaks that this nobleman played have not been equalled in our days, so prolific in lordly riots; but it will always be the case, when young

men of rank come early into the possession of their vast estates without control. The usurer supplies them at first with the ready means of folly; and when the rents are collected, there is no need of hangers-on: the very excesses they commit enable these scoundrels to take them unawares, and secure their plunder.

Among the ingenious expedients which Lord Barrymore invented to ruin himself, was drawing straws from a truss with the Prince of Wales—the holder of the longest straw to receive a thousand pounds. He gave a sumptuous entertainment at Ranelagh, to which, it is said, only himself and two other persons came; drove a tandem along the cliffs at Brighton, close to the declivity; — one of those high tandems which Sir John Lade brought into vogue, and from which Lady Lade used to step into the first-floor window. At the theatre in that town he played Harlequin, and jumped through a hoop. He was a very good comic actor, as may be seen from the representation of him in "Bell's Theatre," in Scrub, with Captain Wathen in Archer; and, with all his wildness, at bottom a man of sense and education. In a company, where more than one literary man was present, it was proposed that each person should write an epigram upon a given subject, within a very limited space of time, and Lord Barrymore was the only one who accomplished it. He built a theatre at his seat at Wargrave, where he played, with other amateurs, and occasional professional assistance. The whole audience were afterwards entertained at supper.

His end was an untimely one. In stepping into his curricle to convey, as commanding officer of the militia in the district, some French prisoners from one *depôt* to another, he accidentally trod upon the lock of his carbine, and the contents lodged in his brain. He had not been many years of age; but he had contrived to dissipate an enormous fortune.

Munden was ejected from his house in Frith Street in a more summary way than he anticipated. An individual who lodged next door, the other side from Bannister, being a friend to "The Rights of Man," had indulged in a few extra glasses on the acquittal of the *soi-disant* patriots, Hardy, Horne Tooke, &c. On returning home, and getting into bed, he took the *precaution* to put the candle under the bed. He soon became sensible of the inconvenience of such a practice. Starting up with the heavy insensibility of an intoxicated man, he stumbled against the window, and, making a dash at it, fell into the court behind. Luckily he carried part of the window-frame with him, which, meeting with obstructions, broke his fall, so that, although he descended a considerable distance, and was much bruised, no bone was broken. That this gentleman was deeply implicated in the dangerous proceedings of the day there is little doubt. During his confinement from illness, he received innumerable communications by letter, which he would not intrust to others, but tore open with his teeth, his hands being much bruised. In later years he made a large fortune by editing an evening newspaper, and advocating with ability ultra Tory principles. No lives were lost by this mishap, though Munden's house also caught fire. The narrator of the tale, then an infant, was carried through the flames by his affectionate mother.

Munden then removed to a small cottage at Kentish Town — not a "cottage of gentility;" for it had no apartment underground. A

little vault beneath the dining-room served for a cellar; and the master of the house, when he had guests, was obliged to raise the carpet, and descend a step-ladder, to fetch up a fresh bottle; — yet here Moore sang, and Morland painted. The cottage looked on the fields; and that strange mortal, George Morland, was accustomed to sit there for hours, with the favourite gin-bottle before him, and sketch cattle from the life. Many of the best of these productions Munden purchased.*

Our actor afterwards removed to a larger house, where a circumstance occurred which is worth recording. He had a party of friends dining there, who remained late. In the middle of the night, or rather early in the morning, the house was broken open by thieves. The family were not disturbed; but the thieves, setting one of the party to listen on the stairs, examined the contents of the larder, and, finding abundant remnants of good feeding, brought them up to the dining-room. Without troubling themselves with the formality of a table-cloth, or knives and forks, they proceeded to demolish the provender by the primitive process of tearing it to pieces with their fingers. The marks on the table where each had deposited his pinches of salt determined the number: there were six. They opened the cellaret, and regaled themselves with a bottle of wine and a bottle of porter. Their booty, however, was slight; a ring, taken off and accidentally left by Mrs. Munden, whilst superintending domestic arrangements, formed nearly the whole. They had emptied a trunk, containing theatrical clothes, to the last coat, when they were alarmed by the early rising of one of the maid-servants. These clothes were valuable, as they were covered with a great deal of gold and silver lace. Munden always provided his own costume,† wearing nothing that belonged to the theatre, and gave large sums for any dress that suited his fancy. Among the suits which formed his wardrobe was a black velvet coat, &c. which had belonged to George the Second, of the finest Genoa velvet, and another made for Francis, Duke of Bedford, at Paris, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage, which is said to have cost a thousand pounds. The coat had originally been fringed with precious stones, of which the sockets only remained when it came into the hands of the *fripier;* but in its dilapidated state Munden gave forty pounds for it. His wigs, also, for old men were of great antiquity and value; they were always in the care of, and daily inspected by, a hair-dresser attached to the theatre. On the morning after the burglary, the injured party applied to his friends, the sitting magistrates at Bow Street, Sir William Parsons and Mr. Justice Bond, for advice. They asked what he had lost, and, learning the trifling amount, said,

"Munden, you must not tell any one we gave you this advice;

* Though not, like his friend, Bannister, possessing a professional knowledge of painting, he had a fine perception of the art. He got together a valuable collection of drawings by Turner, in his earlier and best style, Girtin, Cousins, Cipriani, and Bartolozzi. Two companion drawings, on a large scale, which he possessed—Wells Cathedral, by Turner, and Durham Castle, by Girtin—were works of extraordinary merit. Girtin sent him over from Paris, by Holcroft, one of the last of his productions. An intimacy with the artists, and a ready admittance to their studios, enabled him to obtain these drawings at moderate prices.

† To his attention to costume our actor owed much of his fame. Fuseli, the painter, broke into a burst of admiration when he saw him dressed for one of the Witches in "Macbeth."

but to prosecute will cause you a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness, and you had better put up with the loss."

One of the magistrates whispered to an officer, and inquired—"Who was on the North Road last night?"

"Little Jemmy, with a party, your worship."

"Have you ascertained, Munden," rejoined Sir William Parsons, "how the robbers gained an entrance?"

"By forcing up the parlour-window."

"Was there an impression of a very small foot on the mould beneath?"—"Yes."

"Enough! Should you like to see the leader of the gang that robbed your house?"

"I have rather a fancy for it," said the astonished comedian.

"Then go over to the Brown Bear, opposite, at one o'clock to-morrow afternoon, open the room on the right, and you will see Townshend, the officer, seated at the head of a table, with a large company. You may be assured that all the rest are thieves. If he asks you to sit down, do so; and the man who sits upon your right hand will be the person who planned and conducted the robbery of your house."

With the glee consequent upon a relish for humorous situations, the actor promised compliance. He attended at the appointed time, knocked at the door, was told to enter, and a group of gaol-birds met his eye, headed by Townshend, who was diligently engaged in carving a sirloin of beef.

"Mr. Townshend," said the aggrieved child of Thespis, "I wanted to speak to you; but I see you are engaged."

"Not at all, Mr. Munden. I shall be at your service in a few minutes; but, perhaps, you will take a snack with us. Jemmy, make way for Mr. Munden."

Jemmy, with a wry face, did as he was bid. The actor sat down, turned towards his uneasy neighbour, and examined his features minutely. The company, believing that Jemmy was undergoing the process of identification, laughed immoderately. It happened that a sirloin of beef, with the remnant of a haunch of venison, had formed the repast with which Munden's uninvited guests had regaled themselves. The thieves, who were well aware of the burglary, and knew the person of the victim, indulged themselves in *extempore* and appropriate jokes.

"Jemmy, your appetite is failing," said one; "have a little more. You were always fond of boiled beef."

Curiosity satisfied, the actor withdrew, greatly to the relief of Mr. Jemmy, to whom he made a low bow at parting. This hero afterwards suffered the last penalty of the law, for some offence of greater magnitude. These were the customs that prevailed half a century ago. The officer had the thieves under his immediate eye, and seldom gave them much trouble until they were worth forty pounds,—that is, candidates for the gibbet and the halter. If much stir was made after a *lost* gold watch, and a handsome reward offered, a hint from the man in office recovered it; and, when the final period of retributive justice arrived, this functionary fearlessly entered a room crowded with malefactors, and, beckoning with his finger, was followed by his man, who well knew "he was wanted." "The Brown Bear" was as safe a place of retreat for the thief as any other. It is even said that a famous highwayman ensconced himself for some

time very snugly in lodgings near it, knowing that search would be made after him in every other direction; as Young Watson did in Newgate Street, when every wall was placarded with a large reward for his apprehension.

Munden was fond of attending the police courts in Bow Street, during the intervals of rehearsal, to witness the comedy of real life. On one occasion, sitting by the side of Sir Richard Birnie, with whom he was very intimate, Dick Martin, the eccentric but humane Member for Galway, came to prefer one of his usual charges of cruelty to animals. After the charge was disposed of, Sir Richard whispered in Martin's ear: "The gentleman who sits beside me is Munden, the comedian."

The bailiff whom Mr. Martin's tenants plunged into the bogs of Cunnemara, and forced to swallow the writ of which he was the bearer, could not have looked more astonished than did Dick at this announcement.

"Is he, by G—d!" he retorted.

"Mr. Martin," gravely added the magistrate, "it is my duty to fine you for that oath."

"With all my heart," said Dick; and, bowing to Munden, cheerfully paid the fine.

The Fire-King pursued the comedian to his calm retreat. A lady, who was stopping on a visit, sent her maid to search for some articles of female finery in her bed-room, to be exhibited to the wondering gaze of the other visitors. The careful servant, fearful that a spark might drop into the drawers, held the candle behind her, and ignited the bed-curtains. She then ran screaming below to her mistress, leaving the door and windows open. In a moment the room was in a blaze, and the flames flashed out on the staircase. Again did the fond mother preserve her infant son, who was sleeping in his crib in the next room, regardless of the scorching heat through which she bore him. The now flourishing village of Kentish town was then little more than a hamlet, and contained no fire-engine. The house would have been burned down, but for the exertions of the volunteers, who assembled, and, forming themselves in line, performed the peaceable duty of passing buckets of water to each other from a neighbouring pond, until they reached the soldier exposed to the heat of the fire, who discharged their contents on the foe. These volunteers were commanded by a Captain Frazer.* They arranged themselves in loyal array, and saluted their sovereign (George the Third) as he passed through the village to visit Lord Mansfield, at Caen Wood. The King stopped the carriage, and, inquiring the name of the commander, sent for him, and shook him cordially by the hand. The scene was affecting; for Captain Frazer was the grandson of Lord Lovatt, who had been in arms against the House of Hanover, and was beheaded for high treason, on Tower Hill, in 1747.

* This gentleman was once riding in the stage-coach from Kentish Town to London, in company with a lady, a recent resident in the village, and Mrs. Munden. The lady began to launch out in most extravagant praise of Munden's person and manners. When she had concluded, Captain Frazer quietly said, "Allow me to introduce you, madam, to Mrs. Munden." The actor himself fell into a similar mistake during the performances of the young Roscius. Seeing a friend behind the scenes, who took a warm interest in Master Betty, he accosted him thus: "I like your *protegé* much; but I wonder you had his portrait painted by ——." His friend stopped him by saying, "Mr. Munden, let me have the pleasure of making you acquainted with Mr. Opie."

SAINT VALENTINE;

OR, THOUGHTS ON THE EVIL OF LOVE IN A MERCANTILE COMMUNITY.

BY JACK GOSSAMER, RAILROAD PHILOSOPHER.

"Seynt Valentine—of custome yeere by yeere
Men have an usaunce in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse by grete affeccioun,
Such as ben move with Cupides moccioun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle:
But I love oon whiche exelleth alle,
And that be myselfe. I—"

LYDGATE, Monk of Bury, A.D. 1440.

"MANY waters cannot quench love, nor can the floods drown it." No, no. To throw "cold water" on love is like throwing it on high-pressure steam, which begets ten thousand degrees of expansion, and increases its force ten thousand fold. But it ought to be quenched, that is certain; for, whether we consider the question morally or politically, love is an evil of the most stupendous magnitude. In a nation standing upon the pinnacle of commercial greatness, and taking the latitude and longitude of the pockets of the whole world with the sextant of bankruptcy, by means of the transits of falling stars in the Gazette, love should be repudiated as a national curse, and St. Valentine ought to be erased from the calendar.

What have a people to do with love, that is a manufacturing and a mercantile people, who are born political economists, and bred calculating machines? Most assuredly nothing. They are not organised for it; and if they were, it is a clear mistake on the part of Nature, and ought to be rectified by an act of the legislature. *Lips* were not given to girls for *kissing*, but to hold cotton reels during the process of "tying," at the factory. *Hands* were not made for *squeezing*, but for handling the spade, plough, curry-comb, whip, hammer, trowel, peel, cleaver, dung-fork, and billy-roller. *Knees* were not made to bend at "Beauty's shrine," but to crawl up the inclined planes of coal-pits, with "Hettons" or "Lambtons." *Hearts* were not made to "feel emotions," but just to pump so many pounds of blood *per diem* through the system, with the prime mover of the smallest minimum of victuals, and as a component part of the machinery of a "power-loom."

Love is also inconsistent with British freedom; for a man in love is a slave of the worst possible die, blacker than the "nigger." Liberty is crushed in him into smash everlasting. He is proud of his fetters as an alderman of his chain, and is overcome with a desire to link himself yet faster. He is like a fly in a treacle-tub, leg-bound in a quagmire of sweets, and, although neither "free nor easy," thinks himself happy; or, as a bluebottle in a cobweb, the more he struggles the

firmer he is bound, according to the dynamics of the true-lover's-knot. He sighs to tie himself up with Hymen's halter, would gibbet himself on his mistress's neck, and burns to become a martyr, that he may flare up like a Guy on the fifth of November, in spite of the police and Puseyites. His heart bumps and cracks with the impetuosity of a burning chestnut, and he pops, fumes, and sputters like an apple roasting, or a bedeviled kidney. The measure of heat stands in him at the point of Wedgewood's thermometer at which brass is fuzed, or flint melts, and all his sensibilities are amalmagated as in a "Papin's digester." He feels himself half real, half ideal, with a dash of the metaphysical, and is uncertain whether he is in the body or out of it. He resembles the countryman's horse, with his head where his tail should be. His faculties are at sixes and sevens, higglede-pigglede, like a drove of porkers, up all manner of streets. His ideas run into each other, like the colours of a fourpenny chintz, *warranted* to wash. His head is all fuzzy, and muzzy, and buzzy, like "the devil in a bush," or a mouldy Norfolk dumpling; and he—is—

By day and by night in a quand*ary*,
Concerning his Patty, or Dolly, or Mary;
And he either sits mumbling,
By daylight still grumbling,
Or on the bed tumbling
Throughout the dull night so long:
He is dreaming and scheming,
And wondering and blundering,
And tattling and prattling
Of blisses and kisses,
Of blossoms and bosoms,
Of wooing and cooing,
Of billing and killing,
Purse-filling, blood-spilling,
Of dashing and flashing,
And thrashing and smashing,
Of routing and spouting,
Of meeting and treating,
Of bowing and vowing,
Kneeling, appealing,
And coaxing and hoaxing,
Adoring, imploring,
For ever still boring
The maid with his passion strong;
And sidling and bridling,
And hurrying and scurrying,
And worrying and flurrying,
And craving and raving,
And quivering and shivering,
And shaking and quaking,
And groaning and moaning,
And twining and whining,
And squeezing and wheezing,
And carneying and blarneying,
Gammoning, soft sowdering,
Protesting and jesting,
And still never resting,
In the confines below, or the regions above;
But, advancing, and prancing, and dancing,
Confessing, caressing, and pressing,

And driving, and riving, and striving,
And panting, and canting, and ranting,
And cramming, and ramming, and shamming,
And sighing, and dying, and lying,
And swearing, and daring, and tearing,
Delaying, and praying, and yeaing and naying,
Amusing, confusing, abusing, and choosing,
Confiding, and siding, deriding, and chiding,
Snickering, and snivelling, and puckering, and drivelling,
And fluttering, and sputtering, and stuttering, and muttering,
And hugging, and mugging, and lugging, and tugging,
And rumpling and crumpling, and crumpling and rumpling,
And mauling, and hauling, and still caterwauling,
Oh! this is the state of a man when in love!

Such is love in the individual appertaining to man only, as man in the abstract; but, taking this "monster passion" in general, it is far more appalling to every right-minded economist, who wishes to see his beloved country retain her proud station among the nations of the earth. Let us, therefore, look at the subject with a mercantile or commercial eye. Take the *professions*. The divine, overcome, or overtaken, or overshot, or overdone, or done over, with love, thinks his flame an angel, and worships his doxy instead of orthodoxy. If a limb of the law be served with a "writ" in the shape of a Valentine, it leads direct to the filing of a "*declaration*," and the pressing of a *suit*, and a *court* in the wrong *court; judgment* is suspended, for his brains are addled, and an "*attachment*" of the wrong sort is served. His heart has bilked his *bail*, the head, and is *non est inventus*. He is himself "*non compos*," and looks for *unibus in celibas*, and for *issue* to be joined by matrimonial, instead of legal, machinery. If Cupid shoots at your man of war, your "soger bold," he no longer "stands at ease," but *fires* himself instead of a musket; and goes to be *drilled* with a black eye instead of his sergeant; is for ever thinking of his *baggage*, and puts his best leg, instead of his right shoulder, forward. Then there is your merchant. Is he a drysalter?—he soon finds himself as hot as pepper, and in a *pretty pickle*. And for your handicrafts, or tradesmen; tallow-chandlers are absorbed in "melting moments" out of trade, and love brings on a *rising of the lights!* Cooks are "*done brown*" before their gravy meat, and put themselves into a *stew*, instead of their onions. Cobblers are no longer lads of wax; but wax foolish, and lose their soles. Carpenters are *chisseled* out of themselves. Bakers get heated before their ovens; and are *brown* in lieu of their rolls. Cabmen and jarveys set their souls on *busses*. And, in short, the whole of an enlightened, free, and happy community are mystified, transmogrified, turned topsy-turvy, inside out, and mesmerised!

Such being the unquestionable fact, and "Cupid" thus being inimical to the praiseworthy *cupidity* which should influence every member of a great and thriving nation, it becomes a serious question for the legislature, to consider the best means of repressing, or extinguishing, or destroying, so great a national grievance. It was a great blunder on the part of Sir Robert Peel to let loose upon the tender susceptibilities of cooks, scullions, housemaids, ladies'-maids, servants-of-all-work, milliners, dress-makers, nursemaids, governesses, and other menials, the sum-total of ten thousand

policemen, to pace before doors, and behind walls, and under palings, at all hours of the day and night, slinking, and peeping, and leering about, like so many tom-cats *arter* their kine. It is true, a mandate has been issued to rectify this great political blunder, viz., "That the privates do have their whiskers shaved off." A good measure, so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough, and ought to have extended to their noses, on the precedent of the nuns of St. Kilda; for, alas! the police *nose* all the secrets of every girl in the kingdom.

But what is the remedy for this great blot in the national escutcheon? It is not to be found in the letting in of *horned* cattle at a low duty. It is not to be discovered in the importation of foreign asses. It is not to be cured by a Russell-purge dietary, although such might be palliative; nor by a Yankee model-prison, which would only drive out of one madness into another; nor would the "plague be stayed" by a repeal of the Jump-over-"The-Broomstick Marriage-Act;" nor by the passing of a bill against the billing-system. No, indeed! such would be but futile experiments, not reaching the seat of the disease, which is to be found primarily to be concentrated in the horrible profanation of the sacred edifice of a post-office, established solely for grave commercial purposes, by making it the vehicle of communication between love-stricken swains and damsels on the fourteenth of this identical month; thus perpetuating a "love-fever" through the length and breadth of the land, from one generation to another, to the loss of the revenue, and injury of the manufacturing and mercantile interests.

We call, then, upon you, legislators, to arrest this desecration, to withstand this mighty tide, which must eventually sweep commerce from the face of the earth. We call upon you, as friends to freedom and foes to slavery, to strike from the hands and hearts of twenty millions of your fellow-creatures the fetters of that little tyrant, Cupid. We call upon you to direct the energies of a people, who would adore you, into the legitimate channel, that is, of working double hours to pay the income-tax. We call upon you to suffer the important and stupendous truth,—that

"Love 's an ague that 's reversed,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
And after burns with cold as much
As even in Greenland does the touch!"—

to go forth to an astonished and admiring world as a motto for all seasons, and all ages, and all times. We call upon you, by example, as well as precept, to inspire our young men with a spiritual abhorrence of young women, as a part of national virtue; and to teach young women to turn up their noses at young men, as the surest mark of political independence, and as the high road to wealth and a mayoralty.

But how shall this be done? Shut up the post-office from the tenth to the eighteenth of this month! Pass an act, and appoint commissioners (with good salaries) in every district, to open and overhaul all letters, with power to commit to the flames all those addressed to *new* or *old* "flames." The commissioners will be numerous, and may become a political staff in every town and village in the

kingdom. Pass another act to prevent *dying* (the hair or whiskers) for love; and another to suppress the works of "Basia," "Little's Poems," "Ovid," and "Cupid's Calendar." Cut off the eyebrows, ears, and whiskers, and slit the noses and lips of all policemen. Make it high-treason to put the hair in papers, or to curl it by irons. Render sighing a penal offence. Subject amatory transports to transportation; make it felony for a butcher to "cast a sheep's eye;" and append the crime of *arson* to black eyes generally. Let the terrors of the law be set forth against "winking," and fulminate the thunders of St. Stephen against kissing, above all things, as the great head and front of the offending. Let the writer, the inditor, the vendor, or the sender, the believer, or the receiver of a Valentine, be punished with the horrid ceremony of—

MARRIAGE!

CHILDHOOD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

How beautiful is Childhood! with its free and buoyant air,
With joy upon each dimpled brow, and tresses light and fair;
How smilingly they trip along! how fairy-like they move!
And gain upon our soften'd hearts to bless us with their love!

How beautiful is Childhood! so guileless and unstain'd!
Methinks, to see them at our side is Paradise regain'd!
To listen to their spirit's flow, to hearken to their mirth,
And clasp unto our loving breast the little ones of earth!

How beautiful is Childhood! when calling by the name
Of mother, father, or the ties that Nature bids them claim;
When lisping forth so touchingly a language all their own,
Unfetter'd by the worldly chain that chills our years like stone!

How beautiful is Childhood! when the fondlings kneel to pray,
And when, with hand in hand entwined, some broken words they say!
With beaming eyes of innocence to yonder land upraised,
They prattle out their artless theme!—Could Heav'n be better praised?

How beautiful is Childhood!—how endearingly they seem
To cling to those who over them with looks of fondness beam!
To share the kindly smile and nod, how anxious they will be!
How hard the struggle to obtain a place upon the knee!

How beautiful is Childhood! and how saintly is the charm
That takes from man his bitter cares, and makes his feelings warm!
That gladdens him with happiness, and cheers his lonely hours!
How beautiful is Childhood! with its coronal of flowers!

LEGENDS OF LUNE.

BY HENRY H. DAVIS.

Perhaps, no portion of "Merrie Englonde" is less known, or more beautiful, than that tract of land extending for thirty miles north of the palatine town of Lancaster, known by the name of Lunesdale, or the Vale of Lune.

Magnificent, but not sublime; mountainous, but not sterile; pastoral, but not tame; we know of no district that can vie with it in beauty of landscape, or variety of detail. Its charming straths, its wooded eminences, its romantic glades, its rocky dells, but, above all, its beautiful river, clear as crystal—now a mountain-stream, rushing and foaming over crag and through crevice, then a reach of still water, like a summer lake, —all these form a succession of delightful objects, upon which the eye rests with never-fading pleasure.

It has its castle, too, famed in song and story; its ancient halls crumbling into dust, the scenes of innumerable legends; its remains of British and Roman antiquities, the delight of the antiquary, and the wonder of the ignorant: and its guardian hills contain amongst their lonely recesses, awful caverns, and tremendous chasms, which, even in the present age of philosophical enlightenment, are peopled by beings of more than mortal mould, whom the dwellers in the mountains as firmly believe in as in Divine revelation.

Before summer-tours became so common, and the modes of conveyance so cheap, the Lake district was the British Utopia; but that cloud land is now transferred to the Vale of Lune, whose traditions are yet unknown beyond its own limits, and the knowledge of which is confined to a favoured few.

It was my fortune, in early youth, to be thrown much in the society of old people,—grandpapas and grandmammas, both paternal and maternal,—who were well acquainted with the wild and marvellous legends of the valley; and there is scarcely a hall, a manor-house, a spring in the rock, or a deep pool in the river, that is not the scene of some tale of murder, love, or faëry. I had an old friend, too, who resided at the head of the valley, and with whom I was wont to spend a few months of each year, who used to horrify me with the narrations of ghosts and dobbies, till I dared not to pass a lonely bridge or solitary barn; for, strange to say, such were the places where, in the imagination of the people, the spirits were confined when "laid" by the priests.

Although the supernatural has now given place to the natural, and the ideal to the real, yet the following legends will show, in a striking point of view, the credulity of our forefathers, even to the last age, and furnish, also, a tolerably correct picture of the manners, customs, scenery, and general features of the Vale of Lune:

KIRKBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE.

Of this very ancient romantic structure no authentic records have ever been traced, either as to its founder or the time of its erection. The only account of it is found in Burn and Nicholson's "History of Westmorland," where it is stated that, in the third year of the reign

of the first Edward, a rate of pontage was granted for repairs. From whatever point the structure is viewed, it presents a beautiful picture. Its lofty but narrow proportions, its ribbed arches, its rocky site, the deep green pellucid waters that slowly wind their way between the overhanging and shelving rocks on either side, and its banks thickly clad with fine trees, which dip their branches in the passing wave, form a *coup d'œil* which must be seen to be appreciated. The following legend of its origin is now for the first time offered to the public, and embodies all the known traditions upon the subject:—

'Twas the soft glooming of a summer's day,
The hour when Love dons all his lovingness;
The thrush y-sung her melting, mellow lay,
To hail the peeping stars, which shone to bless
The pilgrim's path with their bright cheerfulness;
The closing flowers shed tears of pearly dew,
And hung their heads in weeping bashfulness,
Because no mortal could their beauties view,
Ne scent their sweet perfume, ne praise their varied hue.

—It fell upon this eve, an ancient wight
Was slowly wending on his weary rode;
All travel-stain'd the vest which him bedight,
Though fourscore winters o'er his head had snow'd,
And care had bow'd him 'neath his troublous load!
Still, wandering slowly, did he journey on,
In search of rest within some kind abode,
Sith he all day had travell'd by the Lonne,
Ev'n from its first small spring, to lovely Casterton.

His woolly hair was parted o'er a brow
Where Age had set his seal; but, then, his eye
Gleam'd bright, yet mild, and full of youthful glow,
Like starlight beaming from a frosty sky!
And though his form was bent, yet firm and high
His bearing was, as destin'd to command;
And, folded in his vest, ye mote espy
A ponderous volume, which, with one frail hand,
He did uphold; the other grasp'd an ebon wand.

The pilgrim paused; on Lonne's sweet banks he stood,
And gazed with wonder on the scene around;
On every side was dark and waving wood;
Beneath his feet the stream, with gurgling sound,
Flow'd deep through rugged rocks, with moss embrown'd;
He chose the shelter of an ancient tree,
And sat him down upon the dewy ground;
Then strain'd his eyne, as though he long'd to see
Some well-known spot of bliss, which haunted memorie.

He mused not long, for lo! eftsoons, he took
From the thick foldings of his flowing vest
(Bound with huge silver clasps) his weighty book,
Companion of his toil, and eke his rest,
Which evermore had lean'd upon his breast;
And from his pouch a golden lamp he drew,
On which strange mystic characters were traced,
Fill'd with the magic oil, which, lighted, threw
On every side a glare of wild, unearthly hue.

And, as the flame grew brighter, sounds were heard
Of shrieking laughter, and of wailing woe!
The twinkling stars affrighted, disappear'd;
The stream stood still, and seem'd afraid to flow,
And listening zephyrs quite forgot to blow!
But, when the ponderous volume he unbound,
Fierce was the strife unseen, above, below;
A shuddering horror thrill'd through all around,
And subterranean thunders shook the rocky ground!

He waved his ebon wand, and with deep voice
Utter'd dark spells of wild diablerie;
The thunders died away, and every noise
Upon the very instant ceased to be;
With such strong power he wrought his witcherie!
Again his wand he waved, and redde the page
Where words of living fire were plain to see,
Whose awful meaning quell'd the spirits' rage,
And bound them to their oaths of magic vassalage!

THE INVOCATION.

PILGRIM. Spirits of Flood and Fell!
Nymphs of the Fountain!
Fays of the Greenwood Dell!
Elves of the Mountain!
I warn ye come hither
On pinions of speed;
The volume is open,
Then list what I read!
SPIRITS, 1st. We come from the mountain;
2nd. We come from the wave;
3rd. We come from the fountain;
All. Say, what dost thou crave?
PILGRIM. By the spots where ye dwell,
By the gifts ye inherit,
I bind to my spell
Nymph, fairy, and spirit!
Ye shall come at my call
Wheresoever ye be!
Ye shall bow to my thrall,
And fulfil my decree!
SPIRITS *Omnes.* } We have heard, we obey,
And the dawning of day
Shall see thy will done, and ourselves far away!

He stamp'd his foot, and lo! on every side,
Hosts of unearthly creatures thronging press'd;
Some flew in air,—some floated on the tide,—
Some danced about, in glistening splendour dress'd
There was the goblin with his flaming crest,
The brown and hairy elf, the fairy bright,
The water-kelpie in his weedy vest,
The foul-mouth'd imp, the sinewy water-sprite—
All waiting to begin the labours of the night.

When thus he spake: "Ere the first morning ray
Break through the portal of the eastern sky,
Ye shall employ the greatest power ye may,
To build a noble bridge, with arches high,

And wide, and strong, to last eternally!
Upon the solid rock its piers shall stand,—
Upon the solid rock its ends shall lie,—
The fairest structure in all fair England,
Framed by no mortal art—built by no mortal hand!"

To work they went, and that right earnestly;
The mountain spirits hew'd and shaped the stone,—
The hairy elves, with speedy gramayrie,
Convey'd them in their aprons, one by one,
From the brown, rugged fell, hight Casterton!
The kelpies mix'd the mortar with the blood
Of slaughter'd kine, and water from the Lonne;
Whilst nimble fays made scaffolding of wood,
And lofty ladders, where the busy builders stood!

Hard did they labour, with a mighty din,
And soon the noble structure was uprear'd;
And, ere the dawn of day was usher'd in,
The Bridge in all its gracefulness appear'd
Spanning the gloomy gulf, which travellers fear'd
To approach at glooming tide; for there did dwell
(Which lured poor strangers to a dreadful wierd!)
Within the abyss, dark, deep, and horrible,
A monstrous water-snake, unscathed by ban or spell!

But now its hour was come! The Pilgrim stood,
With burning lamp, and open book, I ween,
Upon the margin of the seething flood,
Whose shelving, weedy rocks could scarce be seen,
So deep they dived beneath the waters green;
And by some invocation he did call
Th' unwieldy monster from his rocky dean—
It was a sight the stoutest might appal,
Saving the ancient man who held the snake in thrall.

The hideous reptile from the waters rose,
And from his scaly sides y-dash'd the spray,
Which floated round his head, like the pale bows
Form'd in the mountain mist by Cynthia's ray,
Dim, yet delightful,—splendourless, yet gay!
His meteor eyne glared with a dreadful ire,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day;
His horrid jaws display'd, in order dire,
Four bristling rows of teeth, each pointed like a spire.

The Pilgrim spake a strong and nameless spell,
And cursed him with a deep and bitter ban.
Loud sounds of joy arose through greenwood dell,
Triumphant strains throughout the valley ran!
The spirit-builders all at once began
To yell, and shriek, and sing with wild delight,
And eager throng'd around that ancient man;
For he had vanquish'd in a single night
The monster, which, till now, defied their utmost might.

Down, down he sank into the deep profound,
With one tremendous, loud, and bellowing groan,
Which waked the slumbering echoes all around,
And roused the eagle from his mountain-throne

The Pilgrim's task was done,—and all alone
He found himself upon the river's side;
For in the east appear'd the morning's dawn,
Which scatter'd elves and fairies far and wide,
To sleep the sunny hours away till eventide.

The Pilgrim's task was done!—he closed his book,
And quench'd his magic lamp's ethereal light;
He lean'd upon his wand, and then he took
A survey of the labours of the night,
Wrought by the gramayrie of elf and sprite;
There stood the Bridge, on which he cast his eyes,
Which swam with tears of most heartfelt delight,
And, as he view'd it in the bright sunrise,
He knelt, and pour'd his prayer to Him who rules the skies.

"Father of Heaven! with whom all mercies be,
Listen with favour to thy suppliant's pray'r!
Sweet Saviour Jesus! intercede for me!
And thou, fair Virgin! who the Godhead bare,
Take a poor sinner underneath thy care!
I have fulfill'd my vows, as ye shall know,
Destroy'd the snake, and built this structure fair;
And, though the waters rage, and tempests blow,
Still let it firmly stand, as long as Lonne shall flow!"

His tears fell fast, as though some hidden grief,
Long lock'd within his bosom, had found vent,
Or, like some dying wretch, to whom relief,
When hope is just departing, had been sent!
And, kneeling long, with posture forward bent,
He seem'd to wrestle with some power unseen;
His plenteous tears the mossy rock besprent,
And where they fell the verdure still is green,
And flourisheth above the rest until this day, I ween!

The Pilgrim rose, and northward took his way
To where fair Melrose lifts her sacred tower;
The gaping rustics, in the open day,
Beheld the wondrous work of midnight glower,
Wrought by the Wizard's spell, and spirits' power.
Thousands since then have pass'd the lovely spot,
But never knew its founder till this hour!
His was a name that ne'er can be forgot,—
The Wizard of the North! the wondrous Michael Scott!

ON A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, NOT REMARKABLE FOR HIS VERACITY.

BY ALEX. M'DOUGALL.

BROWN promised, in terms that could not be withstood,
If we gave him a seat, it should be for our good.
Nor can we complain that he's alter'd his tone:
He *sits* for our good, but—he *lies* for his own.

MADGE MYERS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S TALE.

BY DALTON.

Brightly blazed the log, and cheerily steamed the bowl, and merrily "wagged the beards" in the hall of the old manor-house. The party there assembled consisted of seven or eight individuals, all of whom, save one, the Squire's daughter,—a young lady with especially wicked eyes,—bore the appearance of sportsmen; indeed, the general condition of their boots and nether garments betokened that the ride that day had been both hard and long. Two or three old pet greyhounds slumbering upon the hearth, some very stiff-legged portraits of the same species hanging from the walls, together with a pair of silver cups on the sideboard, also "charged" with greyhounds *courant*, *couchant*, &c., afforded tolerable evidence of the particular pursuit in which the company delighted to engage. The general conversation, as might be expected, was loud; and ran, for the most part, upon "turns," and "cotes," and "wrenches," and bay-mares, and the like. The private chat between the lady aforesaid and her neighbour, a young gentleman in a very smart coat, and still smarter cravat, was in a lower key, and of a far more intelligible nature.

"Come, gentlemen," said the host, "fill your glasses. Here 's to Clio, the best bitch that ever ran a course! Briggs, my buck, you don't drink!"

Mr. Briggs, a thin, cynical, little man, looked at the speaker, replenished his glass, and, turning to an abstracted gentleman on his left, observed,

"You remember Cleopatra?" A nod was the reply. "She *was* a bitch!" added Mr. Briggs, and emptied his tumbler at a draught.

A long discussion ensued. The Squire was nettled. His friend's pointed assertion that Cleopatra *was* a bitch, seemed to convey by implication an opinion that Clio was *not*.

Mr. Briggs maintained his ground; not, indeed, after the fashion of the vulgar, by argument and speechifying—No! Mr. Briggs smoked—smoked defiance, manœuvring his pipe the while, (that greatest known aid to social elocution,) and emitting his puffs in a certain logical, incontrovertible way, that told greatly on the company.

"Well, gentlemen," observed the hitherto silent individual, (he had finished his potation and his pipe, and had, therefore, a few leisure moments to devote to less important objects,) "after all, my great-uncle had a queer-looking pup—"

"So had your father," said Mr. Briggs.

The Squire laughed; the silent gentleman could not guess why, and continued,

"I don't remember *him*; but, as I was saying, my great-uncle had a queer-looking pup, a brindle, that would have run both Clio and Cleopatra for their heads and tails. Nothing in *this* world ever *could* beat him, and nothing in t'other ever *did*."

There was something either in the manner or in the matter of this last remark, or, perhaps, in both, that drew the attention of the little circle upon the speaker. He had, however, resumed his pipe, and

was again dumb. A sudden pause ensued. The young lady and her companion, startled by the silence, looked up, and looked very foolish too.

"Nothing in t'other ever did!—nothing in t'other ever tried, I should think," observed the Squire, at length, somewhat doubtfully.

His friend winked;—it was no frivolous, no knowing, no wicked wink, but a wink of deep import and mystery.—This was not to be endured; the company burst forth *en masse*, Miss Caroline being among the most impetuous in demanding an explanation.

"Come, Gervase, I see you are bent upon telling a story," said Mr. Briggs; "so we may as well have it at once."

"No, no—really—well, if I must," responded the former, with an air of resignation, "perhaps the sooner it is over the better.—I 'll trouble you for one more lump of sugar, Miss Caroline. Thanks.—Well,—it was about twenty years ago, and a little before the Louth meeting, that a large party assembled at Leybury Grange, the seat of old Squire Markham, my great-uncle. There were Colonel Paunch, Lord Mountmartingale, the Hon. Augustus Legge, and some others, all good men and true coursers; and the Squire was pledged to show them some sport. Everything seemed favourable enough; the day was fine, the dogs in condition, and the country promising.

"'Come,' said my uncle, leading the way over a low stile into a large open tract, 'we shall find on this bit of tilt. Form a line, gentlemen!'

"The line was formed, and on they went, with a long-legged slipper in front, holding a brace of greyhounds; but no hare was 'viewed'—back again—still no hare.

"'Devilish odd!' said my uncle, a little nettled. 'We will try along the brow. There are always six or seven brace to be met with there.'

"The brow was tried: fallows and ploughs, rough grasses, and stubbles, all were tried,—still no hare. Forms there were, indeed, fresh and frequent, but not a hare was to be seen. My uncle swore at the long-legged slipper; and Lord Mountmartingale buttoned up his coat.

"'Pon my life, my lord, I am very sorry,' said the Squire; 'but really I can't understand it. There 's not a better preserved country in all England.'

"'I certainly never saw better lying,' observed Colonel Paunch, with a slight shiver."

"Heard better, he means," interrupted Mr. Briggs.

"Well—be quiet, Briggs—up and down, across and back, they rode for another hour, and to no better purpose. Meanwhile most of the party began to grow cold; my uncle grew warm in proportion.

"'It 's enough,' he exclaimed, 'to make coursers *cursers!*'

"This was his pet pun, and the kind consideration it met with was sufficient to sustain him a good quarter of an hour longer. But again his spirits flagged under such persevering ill fortune.

"'I tell ye what it is, sir,' said the long-legged slipper, at length, stopping suddenly, 'it 's all along of that tarnation old Madge Myers; she 's a-field.'

"'By the living jingo! Tim, you 're right!' said my uncle. 'Burst my boots!'

"He was a little given to adjurations; which, indeed, were confined, for the most part, to 'dashing his buttons!' 'blowing his wig!' &c.; but now he went the length of wishing his boots (a new pair of cream-coloured tops) might be burst, if he did not show a hare in a particular spot.

"'Tim,' he continued, 'my head to a haystack, we shall find her by the old elm!'

"'Why, sir, you bean't a-going to course the witch, sure-*ly*?'

"'Bean't I?' muttered my great-uncle."

"And, pray, who, or what, was Madge Myers?" inquired Mr. Briggs.

"Madge," continued the narrator, "was an ugly old crone, whose human dwelling stood at one extremity of the little village hard by the Grange. She was a witch, beyond question. Had other proofs been wanting, her age and ugliness afforded sufficient evidence of the fact; inasmuch as it is well known that the devil takes possession of bodies as well as buildings when they become dilapidated, and fit for no one else. Now, it was one of Madge's constant amusements to assume the appearance of a great grey hare. She had oftentimes been descried by the neighbours, hopping about her garden in this shape. The old woman, indeed, used to persist that it was nothing but a tame rabbit which they saw; and she generally had one at hand, to give a colour to her assertion; but, of course, the good people were not such fools as to believe that. Her great delight, however, was, having worried and chased every other hare off the manor, to squat herself among the roots of an old elm-tree, situate in the middle of a wild common, about a couple of miles from the cottage.

"Hither my uncle now conducted his party. Many a time had he coursed that great grey hare; but without success. She always took towards the village, and was soon lost in the small inclosures, running clear away from the best dogs in the county; indeed, some mischance or another seemed invariably to attend her pursuers. One had broken a rib, others had been lamed, and several severely cut, in the course.

"'Bring up the brindle-pup,' said my great-uncle solemnly. 'And now, my lord, I'll back him for a hundred, against your best.'

"The match was made; the dogs coupled; and, they had scarcely reached the spot, when 'So-ho!' shouted the slipper, as away went puss.

"'No law!' cried my uncle; and the dogs were slipped on the instant. The brindle led, and ran well up to the hare. The latter, however, her ears laid flat and her back arched, sped like lightning across the common, making, as usual, for the inclosures: up one of these (a quick-hedge, protected by a low, double rail) she ran; and my lord's dog broke his leg in attempting to follow: still the brindle kept to his work; twice he turned her, and once more she was forced into the common. My uncle, meanwhile, on a thorough-bred chestnut, kept a good place, sweeping over dykes and fences like a professor, as he was. As for Lord Mountmartingale, he soon found himself up to his neck in a drain; while Colonel Paunch was pleasantly located, at no great distance, in the midst of a furze-bush.—The rest were *nowhere*.—Squire Markham had it all to himself; and, better horse and rider, better dog and hare, never ran a course. Puss, meanwhile, pressed harder than she had ever been before, succeeded with difficulty in

gaining the high-road, and, with " the pup" not a yard behind, dashed gallantly through the village. She reached the low mud wall adjoining the cottage of old Madge, and was in the very act of springing, when the brindle, leaping forward with a tremendous bound, caught her by the scut;—off it came! The hare gave a shriek, like a human being, in its agony, and in the same instant disappeared over the garden-fence.—The dog followed; but the course was done!

"On my uncle's galloping up, he found the greyhound panting, and dead beat, among the cabbages, with the scut of the lost hare, yet fresh and warm, by his side; but not a trace of puss herself was visible. Next morning most particular inquiries were made concerning the movements, &c. of old Madge. She had not been seen.—The same reply was given on the day following.

"'Tim,' said my Great-uncle, 'request Mr. Leach, the apothecary, with my compliments, to call in at Madge's cottage. There must be something the matter with the old lady; and add, that I shall be happy to see him at dinner afterwards.'

"At precisely five minutes to four Mr. Leach made his appearance at the Grange.

"'Well, doctor, pray how is Madge Myers?'

"'Ah! how is she?' burst from many voices.

"'I found the poor old creature,' replied the medical gentleman, rather astounded by the multiplicity of these inquiries, 'in bed, very weak; indeed, almost dead from exhaustion. I have reason to fear the barbarous little wretches in the village have been again maltreating her as a witch;' (your medical men are ever sceptics;) 'there were evident traces of blood upon her clothes; but she persisted in declining my assistance.'

"'Bravo!' said the Squire, looking round in triumph, 'I told you so!'"

"Told them what?" inquired Mr. Briggs, a little pettishly.

"Ah! that I can't say; but, soon after, the old woman was seen with a large new cushion in her chair; and was never known, to the day of her death, to sit down without it; and then — and then——" Here the old gentleman dropped his voice, and whispered mysteriously, first on his left hand, then on his right.

"Nonsense!"—"You don't say so?"—"Well, I never!"—"No!" and sundry other ejaculations followed, accompanied by divers nods, shrugs, and other pantomimic expressions of astonishment, as the whisper gradually pervaded the circle.

"Fact!" said the old gentleman aloud, with oracular decision.

"And, pray," asked the young lady, who, probably from her proximity to the fire, had acquired an unusual brilliancy of colour, "pray, what became of the brindle-pup?"

"He was bit by a mad dog within the week, and shot, in consequence."

"And you believe all this, do you?" inquired Mr. Briggs.

"Yes, sir, I do," said the old gentleman, turning round very sharply;—"and, what then?"

"What then?— Oh! nothing — nothing whatever," replied Mr. Briggs, a little startled; "why, then—so do I; that's all!"—

His eyebrows attained a perceptible elevation, he tossed off his glass, and here the matter ended.

D. I.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF WINE AND WINE-DRINKERS.

BY A BACCHANALIAN.

There is no use in denying it—the vinous ages of the world seem to be fast drawing to a close—an aqueous one to be rapidly succeeding. Of all the strange revolutions of this time, this is the one I can the least relish or conceive. It is as much of a mystery to me as a grief.

Fanaticism I can comprehend, Socialism even, and Chartism,—but Teetotalism I can comprehend as little as I can abide. I can understand how men should make a dead investment of their pleasures in this life, in order to get an usurious profit upon them in the next,—I perfectly conceive how the unlucky man who has nothing should make a good-natured tender of his services, in the way of partition with the lucky man who has much,—I quite comprehend that they who are ill at ease under laws which they do not make should fancy they would be very much at ease under laws of their own making,—I comprehend how some men should make foolish combinations to secure new enjoyments, which so many things dispose them to require; but I cannot, for my life, account for the still more foolish combinations of others to annihilate old pleasures, which nothing requires them to destroy. Singular conceit! which, identifying an age of water with an age of gold, would bring back "the nonage of the world, when the only buttery for man or beast was the fountain and the river," change our wine-casks into water-butts, and dilute man from a vinous animal into a lymphatic.

For my own part, I am free to confess, that to me the most unpicturesque and insupportable of reformers is Father Mathew. The very thought of him feels damp to me, worse than that of a wet day, or an unaired bed, or a cold clammy hand—that most formidable variety of humid chill. When he crosses my mind's disc, it is as a vast water-spout, with the form and lineaments of man, ready at any given moment, like Undine's mischievous uncle, to condense into a destroying stream, whirling along with its mad eddies, wine-press and vat,—the fruits of vineyard and orchard, together with the mingled fragments of malt-house and brewery; in a word, with the wreck and garniture of a brave world, once under the hallowed patronage of antique Bacchus, and our own Sir John Barleycorn. Oh! it saddens me to think how soon the time may come when the wine-cup will be nothing more than a symbol of departed joys, and the clustering grape have no higher association than the surfeit of a rich man's feast!—when bottles and decanters—the former, by a caprice of fate, already a mere tradition at the mess-table—will sound as strange to unfamiliar ears, as to ours the Mazics, the Noggins, the Whiskins, the Bombards, and Black-Jacks of other days; when Burgundies and Clarets, Ports, Sherries, and Madeiras will be things as ambiguous and dark as the Sack, which has puzzled the wits of contending commentators as much as it ever moistened the clay of our jolly and absorbing sires. Yes! it saddens and maddens me to think that the very language of jollity, as well as its instruments, will soon become nothing more than dry memorials of the past, mere ineffectual fires and glow-worms across the track of antiquarian research.

Not that I am insensible to some slight good which has been achieved; not that I would deny that the tepid sobriety of him whose maximum is a quart is not, on the whole, preferable to the fierce inebriety of him whose minimum was a gallon, or that the march of society is less graceful, or less true, for its being a trifle steadier on its legs: still, I am free to confess that, to my mind, there was something massive and noble, as it were, in the deep carousings of the elder men; a kind of wild grandeur in their excesses, which harmonises well with their robuster natures, and begets a species of reverence for what old Heywood calls the *vinosity* of nations. Much shall we misconceive the true character of the colossal orgies of our sires, if we see in them nothing higher than the extravagant forms of a base sensual enjoyment; if we do not respect in them the presence of a powerful energy; seeking in animal excitement, in the stimulus of the grape, as in that of war and the chase, the only outlets which the immaturity of their times supplied. It is a saucy, but shrewd, remark of that jeering fellow, Bayle, that, at the time of the Reformation, Christendom was divided among two classes of people, the intemperate and the incontinent, the votaries of Bacchus and Venus; that the former went over to Protestantism, whilst the latter remained where they were. Now, though as ticklish on this point as any man, yet, as Truth is stated, on unexceptionable authority, to reside in a well, I cannot for my life think it any disparagement to the Reformation to have been fished out of a wine-flask. Nay, as Venus herself, its alleged rival, is only the more lovely for having sprung from the foam of the sea, it would not much distress me to learn that it was even born of the foam of a tankard! I therefore accept his remark as indicating an interesting fact, that the nations which have run up the longest scores with the vintners are those which have been the boldest in their wars, and have the largest account in the ledgers of national greatness; while the people whose infancy was moistened with water have grown up sickly and weak,—plants that must die without propping.

A French writer, who has given an elaborate and interesting illustration of the ancient customs of his country, Le Grand d'Aussy, has not failed to indicate the fierce jollity and exuberant carousings of the Gauls as consequences of their great constitutional energies; and has referred their custom of pledging and challenging each other in their cups, to a proud unwillingness to be outdone in any species of contest. Certain it is, to such a pitch was this noble emulation of having the strongest head carried, that Charlemagne, in his Capitulars, found it necessary to check it, by subjecting the transgressors to a kind of temporary civil sequestration, and, what was much more frightful, and shows the savageness of those times, to a diet of bread and water. This was vindictive enough to satisfy a teetotaller; but it so happens that national habits, or vices, if you will, are not to be corrected by penal edicts, however stringent they may be, and which, indeed, are in general ineffectual in the ratio of their stringency. And so it was that, centuries afterwards, Francis the First was obliged to try his hand in the same way, and with about the same success. In an ordinance of 1534, it was ordained, that every man convicted of drunkenness should, for the first offence, be imprisoned on bread and water — Francis begins where Charlemagne ends; for the second, be privately whipped; for the third, publicly; and if he then relapsed, he was to have his ears cut off, and to be banished the kingdom. If persecution

could have exterminated drinking, its death-warrant was signed. But the energetic will of a people is not to be frightened by penalties, or fettered by edicts; and, had it been as much their will to be free as it was to be drunk, they might have had their liberties with the same ease as they had their bottle. And, even in the fury which was unchained against their favourite pursuit, we perceive a certain indefinite respect for inebriety that checked the excesses of power; for, having advanced so far as to eliminate the ears, there must have been some peculiar reason for not also including the head. For in those times the neck of the sovereign people was twisted with as little ceremony as a crow's; and the "free and enlightened" of that day found their way to the gallows as easily as they now do to the lock-up-house or the tread-mill. We have an amusing instance of the summary way of dealing with the mass in an ordinance of Philip Augustus, which ordered all persons guilty of "profane swearing in public houses" to be arrested,—the gentlemen swearers to be fined a livre; but *those of the commoner sort to be thrown into the river!* Nor was Francis himself at all backward in this way; for it was with great difficulty that Charles the Fifth, during his stay at Orleans, could save the life of an unhappy perfumer, who, being charged to purify the imperial bed-room, had been so profuse of his odours as to give the Emperor a headache; on which Francis, with an admirable promptness, and most exquisite attention to his guest, ordered him to be immediately hanged; and so he would have been, if Charles, on whom the compliment was evidently lost, had not, somewhat churlishly, said, he "came to visit France, not to see executions!" That the head of the tippler, then, was not confiscated, as well as his ears, is a proof of the deference which even despotism was obliged to show towards tippling; while the fierceness of the proscription proves the power and extent of its grasp on those vigorous times.

Strange fluctuations of things!—now the honour of one hour is the derision of the next; now the cap goes up to-day for what the heel will trample on to-morrow! It has been so with learning and philosophy, with religion and government, with science and art, and why should it not be so with wine? Poets have sung it; kings and statesmen, philosophers and scholars, have revelled in, and protected, it; divines have winked at, or commended it; and "now none so poor to do it reverence." Not a day but teetotalism is dragging it through a horse-pond, bemiring it, and treating it worse than a Turk. "How the poor world is pestered with these water-flies!" Two centuries ago, France was convulsed for a much slighter matter. A medical student, having maintained a thesis in the schools of Paris, in which he ascribed the most noxious qualities to the wines of Champagne, and asserted that, by his physician's order, the Grand Monarque, the king of nations, had broken off his alliance with the king of wines, so small a matter set the whole kingdom in a flame, — for the age of chivalry was not then gone; and it is curious to remark, that, while in these days we may run down the whole family of wines with charges of poison and murder, such was the sensitiveness of those times, that an insult was not suffered to pass unresented even on a single branch of them. No sooner was this thesis published than the indignation of the Academy of Rheims was immediately uncorked;—a replicatory thesis denied the imputation, but unhappily, in the vehemence of its effervescence, made an onslaught on the wines of Burgundy. That

instant Beaume was in the field, in the person of Salins, one of its physicians. "A defence of the wines of Burgundy against the wines of Champagne" presently electrified the world, of which five editions —no trifling matter in those times — attested the author's merit, and the interest of the drinking and thinking public in the debate. But such a discussion was not to be cooped up in the provinces; it very soon passed from them to the capital, and from the physicians to the poets. The colleges are alive with it. A learned professor of one college tilts with a Sapphic ode in favour of Burgundy; of another, with well-written Alcaics in favour of Champagne; and then, most affecting act of all, comes the city of Rheims to reward its champion, not with a mural crown, but, better still, with some round dozens of the choicest samples of its heart-stirring vintage. The contest raged for years, and the principal results were collected into a volume, where they who have a *thirst* for such matters may consult them.

But these were days when men gloried in their cups, and knew how to protect them. More than a century before the civil convulsion we have alluded to, John Cornaro, a distinguished physician of Germany, had defended the convivial habits of his countrymen, — some of the wildest,—and shown how nicely they were moulded on those of the wisest nations of antiquity. Socrates, he reminds us, in conformity with the good customs of his times, used to sit up o' nights and tipple till daybreak; so did the Germans. Socrates would walk home as steady as though he had been ballasting his heels, instead of his head, —and so would the Germans. What the course of the philosopher's potations was, we know not; but, thanks to Cornaro, we do know what the order of his countrymen's was, and, as we shall perceive, there was a profound method and purpose in it. First they began with Rhenish, with which they washed down their suppers; then, when the thermometer was pretty well up with that, they betook themselves to light beer, to reduce, as he tells us, the heat of the wine, and to different kinds of beer, in the order, we must presume, of their refrigerance; then again with wine, to restore the balance of heat, too much diminished by the beer; and so on, from stimulant to refrigerant, and refrigerant to stimulant—like the steps of a diplomatic squabble—from beer to wine, and wine to beer, till, the proper balance being secured, they, some time between daybreak and sunrise, rounded off with a bevy of sweet wines, just as an orator in his peroration does with mellifluous words to give a fulness and finish to the close. Now, as we cannot suspect that any mortal man would go through such a process for the gratification of taste, we may unsuspiciously admit, that it was not so much to tickle the palate as to fortify the body,—not *ad quærendum voluptatem, sed ad justam temperantiam corporibus indagandum.* Nor can we be surprised that such high-principled potations were objects of general respect, and that it was held no mean distinction to drink deep, and to be able to bear it. But, perhaps, it may be fancied that necessity was the mother of the arrangement, and that the scantiness of the wine-cellars explains the auxiliary beer. By no means; for Cornaro says they had all the best sorts of wines, neat as imported, besides such as are made up and *sacked*, — "that is, after being flavoured with spices steeped in sacks are racked off, and strained, and these kinds are called Claret and Hippocras."* From which, also, you may learn claret was then a brewed wine, as it is now, the spice of

* See Note at the end of this paper.

other days being succeeded by some other stimulant in these. Why called claret is not so clear, as the *vin-clairet*, of which claret seems a corruption, was simply the wine of the last press, which had undergone a sufficient fermentation to absorb some of the colouring matter, and was usually of a grey or straw-colour, *œil-de-perdrix*, or similar tints. As to spiced wine, it was a main pillar in the orgies of our sires, but was often of a more composite order than is here described; for, in a receipt of the thirteenth century, we are directed to make it by putting cloves, nutmegs, raisins, three ounces of cubebs into a cloth, and boiling them up with three pounds of wine, until reduced to one half, and then to be sweetened.

Such is the picture which Cornaro gives us of the vigorous bibacity of the Germans in his day; and that it is not overcharged we know, from the noble traces which have been preserved to us by a much later hand. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Fourner, bishop of Hebron, wrote a work, "De Temulentia et Ebrietate," which has some curious evidence to this point. Among other things, he tells us that, in very many cities in Germany, there were drinking-clubs which rejoiced in the name of Antonists. Their patron was not —as indeed, without the good bishop's help, we might have guessed— that holy Antony whom St. Jerome tells us never wet his lips with anything but water,—a sign of superhuman sanctity in those winey days,—but that glorious Marc Antony of bibacious fame, who gloried in the public display of his intoxication, and wrote a book, it is said, in praise of it. There was, doubtless, in the apprehension of those good old times, a classic grandeur in the example, which recommended it to men as jealous of the dignity, as they were alive to the fascinations, of their cups. Another form of association was that of the Organists. They took their name from the method of their potations, which was to place a number of tall glasses, of different heights and dimensions, on a tray, disposed like the pipes of an organ, and the members were obliged to keep the instrument continually going, each of them in his turn exhausting the whole of its pipes in rapid succession. How many airs each member was expected to play, or what intervals were allowed between them, are points on which the good bishop does not touch, though it were much to be wished that he had. This idea of giving a musical character to the arrangement of their wine-glasses seems to have been a favourite one in Germany; for Misson, a French traveller of that day, tells us that it was a general practice to ornament the walls of the rooms to at least half their height with a glittering display of drinking-glasses, arranged like organ-pipes. But not only did this truly scientific people love to express the divine harmony of tippling, by investing it with musical forms; they also endeavoured to indicate its practical utility by symbolizing it into a resemblance to some of the mechanical arts. Thus, in several of their drinking-clubs, it was customary to set a large vessel, filled with red wine, before one of the members, who proceeded to drink down the half of it, then immediately to replenish it with white wine, again to reduce it to half, and again to replenish it; and thus to go on reducing and replenishing, until every tint of the original red had disappeared. This singular process, which, of course, was performed by every member in his turn, was appropriately termed *bleaching*, and conferred upon the society the honourable title of "The Wine-bleachers." Inimitable Germans! you were indisputably the

Paladins of a bibacious and absorbing age. When old Montaigne required an illustration of the innocuous effects of inebriety on well-constituted minds, it was to you he went; and it is the martial discipline of your jovial sires, as bibulous in camp as in castle-hall, that he observes: "Nous voyons nos Allemans noyez dans le vin se souvenir de leur quartier, du mot, et de leur rang:—

—— Nec facilis victoria de madidis, et
Blæsis atque merò titubantibus."

I know not whether any of my readers feel with me, but I ever experience a sweet pleasure in going back to times when things which are now the opprobrium of a foolish world were esteemed beneficent and good. I do not envy the man who can read unmoved the following language of another eminent physician* of the thirteenth century. "Déjà," he says, "l'on commence à connoitre ses vertus. Elle prolonge la santé, dissipe les humeurs superflues, ranime le cœur, et conserve la jeunesse." Yes, it is of *brandy* he is speaking!—of brandy which had just then begun, as Burke says of Marie Antoinette, to glitter above the horizon. "*Cette eau de vin*,"—so it was called from its being produced by distillation from wine,—"this *eau de vin*," he adds, "is by some called *eau de vie*—*a name that perfectly describes it*, FOR IT ADDS TO LIFE." Such was the cradle-song of brandy; and he that sung it—let me tell you—was no obscure surgeon-apothecary, no mean general practitioner, but M.D. and F.R.S. of the age and country in which he lived. To him the *Ars Medica* was indebted for its redemption from its long subjection to the Arabs, and its restoration to Hippocrates and the Greeks, though I fancy I still see marked traces of the Arab dominion in the predatory habits of some few of the lowest of its professors. Modern chemistry is, perhaps, indebted to him for its beginning; and he was almost the inventor of that distillatory art, whose princely product he so eloquently commends.

It gives us a pleasant impression of the yet unsophisticated apprehensions of those simple times, to observe what an affectionate reverence was paid to wine in those days, not merely as a sensual gratification, but in its higher character of a symbol of national joy. Who can look unmoved on the picture of jubilant festivity contained in the following description of a scene in the olden time:—"Par toute la ville de Paris fut faite grande liesse, et TOUT CE JOUR ET TOUTE LA NUIT decoursit vin en aucuns carrefours habondonnant en robinets d'erains et autres conduits faits ingénieusement, afin que chascusn en prensist PLEINEMENT A SA VOLUNTE." It was for our fifth Harry that the streets of Paris thus ran with wine; and that the conduits, with their brass cocks, were so "ingeniously" contrived that every man that would might have his fill. And again, in the old chronicle, "I celle nuit furent faits à Paris les feux par les rues et illec mises aussi tables rondes et donné à boire à tous venans." *A tous venans!*—to all comers!—there it is! take it who will! We are all the King's guests. Can we wonder that monarchs walked among men as gods, when their very foot-prints were thus bathed in wine?

Poor indeed was the pageant of which wine, in some fanciful shape or other, did not form an ornamental part, and in which fountains, sometimes of it alone, sometimes blended with sherbets and rich

* Arnaldus de Villanova.

liqueurs, did not descend in exhilarating torrents before the enraptured crowd! It was here the fancy of the decorator revelled in all its pomp, imagining the most grotesque, and what the taste of these times would esteem not the most delicate, devices. Thus, at a banquet given by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, we read of towers from whose eaves ran showers of orangeade; a female figure, with hippocras oozing from her breasts; and children discharging rose-water in a more natural than seemly way! In the Romance of Terant-le-Blanc we find mention of many curious devices of this kind. Sometimes the female assistants were as real as the wine. Thus, when our Henry VI. made his entry into Rheims in 1431, there was a fountain, in the shape of a lily, shedding wine and milk from its buds and flowers, surrounded by three young girls, naked to the waist, in the character of syrens. And the same thing happened some forty years after, when Louis XI. made his solemn entry into Paris.

And, here, by the way, I am reminded of some pleasant days spent on the Côte de St. Cyr, that charming crest of vineyards which forms the right bank of the Loire, a little below Tours, and facing the old palace of Plessis-les-Tours. There is a house there—may its shadow never grow less!—which rejoiced, perhaps still rejoices, in the name of the Trois Tonneaux. Though there was something of the *guinguette* in its title, yet for none other upon earth would I have exchanged it; it being so called from three large and nearly spherical stone tuns, of which one is still to be seen (or was fifteen years ago) in its spacious *caves*. A single step from the garden brought you into a magnificent vaulted chamber, on whose lofty walls were still to be seen the traces of armorial bearings, which had once been richly blazoned upon them, and so disposed as to form a kind of pictorial cincture to the vault. From the left side of it there went an arched gallery, which spurred out into one or two others, for the stowage of wines, and in them were formerly the three tuns, which give its title to the house. According to tradition, that most opulent of inventors, these galleries formerly descended the hill, passed under the river, and the opposite plain, till they reached the cellars of the palace of Plessis-les-Tours. It would be quite enough to believe that they even descended to the bank of the river; but there is no evidence even for this. What is certain is, that they were constructed for the use of Louis XI., and were honoured with the products of the royal vintages. And, well I remember, whenever I entered the vault, and contemplated my modicum of wine, that occupied but an invisible fraction of the splendid cenotaph, I could not but reverence the feeling which had raised so noble a receptacle for the glorious produce of the vine. And to this hour a faint gleam of light sparkles over the dark memory of Louis whenever I think of sweet St. Cyr and its Trois Tonneaux.

But, not only were kings, in other days, as it were, the viceroys of Bacchus on grand occasions, they were themselves honourably distinguished by the most fervent celebration of his rites. What have we in these *eau-rougie* times to compare with the classic beauty of the following picture?—"The Emperor's head," says an old writer, "was in the glass *five times as long as any of us;* and he never drank less than a good *quart of Rhenish* at a time." Five times as long as any of us! Is not this to be every drop a king? "Which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!"—The king of good fellows, it is clear, you think; some roystering, pimple-nosed monarch, worthy of ruling over Cocagne; some

joyous kill-care prince, who would willingly have turned his kingdom into a vineyard, his loving subjects into the luscious berries of the grape, his screw of a government into a wine-press, and his exchequer-office into a Heidelberg tun! Not a bit of it! The head which could thus tarry, like an Indian diver, in the deep abysses of the glass, was filled with projects that shook Europe to the core; and the lips so absorbent of the Rhenish never opened but with the accents of dictation and command. Why, even the boon companion, who sketches this noble scene, is Roger Ascham. Need we be surprised that its hero should be Charles the Fifth? Oh! what a glorious treat it would have been if Mercury would but have brought back the philosopher of Chalcedon from the shades; and the immortal tourney of Syracuse, in which, as the best drinker, he carried off the golden crown, could have been renewed! If the Emperor and the philosopher, Charles and Xenocrates, flaggon in hand, could have met in the lists to have a *combat à-l'outrance* for the prize! Your philosophers, I know, are tough fellows at a debauch; but still I would have offered the odds on the King, for his sire was a German, which is the best drinking-blood in the world.

It was assuredly a lofty destiny for the bottle to be thus honoured with the love and confidence of princes; and it gives us a superb idea of the convivial energies of those times, that the most distinguished monarch of his age could, in his ordinary potations, display a capacity of drink that would not have disgraced the victor in a prize-contest among fauns. But this, I think, was the zenith of its career. The times were now fast approaching when this powerful endurance, which dignified conviviality, was to end, and vinosity; through the feebleness of its votaries, degraded to debauch, was about to lose its lustre as a manly ornament of the great. There is already a perceptible difference between the calm prowess of Charles, the power of a strong nature requiring a strong stimulus, and bearing it, and the tipsy orgies of another sovereign, Christian the Fourth, of whom Howell says, in his letters, that, after giving five-and-thirty toasts at a banquet at Rheinsburg, he was obliged to be carried away in his chair!—a mode of quitting the chair, by the way, which would have done honour to an Irishman. It was this same Christian who paid a visit to England, and had a drinking-bout with our James the First at Theobald's, in which both champions, being unlegged, were transported from the battle-field, and honourably interred for the night. In the *fêtes* given on the occasion of this royal visit, we have a clear proof that the old honours of the cup were beginning to be tarnished, for, as Sir John Harrington says, the very ladies abandoned their propriety, and rolled about in a state of intoxication; and the account he gives us of a court-pageant, representing Solomon's Temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba, seems to justify this somewhat startling picture of the female jollity of that day. Christian being seated on the throne, as Solomon, her majesty of Sheba advanced, to lay her offerings at the Jewish monarch's feet; but, whether it was she was wearied with her long journey, or had partaken too largely of the refreshment she must have so much needed, at the close of it, she was unhappily so unsteady in her gait, that, in ascending the steps of the royal throne, she stumbled, and threw the whole contents of her rich caskets, consisting of "wines, creams, jellies, beverage, cakes," and other Ethiopian rarities, into the expectant monarch's lap. Presently handkerchiefs, napkins, and every

variety of detergent were unfurled; but King Solomon, like a gallant Jew as he was, nothing daunted or wroth at the mischance, insisted forthwith on a conciliatory dance with the culprit Queen; but, unhappily, falling at her feet under these peculiar circumstances, which make it generally impossible, and always unprofitable to rise, he was thereupon carried to a state-bed, all smeared and dripping with the confectionary cataract, to receive the homage with which Faith, Hope, and Charity, splendidly attired, were next to salute him,—at least, so said the bill of the play. But Bacchus, who seemed determined to come Olympus over the Jews that night, in a spirit rather Gentile than genteel, had waylaid our Christian Graces, and so nearly hamstrung them, that Faith and Hope found it impossible to advance, or prudent to retire. Charity, a little stronger, as she ought to be, contrived to flounder through her part; and then, like a kind-hearted, sympathetic creature as she is—in public—went to look after her sisters, whom she found not at their usual occupation: Faith sitting blindfold at a window, believing all she hears; and Hope, with her eyes fixed on the horizon, busy weaving pretty gossamer-nets to catch—elephants with. Nothing of this; but, there they were, to use the language of our courtly chronicler,—"in the lower hall, sick and ——" Here follows a word, which the super-exquisite delicacy of modern ears obliges me to suppress, being the strongest expression that can be used for that singular operation of the stomach which is a common phenomenon at sea; but of which many of my readers may have had a practical illustration, on being carefully handed to leeward, and civilly admonished that all future communications had better be addressed to the waves.

Such were the mellow days of James the First. But it is evident that vinolency in this period was beginning to be the pastime of the effeminate and weak, and had fallen into hands not strong enough to restrain it. The climax of its dignity had been attained in a previous age, when men of vigorous minds took service in its cause; when an emperor like Charles was a first-class prizeman on its lists; when a scholar like Erasmus, otherwise so timid that he shuddered at the bare idea of death, preferred Cambridge, with the plague, where he could get wine, to a miserable village, with the infinitely worse plague of being without it; and could extort from his admiring friend the flattering exclamation of "O fortem Bassarei commilitonem qui in summo periculo ducem deserere nolueris!"* — or, when so eminent a person as Lipsius was in danger of his life from his heroic efforts to maintain the character of a first-rate toper, at a solemn inaugural dinner among grave academicians at the University of Dole.

But it was one of the inconveniences of modern civilisation that, in raising woman in the social scale, it had placed a pleasure within her reach of too masculine a character for her prudent enjoyment. The Greeks, who loved wine, and were sensible of its dignity, seeing at a glance the evil consequences that must follow from its becoming a female luxury, wisely forbade their women the use of it. The Romans, though for a different reason, did the same, partly fearing its results on the marriage-bed. Thus, Romulus suffered a knight to beat his wife to death for being overtaken in liquor; and, in their offerings to the Bona Dea, the Roman ladies carried every kind of branch but the myrtle, because with that the goddess, who had married a mortal being,

* "Oh! valiant comrade of Bacchus! whom no extremity of peril can induce to desert thy chief!"

caught tippling by her husband, was soundly thrashed by him. To do at Rome as they do in Rome appears to have been as stringent a maxim in the old time as the new, and was not, it seems, to be waived even in favour of a goddess.

It came to pass, however, in process of time, that the Romans found it necessary to work out their ordinances against female tippling by a machinery, from the nature of which one is tempted to believe that the women might, in some way or other, be at the bottom of the change. It was ordained that, the better to ensure the observation of the law, it should be within the competence of every man to kiss his kinswoman wherever he might meet her; and, that there might be no delay or impediment to this *writ ad inquirendum*, the ladies were required, as soon as they saw a relation, to pout out their lips into the position best calculated to facilitate its execution. A very pleasant law! I wish from my heart we had it! for my connections are infinite, and my cousins pretty; and I can perfectly understand how the old and ugly would be presumed innocent without inquiry, while the young and lovely would not only be constant objects of suspicion, but would present difficult cases of detection, that would require repeated and rigorous appliances of the test. On the other hand, it would, doubtless, occur, that maids of ancient standing, and desperate desire, would pretend their characters were assailed, and demand a most searching and protracted inquiry on the spot. But, as many such cases—and many might be feared—would completely intimidate the agents of the law, the wisdom of the legislator foreseeing so obvious an abuse, had doubtless invested the kinsman with a suspensive and discretionary power.

Aquatic reformers of the nineteenth century! one word, if not one bumper, at parting. You fancy yourselves a very crack invention of this age, and you are as old as human folly, and that is not of yesterday. Some fifteen centuries ago you were unfavourably known to the police ecclesiastical as "Aydroparastæ, or Aquarii," and made a most formidable progress as Montanists and Manichæans. St. Augustin, it is true, who had once been one of you, says, that while professing to touch nothing but water, you guzzled down cider that was stronger than wine; and Tertullian—who, by the way, has missed being a saint, for latterly falling into aqueous ways himself, — calls it *succum ex pomis vinosissimum*, a deuced strong tipple from apples. For my own part, I think the good men were mistaken, and give you credit, then as now, for sincerity; and so thought the church of that day, which, being a right-minded and wise one, rejected you as heretics. May our own church be wary in time, and never grant you a footing in its episcopal or clerical cellars! Not that I wish to have an *auto-da-fé* of you, or to see you simmered to death in your own kettles; for I really believe you have your merits, though you contrive to conceal them by your extravagance.

One last word, and I have done with you. Wine-drinking you state to be an offence against nature, and thus you prove it: wine contains alcohol; alcohol is the result of fermentation; fermentation is the death, the decomposition of nature. *Ergo*, wine, as containing an element of decomposition, is not a product of nature! Ay! say you so? then, neither are butter, nor cream, nor cheese, nor flitch of bacon, nor red-herring, nor bread, which is the result of fermentation, products of nature. The three first are partial decompositions; the two

next, decompositions artificially suspended; the last, what, with regret, I have told you. Yet you mix cream with your tea, and eat cheese with your bread, and butter with your red-herring, as coolly as if you had never heard of your own strait-jacket principles. And this is the worst of such principles:—they are springes which catch those who set them, and, like Mahomet's bridge, are too fine for the great throng of believers. Enlarge your principles, and be less exclusive in your means. Have what horror of conflagrations you will; but do not require us, as a precautionary measure, to extinguish our domestic fires. Be as zealous against drunkenness as you can; but do not ask of us, as a preliminary step, to banish our festive and inspiring cup. Take a lesson from one who, in his day, was a gentle champion of your cause. "Men's bodies," he prettily says, "may be compared to the flowers and plants of earth; for, when these are over-watered, and almost drowned with sudden showers, and tedious, intempestive rains, they droop, and hang their heads, as not able to hold them up, through extremity of moisture; but when they receive a gentle dew, and drink no more of the soft, melting clouds than is sufficient, they appear much refreshed, and are made more capable thereby of sudden growth and fertile production — and so it is with us." How sweet and musical! as though murmured through a vine-breathed reed, as though a nightingale were warbling the uses of the grape. This, then, is the true philosophy of temperance:—to avoid the sudden showers, and tedious, intempestive rains, and to seek the gentle and refreshing dew,—if at times of the kind called "mountain," it will be none the worse,—and to drink no more of the rich mantling cup than will give us what—in the learned language of one who hoped, that, to understand our mother English, the use of Latin as a key would one day be required!—has been most admirably called "a sober incalescence and regulated æstuation from wine."

A FEW WORDS ON SACK AND CLARET.

As this passage of Cornaro (from his "De conviviorum veterum Græcorum et Germanorum Ritibus," Leips. 1546) concerns all those who have an interest in the "sack-question," — and who has not? — I am tempted to give it in the original, being its first appearance, as far as I am aware, on the boards of this old controversy. After observing that the German banquets are plentifully supplied with cerevisiacs of all kinds, he adds, "Optimis quoque vinis *non modo invectis* sed *arte etiam paratis et* SACCATIS, quæ videlicet, peregrinis aromatorum saporibus in saccos additis transmittuntur et percolantur; et *hæc genera Clareti et Hypocras* nominibus indigitant." Here, it will be remarked, the terms sacked wine, claret, and hypocras are nearly synonymous, indicating varieties of spiced or made wines, resembling each other in the common feature of being *clarified or strained*; for this process of clarification it is which is particularly expressed by each of them. Thus *saccatus* is defined by Cooper, in his "Thesaurus," "*that which is put through a sack*," (by which he means any kind of bag,) "*strained like Hippocras.*" Claretus speaks for itself; and hypocras was so called, from its being passed through a cloth strainer, formerly styled by the apothecaries "the sleeve of Hippocrates." Now, two of these terms for spiced and strained wine we know were domesticated in England—*hypocras* and the *vinum claretum*—not derived from the *vin clairet*, quite a different thing, but from the German claret, as Ducange observes ad ver. Claretum: "Germanis, Claret; Hisp. Clarea; vinum factitium dulce vel aromatites quod Germanis, Gallis, &c., Hipocras;" who also cites a curious passage from Bartholomæus Anglicus — (Bartholomew de Glantvilla, an Englishman of the fourteenth century,) *de proprietatibus rerum*, describing the mode of making it, which I give in English, from a black-letter translation, by Stephen Batman, of Magdalen College, in 1582. "*Claret* is made of wine, honnie, and *sweet* spiceries (so he inaccurately translates aromaticæ species, which merely means spices—

species, in low Latin, originally designating all kinds of plants, sometimes even corn, wine, and oil.) For good spicery is ground to small powder, and put in a small linen bag, that is faire and clean, with honnie and with sugar, and the *best wine* is put on the spicery, as who maketh lye; and the wine shall be put thereon, until the virtue of the spicerye be incorporated with the wine, and be *clarified;* and so *claret* draweth of the wine might and sharpness, and holdeth of spicery good smell and odour, and borroweth of honnie sweetness and favour." On which the translator has the note:—"The olde kind of Ippocrass." If then, as is manifest, the words *hypocras* and *claret* found their way into our language as names for made-wines, we should naturally expect that the cognate word, *saccatum,* would accompany them, and that equally distinct traces of its incorporation into English ought to have survived; but where shall we find these traces, unless in the word *sack?* Reasoning *à priori,* therefore, the presumption is very strong in favour of "sack" being an Anglicised form of saccatum, as claret of claretum; and it becomes still stronger when we consider the infructuous attempts to give it any other derivation. The *sacks,* or skins, in which the Spanish wines were formerly stowed, have furnished a solution which would have, at least, been more worthy of attention, if it could be shown that the wines confessedly *not* included in the term "*sack,*" were not put into sacks, just as well as those which *are* included in it. As to the suggestion of vin-sec, it is perfectly untenable, as a first glance at Dr. Vernon's "*Via recta ad vitam longam,*" p. 47, will most indisputably show. The most reasonable inference then is, that the vinum saccatum, like the vinum claretum, found its representative in English, and that we have that representative in sack; and, if we may be permitted the conjecture, that there grew up by degrees a subdivision of these made-wines into *light* and *strong,* into those made of French wine, and those of Spanish—a thing likely to occur—we may easily conceive that the former might be arbitrarily designated by the vinum claretum, or claret; and the latter, by the vinum saccatum, or sack; and while, on the one hand, such French wines as were preferred for the lighter kinds of made-wine—(Florio, in his first "Frutes," speaks of *white* and *red* claret)—would be generally known as clarets; so would the Spanish wines, selected for making the stronger sorts, be commonly known as sacks. But I must conclude this long-winded note by observing, that sherry eventually became the sack, *par excellence,* and probably the only one much used; and that the lime which the fat knight complains of was evidently a fraudulent substitute for some part of the process which the beverage should have undergone, and plainly shows that the "sherris-sack" was a *vinum saccatum,* or made-wine.

CANZONET.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

Meet me, dearest, in the morning,
  When the dreams of happy hours
Are the freshest; 'midst the dawning,
  When the dew-drops gem the flowers:
Ere the glare of garish day, love,
  Has call'd hearts to Mammon's shrine,
Ere thy thoughts to earth may stray, love,
  And taint their pureness—half divine.

When the greenwood, and the ocean,
  Wake in peace, and move in light;
And thy soul's unstained emotion
  Thrills with rapture's fond delight:
Meet me, dearest! in the morning,
  When the dreams of happy hours
Are the freshest; 'midst the dawning,
  When the dew-drops gem the flowers.

THE OLD CASTLE OF ARDEN.

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

Cazotte, the author, or rather the editor, of the singular legend to which we are about to direct the attention of our readers, nominally belonged to that school of philosophers whose vehement attacks on all received opinions prepared the way for the French Revolution. His character was a strange compound of ancient superstition and modern infidelity. With the daring scepticism and mocking spirit of a follower of Voltaire, he combined the gloomy imaginings and credulity in the marvellous of a hermit of the Thebaid. He doubted every history that ever was written, and believed in every prodigy that ever was told. According to La Harpe's well-known story, he not only pretended to prophecy, but really predicted the fate of the leading philosophers of the day, including his own. His belief in ghosts was as profound as that of Dr. Johnson, and he defended it by the same reasoning that the English Aristarchus has placed in the mouth of Imlac:—

"There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another could not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some, who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."

Cazotte's infancy and youth were spent in a manner well calculated to nourish a strong belief in supernatural appearances. He was fond of listening to the old crones who were story-tellers to the village.

While all the recollections of youth tended to form in Cazotte a strong taste and deep reverence for the supernatural, the studies and associations of mature age led him to divest the marvellous of its true elements of sublimity, and to render it fantastic rather than terrible. It was the boast of the French philosophers that they had rendered their age an age of realities; but indistinctness and obscurity are absolutely essential to the terrific effects of the supernatural. In Darwin's description of the omens that heralded the destruction of the army of Cambyses, we find that all the incidents are of a dark, indefinable nature;—inexplicable occurrences, because we can neither comprehend the perceptions to which they give rise, nor guess at the consequences to which they may lead.

"Slow as they pass'd, the indignant temples frown'd,
Low curses muttering from the vaulted ground;
Long aisles of cypress waved their deepen'd glooms,
And quivering spectres grinn'd amid the tombs;
Prophetic whispers breathed from Sphynx's tongue,
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung;
Burst from each pyramid expiring groans,
And darker shadows stretch'd their lengthen'd cones."*

* Botanic Garden.

The power of this magnificent passage arises entirely from the material being kept strictly subordinate to the spiritual; in fact, the poet does not so much describe incidents, as the perceptions of these incidents by the superstitious soldiery, whose imaginations were overwhelmed by the colossal architecture of Egypt, and whose fears were sharpened to agony by the belief that their despotic master had engaged them in a war against the gods. Cazotte, like most French writers of the day, viewed the mind only as influenced by external events; but, as the real strength of the supernatural lies within us, he who wishes to influence us by recitals of the marvellous must cause the external events to take their shape and colouring from the mind. Even where the marvellous is discarded, this view of external nature, through the medium of mental imaginings, gives life and power to familiar objects, and imparts spiritual agency to inert matter.

The effect of the terrible, then, is not produced by any simple external agency, but by the spiritual agency imparted to external objects from the mind, and the feelings of the real or supposed observer. It might lead us into a curious disquisition, were we to inquire whether all supernatural appearances, but more especially ghosts, may not be traced to the imparted agency of living minds; but, without "darkening counsel" by metaphysical inquiry, we may hold it demonstrated that the supernatural is only sublime through the impressions which it produces, and that these impressions are powerful in proportion to their indistinctness, and we may almost say their unreality. Hence no description of supernatural appearances ever produced a more thrilling effect than Eliphaz's account of his vision:—

"Now a thing was imparted to me secretly:
It came to my ear in a whisper'd sound,
In thoughts from the visions of the night;
At the time when sleep falleth upon men,
A fear came upon me and a horror,
A shuddering went through all my bones;
Then a spirit glided before me;
The hair of my flesh stood on end.
It stood still; but I could not distinguish the form thereof.
A spectre stood before mine eyes.
There was silence—I heard a hollow murmur, saying,
'Shall mortal man be just before God?
Shall the creature be pure in the sight of the Creator?'" *

Cazotte's acquired taste for the real and palpable was much more likely to lead him to the grotesque than to the sublime in description; just as the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth fills the mind with terror, while the real, substantial dagger which Burke produced in the House of Commons excited nothing but ridicule. A simplicity of mind, from which he never parted, in spite of his philosophical associations, saved Cazotte from anticipating the mockery of superstitions which belongs to our own day. He was neither sublime nor grotesque, but he was fantastic. He combined the mocking spirit of an unbeliever with the credulity of childhood; stopping to laugh at some ludicrous combination, arising from the mixture of sober fact with the wildest of his imaginings, and never pausing to inquire whether this sudden percep-

* Job, iv. 12—16; Wemyss's Translation.

tion of the ludicrous did not weaken, or even destroy, all sense of the terrible. Cazotte's theory of life seems to have been, that it is a kind of tragical farce; and one incident near the close of his career went far to realize his theory. He was sentenced to death during the September massacre; the bloody hands were stretched out to pierce his aged breast. His daughter flung herself on the old man's neck, and exclaimed, as she presented her bosom to the pikes of the assassins,—"You shall not get at my father till you have forced your way through my heart!" The pikes were instantly lowered, shouts of pardon were raised, and echoed by a thousand voices. The young lady threw herself into the arms of the murderers, embracing them, reeking as they were with human gore, and then led off her father, followed by a shouting and shrieking mob, in whose frantic orgies she did not refuse to join.

The Castle of Arden was one of Cazotte's earliest productions; it was an old legend, which he put into verse at the request of Madame Porsonnier, who had been appointed nurse in the family of the Dauphin, son to Louis XV., and who was in want of a good ghost-story to frighten the royal infants to sleep. There were two versions of the story; one designed for a prince, and the other for a princess; but they differ very slightly from each other. We have chosen the latter, as it brings out more directly the child's impression of the story at the end of every stanza. A literal translation of Cazotte's legend would be unsuited to these pages, for he has taken rather more than a Frenchman's licence in loose descriptions. Indeed, there could be no stronger proof of the profligacy of the French court in the middle of the last century than the fact that such a tale should have formed part of the literature of the royal nursery. Believing, however, that the legend possesses sufficient merit in itself to deserve a divorce from the grossness with which it was united by Cazotte, we have resolved to give a very free imitation of the original, but preserving that which gives it a special character, the Child's interruption of the Nurse's recital, and the Ingoldsby moral, which the narrator deduces from her tale.

We shall only add, that Cazotte, after having escaped the massacres of the 2nd of September, was one of the earliest victims of that organized assassination which assumed the name of revolutionary justice.

"In the dense woods of Arden, through which scarce a ray
Of the sun in its brightness can e'er force a way,
There stands an old castle, deserted and lone,
For the demons of darkness have made it their own.
Round its walls and its towers
The shrieking ghosts hover;
In its arbours and bowers
The wolves find a cover;
The ominous owl,
And the ill-boding raven,
With the vulture so foul,
Have there found a haven."
("Nurse! I 'm frighten'd!—cease thy tale!
My soul is chill'd!—my spirits fail!")

"The gallant Sir Engherrand came from the war;
His courser was weary, his home was afar,

The rain fell in torrents, and drear was the road,
So in Arden he sought for that night an abode.
"Brave warrior! beware!
Lest the spirits of evil
Should force you to share
In their horrible revel!
Remain in the field,
In the court-yard, or garden;—
Your destiny 's seal'd
If you come within Arden!'"
("Nurse!—'tis shocking! How I quiver!
See! from cold and fear I shiver!")

"The knight laugh'd in scorn: 'Your ghosts I defy!
A soldier of Christ from no peril should fly.
The power which has shielded me often in fight
Will aid me, I trust, in the dangers of night.
Set the cups:—bring the wine,
Spread the banquet with speed, sirs;—
That my fire brightly shine,
I charge you take heed, sirs;
And lend me your aid
To undress and unarm me.
See! I 'm not afraid
That your spirits can harm me!'"
("Nurse! the knight was sure in error.
For what comes next I wait in terror!")

"'Tis midnight—the turrets and battlements rock:
Sir Engherrand springs up in bed at the shock.
Horrid sounds ring around him—dread forms meet his view—
The lights of his tapers and fire burn blue!
The shrieks of despair
Through the chamber are swelling,
And, borne through the air,
A death-peal is knelling;
The ban-dogs of hell
Are some victim pursuing,
And show by their yell
That the prey they are viewing!"
("Nurse, dear nurse! you overpower me!
I feel those dogs of hell devour me!")

"Down the chimney the fragments of carcases fall;
Heads and hands, arms and legs are heap'd up in the hall;
They combine into form as they rest on the floor;
And that instant a tempest bursts open the door;
And onward is borne
A body distorted,
By the hell-hounds all torn,
By those hell-hounds supported.
White foam is o'erspread
On his visage appalling,
And tears of hot lead
From his eyelids are falling!"
("Nurse, forbear!—the tale 's too horrid.
Feel, oh! feel how throbs my forehead!")

"On the breast of the spectre a woman is placed;
One hand grasps a dagger, the other his waist;

She yields him no respite, she grants him no rest,
But plunges and plunges the blade in his breast!
From the merciless wound
His rack'd bosom is bleeding;
While serpents twined round
On his cold heart are feeding;
Molten fires on his sores
Winged demons are flinging,
While his agonized pores
Countless scorpions are stinging!"
("Oh! 'tis awful!—hold me! hold me!
In your arms, dear nurse, enfold me!")

"On the form of the lady Sir Engherrand gazed,
At the sight of her beauty and vengeance amazed.
'Speak, lady, or demon!' he cried, 'I command,
By that name which no powers of hell can withstand,
And tell, with such train,
Why have you come hither?
Why, in anguish and pain,
Is that wretch forced to wither?
What brought him the doom
In his blood still to welter;
So that even the tomb
Affords him no shelter?'"
("I'm not asleep, nurse; here, I'm quaking;
I never was in such a taking.")

"The shadowy form paused a moment, then sigh'd,
Clear'd her brow from its elf-locks, and calmly replied,
'My sire was Count Anselm, lord of this land;
Many suitors came hither to seek for my hand;
I was then young and fair,
Like the morning unclouded,
Till sorrow and care
The bright prospect shrouded;
As on a young flower,
By whose bud we're delighted,
Comes the tempest in power,
And its blooming is blighted.'"
("Nurse, my eyes are red with weeping;
The lady's woes prevent my sleeping.")

"'This miscreant was chosen my tutor and guide,
For in none but a monk would my father confide;
And this hypocrite's bearing appear'd so divine,
That he seem'd like a saint just come out of his shrine!
But woe be to those
Who on monks place reliance;
The trust they repose
Should be changed to defiance.
The look void of pride,
And the lips blandly smiling,
May serve but to hide
A vile tempter's beguiling!'"
("Nurse, I wish you'd get on faster,
And let me hear the ghost's disaster!")

"'In vain did the traitor try flattery and wile,
He found me too wise for such arts to beguile,

So he turn'd for relief to the spirits of hell,
And sold them his soul for a magical spell.
An exquisite flower,
Wondrous beauty revealing,
The mystical power
Of ill was concealing.
I pluck'd it—I fell,
All fainting and senseless.
What more need I tell?
He found me defenceless!' "
("Nurse, make haste! the candle's waning,
Scarce an end of it remaining.")

" 'I woke from my swoon, fill'd with anger and pride;
I menaced the traitor, who stood by my side.
His love changed to hatred; his dagger he drew;
And his innocent victim remorselessly slew.
He dug a deep grave,
But its rest was denied me;
The treacherous slave
Found that earth would not hide me.
He ran to the lake,
But its crimsoning water
Made his hands deeper take
The red impress of slaughter.' "
("Nurse, come near; I faint; I stagger;
Methinks I see the bloody dagger!")

" 'While he stood thus perplex'd, the Count's voice reach'd his ear;
The heart of the dastard was sicken'd with fear;
He call'd upon Satan for rescue! such aid
As Satan affords was no longer delay'd.
He seized on his prey,
Earth open'd in sunder;
They vanish'd away
Amid lightning and thunder!
Then began this wild race,
To avenge my undoing;
And, still, on goes the chase,
He pursued—I pursuing!' "
("Nurse, the story's very charming,
Though I find it quite alarming!")

"She finish'd. At once, again, open the hounds;
The dagger more sharply inflicts its sharp wounds;
The serpents and scorpions more deep drive their stings,
Each imp scalding tortures more rapidly flings.
The knight made the sign
Of the cross in devotion;
And the emblem divine
Soon quell'd the commotion.
Away they all hied,
While the knight, danger scorning,
Just turn'd on his side,
And slept sound until morning."
("Nurse, I'm glad the story's ended.")—
"Little miss, by it be mended.
Never in the garden-bowers,
Without leave, pluck pretty flowers.

Never with your handsome lip
Touch a blue flower's utmost tip;
Though its lovely hue decoys one,
MONKSHOOD IS THE RANKEST POISON!"

The savage chase and untiring vengeance described in this tale, have numerous parallels in the legends of the Middle Ages; they all, probably, had their origin in the forests of Germany, and may claim the "Wild Huntsman" for their common parent. Both Homer and Virgil, in their descriptions of the infernal regions, represent the ghosts as animated by the same passions that they had while on earth; Ajax retains his resentment against Ulysses, and Dido refuses to grant pardon to Æneas, when these heroes visit the region of shadows. A Gothic imagination had only to evoke the spectres from Pluto's realms, and classical authority could be quoted for their subsequent adventures. A mere change in the locality of Orion's spectral chase, described by Homer in the Odyssey, would, in fact, nearly identify it with the legend of the "Wild Huntsman."

"There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant hunter flies;
A ponderous mace of brass, with direful sway,
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheons fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the plains of hell!"

Prometheus, the first and greatest impersonation of the immortality of woe in poetic fiction, may have suggested the first notion of those tortures "which, unconsumed, are still consuming." If the minstrels and story-tellers of the Middle Ages borrowed any of these hints from the writers of Greece and Rome, it must be confessed that they remoulded them in their own barbarism, and superadded every horror which the natural gloom of a Teutonic imagination could supply. They revelled in descriptions of physical suffering, and wearied themselves in imagining the tortures prepared for the wicked after death. They were not satisfied with anything so unsubstantial as the misery of the soul; they held it necessary that the body should suffer; and, hence, Satan was represented as claiming the corpse of "the old woman of Berkeley;" and it was related that the body of a baron bold, who was too wicked to pay tithes, was obliged to rise out of his grave in the church, and stand outside the porch, while the holy St. Austin celebrated mass. We know not whether Cazotte has exaggerated the horrors of the legend as it was originally told to him, but assuredly the old collections of monkish stories abound in details infinitely more disgusting and revolting.

Boccaccio's "Decameron" contains a legend so very like Cazotte's, that both may be supposed to have come from the same source; but in the Italian tale the lady is the person chased, and an injured lover is the huntsman. Dryden has rendered the story into English verse in his "Fables," which we regard as his most finished performance.

THE BAND OF THE FORTY-SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

BY HENRY CURLING.

"Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this."
"That 's a lie, for I invented it myself."—SHAKSPEARE.

"WHEREFORE this halt, Diego?" said Don Matthias de Castro, thrusting his head from the window of a huge, ill-contrived leathern vehicle, the hindmost of three similarly constructed conveyances, which, attended by a couple of dozen horsemen, armed to the teeth, had just at that moment come to a stand-still in a mountain-pass of the Pyrenees.—"Wherefore halting here, and be d—d to them, Diego?" cried the irascible Hidalgo. "Ride to the front, sirrah, and order the headmost carriage to push forward as quickly as possible. We 're in the worst part of this ugly road; and the Seven-and-forty, as thou well knowest, infest the neighbourhood. Spur on, sir! This is no place to be caught napping in."

"I will so," said the attendant, spurring and lashing his horse amongst the press; for the road being sandy, with high rocks on either hand, the horsemen and vehicles, from the anxiety of the rear to get forward, had become somewhat confused and jammed together. "Out of the way there!" cried Diego, "clear the road, and let me to the front, men! Get on there, can't you? What hinders us? Forwards, I say! The general 's angry at this halt."

The beautiful Elvira de Mendoza, leaning back in the vehicle in which she was seated beside her guardian, the beforesaid Don Matthias de Castro, hid her peerless features in her hands, as the vivid flashes of the forked lightning darted through the front windows of the vehicle they were passengers in, and displayed the rocks, precipices, and hanging woods they were surrounded by, brightly as though, for the moment, a hundred flambeaux had suddenly flashed through the forest scene.

"Get on, sirs!" roared the incensed noble, once more thrusting his impatient head from the window. "D——, sir! move on! Drive over those men in front, coachman, if they don't choose to move out of the way! Fire and fury! why don't you move on, you scoundrels?"

"May it please your lordship," said the serving-man, Diego, from the place where he was now jammed up amidst the press, "we can't stir a peg to the front. The pass is choked up here in the narrowest part; a large number of broken-down carts and tumbrils are before us, and the men are dismounting to remove the obstruction. The night, too, is so dark, Seignior, that, but for the lightning, we should not have found out what opposed our progress."

"Let them NOT dismount!" roared Don Matthias. "Bid them stand to their arms: we shall be attacked here. I thought how it would be! Here, let me out this instant!"

So saying, the Hidalgo seized a pistol from his waist-belt, kicked

open the door of the carriage, jumped into the road, and, plucking forth his toledo, made for the front of the cavalcade.

"Halloo there!" roared a voice louder than the thunder-clap,—"halloo there! Who dares remove our baggage, and disturb our bivouac? Shoot them, Matteo!—fire, men, upon the scoundrels!—Char-r-r-ge!"

No sooner had the words rang out from amongst the carts and waggons which obstructed the advance of the travellers, than, from front, and rear, and flank, the carriages and escort were assailed. Forty-seven bullets whistled amongst the belated travellers, forty-seven swords leaped from their scabbards into the air, and forty-seven ruffians, clad in back, breast, and head-piece, dashed upon the affrighted and helpless party.

A short, rapid, and murderous combat instantly ensued. The horses of the vehicles were slaughtered like cattle in the shambles; the drivers and footmen were cut down, and hurled beneath the wheels; the escort, unable to make much resistance, were dragged from their horses, and dealt with to a man; the male passengers within the carriages were killed almost before they could set foot upon the ground; and Don Matthias de Castro, a general in the Spanish service, after fighting for full five minutes like an infuriated tiger, died amidst the hoofs of the horses of his own serving-men!

Almost before the confusion was over, the female passengers of the three vehicles were dragged, fainting, from their seats, and became the prey of the banditti. A ferocious ruffian, with the proportions of an Aberdeen porter, and a beard like a coppice of brushwood, had possession of the radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable Elvira de Mendoza,—she, for whose slightest glance all the cavaliers in Madrid were dying, was now the hopeless and insensible captive of Roderigo Rapscalliano—a blear-eyed, broad-shouldered villain—the lieutenant of the band of the Forty-seven!

Torches now also flashed from the clefts and crevices of the rocks, which immediately overhung that part of the road where this onslaught had taken place; and in a few minutes more the vehicles were sacked, and, as it were, almost turned inside out. Trunks and packages were strewed about, rich apparel torn from them, jewels and gold sparkled in the sand, and, in fact, a scene ensued which only the pencil of a Salvator could have done justice to. Of the passengers, and escort attendant upon the three carriages, which had a few minutes before entered the mountain-pass, not one, except some half dozen hapless females, remained living to tell the tale; whilst the lurid glare of the flaming branches of pine, carried by some ten or a dozen miscreants, who had till now lain in ambush, flashed from the steel hauberks of their comrades, displaying their savage visages, in contrast to the grim and death-stamped features of the victims whom they had butchered, and who, almost heaped together, lay bleeding amidst their wounded steeds and overthrown vehicles.

The captain of the banditti was the only one of his party who remained inactive whilst the band was engaged in plunder. Sitting on his horse, a little aloof from the scene, he watched for a few minutes their proceedings. After wiping his trenchant blade upon the leathern sleeve of his doublet, he sheathed the weapon, and, moving up to the spot where his lieutenant was at that moment engaged in conveying the inanimate form of the Lady Elvira from her carriage, he bade him,

in a stern voice, call off some of the men from plunder, and bring the captured females instantly before him.

Roderigo, who had just began to eye the lovely creature in his arms with the wonder of a savage who sees beauty for the first time, upon this order, placed her upon the ground beside him, and, grasping his bugle, wound half a dozen notes upon it, as a sort of call for certain of the band to rally around him.

"I 'll take charge of your prize for you, comrade," said a man, stepping up close beside him, and extinguishing with his foot the torch which Roderigo had thrown to the ground, when he had placed Elvira upon the bank,—"I 'll take charge of your prize, whilst you attend to the captain's order; leave her with me here for the moment."

"*Not* so," returned the lieutenant gruffly; "mind your own affairs. She 's mine—I 'll not quit her. What devil made you put out the light? Attend me to the trysting-tree."

So saying, he turned, and stooped to raise and bear off his victim; but a deadly thrust met him as he did so, and the blow taking effect in his bull-neck, just above the cuirass, he fell dead without a groan.

In another moment the lady was seized in the powerful arms of this new assailant, thrown across a steed like a sack of flour, and silently and quickly conveyed into the thickest part of the forest.

This transfer of the beautiful Elvira had been so quickly made, and the banditti were so fully occupied with the business in hand, that he who had thus obtained possession of the greatest prize had some little time for a fair start before the incident became known, and he, accordingly, made the best use of it. Leading his horse into a gorge of the mountain, along which a small rivulet formed its pebbly bed, and in whose murmur the hoof-tread of the steed was drowned, he pushed on with caution and dispatch. After hurrying onwards for some few hundred paces, his further progress was stayed by coming to the end of the gorge, a huge flat rock rising, like a wall of alabaster, before him, from whose high top the waters flowed; whilst the narrow crevices on either hand were so precipitous, and overgrown with brushwood, that, cumbered as he was with the inanimate form of the lady, it was extremely hazardous to adventure down. Pausing for an instant to listen, he found that his exploit was detected, and that several of the band were dispersed in pursuit. He heard plainly the rapid approach of horsemen up the path he had just traversed. Dismounting the lady, he turned his horse's head into the opening on his right, and striking him smartly with his rapier, the steed plunged into the ravine; he then took the weapon between his teeth, and descending into the little basin into which the cascade fell, he immediately rushed through the torrent, and entered a small cavern, or grotto, on the other side, —a place so effectually concealed by the falling stream, and requiring so much resolution to reach it, that, unless some fortuitous accident had discovered it, no one would possibly conjecture its existence.

When the lady awoke to consciousness, the situation in which she was placed was sufficiently startling and alarming. She found herself reclining upon the hard floor of a capacious cavern, amidst the roar of waters, which, falling over its entrance, threw their spray over her damask cheek. A small lamp hung in a recess at the further end, and at the entrance stood a tall figure, his drawn rapier being grasped in one hand, and a petronel in the other.

Hastily parting the long tresses from before her eyes, as recollection

of the horrid slaughter she had so recently witnessed flashed across her brain, she continued to gaze upon the dark form before her, and which stood with its back towards her, without being able to find words to utter a single sentence. After a while, the fixed sentinel at the cavern's mouth, slowly and quietly quitting his guard, turned round and approached her; and Elvira, casting herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, besought his pity and protection in accents of despair and horror. The stranger was a tall, stately, and noble-looking man; so much the Lady Elvira discovered by the feeble glimmer of the lamp which hung in the recess of the grotto the moment he turned towards her. He stooped, and, raising her from the ground, addressed her in words of comfort and re-assurance. If, as she surmised, he *was* the captain of the robbers, he at least showed symptoms of some nurture, and there was a grace and dignity in his deportment which bespoke him descended from a better and more honourable station.

"Be of good comfort, madam," he said; "I trust that the immediate danger has passed. You have been fortunate in having escaped the clutches of the Forty-seven, — a horde of the most infernal miscreants that ever infested the Pyrenees!"

"Merciful heaven!" cried Elvira, "then I am *not* in the power of that dreadful band?"

"You are not, lady," he returned. "My presence near the scene of your disaster enabled me to render you the service I have done in rescuing you."

"To whom am I indebted for so daring and so humane an act?" eagerly inquired the lady. "Oh! tell me your name, gallant stranger, that I may ever remember it in my orisons!"

"Ask it not, madam," said he, "lest you return the trifling service I have been so fortunate as to render you, by giving me a pang sharp as the stiletto of the bravo from whose power I even now snatched you. I am nameless, madam, but not homeless. I have a refuge not far from this place, where, Heaven willing, I will convey you in safety. Suffice it, I am no robber, but a knight of Alcantara; and my vow enjoins me to the assistance and protection of beauty in distress. Circumstances have made me ram up my gates for ever from the world; but your hapless condition must absolve me from breaking through a resolution I had formed to mingle with mankind no more."

"And my guardian, and our attendants?" said Elvira, covering her face with her hands. "Have I no companion in my escape?"

"They are past help, lady," he returned. "We must not think of them, since we need all our energies to avoid the perils which still surround us, and reach the refuge which I hope remains. 'Tis not often, nay, I believe this to be the first time, that the Forty-seven have ventured into this part of our mountains; and it would be well for us to remain in concealment here till morning dawns; but I fear the stream is becoming more swollen by the present storm, in which case we might be imprisoned, and perhaps starved to death, in a living tomb; since *then* it would be impossible to pass out without being beaten down and killed in the attempt."

So saying, the cavalier once more bade her have no fear of his fidelity; and, saying that it would be necessary for him to reconnoitre before he dared remove her from concealment, and pursue their journey, he prepared to leave the cavern.

"Should I not return in one hour, lady," said he, "remain here on

longer, but follow my example; dash through the water-fall, and gain the opposite bank; that done, conceal yourself in the ravine upon your left till day breaks, continue then along it for a couple of miles, and in the woods before you you will behold the turrets of my château; give this token (my signet-ring) to the sentinel who challenges, and you will be admitted. If I live, I will return hither in a quarter of an hour. Should I fail, this is your only chance."

Then leaping through the torrent, he left the lady alone in the cavern. For the first few minutes after Elvira was left in solitude in this strange refuge, she felt inclined to follow the example of the mysterious stranger, and endeavour to escape both from him and the sort of grave in which she was entombed by rushing through the waterfall which thus seemed to shut her out from the world. One moment she gazed with horror at the roaring cascade, which, in the darkness visible of the flickering lamp, looked black as ink; and the next she reflected upon the doubtful character of him who professed himself her protector. What if, after all, he should prove a member of the banditti, who had thus conveyed her to his lurking-place for his own sinister ends? The thought was dreadful! She doubted whether she possessed strength to struggle through the torrent, and paused as she was about to make the attempt. Then, again, the frank and noble bearing of her champion, and his apparent devotion in thus venturing from the cavern in her cause, reassured her, and she resolved to obey his instructions, and bide the hour and the event.

Wet, and shivering with the damp air of her prison-house, she wrapped herself in the embroidered cloak which the stranger had placed her upon on their first entrance, and, seating herself on the rock, patiently awaited his coming, and, before many minutes had passed, he leaped breathless to her side.

"Quick, lady!" said he; "there is no time now to lose. We have no foe to encounter in our path; but the waters are on the increase, and that which was even now our safety, will in a short time prove our greatest danger!"

With these words, he seized her in his arms, and, once more darting through the falling stream, they stood the next moment in safety in the glen. Then setting her on her feet, he took her hand, and led her down the ravine.

The two miles he had mentioned to her, in the rocky and overgrown path they pursued, were as much as ten in any ordinary road, and frequently the stranger was compelled to carry his companion over the dangerous ground. With the calmness of a stoic, however, and the true duty of a loyal knight, the stranger performed his task; and, at length halting in the forest, he pointed to a solitary light before them, and cheered his wearied fellow-traveller with the news that their haven was in sight. Elvira now found herself under the walls of a lone and melancholy-looking building, situated in the depths of the forest.

The storm had nearly passed away, and, as the clouds rolled beneath the moon, the battlements showed black as the thick woods around them. The night-breeze sighed drearily as the stranger, pausing before this ominous-looking place, glanced cautiously around him, whilst the wolf howling in the forest was answered by the owlet in the tower. It seemed, in short, the very situation for the stronghold of a robber-band; and, accordingly, the lady was once more seized with feelings of dismay and distrust. She shuddered whilst she gazed

upon the dark building before her, and almost dreaded to hear her conductor propose to her to enter its walls. There was something singularly cold and stern, too, in his manner, since they had left the shelter of the cavern. He had scarcely addressed a word to her as he hurried onwards; and, although it is true that he had aided her, and given every assistance along the difficult path they had traversed, still his manner had been rather that of a guard to his captive, than of an attendant escort upon a damsel in distress. However, there was now no choice in the matter; she felt that she must embrace the fate of the hour, be it for good or evil; she was in the power of her conductor, and to heaven she committed her future fate.

After pausing for a few moments, the cavalier took his bugle in hand, and wound a faint and long-drawn blast thereon: it was instantly replied to by a sort of echo from within the walls. A few minutes more, and the clash and clatter of arms resounded through the building, lights flashed from its loop-holed towers, a sentinel challenged from the gate-house, the draw-bridge was lowered, and, taking his companion by the hand, the mysterious cavalier entered his ominous-looking dwelling-house.

Elvira observed that they passed through a tolerably strong body of men-at-arms, who stood enranked within the first barrier, and who did the honours to her conductor pretty much in the same style that the turned-out guard of a garrison in the present day presents arms to the commandant. A sort of major-domo also met them within the court-yard, and, ushering them into the hall of the building, bowed, and withdrew. The hall of the castle, or château, to which the lady now found herself introduced, was of ample dimensions, and (for that rude age) displayed a considerable share of comfort, as well as feudal state. An ample fire glowed upon the hearth; a massive table stood before it; and wine, together with more solid refreshments, seemed as though they had been prepared for expected guests. Banners of ancestral chivalry, also, floated from the roof on each side; suits of armour "hung unscour'd by the wall," whilst arms of various denominations also festooned and ornamented the apartment, numerous enough to furnish forth an infantry regiment of modern times.

The cavalier, doffing his high-crowned beaver, formally welcomed his lovely guest to his stronghold.

"It gives me pleasure, madam," said he, "in your favour to break through a firm resolve, never to taste the pleasures of the world, or open my gates in the way of hospitality again. The peculiar circumstances of your situation, however, absolve me from my oath, and all I possess in this wild domain is at your service. I must, however, premise to you, that the same circumstances which have made me a recluse here will also imprison you within these walls for an indefinite period, since the dangers with which I am at present surrounded will not permit of my offering you the protection of my own escort, or suffer me to part with any of my retinue. Suffice it, whilst beneath this roof that your comfort shall be cared for, and all your wants supplied."

In saying this, the cavalier proceeded to offer the Lady Elvira the refreshments of which she stood in some need; and, summoning an attendant, desired that the evening-meal should be instantly served, whilst a chamber was being prepared for her. Hot and savoury viands were accordingly brought in, as an addition to the supper, by a train of serving-men, at one end of the hall; whilst from the door at its other

extremity issued what the lady at first supposed was a funeral procession, since it consisted of some half-a-dozen females clad in sable suits, and veiled from head to foot.

They advanced to the table, and remained stationary, as if waiting for leave to sit down, and partake of the repast prepared.

The cavalier (whose brow had grown black as midnight so soon as he became aware of this accession to the party,) was about to invite the Lady Elvira to a seat, when the loud and repeated blast of a bugle without the walls suddenly arrested his attention. Making a sign to the attendant steward, that functionary left the apartment, in order to ascertain the meaning of such summons, and, quickly returning, announced that two strangers, who had, apparently, been attacked by some of the Forty-seven, and who were, moreover, belated and bewildered in the mountains, craved admittance and harbourage within the walls. After some slight struggle, apparently between his firm resolve and his hospitality, the stern cavalier gave orders for their being conducted to his presence.

The new accession to the party consisted, as has been mentioned, of two cavaliers; and both were as far from the common run of chance-wayfarers as it was possible to conceive. Both were clad in rich travelling suits, such as the wealthy merchant, or, indeed, the noble of that period, might be supposed to travel in. Their equipage, however, showed both tokens of a recent fray, and a foul and toilsome journey. They advanced into the room, with all that dignity and bearing which belongs to men accustomed to mingle with the nobles of the land; and the first words they spoke of apology for their necessary intrusion, proclaimed by their accent that they were Englishmen.

The taller, and more bulky of the two, seemed to assume the lead, (although not the least superiority over his more quiet and dignified companion); about whom there was, indeed, a presence and high-bearing which claimed respect and homage at the first glance; and accordingly, his more free and assuming comrade was unregarded in his presence, and the attention of the host instantly bestowed upon the younger and quieter of the new-comers.

After the first greetings were over, the cavalier craved the name and condition of his guests, and bade them welcome to his château.

"They were English merchants," they said, "on their way to Madrid. In crossing from the French frontier, they had been assailed by an outlying party of the banditti, separated from their friends and attendants, and lost in the depths of the forest."

The cavalier, upon this explanation, invited both to assume a place at his board; and the overbearing style of the taller stranger called forth a caution and reproof from the host before the viands were tasted.

"By Saint George!" said he, as soon as he threw himself into the seat next the Lady Elvira, "but I am agreeably surprised here, Sir Hidalgo! In seeking a refuge within these thick-ribbed walls, I thought we should be doomed to the companionship of some half-a-dozen old-faced ancients, a captain of a detachment, and, mayhap, some four or five companies of men-at-arms; here, however, have we stumbled upon a whole sisterhood of Carmelites — for so these veiled sisters appear to mine eyes; and, did not this heavenly vision by my side entirely enthral my senses, 'fore heaven! but, cold and hungry as your mountain-fastnesses have rendered us, I swear to thee I should

be altogether as anxious for the removal of those envious veils I see before me, as to partake of the good cheer your hospitable board is laden with."

"In good time," returned the haughty Spaniard, "your wish will be gratified, stranger. Meanwhile, perhaps I had better inform you, since you have thrust yourself upon my privacy, and claim the hospitality and protection of my roof, that, to offer interruption to, or in any way to seek the meaning of, that which *you* may chance to think either out of the common course of every-day occurrences, or extraordinary, whilst you honour me by this *visit*, may be *visited* upon you by my stern displeasure, and possibly might end in the violent and sudden death of him who presumes to offer such insult."

So saying, the cavalier signed to the lady, who appeared the principal of the veiled votaries, to seat herself at the table, the remainder, turning to the right-about, went out of the apartment solemnly as they had entered it. The steward touched the dishes with his white wand, in signal to the serving-men to uncover, and the meal proceeded. The reply of the stern-looking host to the sally of the traveller was sufficiently startling; but that which followed yet more astonished the guests. As soon as the steward had caused the dishes to be uncovered, the host, in a stern voice, desired the mourner, who was seated opposite him, to unveil, and his guests beheld a face of such surpassing beauty that their thoughts were altogether withdrawn from the viands set before them, and lost in its contemplation.

The two strangers, glancing at each other, thought that they "ne'er had seen true beauty till that night." Whilst the Lady Elvira was as much touched by the deep melancholy and pallid hue of those chiseled features as astonished with their lovely expression. The grim Spaniard, however, quickly recalling them to the business of life, commanded their attention to the good cheer before them, and himself set an example. The English travellers, upon this hint, turned their attention from the lady to an *olla podrida* of savoury flavour; the Lady Elvira swallowed the best part of a good-sized *omelette;* and, the mysterious and lovely mourner, after picking up a few grains of rice, and masticating them as leisurely as Aminé, after she had feasted with the Goul, resumed her rigid and motionless demeanour.

The host, meanwhile, calling for wine, pledged his guests in a flowing goblet; after which, the steward, with some little form, brought from the side-table a vessel of a somewhat curious and horrid look, being a human-skull, the orifices of which were covered with silver. Taking it from the hands of the steward, the host filled it with sparkling wine, rose from his seat, and offered it to the lady of the flowing-veil, who with trembling hand accepted, carried it to her lips, and drank from it;* water was then brought to her in a silver ewer, in which she washed her hands and mouth, and, after curtsying to the master of the house, without noticing the remainder of the party, she turned, and left the apartment by the way she had entered.

This little episode was quite sufficient to disperse the mirth (if mirth there was) of any meeting. In the present instance it served to throw the whole party "into most admired disorder."

"Can such things be?" cried the bigger of the two Englishmen, start-

* Some such passage as a lady being forced by her enraged husband to drink from the skull of her sometime gallant has been said really to have taken place in former days.

ing to his feet. "Now, by my knightly vow! I swear to thee, Sir Spaniard, that I hold thee a stain to thy nation, to treat that radiant and incomparable female after yonder hellish fashion! As a free-born Englishman I require of thee sufficing reasons for your cruelty to the unhappy woman who has even now left the apartment."

The countenance of the handsome Spaniard grew livid with concentrated rage, as, looking from one to the other of his English guests, he arose slowly from his seat, beckoned to his *major domo,* and whispered half-a-dozen words in his ear.

The younger and more dignified of the Englishmen also arose, and, with much grace, addressed the host.

"I cannot," said he, "permit so great an outrage to be enacted, sir, upon a defenceless woman, without also protesting against its propriety. We are your guests, here, 'tis true; but to sit tamely by, and, without comment, witness the loathsome torture to which you have this night subjected that lady, were to proclaim ourselves either cowards, or participators in the act. It is my pleasure, sir, that you unfold yourself, and proclaim the meaning of the scene you have just now entertained us with!"

"Holy Saint Agatha! and is it even so? Your pleasure, quotha? Really, signiors," said the Spaniard, with set teeth and clutched hands, "you do me too much honour thus to interest yourselves with my poor household! Now, by our blessed lady!" he continued, as some half-a-dozen halberdiers entered the apartment, "thou shalt rue this unmeasured insult, base-born islanders! before the hour has passed in which you have offered it! What ho! there! arrest these strangers!"

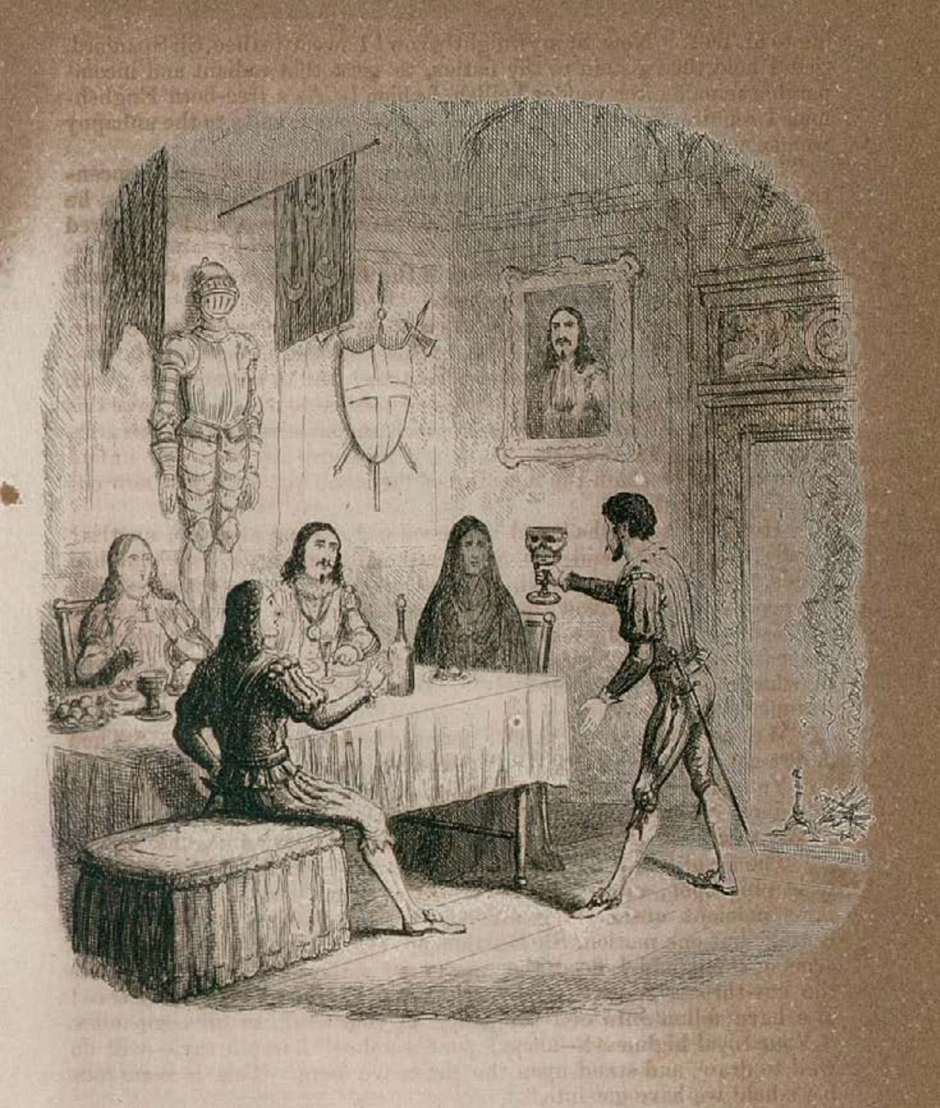
"We are thy guests, churl!" cried the larger traveller. "Thou darest not, for very shame, lay hands upon us!"

"You ceased to deserve the hospitality you claim," returned the Spaniard, "when you meddled in the household affairs of your host. Hadst thou not sat at my board, I had poniarded ye on the instant!"

"The fig of Spain for your threats!" cried the Englishman, suddenly leaping upon, and seizing the Spaniard in his powerful grasp, at the same moment unsheathing his dagger, and holding it high in air. "Make but one motion, Sir Hidalgo, by way of signal to those men-at-arms of thine, and I flood the apartment with your blood! Dismiss the cut-throats from the presence, sirrah! before worse befal thee! We have fallen into evil company," he continued, to his companion. "Your royal highness!—ahem! your worship! I would say,—will do well to draw, and stand upon the defensive here. This is some robber's hold we have got into."

It was in vain that the Spaniard tried to disengage himself from the gripe of his powerful assailant, whilst the men-at-arms were fain to stand aloof, lest the strong fellow, on their attempting to aid their commander, should give him the *coup de grace* in an instant, by stabbing him to the heart. The other Englishman also unsheathing his rapier, opposed himself to the serving-men and attendants.

The hidalgo, therefore, quite cowed, and three parts throttled, was fain to cry *peccavi,* and signed to his men-at-arms to leave the apartment; upon which, the Englishman threw him from him, and drew his rapier. The Spaniard, also, gathered himself up, plucked forth his toledo, and, bidding the attendants not interfere, assailed his adversary with the rage and fury of a tiger; whilst the lesser traveller busied



The Husband's Revenge

London: Richard Bentley, 1843

[illegible] of the hall.

It was of short duration. The Sicilian had [illegible] his adversary with a [illegible] that, had it [illegible], would have [illegible] him to the wainscoting. The Englishman, however, put it aside, and, in order to [illegible] being placed [illegible], dealt the [illegible] downright, straight-handed, good old English blow in the [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] in his [illegible] instantly took measure of his proportions upon the [illegible] flooring of the marble hall.

"That is the English method of settling a foreign [illegible]," he took [illegible] his [illegible] to his throat. [illegible] [illegible] to the captive [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible] a dead [illegible] [illegible] as they [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] permitted the [illegible] had [illegible] his [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] our [illegible] by [illegible] rank, I will [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] your [illegible] which has set this quarrel [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] and wife of [illegible] [illegible] have [illegible] [illegible] the hour in which [illegible] themselves have [illegible] that I shall be able to [illegible] towardsery, is, perhaps, [illegible] This much, however, I [illegible] inflicted upon [illegible] causes me hourly to [illegible] had barely [illegible] the wings of love, [illegible] journey to Madrid, I [illegible] wife faithless! and the [illegible] instantly kill [illegible] and as I was about [illegible] desperately wounded, and [illegible] who had [illegible] To be brief, [illegible] conceived a [illegible] [illegible] upon [illegible] [illegible] her gallant; and

himself in comforting the Lady Elvira, and watching the progress of the duel.

It was of short duration. The hidalgo, mad with rage, rushed upon his adversary with a thrust that, had it pierced him, would have pinned him to the wainscoating. The Englishman, however, put it aside; and, in order to save himself from being closed with, dealt his enemy a downright, straight-handed, good old English blow in the teeth, the hilt of his rapier coming with such effect in his countenance, that he instantly took measure of his proportions upon the well-polished oaken flooring of his ample hall.

"*That*'s the English method of settling a foreign noble's hash," he said, stepping up, and putting his rapier to his throat. "Yield thee, Sir Spaniard! and promise release to the captive female you have immured in these rocky mountains, or die the death! Nay, I'll teach thee to force ladies to pledge healths out of a dead man's skull. Tush! your highness, these foreign Counts and hidalgos are as plentiful as blackberries, and as insufferably proud, as they are beggarly and cruel-hearted."

The Lady Elvira now rushed forward, and, throwing herself upon her knees, besought the Englishman to forbear all further hostility; he, therefore, resigned his opponent's sword, which he had mastered, and, sheathing his own weapon, drew back, and permitted the Spaniard to arise. The haughty Spaniard had found his level; his fiery spirit was tamed.

"You have the advantage, stranger," said he; "and albeit I might, by summoning my people, sacrifice you to my revenge and resentment; yet, as I have even now heard you address your companion by a title which shows me I am amongst men of the highest rank, I will not pursue the quarrel, but, on the contrary, am willing so far to grant your request, as to explain the circumstance which has set this quarrel abroach. Thus it is: — In me, sir, you behold the most miserable of mortal men. In happier days I owned the name and title of Marquis de Castel Blastam. The lady whose cause you have advocated is my wedded wife. Unhappy was the clock that struck the hour in which she became so! That she is beautiful, yourselves have witnessed; that she is of noble birth is no less true; that I shall be able to vindicate myself from the charge of over-severity towards her, is, perhaps, more doubtful. Yourselves shall judge me. This much, however, I may premise that, whatever misery I have inflicted upon her, it must fall very short of that which her ill-conduct causes me hourly to suffer. In short, then, signiors, twelve happy moons had barely waned after I had gained her hand, when, returning on the wings of love, somewhat unexpectedly, to my home, after a hurried journey to Madrid, I beheld that which turned my heart to stone—my wife faithless! and the friend of my bosom a villain! Don Antonio de Cordova instantly fell, pierced with a dozen stabs 'the least a death to nature'; and as I was about to sacrifice the traitress, his paramour, *my wife—she whom you commiserate,* I was myself beaten to the earth, desperately wounded, and left for dead by the attendants of my sometime friend, who had rushed to his assistance, hearing the tumult of our encounter. To be brief, I gave my wife the life she begged; but my revenge conceived a punishment for her, which, like the misery she had inflicted upon me, might be more insupportable than death, to confine her in an apartment in this château. I hung up on its walls the skeleton of her gallant; and

that she may be kept in perpetual remembrance of her crime, in place of a cup I force her to drink from the skull of the faithless friend she suffered herself to be seduced by. The traitress, by this means, sees two objects at her meals which ought to affect her most — a living enemy, and a deceitful friend, both the consequence of her own guilt. Such, signior, is my story, with this further circumstance that you behold me here, cooped up and surrounded by savage foes; inasmuch as both the friends and relations of him who fell by my hand, seeking my life, keep my château in a state of constant siege; whilst the connections, also, of my wife, no less remorseless, have with gold purchased me the additional annoyance of being continually assailed by the horde of miscreants infesting these mountains, and, from their number, known by the name of '*The Forty-seven.*' As yet I have maintained my position, beat off my assailants, and escaped being slaughtered. To-night, whilst myself playing the spy upon the banditti, I was so fortunate as to rescue this lady from a fate worse than death; and, now, sirs, if it is your wish to see and speak with the unhappy woman, my wife, I will conduct you to her."

The offer being accepted, the English guests, together with the Lady Elvira, were forthwith conducted by their eccentric host into an elegantly-furnished chamber, where they found this "mourning bride," surrounded by her women.

"If, madam," said the taller stranger, addressing her, "your resignation and patience is equal to your punishment, and your repentance forms the product, I look upon you as the most extraordinary woman it has ever been my fortune to encounter; and I most strenuously advise that this worthy and injured nobleman should pity your sufferings, forgive your indiscretion, and once more receive you to his bosom."

His companion, who, from delicacy, had forborne addressing the lady, upon this ventured to approach, and second the motion.

"One sole motive," said he, "in wishing to intrude upon her sorrows, was to endeavour to procure a reconciliation."

"And who, then, gentlemen," said the Spaniard, "are you, who thus interest yourselves with my family matters, and advise me to such a measure?"

"I will confide to you my secret," said the younger Englishman, now, for the first time, assuming the lead in the conversation; "let it be, however, upon honour, since I myself am about to seek a wife from amongst your Spanish damsels. Dismiss the attendants. I am Prince Charles of England."

"And this rough signior?"

"Villiers, Duke of Buckingham," returned the other. "*Parole d'honneur*, let the adventure go no further, for your own sake. I had you down, and might have ended you. Do you grant our request, Marquis de Castel Blastam?"

"I do," returned the Spaniard. "We'll to Madrid together."

"Then bury your skeleton, and make an *auto-da-fé* of your drinking-cup. Tush, man! for a thrust with my rapier, or a buffet with my fist, I am as unscrupulous as most men; but, to force one's wife to swallow sour wine out of her innamorata's brain-pan! faugh! it makes me sick to think on 't!"

It would exceed the limits of this paper to wind up the tale. Suffice it, the lady of the veil had been too great a sufferer in mind to profit by the interference of the English travellers,

"The life of all her blood was touch'd corruptibly."

She died that night.

It is also impossible here to dilate at full upon the future career of the Lady Elvira de Castro, whether or not she became the Marchioness of Castel Blastam, and, without having the fear of an ossified goblet constantly before her eyes, allowed her preserver from the Forty-seven to take her for his second, we cannot say. We may, however, presume such was the case, as it has been handed down to a particular friend of ours by his great-grandfather's son, that the Marquis and Marchioness de Castel Blastam danced in the same set with Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain, at Madrid, that very season.

THE "LONELY HOUSE."

Not far from the small town of Barbacena, about fifty leagues north of Rio de Janeiro, there stands an old house, formerly inhabited by a Brazilian *fazendeiro*, or gentleman-farmer, called Jozé de Souza, whose name it still bears. A story is current among the good people of the little town that Jozé de Souza was barbarously murdered by his wife and her paramour, who, *mirabile dictu!* were hung for it, such being the very rare consequence of a murder committed by a free person in Brazil. Advice is given to all travellers on no account to stop the night in the "Lonely house," as they would be visited by the ghost of the former owner, who was nightly seen flying before his murderers in a bloody-shirt, and uttering shrieks for help.

Having occasion to pass through Barbacena with a friend, we determined to spend a night in the haunted mansion, and, if possible, to discover who their ghostships were. The usual advice about not visiting the place was most generously bestowed on us; and, although we heeded it little, it appeared to have considerable effect upon a Brazilian, and a negro servant, who accompanied us. Antonio (the Brazilian) suddenly discovered that he had run a horse-shoe nail into his foot, which utterly disabled him from stirring another step; at the same time the poor negro found out to his amazement that he had forgotten his *manta* (coverlet), and that he must instantly return to fetch it. These misfortunes we very soon remedied by putting Antonio on horseback, and by purchasing a new manta for Pedro; still, both seemed unwilling to move, and we were obliged to resort to threats and promises before they would stir. In about four hours we reached the "Lonely house"—a place fully deserving its name; and, had we supposed we should find so wretched a lodging, our curiosity for ghost-seeing would, probably, have been subdued. There was not a house within twelve miles of this miserable building, which was very long and narrow, and only one story high. The roof was still standing in some parts; but, in others, it had fallen in. Not a window or shutter was left, nor even the vestige of a door; we, therefore, blocked up the vacant spaces in the best-looking apartment, which we chose for the adventure, with logs of wood, and bushes from a neighbouring thicket. Having kindled a large fire here, as night approached we fastened our horses in one corner, and spread

our *ponxos* (Brazilian cloaks) in another, where we intended to sleep. Our servants made themselves happy on some dry grass near the fire; and, having had their insides warmed with a stiff glass of hot grog, before long they were fast asleep.

My companion and I discussed our toddy, and the necessity of one keeping watch whilst the other slept, "lest bogies catch us unawares;" for we thought it possible that some trick might be intended; but, having talked till long after "night's dark key-stone," which we were told was the visiting hour of the deceased parties, we dozed off into a comfortable sleep, which, in about an hour's time, was interrupted by the shrieks of our servants, who rushed to us from their bed by the fire, calling on all the ghost-dispelling saints for assistance against the Tutus (evil spirits); and true enough, by the faint glimmer of the expiring embers, we could perceive several hideous beings warming themselves by the fire. The horses were apparently as much frightened as our servants, or, I may as well own it, as ourselves; for, although I had always laughed at the idea of demonocracy, my first thought was, that his Satanic Majesty must have sent a troop of his imps to worry us: but, to put them to the proof, I fired a pistol loaded with shot into the midst of them, which caused a frightful yell, and set them skipping at us. To fire again would have endangered the horses, when Pedro, who was trying to shield himself, covered one of them by a sudden jerk with his new manta, into which my friend fired a pistol, by the flash of which we saw some of the imps climbing up the wall above our heads, whence a shot from my gun brought one down. During the scuffle the horses broke loose, and, by rushing across the room, kicked some burning charcoal into the dry grass, which directly flamed up, and gave us sufficient light to recover our wits, and to find out something about our uninvited guests.

It appeared that some large monkeys, called monnos by the Brazilians, had been accustomed to pay occasional visits to the relics of a banana and orange-garden adjoining the old house; and, as they were never interrupted, they probably used sometimes to seek shelter in the building. Whether the smell of our provisions, or the warmth of the fire, had proved an extra inducement, we cannot say; but certain it is, that they first awoke poor Antonio, who was snoring most gloriously by the fireside. We consoled him by assuring him that they must have taken his ugly face for one belonging to their own tribe; for truly no other animal could have been so misled. The idea appeared both novel and unpleasant to him. On removing Pedro's manta very carefully, we found a young monno, who had merely been stunned by a charge of buck-shot passing close by his head, and taking a piece out of his ear. This animal we took care of, and, having muzzled him, and tied his paws, we carried him in triumph to Barbacena. Some people laughed at the joke; but others shook their heads, and said it was useless for "Pagãos Inglezes" (English Pagans) to try to pawn the devil, in the shape of a monno on good Christians, and ended by assuring us that nothing would ever induce them to pass a night in the "lonely house."

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY H. CURLING.

I REMEMBER it was five or six days before the battle of Roliça, the army was on the march, and we were pushing on pretty fast. The whole force had slept the night before in the open fields; indeed, as far as I know, (for the rifles were always in the front at this time,) they had been for many days without any covering but the sky. We were pelting along through the streets of a village, the name of which I do not think I ever knew, so cannot name it; I was in the front, and had just cleared the village, when I recollect observing General Hill (afterwards Lord Hill) and another officer ride up to a house, and give their horses to some of the soldiery to hold. Our bugles at that moment sounded the halt, and I stood leaning upon my rifle near the door of the mansion which General Hill had entered: there was a little garden before the house, and I stood by the gate. Whilst I remained there, the officer who had entered with General Hill came to the door, and called to me. "Rifleman," said he, "come here." I entered the gate, and approached him. "Go," he continued, handing me a dollar, "and try if you can get some wine; for we are devilish thirsty here." Taking the dollar, I made my way back to the village. At a wine-house, where the men were crowding around the door, and clamouring for drink, (for the day was intensely hot,) I succeeded, after some little difficulty, in getting a small pipkin full of wine; but the crowd was so great, that I found as much trouble in paying for it as in getting it; so I returned back as fast as I was able, fearing that the general would be impatient, and move off before I reached him. I remember Lord Hill was loosening his sword-belt as I handed him the wine. "Drink first, rifleman," said he; and I took a good pull at the pipkin, and held it to him again. He looked at it as I did so, and told me I might drink it all up, for it appeared greasy; so I swallowed the remainder, and handed him back the dollar which I had received from the officer. "Keep the money," he said, "my man. Go back to the village once more, and try if you cannot get me another draught." Saying this, he handed me a second dollar, and told me to be quick. I made my way back to the village, got another pipkin full, and returned as fast as I could. The general was pleased with my promptness, and drank with great satisfaction, handing the remainder to the officer who attended him; and I dare say, if he ever recollected the circumstance afterwards, that was as sweet a draught, after the toil of the morning march, as he has drank at many a nobleman's board in old England since.

I remember remarking Lord Hill, for the second time in my life, under circumstances which (from their not being of every-day occurrence) fixed it upon my mind. The Twenty-ninth regiment received so terrible a fire, that I saw the right wing almost annihilated, and the colonel (I think his name was Lennox) lay sprawling amongst the rest. We had ourselves caught it pretty handsomely; for there was no cover for us, and we were rather too near. The living skirmishers were lying beside heaps of their own dead; but still we had held our own till the

battalion regiments came up. "Fire and retire"* is a very good sound; but the rifles were not over fond of such notes. We never performed that manœuvre except when it was made pretty plain to us that it was quite necessary; the Twenty-ninth, however, had got their fairing here at this time; and the shock of that fire seemed to stagger the whole line, and make them recoil. At the moment a little confusion appeared in the ranks, I thought. Lord Hill was near at hand, and saw it, and I observed him come galloping up. He put himself at the head of the regiment, and restored them to order in a moment. Pouring a regular and sharp fire upon the enemy, he galled them in return; and, remaining with them till he brought them to the charge, quickly sent them to the right about. It seemed to me that few men could have conducted the business with more coolness and quietude of manner, under such a storm of balls as he was exposed to. *Indeed I have never forgotten him from that day.*

At the time I was remarking these matters, (loading and firing as I lay,) another circumstance divided my attention for a while, and made me forget even the gallant conduct of General Hill. A man near me uttered a scream of agony; and, looking from the Twenty-ninth, who were on my right, to the left, whence the screech had come, I saw one of our sergeants, named Frazer, sitting in a doubled-up position, and swaying backwards and forwards, as though he had got a terrible pain in his bowels. He continued to make so much complaint that I arose and went to him, for he was rather a crony of mine.

"Oh! Harris!" said he, as I took him in my arms, "I shall die! I shall die! The agony is so great that I cannot bear it."

It was, indeed, dreadful to look upon him; the froth came from his mouth, and the perspiration poured from his face. Thank Heaven! he was soon out of pain; and, laying him down, I returned to my place. Poor fellow! he suffered more for the short time that he was dying than any man I think I ever saw in the same circumstances. I had the curiosity to return and look at him after the battle. A musket-ball, I found, had taken him sideways, and gone through both groins.

It was, I should think, about half an hour after I had left Sergeant Frazer, and, indeed, for the time, had as completely forgotten him as if he had died an hundred years back. The sight of so much bloodshed around will not suffer the mind to dwell long on any particular casualty, even though it happen to one's dearest friend. There was no time, either, to think, for all was action with us rifles just at this moment; and the barrel of my piece was so hot, from continual firing, that I could hardly bear to touch it; and was obliged to grasp the stock beneath the iron, as I continued to blaze away. James Ponton was another crony of mine (a gallant fellow!); he had pushed himself in front of me, and was checked by one of our officers for his rashness. "Keep back, you Ponton!" the lieutenant said to him more than once. But Ponton was not to be restrained by anything but a bullet when in action. This time he got one; which, striking him in the thigh, I suppose, hit an artery, for he died quickly. The Frenchmen's balls were flying very wickedly at that moment; and I crept up to Ponton, and took shelter by lying behind, and making a rest for my rifle of his dead body. It strikes me that I revenged his death by the assistance of his carcase. At any rate, I tried my best to hit his enemies hard. There were two

* "Fire and retire,"—one of the bugle sounds to the skirmishers when hard pressed.

small buildings in our front; and the French, having managed to get into them, annoyed us much from that quarter. A small rise in the ground close before these houses, also favoured them; and our men were being handled very severely in consequence. They became angry, and wouldn't stand it any longer. One of the skirmishers, jumping up, rushed forward, crying, "Over, boys!—over! over!" when instantly the whole line responded to the cry, "Over! over! over!" They ran along the grass like wildfire, and dashed at the rise, fixing their sword-bayonets as they ran. The French light bobs could not stand the sight, but turned about, and fled; and, getting possession of their ground, we were soon inside the buildings. After the battle was over I stepped across to the other house I have mentioned, in order to see what was going on there; for the one I remained in was now pretty well filled with the wounded (both French and English), who had managed to get there for a little shelter. Two or three surgeons, also, had arrived at this house, and were busily engaged in giving their assistance to the wounded, who were here lying as thickly as in the building which I had left; but, what struck me most forcibly was, that, from the circumstance of some wine-butts having been left in the apartment, and their having in the engagement been perforated by bullets, and otherwise broken, the red wine had escaped most plentifully, and ran down upon the earthen floor, where the wounded were lying, so that many of them were soaked in the wine with which their blood was mingled.

THE DEVOTION OF RIZPAH, THE CONCUBINE.

(2 Samuel, xxi, 8—11.)

Behold the goodly corses on the rock of Jabesh hoary,—
  Mighty corses seven of warriors strong and tall!
Erst they dwelt in palaces, and went arrayed in glory,
  For they were seven princes of the royal blood of Saul!

They fell not like the mighty, where the deadly strife was keenest;
  In the thunder of the battle; in the leaguer'd city's flame!
But on th' accursed gallows they perish'd like the meanest;
  And their sire's beloved Gibeah beheld their cruel shame!

Now, side by side, like brothers, in the sleep that hath no dreaming,
  Naked to the howling blast or sunny glare they lie;
From morn to even vultures sail around them screaming,
  And nightly from the wilderness the savage creatures cry.

But beak of bird nor famish'd fang of wolf invades them sleeping;
  The worm alone is feeding there, and noiseless, slow decay;
For, kneeling near her slaughter'd sons, a mother watches, weeping,
  And drives the stooping bird of noon and midnight beast away.

These fallen ones had brethren, and friends they loved as brothers;
  And followers very many in their days of grandeur, fled,
And the witching love of women—but none was like a mother's,
  Whose heart doth most remember when all forget them dead!

In the palace Millo seemed it a marvel and a wonder
  To the mighty men of valour, and the princes every one,
That a mother from her children not shame nor death could sunder;
  So it was told King David what that concubine had done.

S. K.



Andrew Saggers, Esq.

THE "DONE BROWN."

THE BOY.

BETTY WATSON, familiarly called Mother Watson, in the dingy court in which she tenanted a single room, was one of those kind-hearted, charitable creatures, who, to the honour of human nature, are so frequently met with among the poorer classes. There was not one of the fifty souls who dwelt within the confined limits of the crowded court but esteemed her. Men, women, and children, all felt the influence of her beneficence; for true goodness of heart is like the purest gold, the smallest portion is capable of being spread over an almost incredible surface. She was a physician, and literally gave her advice and prescriptions to the sick; and nurse and apothecary, to boot, to all the children in their little ailments. She was a judicious pacificator in all family squabbles; and rendered many a home happy by reclaiming a drunken husband; for the least worthy among the men respected her for the many obligations they owed her, and feared her reproofs.

Although an illiterate woman, she had a perfect consciousness of what was right, and generally addressed a delinquent, or a straggler from the path of duty, in a style which partook more of the boldness of truth than the delicate fencing of a refined rhetoric. In fact, "a talking-to" from Mother Watson seldom failed in its object; for, even "the brute" who would beat his wife, listened to the kind old woman, who was ever ready to do a good turn for a neighbour, with, at least, a dogged respect.

There are, indeed, more real charity, and more sincere gratitude, among the lower orders than the rich suspect. Besides, the services, and they were many, which she had rendered her neighbours, Mother Watson had won the good opinion of all by adopting and bringing up an orphan boy, only four years old, whose parents had fallen victims to the scarlet fever, which had proved very fatal in the densely-populated court, in despite of the exertions of the good old creature.

"I couldn't abear," said she, with tears in her eyes,—"I couldn't abear that the poor little innocent should go to the work'us, to be bandied about from one to t'other. Besides, I'm obligated, in a manner, to keep the poor thing; for, I promised 'em both that while Mother Watson could yarn a crust, their babby shouldn't want a morsel—poor dears! I thought their hearts would ha' busted when they said 'God bless you!' and I dropped on my knees, and prayed that I might have health and strength to keep my promise; and, thanks be to Providence! I have never wanted."

Mother Watson was only a laundress, and hard did she toil in her laborious vocation to "make both ends meet;" but she went to her task with a good will, and was enabled to surmount all her difficulties. Little Andrew was blest with a robust constitution, and soon became a sturdy boy; his inclination for "larning" was, however, almost on a par with the good woman's means of providing him with it; and being herself illiterate, she had no means of testing his ability or progress, although she "preached" to him continually of the value of education.

Andrew was, unfortunately, of a surly and sullen disposition, and very much disposed to have his own way in everything; and, as he was not her own child, although she was "more than a mother" to him, she unwisely, but from kind motives, "spared the rod" when the refractory boy most richly deserved it.

Arrived at the age of thirteen, and possessing only a smattering of reading and writing, Betty pointed out the necessity of his giving up "buttons and marbles," and turning his attention to the propriety of endeavouring to earn an honest livelihood!

Having a genteel preference for idleness, and an aristocratic horror of servitude in any shape, Master Andrew merely answered her with an indignant frown, and remained at home all day, gloomy, savage, and thoughtful. It must be confessed that the good creature herself was nervous and "fidgety," as she said, at the idea of his first going out in the wide world; but possessed, at the same time, such a correct sense of the necessity, that she tried "high and low" to get him a place, and at last succeeded in recommending him as an errand-boy to a shop, where, for several years, she had done the "washing."

Her recommendation was sufficient; and, after schooling the unwilling cub, and setting him off to the best advantage, she introduced her *protégé*, who was to receive his "victuals" for his services.

This was the first step; and he had not remained above six months in the employment before he scraped acquaintance with many lads of the same grade, and, his wits being sharpened by the collision, he spoke about bettering his condition, and getting some remuneration for his valuable services!

"Slow and sure!" said Mother Watson, yet inwardly pleased at his ambition. "We must crawl before we walk, and walk before we run, Andrew."

The "people" he was with, finding that he was diligent and useful, voluntarily gave him a shilling a week in addition to his board. This advance, however, instead of satisfying his selfish disposition, only induced him to believe that he "was worth something;" which, translated into plain English, meant that he was worth a great deal more than he got; and, in the course of six months more, he applied for, and obtained a situation at a broker's in the "Lane," where he received five shillings a week, and "kept himself;" that is, Mother Watson fed and clothed him, and he kept or spent his allowance upon himself; for, as she afterwards declared, "she never in her born days saw the colour of his money."

THE MAN.

The atmosphere of the Stock Exchange had a wonderful influence on the boy.

He suddenly became "mannish," and talked of his "prospects;" and he had scarcely been two years in the situation before the gambling spirit of the place tempted him to make a venture—and he was fortunate!

"He made a matter of ten pound," as Mother Watson said, and she was very pleased, although she derived no benefit from his speculation. Emboldened by the result of his first attempt, he risked his all — and won again! yes! Andrew Saggers was actually worth fifty pounds!

And this was the last time that he condescended to impart to the kind-hearted creature, who had most disinterestedly rejoiced in his good fortune, the success of his daring speculations, for he incontinently quitted his employer, and his kind nurse and guardian, and took a lodging; and did not even employ the old woman, whom he termed an "old bore," to wash for him.

"She wanted nothink of him, poor dear!" as she said; "but she thought it was rather hard, too, after what she had done for him, that he should take no notice whatsomever of the old 'oman!"

At the period at which our veritable history commences, the fluctuation in the stock-market was very great, and many a beggar "was set upon horseback;" and Andrew was one of those, who, having neither character nor fortune to lose, dashed boldly forward, and was successful; whereas, had he failed, he would have been deemed a great rogue.

For several years poor Betty Watson sought in vain to ascertain the "whereabout" of Master Andrew; "not that she wanted any-

think of him," as she often reiterated, "but she felt anxious about his welfare; althof he might have thought of the old 'oman as nursed him, and brought him up like from the egg-shell, as it were!"

At last, she discovered that he had an office, (for she could not read,) and ventured to inquire after him. Three or four pert and important clerks were in the place.

"Is Mr. Andrew at home?" inquired she, rather flustered at finding herself in such a fine office.

"Mr. Saggers, do you mean?"

"Yes, Mr. Saggers," said she, collecting her scattered senses.

"His carriage is just driven from the door," was the reply.

"In a carriage!—goodness gracious me!" mentally exclaimed the old woman.

"If you want to see Mr. Saggers, you must be here at ten in the morning. Is it business? What's your name?"

The old woman sighed. "If you please, sir, tell him Betty Watson just called,—that's all!" And she retreated, while the clerk winked at his fellows, who burst into a loud laugh.

Of course they never mentioned the "call" of such a "person" to Andrew Saggers, Esquire, who was reported to be worth fifty thousand pounds!—an omission which was certainly of no importance; for the great man would have disdained to have recollected such a "poor devil;" although she did not seek him from any interested motives, but merely from a romantic feeling that he was the (unworthy) child of her adoption.

Saggers was indeed a rich man,—a sordid, selfish, low-minded fellow, who was unworthy the affectionate solicitude of the poor washerwoman, who thanked Providence she wanted for nothing, and shed bitter tears when she reflected on his ingratitude.

As for Saggers, he was a perfect type of the "beggar on horseback;" despised by his clerks and servants for his rude language and overbearing conduct, and only endured by those who "could make anything of him." He feasted many, but had no friends. He only invited those to his table whom he wished to dazzle by his display; and, when they quitted him, they only laughed at, or envied him the possession of the means with which a series of fortunate speculations had supplied him.

He was, in truth, a very shallow, narrow-minded, vulgar man, with a domineering spirit, who delighted in playing "first fiddle" at his own board.

That same daring spirit of speculation, however, which had so suddenly elevated him above his natural level, being still most restlessly pursued, he rapidly descended from the height to which "luck," and not judgment, or honest industry, had raised him.

He was, in fact, a gambler, and experienced in the highest degree the successes and reverses of that unamiable character.

THE PAUPER.

Like the rush of a rocket was the rise of Andrew Saggers; and the beholders of his rapid and brilliant career turned up their eyes in wonder and envy; but, even with the same velocity did he now descend after the "powder" was expended. His *case* was in every



Andrew Saggers,—the Pauper.

point like the aforesaid fire-work, and he fell from his artificial elevation as empty and worthless!

A defaulter to a considerable amount, he "waddled" out of the "Alley," and was to be seen for a while among the seedy knot of paltry gamblers assembled in one corner of the Royal Exchange, trying his luck in Poyais, or any other "scrip," varying in amount from three pence to a shilling! But the tide was against him, and he rapidly drifted on the shoals of poverty.

He became a beggar, and solicited alms from those who had known him in palmier times, when he "tooled" his pair of "greys" with ostentatious display to his office-door every morning. Few pitied, many despised, and none esteemed him; for he possessed no virtues or sympathies with his former associates.

With an old greasy hat over his eyes, a brown-black kerchief about his neck, a tattered suit, and almost shoeless feet, he might be seen lurking about the piazzas, now and then raising his hand to his hat in speechless supplication to some former pal in the Stock Exchange; and sometimes the "poor devil" got a sixpence or a shilling tossed at him by one who was following in the same career in which he had once shone—"making money like dirt."

His most constant and really charitable friends were the cads and coachmen of the various vehicles that thronged the north side of the Exchange, who frequently gave him pence, and sometimes treated him to a "go" at the bar of the "Edinburgh Castle."

Too lazy to work, even had he had "character" enough for any employment, he gradually sank lower and lower in the scale of society.

With a pallid and unhealthy face, and a red nose,—for he was almost sustained by drink alone,—he sauntered about, and was never excited to anything like a movement, except a gentleman rode into the "Lane" on horseback, when he would compete with the tatterdemalion boys for the dubious service of holding the horse!

A severe winter, however, set in, and, ill fed and wretchedly clad, he shivered about for several days, until his trembling and feverish limbs could scarcely support his distempered body; and, one night, when he had no means of returning to his miserable lodgings, to herd with sturdier mendicants, at three pence per night, and fearing to die in the streets, he remembered the good old woman, and for the first time "wondered whether Mother Watson was still among the living," and had the boldness, in his desperate situation, to enter the court.

It was ten o'clock at night; his heart beat as he looked up to the well-known window—all was dark and still. His courage almost failed him; and, while he was debating within his mind whether he should knock at the door and inquire, a figure glided into the court, and proceeded to the door.

Covered up in an old duffle cloak, and a lantern in her hand, he beheld the well-known figure of his "more than mother."

"Betty!" he muttered, advancing towards her, "Betty!"

"Mercy on me!" cried the old woman, "what do you want, young man? Really, now, you made my very heart jump into my mouth, you did! What do you want?"

"Shelter! — I'm starving! — I'm dying with cold and hunger! Dear Betty!" continued he, bursting into tears, "have pity on me!"

"Who are you?" demanded the good-hearted creature, moved by his appeal.

"I am — I am!" replied he, almost suffocated with sobbing,— "your poor boy, Andrew, and I'm dying!"

"Merciful Providence!" cried the old woman, "and has it come to this? Oh! Andrew, how could you—"

But the wretched object of her early care heard no more. Overcome by weakness, and a feeling of unworthiness, he dropped senseless at her feet.

* * * * *

Hurt as the worthy Betty was by the neglect of the orphan she had cherished, all his errors and ingratitude were forgotten when she beheld her poor "boy, Andrew," as she called him, helpless and deserted by all the world.

She nursed and succoured him in his sickness and extremity, with all the tenderness she would have bestowed on one more worthy of her maternal care; but he never rallied, only quitting the cradle of his infancy for the grave.

TEN DAYS IN QUARANTINE.

BY BENJAMIN BUNTING.

During the summer of 183–, I left St. Petersburgh to return to England, *viâ* Lubeck and Hamburgh, by the steam-packet "Nicolai the First." The weather was lovely, and the motion of the vessel so slight, that scarcely one of nearly fifty passengers had to submit to the usual tax by his oceanic majesty on those who cross his domains for the first time. Our party consisted of persons of various nations and occupations. Among the medley there were sundry Russian officers, all moustaches and medals, going to see the world. A French *attaché* also went with us, fitter for a ball-room than the deck of a sea-boat. There was a sleek, comely Quaker, and a top-booted John Bull, the former a merchant, and the latter a wealthy farmer, who had taken some broken-down English horses to Russia, and was now returning with his pockets well lined. Besides these were several Germans, who opened their mouths only when they took in their food, or blew the smoke from their long pipes. To complete this motley cargo of "live lumber," we had about twenty of the *corps de ballet* from the Italian theatre at St. Petersburgh, who were just returning after their season of gaiety.

After the first two days, the sharp edges of ceremony wore off among most of my fellow-travellers, and steady conversation, as well as harmless jokes, became the order of the day. The French, German, and English languages were rattled together like dice in a box, until the French spoke German to their own countrymen, and the English passengers addressed each other in broken French. The third and fourth day passed very agreeably. The dinners on board were good. Champagne and brown stout, claret and brandy-pawney, were called for constantly. Everybody appeared satisfied at having left the land of snows and serfs, to visit the more sunny lands of the west and the south. The commander of the steamer was an old lieutenant, who had fought under Nelson and Collingwood, but whom bad fortune, and a narrow half-pay, had induced to enter the service of the Steam-packet Company. He related to us the glorious days of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Trafalgar; and even our French friend could not but admire the spirit of our hero, although his stories told against "*La belle France.*"

On the fifth morning, Travemünde (the port of Lubeck,) was visible in the distance; and, on coming within half a mile of it, a signal was made for us to come to anchor, which, we presumed, would be the case until a health-boat should examine us; for, although the cholera was raging in some parts of Russia, there was none at St. Petersburgh when we left, and there had been no sickness on board. But our sentence was soon pronounced: a boat hailed us, ordering us to hoist the yellow flag, and to remain at anchor for ten days, under a penalty of being fired at by the forts and gun-boats. This order was not to be disregarded; and those (ourselves among the number) who had hoped to be in England in four days more saw another fortnight of miserable, monotonous life before them. To crown all, the captain informed us that, as he had taken in a supply of water only sufficient for common emergencies, we must content ourselves with half the regular allowance, which would be about

four pints daily for each person, for cooking, tea, drinking, and last, though not least, for washing. Many on board thought four pints a very fair allowance; but, on finding two to two and a half pints deducted for making tea and cooking their dinners, they complained bitterly, and our poor skipper was hourly pestered to send on shore for a supply; but the orders he had received were peremptory. Nobody from the shore or the other vessels would venture near our yellow flag, a colour at that time more dreaded than the black ensign of the pirates seen in the Gulf of Florida and the Indian seas. No bribe would have induced any one to approach us, even if our captain had granted permission, which he dared not give. Within five hundred yards of us lay a large vessel, just arrived from the Azores, with a freight of oranges. With our glasses we could see bushels of damaged fruit thrown overboard; but none would float near us. The sight was perfectly tantalising. On shore everything looked green, and we could fancy to ourselves the pleasure of those who were enjoying the first fruits of the season. Everybody on board was out of temper; conversation flagged; jokes, even stale ones, were no longer attempted; and, had it not been for our worthy skipper, some of the passengers would, I verily believe, have thrown themselves overboard. He endeavoured to cheer us a little. Having requested us to go into the cabin for a short while, we were recalled, and found a sail drawn across the steamer, which, on being raised, presented the *corps de ballet*, whom he had requested to dance and sing on his beautifully-polished quarterdeck. A piano, the property of an English lady, a violin, and two flutes, played by their owners, served as an orchestra; and in this manner a short time was very pleasantly passed. A game of blind-man's-buff was now proposed; and the lot fell on our little French friend to be blinded. He endeavoured to catch everybody; and at last seized the top-booted Englishman; who, to the amusement of the passengers, had donned a lady's bonnet and shawl.

"C'est vous, ma petite comtesse!" murmured the *attaché*, thinking that he had laid his hands upon a delicate Russian *belle*,—"c'est vous! c'est vous!" and down came the handkerchief from his eyes; but lo! and behold! there stood a strapping John Bull, of some six feet in height, and half as much in width, holding his fat sides with a pair of hands which would not have disgraced an old Polar bear, and his jolly red cheeks bursting from the restraint which he had been obliged to impose upon them.

"Yes; I'm your pretty countess, my dear!" he exclaimed, throwing his brawny arms round the slender Frenchmen; and, lifting him into the air with as much ease as a hawk does a sparrow. "I'm your pretty countess! come to my arms, and I'll make thee my own!" and other such endearing expressions he bestowed upon the poor little man with great generosity.

The latter struggled and kicked; but, finding it useless to resist the embraces of his huge "comtesse," took it very good-humouredly; but looked rather foolish when the real countess made her appearance, and joined in the laughter against him.

"I was not aware, M. de ——," said she, "that quarantine diet was so very invigorating. I thought I had become rather thinner during the last few days; but, when Mr. Smith is mistaken for me, I really shall think that this mode of living is exceedingly conducive to health."

M. de ——, who never before was known to be wanting with some polite speech, particularly if a lady were in the case, stood now perfectly abashed, and could not utter a word. The only persons who seemed not to enjoy, or even to see the joke, were the lethargic Germans; who sat as usual close by the funnel, smoking at a regular steam-pace. The old quaker, who had all along worn a most sedate countenance, was obliged to allow a hearty laugh to escape; and, although he refused to join in the game, he entered fully into the spirit of it. Shortly afterwards a quadrille was commenced, which was succeeded by a waltz, and that by a mazurka; until the people from the distant vessels imagined that we had a crew of lunatics on board.

Three days wore away tolerably well in this manner; but, the fourth being rainy, none of the ladies ventured on deck, although there was an awning, which served as a tolerable umbrella; and the gentlemen being obliged to amuse themselves as well as they could, a new game was proposed. A thin piece of wood, three feet in length, was fixed upright on the deck; and on the point of it a small potato was stuck. A person was then blindfolded, and, with a sword in his hand, was to walk up to the potato, and split it; if he missed it three successive times, he forfeited a bottle of champagne. As everybody may easily suppose, there were many more misses than hits; and the champagne flowed very freely; and many were the seven-and-sixpences pocketed by the steward. But the champagne resembled our own spirits; it sparkled for a short time, and then died away. We were now obliged to pass our time as well as we could; and tried to do it after a certain Sambo's plan; who, when asked by a friend how he passed his time, politely remarked, "Me no pass me time; me cock up me leg, and let time pass me!"

Before long we were roused from our stupor by some sharp words which passed between one of the be-medalled Russians and the Frenchman, regarding the old joke, which the former had thought proper to revive. Friends were consulted by both parties; and a meeting was fixed to take place on the forecastle by five o'clock next morning; but it too soon reached the skipper's ears, who threatened to place the would-be combatants under an arrest if they did not faithfully promise to say no more on the subject until they left his vessel. Finding that they could not have that satisfaction which they *so much* desired, they very wisely kept quiet. New games were invented; and by degrees the remaining days of our imprisonment wore away, and we were at length released from our horrid confinement.

One thing more I must mention,—viz., the various wishes expressed by the different passengers as to what dishes they most desired on landing. The husband of the fair "comtesse" expressed a longing for a couple of snipes, and a bottle of *chatêau Lafitte*; the *attaché* desired to have a *pâté de foix gras*; the Germans wished much for sour-krout and brat-wurst (sausage); and our English friend begged for a good beefsteak, and a pot of half-and-half. Every one according to his taste, thought I; but I could not help owning that, if I had the choice, I should certainly have dined with the last-mentioned person, particularly as I had been obliged for the last twelvemonths to content myself with fowls smothered in oil; eggs stewed in onions; and beef made up into anything but beef.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XIX.

The night on the Ait.

THOSE acquainted with the course of the Thames from London to Windsor may remember that Penton Hook is a piece of land between Staines and Laleham, which turns the river into a narrow and sudden curve, cut off from the shore by the lock; whilst the main body of water flows round it with brawling rapidity on a sharp descent, forming a natural weir. Some strong piles are fixed at the head of the rapid, to keep the large craft from being drawn into the current, and, about half way round the Hook, it gives off a small stream, called the Abbey river, which formerly washed the foundations of Chertsey monastery, one of the most powerful mitred religious houses of its time.

The worn-out boat, carrying the two fugitives, was now being drifted by the turbulent river towards this point; and the roar of the water, as it dashed between the head-piles of the lock, became fearfully louder and louder. Johnson kept at the head of the boat, or rather at whichever part of it went first, as it was whirled about in the eddies, and attempted to throw a little more light around them from the miserable candle in the old lantern they had brought with them. And Morris, anticipating the swamping of the punt, which appeared inevitable, had risen from his seat; and, having thrown off his cloak, prepared to reach the land as he best might, when the catastrophe should arrive. Sometimes the boat neared the shore so closely that its edge grated against the rough stones of the embankment; but, before either of them could hold on, it had turned round again, and was once more in the middle of the deep and rapid channel.

Johnson had plainly discerned the dark forms of the head-piles stretching across the river, towards which they were now hurrying, and in another instant the punt was borne against the foremost one with a violent shock, that threw them both from their feet, and partly stove in the side, at the same time knocking down the lantern, and extinguishing the light; but they immediately recovered their position, and endeavoured to cling to the iron-work of the standards, and arrest the progress of the boat. The power of the water was, however, too much for them; and, turning round the side of the piles, the punt rushed with fearful violence down the fall, and into the centre of the rapids below the weir, the water pouring in everywhere through the crevices of its battered sides. Swift as had been their passage before, it was now increased tenfold, as they grated successively over the stones of the shallows, or glided swiftly onward in the deep water, amidst the masses of ice which were floating everywhere on the surface of the current.

The country on either side was now more open, and the refraction of light from the snow on the banks enabled them to perceive objects somewhat more clearly than before. They were quickly approaching the entrance of the Abbey river, the position of which was marked by a few leafless shrubs on a small island, or ait, at the spot where the stream divided.

"It will be the turn of a straw as to which course the punt takes," said Johnson, hurriedly. "If she goes into the narrow river, we are all right; for she will run her head into the bank immediately."

"She is half filled with water," replied Morris, who had retired to the other side of the well; "a minute more will settle it either way."

The boat appeared to approach the ait, now plainly visible on the dark water, in such a direct line, that it was impossible to tell in which course they would be carried. In another instant it touched the side, and was for the moment fixed there, as if balancing which current to fall into. Taking advantage of the check, Johnson leant forwards, and seizing the branch of a willow that grew upon its edge, pulled the head of the boat to land, before it swung round either way. Then, jumping on to the ait, which was not above ten or twelve feet across, he dragged the punt still further on the dry ground, and called upon Morris to join him, first taking care to secure their craft, by winding the chain round the stem of the willow.

"Well, we may thank our stars that one risk is past!" said Jack, as his cousin landed.

"We have escaped drowning to perish with cold," replied Morris, in his customary unconcerned tone, now that the excitement of the danger was over. "Are we to remain all night on this wretched place?"

"If you can suggest any plan to get away, I shall be most happy to try it," returned Johnson. "It is not a spot, I grant, that any one would pick out for a gipsying party in the middle of January; still we have had a lucky escape."

For a few minutes they both remained silent, nothing being heard but the chafing of the river, as it rushed past the ait, and the angry wind, howling in dreary cadences over the surrounding wastes. Johnson felt for a short time slightly annoyed at the little gratitude his cousin evinced, after all his exertions to save him from the fate that threatened; and Morris was literally too exhausted to talk, but, wrapping his cloak closely about him, he leant, gasping for breath, and shivering with cold, against the trunk of the willow. But Jack's kindness of heart was ever uppermost; and, knowing the state of his cousin's health, as well as being aware that he must be suffering acutely from the exposure, his feeling towards him was far more of sympathy than anger.

"You had better move about, Morris, if you are able," said Johnson, speaking first, and in the most conciliating manner.

"It is dreadfully cold!" returned the other faintly, as he endeavoured to stamp his feet upon the ground; "I have scarcely any feeling left."

"Wait a while," cried Jack, as if struck with some bright idea; "we will get a light, and see if there is any way of improving our

[illegible] on a [illegible] at the [illegible] the stream [illegible]

[illegible] the turn of a straw as to which course the punt [illegible] herself. "If she goes into the [illegible] river, [illegible] she will run her head into the bank imme[diately].

[illegible] filled with water," replied Morris, who had retired [illegible] side of the well; "a minute more will settle it."

[illegible] boat appeared to approach the [illegible] in a direct line, that it was impossible to [illegible] course the punt would take [illegible] the side and was [illegible] to fall back. Taking advantage of the [illegible] forwards and seizing the [illegible] when pulled the head of the boat to [illegible] other way. Then jumping [illegible] of twelve feet across, he [illegible] ground, and called upon [illegible] secure their craft by [illegible] willow.

"Well, we may [illegible] as he again landed."

"We have [illegible] in his customary [illegible] longer [illegible] else?"

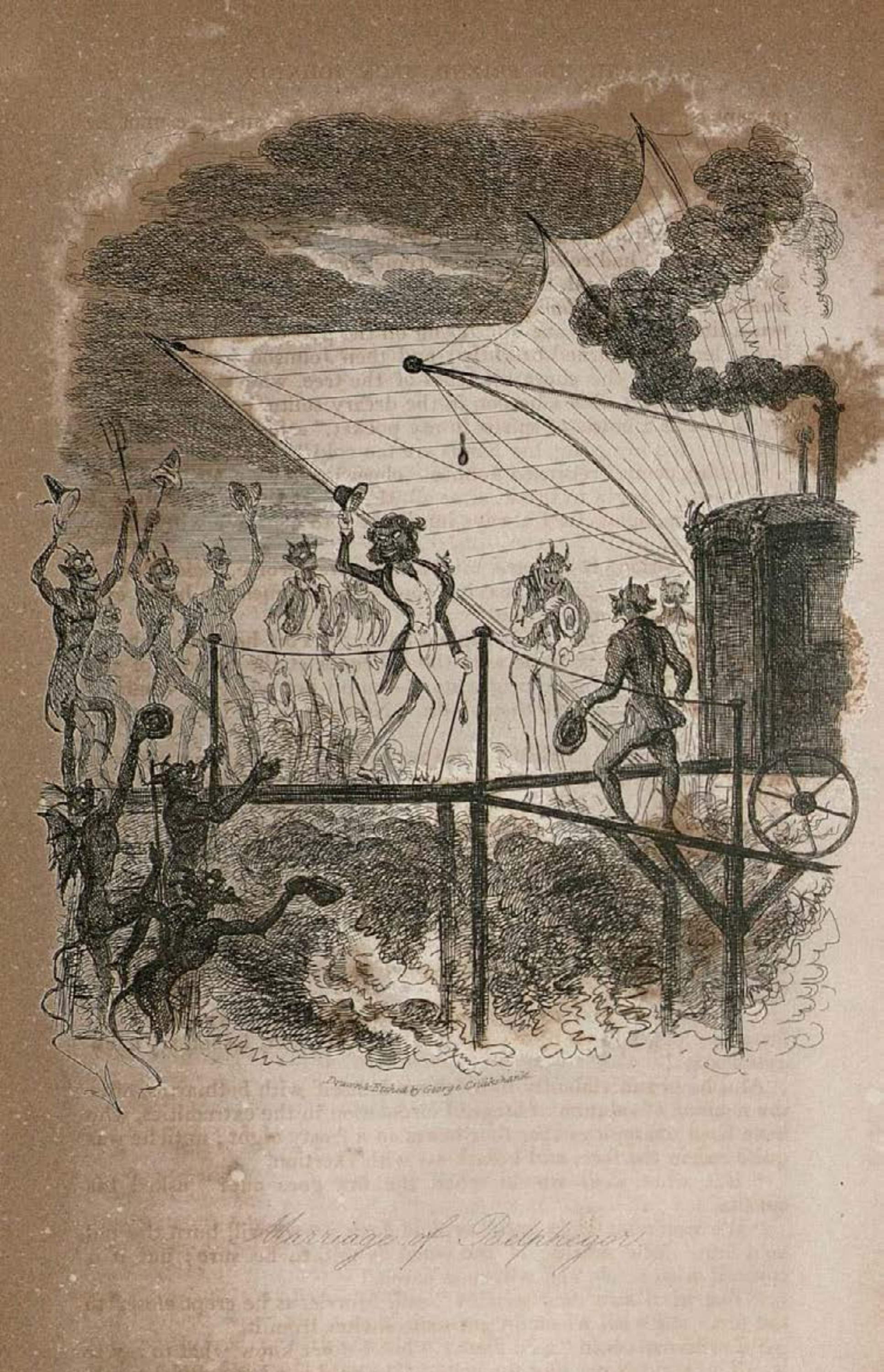
"I [illegible] happy [illegible] air and would [illegible] of the [illegible] many; still we have [illegible]

For a few minutes [illegible] but the chafing of the [illegible] wind, throwing [illegible] Johnson [illegible] his pocket [illegible] thunderclap [illegible] wrapping his cloak [illegible] and thundering [illegible] look at [illegible] of his [illegible] gate of the [illegible] mere [illegible] show of sympathy [illegible]

"You had [illegible] any, pushing [illegible]

"It is [illegible] seemed to stamp [illegible] feeling left."

[illegible] "As the white [illegible] we will get a light, and [illegible]



Drawn & Etched by George Cruikshank.

Marriage of Belphegor.

London, Richard Bentley, 1848.

present condition. It might be better, certainly, and it cannot be much worse."

"How can you procure a light? The lantern is half filled with water—it is impossible!"

"Devil a bit," answered Jack. "Tallow don't soak up much, and we can wipe the candle dry. Where is it?"

The lantern had rolled to the extreme end of the punt; but Johnson recovered it, and, throwing out the water, he procured a light from a box of cigar *allumettes* that he always carried with him. There was a little obstinacy and sputtering on the part of the wick at first, but at length it burned brightly; and then Johnson hung the lantern on one of the short branches of the tree, whence it threw its rays over the ait, like a beacon in the dreary solitude.

"There is a bottle of spirits in my pocket," said Morris, "if you can unbutton my coat; my hands are too cold."

"Come, come," returned Johnson cheerfully, "we shall do very well now. I begin to think, after all, the life of Robinson Crusoe is not the tremendous lie I always imagined it to be. We will have a fire directly."

"Our position, to be sure, might have been worse," said Morris, with more than ordinary suavity, somewhat softened by Jack's evident attempt to comfort him.

"Worse! I believe you," replied Jack. "You had your choice of two alternatives: to be with the police, or at the bottom of the icy river. Look at that bright star!—mind how slyly he winks at us for having jockeyed them both. Now, see what I 'm going to do."

To collect ever particle of fishing apparatus that was made of wood from the punt was to Johnson the work of half a minute, and these he mercilessly split, and then cut into small pieces. Next, clearing some of the snow from the ground, he laid the foundation of the fire, which he contrived to kindle with various play-bills and odd leaves of periodicals from the depths of the pockets pertaining to his wrapper, finally using the lining of his hat for the same purpose. The flame crept from one piece to another, driving out the angry and hissing sap, until the whole was in a blaze; and then Morris bent down before it, and endeavoured to draw fresh energy from the warmth.

"Now, take some brandy," said Jack, "and make yourself comfortable; you will soon be all right. For my part, I shall try a few gymnastics."

And he began violently to belabour himself with both arms, after the manner of cabmen of languid circulation in the extremities, who have been unemployed for four hours on a frosty night; until he was quite red in the face, and breathless with exertion.

"But what shall we do when the fire goes out?" asked his cousin.

"We won't let it go out," replied Jack; "we will burn the old boat first. The outside of the wood is wet, to be sure; but it is covered with pitch, and will soon catch."

"The wind still cuts terribly," said Morris, as he crept closer to the fire. "I wish we could get some shelter from it."

"I wish we could," said Jack; "but I don't know what to say to it. The wind is not like the cold. The cold is a low, pitiful sneak,

who can't stand fire at all, and whom you may always drive away if you please; but the wind is rather a queer customer to deal with. Ah! bellows away," he continued, as a blast of more than ordinary force rushed through the trees, and across the ait, whirling some of the incandescent embers into the water; "I don't mind you a bit, as far as myself goes."

Whether or no the wind heard this defiance, and felt affronted at it, we cannot say; but certainly it was lulled all of a sudden, as if it had expended its power; and the fire, which had just before stood a chance of being carried away into the river altogether, now burnt up again steadily, and much brighter from the draught.

"What a merry fellow that star is!" resumed Johnson, looking at the clear frosty sky, in which the constellations were beginning to appear, "and how he still keeps winking through it all! I wonder who he is?"

"I can't inform you," returned Morris vacantly. "I was thinking of something else at the minute."

"Well, don't think of something else, then," returned Johnson, who kept talking upon whatever idea came first, to keep up his cousin's spirits, as well as his own. "Look at the stars, and think of them—you cannot help doing so, if you watch them."

"I have both thought about and watched them enough, since I left London," returned his cousin, "and often traced out some particular one, that I imagined had some connexion with my own being."

As he spoke, the star to which Johnson had alluded shot half way across the sky, and then disappeared.

"Well, that's a jump, however!" said Jack. "If stars are worlds, how awfully those shots must astonish the inhabitants! I wonder what that means?"

"My fate," replied Morris. "I shall fall as that star has fallen, and then all will be darkness and oblivion!"

"Nonsense!" said Jack. "Have a pipe."

Again diving into the secret recesses of his *paletot*, Johnson produced a tin tobacco-box, which, as he offered it to his cousin, afforded him a fresh subject for much interesting conversation, as to how he had knocked it off the middle stick at Moulsey races, in company with a pincushion, seven apples inside one another, a snake, a pear full of tea-things, and a japan box containing dirt, with a sovereign soldered on to the lid, with a passing allusion to the two-bladed cast-iron knife which fell in the hole, in return for which the two next sticks hit the man's head and shins by accident. Next he procured some more fuel from the punt, and heaped it on to the fire; and, finally, clearing away the snow, with the assistance of a landing-net, lay down as close to the blaze as was convenient, and began to smoke, in company with his cousin.

An hour or two passed on, the progress of time being marked by the bell of Laleham church, which sounded clearly through the silent night, followed by the chimes from the other villages, more or less distinct, in proportion to their distance. It was now midnight, and the wind had abated; whilst the moon, at present in her first quarter, had risen, and was throwing her cold faint light over the glistening river, and the desolate tracts of ground on either side. The fire had diminished into a heap of glowing embers; and John-

son, still reclining at its side, with his back against the tree, wearied by his exertions, and drowsy from the cold, had allowed himself to fall into a fitful doze, although his last speech had been a caution to Morris not to give way to the slightest feeling of drowsiness. From this troubled slumber he was, however, aroused by his cousin, who seized him suddenly by the arm, and, shaking him with nervous trepidation, uttered, in a low, alarmed voice,

"Jack! see! there is something moving on the bank of the river! What can it be?"

Rubbing his eyes, and hurriedly collecting his ideas, Johnson looked in the direction pointed out by his cousin. He could plainly perceive the outline of a human figure moving apparently between the bank and the water, not as if it were walking, but with an uniform gliding progress. Presently it left the shore, and advanced slowly into the stream of the smallest river, and, when it had reached the centre, it bent forward, as if gazing intently upon the deep gurgling waters.

"Heavens and earth!" muttered Johnson, scarcely breathing, "what is this?"

"It is an apparition!" whispered Morris, clutching Johnson's arm in an agony of terror, until his nails nearly penetrated the flesh.

"I never believed in ghosts," returned Johnson; "but this looks more like one than anything I ever imagined. Hist! see what it is about."

The figure still bending towards the river, extended its arms, and apparently drew from the depths a dark form, bearing the indistinct outline of a human body. This it regarded for some seconds with fixed attention, and then moved again on the surface of the current, in the direction of the ait, dragging the other object after it.

"It is coming upon us!" cried Morris, as the dark outline approached nearer and nearer. "Jack! save me!" he continued, in an extremity of fear, as he sank down behind his cousin. "I cannot bear to look at it!"

"It's all as right as twenty trivets, my young swan-hoppers!" exclaimed a voice, which Johnson immediately recognised as belonging to Spriggy Smithers, who directly afterwards jumped ashore from a very unsafe water-conveyance, bearing some resemblance to a square washing-tub.

"Smithers!" cried both the cousins in amazement.

"The werry identical," replied their acquaintance; "who else did you suppose it was?"

A few words explained everything. Spriggy's "pardner,"—an important personage in all rural firms for the propagation of poaching—having some business to transact in the Abbey river, with respect to certain night lines, had observed the fire on the ait, and communicated the result of his survey to his friend upon reaching his house. Smithers had immediately started off in a light boat of his own construction, used for crossing flooded meadows in wild-duck shooting; and following the course of various overflowed bournes and water-dykes, had reached the main river by a cutting nearly opposite the islet.

"I expected you had got into some mischief," observed Spriggy,

"when I found as you had not taken the punt-pole. It's lucky you landed as you have done."

"I don't think the punt will be of much use again," said Johnson; "but we will make it all square with you."

"And the police?" asked Morris; "where are they?"

"All gone," replied Spriggy. "I swore I'd seen nothing, and know'd nobody noways; so you can come back again in safety to my place for to-night; but I can only put you over one at a time."

"But what did you drag out of the river half way across?" inquired Johnson.

"Something for supper," replied Spriggy. "A wicker-wheel chuck full of eels."

Carefully entering the frail conveyance, Morris was ferried over the river, and then left, in company with the eel-trap, which had caused them so much alarm, whilst Smithers returned for Johnson. The small punt was then concealed in an adjacent ditch; and, under the guidance of their friend, the two fugitives returned to his cottage across the fields, where they rested the remainder of the night, and early the next morning separated, Johnson returning to Slough with the horse, and Morris going he scarcely knew whither—but in the direction of London—where he felt, after all, the greatest security was to be found.

CHAPTER XX.

The Grimleys try to cut out the Ledburys; and get up private theatricals.

Ever since the awkward termination of the attempt on the part of the boy in buttons, to gain information as to what was going on in the supper-room on the night of the party at Ledbury's, the Grimleys had been exceedingly anxious to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the society of Islington, from a double motive of jealousy and revenge—jealousy, because everybody had been saying what a very pleasant evening they passed, and revenge, on account of the page's new green trowsers, which had been perfectly spoilt by the mixture of barley-sugar, lamp-oil, and trifle, that he fell amongst. And so they held a family council, to devise the best means of diverting the popular attention from their next-door neighbours.

As is usual upon such occasions, the bickerings between the rival houses were generally confined to the female branches of the families; for old Ledbury and Mr. Grimley, senior, were exceedingly good friends, usually returning from town together, and at all times very amicable and pleasant. But the respective wives of these gentlemen never hit it exactly; in fact, they disliked one another amazingly; which was the more remarkable when you witnessed the exceedingly cordial greetings that passed between them if they chanced to meet in a shop, or at a small party; how affectionate were their inquiries after each other's dear girls! how unkind it was of them not to drop in very often, and bring their work! how well the young ladies on either side were looking! and what a very fine little boy Master Ledbury or Master Grimley grew! All this was so very courteous and friendly! And then Mrs. Ledbury would go home,

and hint it was time Jane Grimley thought of looking about her, for she began to grow very old-maidish; and Mrs. Grimley would also say what a pity it was some one did not give poor Miss Ledbury a few hints about her dress; and what an object the poor child, Walter, looked, in the frightful plaid cap and tunic he had been stuck into. But, through it all, Miss Grimley was very fond of talking about the period when she went to school with Emma Ledbury; which, indeed, was the case, although she usually forgot to add, that she was just leaving when the other arrived as a very little girl; and her brother, Mr. Horatio Grimley, who was in a West-India merchant's counting-house, had always been accustomed to regard our friend, Mr. Ledbury, as a simple and harmless nothing, until he came back from France, and created such a sensation in Islington. This altered the sentiments of the other gentleman, who, finding that he could relate nothing about Ramsgate or Herne Bay equal to Ledbury's stories of Paris and the Quartier Latin, forthwith determined at all hazards to go to Boulogne next autumn, even if the trip cost ten pounds!

"Now, if you are all so anxious to outdo the Ledburys," observed Mr. Horatio Grimley, as they promenaded along High Street—we are sorry to say, on a Sunday, after a sermon on humility,—"it is of no use giving a mere common-place evening-party to a parcel of dreary people, who will do nothing but sit still round the room, make observations, eat ice, and abuse us all the next day."

"What do you wish us to attempt, then, Horace?" asked Mrs. Grimley.

"Well; I hardly know. I think something in the tumbling and fireworks line."

"The idea!" ejaculated Miss Grimley, lowering her parasol to hide her features from the gaze of a very impertinent young gentleman who passed. "Perhaps you would like us to add horsemanship and tight-rope dancing?"

"Certainly," replied Horatio; "with a sprinkling of fancy-dresses and dissolving-views; and, perhaps, some artificial skating."

"My dears! what nonsense you are talking!" observed Mrs. Grimley.

"Not at all, mother! we wish to be strikingly original. Talking of dissolving-views, what do you say to *tableaux*?"

"Table-whats, my love?"

"Don't you know?" cried Horatio. "You recollect those things we saw at the De Robinsons, when we sat gaping in the dark for half an hour. Look here! Hamlet and the Ghost!"

Whereon Mr. Grimley seized his sister's parasol, and threw himself into an attitude on the pavement, to the great horror of the ladies, and equal admiration of a small charity-boy, who was carrying a dish of baked meats to his family.

"And private theatricals, Horry!" cried Miss Grimley with energy, as she recovered her parasol. "I think we could manage private theatricals. There have never been any attempted in Islington: at least I think not."

"I see, Jane! famous notion!" replied her brother, catching at it. "Our house is built for them; two drawing-rooms—folding-doors; no end of fun! don't you think so, mother?"

It must be confessed Mrs. Grimley did not at first see her way

very clearly; but, overcome by the persuasions of her son and daughter, at length consented to their wishes; having stipulated that the house was not to be knocked about more than absolutely necessary; that they were not to run into any extravagant expenses; and that all the Ledburys should be invited to act — at all events they were to be asked as visitors.

"Because," said Mrs. Grimley, "that will show them we are actuated by no petty feelings of jealousy; and at the same time we shall be able to prove to them that our connexions are quite as good as theirs! We have a far better pew at church as it is."

"We must get together all the presentable people we can, mother," remarked Horatio.

"My dear!" replied Mrs. Grimley, with much dignity, drawing herself up two inches higher; "who of our acquaintance is *not* presentable?"

"Well — nobody — never mind; only don't choke up the rooms with a crowd of griffins and pumps, and wet-blankets, who——"

"Pray do not use such language, Horace," observed Mrs. Grimley reproachfully. "I cannot think where you pick it up. It is so dreadfully coarse!"

"But dreadfully expressive, because——"

"Hush!" interrupted his sister, "we know what you mean, Horry."

"Well, but——"

"Yes — there — everything will be quite right, so do not distress yourself," continued Miss Grimley. "I suppose we must ask that Mr. Johnson who pays such attention to Emma Ledbury; or else she will be in the sulks all the evening."

"Oh! ask him, by all means," said Horatio; "he will be very useful; and give the Morlands a hint to bring their page. We will have all private servants,—no five-shilling Hipkinses, to carry away fowls' legs in their umbrellas."

And, the party arriving at their door, the conversation was for the present dropped.

Three weeks of intense confusion followed, in which the family arrangements of the Grimleys might have been classed under any head but domestic economy. Horatio Grimley determined, with the assistance of a young friend, who was an artist, to paint several scenes for the due effect of the performance; and such a collection of pipkins, glue-pots, brushes, canvas, and Dutch metal, had probably never before been seen; with which they laboured so industriously, that before they had finished, the very dining-room paper had changed its pattern from constant trial of colours, and looked like one large rainbow out of joint. The invitations had been sent out, and nearly everybody had accepted — in a great measure from the novelty of the entertainment in that part of the world, — including all the Ledburys, who came as "a matter of principle." Indeed, Titus and Jack Johnson had consented to take parts; but Emma preferred being one of the audience. Old Ledbury, too, was fairly talked into attending, although he never failed to speak of it as "all cursed tomfoolery." Titus consented to act, because he was always good-tempered, and willing to oblige — notwithstanding that his dramatic powers were rather limited; and Jack took a part, solely from the benevolent motive of disliking the Grimleys, and of

looking out for the chance of playing any wicked piece of fun that might present itself. He saw perfectly through the object of the display, and determined to upset it if he could. But this, of course, he kept to himself; and, in the meantime, to lull suspicion, gave them all the assistance and time he could afford to dispose of, even helping to select and cast the pieces, and draw up the bill ; and then got it printed upon regular theatrical paper at a printing-office which he alone could have found out, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The document—a proof copy of which is, for aught we know, preserved in the museum of the Islington Literary and Scientific Institution, as an illustration of a local custom — was thus worded :—

"THEATRE LOYAL, ISLINGTON.

On Tuesday Evening, February —, 184–,

WILL BE PRESENTED THE FAVOURITE COMEDIETTA OF

A LOVER BY PROXY.

Harry Lawless, . Mr. Horatio Grimley.
Mr. Bromley, . Mr. Johnson.
Mr. Peter Blushington, . . Mr. Titus Ledbury.
Squib, . Mr. Simpson.
Nibbs, . . . Master Hoddle.
Miss Penelope Prude, Miss Simpson. Kate Bromley, Miss Grimley.

To be succeeded by the following

TABLEAUX VIVANS;

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF MINSTRELSY.

1. Woodman, spare that tree.
2. 'Off! off!' said the stranger.
3. Kathleen Mavourneen.

The piano accompaniments by Miss Simpson.

The explanations by Mr. Johnson.

The whole to conclude with the burlesque of

NORMA.

Norma, . Mr. Horatio Grimley.
Adelgisa, . Mr. Titus Ledbury.
Pollio (*in Turkish trowsers*), . Miss Grimley.

The scenery by some gentlemen, who would GRIEVE to PIT their skill against anybody else's, but who are happy to MARSHALL themselves in the company.

The decorations in imitation of MR. W. BRADWELL.

The dresses, for one night only, by MR. NATHAN.

MRS. ALFRED SHAW AND MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE

having given such effect to the grand duet, "*Giorno d'orrore*,' induced Miss Grimley and Miss Simpson to learn it ; and they will, therefore, introduce it in the course of the evening.

A NEW COMEDY

would possibly have been produced ; but, owing to a prevalent fear amongst the authors that it would only be played one night, and then shelved, it was found impossible to obtain one.

Doors open at half-past seven, and the performance will commence at eight precisely.

Seats in the dress-circle will be kept all the evening, provided no one else makes use of them.

Vivant Regina, Princeps, et leurs enfans.

"Well, I think THAT will do!" ejaculated Jack Johnson, as soon as he had written the bill out for the printer.

"Shouldn't you put 'No money returned?'" observed Mr. Horatio Grimley, who always had an amendment to make to everything.

"Quite unnecessary," answered Jack. "All the theatres have left it off: it is impossible to return money that has never been taken. Playhouses now are like the pillows for poor people that old ladies make for fancy fairs—filled with paper. Wonderful collections of autographs the managers might make, if they chose!"

"But there must be some money taken at the doors," said Mr. Grimley.

"So there is," replied Jack, "by pickpockets, cabmen, and orange-women. And if there are any receipts, the management and authors are none the better for them."

"Why not?" inquired Horatio.

"Because they all go, like the coats of the supernumeraries,—principally in rents, but not exactly in pieces."

CHAPTER XXI.

Jack Johnson produces a great sensation at the play.

At last the parts were learnt and rehearsed, the scenes finished, and the stage erected, with the assistance of two carpenters, in the back drawing-room—the front one being appropriated to the audience. The ladies dressed in Miss Grimley's own apartment, or, as she called it, her *boudoir;* because a few Lowther-Arcade smelling-bottles and painted jars were disposed about it, together with an "Eve at the Fountain" over her wash-hand stand, two or three little green silk gilt-edged "Languages of Flowers," and hand-books of Affections and Passions, on a hanging book-shelf; and a small transfer pair of bellows, with green leather binding, at the side of the fire-place, principally used by her brother, when he obtained admittance, to blow in the eyes of the bullfinch, who resided in a little unfurnished Swiss cottage near the window, and was perpetually picking nothing from a small fancy salt-box, supposed to contain seeds, and dragging up thimblefuls of water from a gallipot below. The gentlemen were to make their toilets in the drawing-room, behind the theatre, which occupied only half its depth. Mrs. Grimley's apartment being appropriated to the reception of the lady-visitors' cloaks and bonnets; and Horatio's room, partaking of all the characteristics of single sons' bed-chambers, being very small, very carelessly appointed, and very near the extreme summit of the house.

"Now, I request, Leonard," said Mrs. Grimley, when the evening of performance arrived, to the boy in buttons who fell through the

ceiling, "I request that you will not keep the street-door open. Close it the moment anybody comes in, that the next company may give a fresh knock. It sounds much better in the neighbourhood."

The boy in buttons rapidly pulled a phantom hair from his forehead, in token of obedience and acquiescence.

"And let me have no squabbling with Mr. Ledbury's page, if he should come," continued the lady; "I will not allow it — at least this evening. He is a very low boy; and you will gain nothing but insult from quarrelling with him."

Leonard recollected the manner in which he had been kicked back from next door, and perfectly agreed with his mistress.

The company had all been requested to come to the time; and, when the hour of commencing arrived, the rooms were quite full; and Mrs. Grimley cast a look of triumph over her assembled guests, as she thought how very annoying it must be to the Ledburys to see so many eligible people gathered together, including a great number of their own immediate connexions. Old Mrs. Hoddle, escorted, as usual, by her servant and lantern, had ventured in, under the express understanding that there was to be no firing of guns or crackers, which she inseparably connected with all theatrical performances. Her grandson, also, Master William Hoddle, was to perform in the first piece,—a tiger to one of the characters,—and, in the firm belief that it was the leading part of the evening, the old lady could not let the opportunity escape of witnessing his *début*, although the character itself would be no novelty to her, as Master Hoddle had already favoured her with fifteen private representations; in all of which, however, she had discovered fresh beauties, possibly from entirely forgetting all the previous ones. Then Mr. Simpson and his eldest sister came also amongst the *corps dramatique*,—the two other ladies, still in the light poplins, having placed themselves in the front row, to encourage the dramatic members of their family. But the crowning triumph of all was, that not only the Claverlys had arrived, but also the De Robinsons—whose names sounded somewhat familiar to Jack Johnson, and who, at last, he recollected, were friends of the Barnards he had met in the boarding-house on the Boulevards at Paris — had accepted Mrs. Grimley's invitation from the very first. This was so very kind of them; for Eaton Place is not within a mere stone's throw of Islington; and they had not come alone merely, but brought such an elegant young man with them, with mustachios, and a lace front to his shirt, and white gloves, and glazed boots, and embroidered wristbands turned up over his cuffs, whom young De Robinson had met at some aquatic dinner, and who was introduced as Mr. Roderick Doo.

The orchestra, which comprised Miss Simpson on the cabinet-piano, behind the scenes, and Mr. Ledbury, who had brought his flute, began the overture to Zampa, during the performance of which Mr. Ledbury put on his spectacles, and came in where he could, which was not always in the right place. This was, however, of no great consequence; for the music was drowned by the buz of the audience. But, although not listening very attentively, the company were not blind; and they admired every part of the proscenium with the most lavish expressions of approbation, from the painted pilasters at the sides, between which were delineated private

boxes, with elegant ladies, in tall feathers, looking at the play, and limned with matchless skill, after the valuable original of "West's Improved Penny Stage-front, to be used either built or plain," to the green drugget of the dining-room, which had been taken up, thoroughly beaten, and promoted to the office of drop-scene. Mrs. Grimley kindly undertook to prompt, as the performers were not all very perfect; and the two old gentlemen of the respective families retired quite behind every one else, in a corner of the room, where they could slip out unperceived when they got tired of the exhibition, which, in their opinion, did not appear to answer any great commercial end, and was, consequently, all fiddle-faddle nonsense.

The curtain rose, and discovered Master Hoddle, as Nibbs, laying the breakfast, upon which the applause was very encouraging; and old Mrs. Hoddle told everybody it was her grandson, and that he was not much past eleven. But when Mr. Ledbury put his head out of the bed-room door,—an ingenious piece of scenic mechanism, formed from the clothes-horse, covered with canvas, and painted, — in his white cotton night-cap and dressing-gown, the audience so laughed, that Mrs. Grimley, behind the scenes, began to wish they would keep some of their expressions of delight for her own son. And then Mrs. Ledbury leant over three rows of people, to ask Emma if Titus did not do it very well; and Master Walter Ledbury, who had been permitted to come, under heavy threats of punishment for misbehaviour, exclaimed,

"That 's Titus; and I know what he said."

"What was it, my love?" asked Mrs. Ledbury, with all a mother's fondness for drawing out her children, looking round upon the company with an expression that conveyed the words, "Isn't he a dear little child?"

"I shan't tell—but I know," replied Walter.

"Yes—now do, Watty dear," said Mrs. Ledbury persuasively.

"He said he wasn't half so ugly as Mrs. Grimley would be in *her* night-cap," said the young gentleman, with singular distinctness of articulation.

Fortunately there was a little noise upon the stage connected with the scene, and the remark was not generally heard; nevertheless, Mrs. Ledbury, overcome with confusion, inwardly came to the conclusion that it was a bad plan to press children to say anything before company, which they appeared, with all the nature of a child's art, anxious to keep to themselves.

The farce proceeded, Jack Johnson and Horatio Grimley both coming in for their due share of applause, although the former had been forced into the part somewhat against his will, for which he meant to be revenged. And Miss Grimley and Miss Simpson were pronounced exceedingly clever, only the last-named young lady could not make up her mind to look at the audience, but addressed all her remarks either to the carpet or the back-scenes.

We must do Mrs. Grimley the justice to say that she prompted remarkably well—if anything, it was a little too loud; and, as she had to be giving constant directions to the page concerning sundry points connected with the refreshment portion of the entertainment, she sometimes mingled them very curiously together, in the following style, which, it must be premised, was distinctly heard by the audience:—

"(*My first brief shall be in the court of love*)—tell Susan the company will be down almost immediately—(*it is the most awkward*)—here are the keys—(*position I ever felt myself in*)—and keep the front-door closed, do you hear, Leonard?—(*Speak, my angel*)—and let Mrs. Claverly's servant keep in the room — (*he 's very mad—further gone than I thought he was*)—the rout-cakes are in the chiffonier, with (*Blushington, in the nearest horse-pond*)."

At length the piece concluded, and the curtain fell, not, however, before it had refused to drop for two or three minutes, during which time all the characters were upon the stage bowing to the audience. At last it came down with a run, that made all the foot-lights jump from the ground, and much alarmed Mrs. Hoddle, who, notwithstanding, thought it part of the entertainment. The company generally went down for refreshment; and the performers took advantage of the *entr'acte* to prepare for the next feature in the evening's programme.

In about twenty minutes all was ready; and, when the audience had reassembled, the *Tableaux Vivans* commenced,—Miss Simpson taking her place at the piano, and Jack Johnson enacting a sort of exhibitor in front of the stage. The lights were partially extinguished, and then, whilst the air was played, the curtain rose slowly, and discovered a large frame of fine gauze, to give a pictorial effect to the groupings, which took place behind it. The first *tableau* introduced Miss Grimley, dressed in an elegant walking-costume, from a late fashion in the "Illustrated News," addressing her brother, who was attired as a theatrical wood-cutter, and was about to commit some savage injury with a tin axe upon a pasteboard oak at his side. The performers maintained a fixed attitude, which was very imposing, — "quite a picture," as Mrs. Claverly remarked, — only Mr. Grimley somewhat disturbed the illusion by sneezing two or three times in the course of the representation.

"*Tableau* the first," said Jack Johnson, pompously speaking "through the music," and looking wickedly at Emma Ledbury. "'*Woodman, spare that tree.*' The young lady is requesting the rustic to abstain from injuring a single ramification; and, whilst she confesses that it sheltered her when she was younger, she expresses her determination to afford it every protection at the present moment. The tree derives some additional interest from the circumstance of her ancestor's having deposited it in its present eligible situation, and she therefore resolutely declares that the implement of the rustic shall do it no harm. Observe the countenance of the woodman—he receives twelve shillings a week from his employer to do his bidding; and, as the oak is the property of his master, and not the young lady's, he is undecided how to act. Let us hope that the tree may be ultimately spared."

The curtain now once more descended to slow music and the applause of the audience, who were left to amuse themselves in the dark, as they best might, for the next ten minutes, whilst the second picture was put upon the stage. Miss Simpson beguiled the time, however, by playing various waltzes; and then the bell rang, and the green drugget rolled up again. The next *tableau* was very imposing. The lights were turned down, and a long piece of canvas, painted blue, and white, and green, — in fact, all colours at once,— was shaken violently at either end by Master Hoddle and Mr. Ho-

ratio Grimley, and made to portray the sea during a violent storm, with no end of dust. Walter Ledbury's little chaise had been fitted up to represent a boat by crafty mechanical appliances, and in this frail conveyance were stationed Miss Grimley and Mr. Ledbury. Miss Grimley had changed her dress, and was now attired in white muslin, with a long gauze scarf, which was artfully kept in a semicircle over her head by a piece of cane, to give it the appearance of being extended by the wind. Mr. Ledbury was arrayed as a troubadour, steering the vessel with one hand, and playing the guitar with the other, as he looked with tender affection at Miss Grimley.

"*Tableau* the second," said Jack Johnson, who resumed his post in front. "'*Off! off! said the stranger!*' The lady has forsaken her palace and halls, and is now flying over the silvery but tempestuous bay in a light bark. The young roving lovers have pledged their vows unknown to mortals, but hallowed—there!"

And here Jack Johnson pointed mysteriously to the ceiling, whither everybody's eyes directly followed him. At the same moment the boy in buttons violently shook a piece of sheet-iron behind the scenes, borrowed from the tinman, to represent thunder.

"She is Italy's daughter," continued Jack, with simple pathos. "You may know it by my asking, 'Do you see anything in her eye?' You see a beam—the same bright beam by which the sky of her country is illumined. She is sorrowful at quitting her friends; but the troubadour touches his guitar gaily, and all is happiness!"

The young ladies were much affected at this picture; but when the light bark moved on upon the concealed wheels of the chaise, and was pulled out of sight, the applause was very great, and this triumph of machinery served for the audience to comment upon, until the next group was arranged. When the veil was next drawn aside, a landscape was shown, very fairly painted, with a cottage and mountains. Mr. Horatio Grimley was in the centre, dressed in a bright-green cutaway coat, a scarlet vest, yellow knee-breeches, blue stockings, and a shillelagh in one hand, pointing to the cottage-window, the other being laid upon his heart. The lamps, dark at first, were very gradually turned up and Mr. Ledbury, was sent out upon the landing to blow a horn, first with the door open, and then with it shut, to produce an echo.

"*Tableau* the Third," recommenced Jack Johnson, "'*Kathleen Mavourneen.*' The scene represents the lakes of Killarney; and you will perceive the grey dawn is breaking" (*aside to the page*, "Turn down the middle lamp; it has gone out, and is smelling)—"the grey dawn is breaking; whilst on the distant hills we hear the horn of the happy hunter. He appeals to his mistress, who is reposing in the cottage. He is surprised to find that she is slumbering still!"

Mr. Ledbury here quitted the staircase, and having taken up a small stuffed bird, suspended to the end of a fishing-rod, dipped it in water, and then moved it about the scene; of course concealing the rod from the audience.

"Observe the lark," continued Jack; "he is shaking the bright dew from his light wing, to convey the idea of morning. The voice of Dermot's heart is only waiting to take her hair out of papers, and make a hasty toilet, before she appears at the casement to obey the spell that hangs over his numbers. They are about to part," said

Jack, in saddened tones; "it may be for years—it may be for ever! This group, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the *tableaux*."

The series having finished, amidst the unanimous approbation of the spectators, Miss Grimley, who had changed her dress during the last picture, proceeded to sing "*Giorno d'orrore*" with Miss Simpson; which, after two false starts, and a great many variations, was brought to a conclusion to the extreme satisfaction of the audience, who were again left to amuse one another during the preparation for Norma. Mrs. Grimley now came in front, to see the burlesque, and receive the congratulations of the audience; and Mr. Roderick Doo, who appeared to be what the ladies term "an agreeable rattle," was so very complimentary and entertaining, that the De Robinsons were not at all fatigued with waiting. He had addressed two or three of his gallant speeches to Emma Ledbury, who was sitting immediately before him; but, finding they did not create the sensation he anticipated, or raise the feeling of wonder at his talents, which he imagined to be due to him, he turned his polite attentions and lively compliments elsewhere.

It was at this period of the entertainments that Jack Johnson, who had been dying all the evening to play off some practical joke upon the Grimleys, hit upon a scheme which appeared likely to gratify his most ardent wishes. We have stated that the back of the drawing-room had been appropriated for the gentlemen to dress in; and as soon as the curtain fell, the intervening scenery was always rolled up, so that they might have the benefit of the lights upon the stage.

As Johnson was to enact the Moon in the first part of the burlesque, the task of drawing up the curtain was assigned to the page by Mr. Horatio Grimley, with strict injunctions that he should be very attentive, and pull the drop up as quickly as he could when he heard the *second* bell ring. Useful Miss Simpson was to play an overture in her high priest's dress, having directly afterwards to appear as Oroveso; and Master Hoddle was to assist the gentlemen in making their toilets.

Understanding all this, Jack saw that if he quietly rang the bell once himself, the regular first signal would become the second; and as the boy in buttons had received such impressive commands to be attentive, the curtain would most probably go up at once. He, therefore, took the bell, and indulged in a quiet solo upon it, close to the page's ear.

"What is the bell ringing for?" cried Mr. Horatio Grimley. "We are not ready yet."

"Nothing—nothing!" returned Jack. "I brushed against it just this minute. Now, then, for the Moon."

"Had we not better let down the scene?" asked Mr. Ledbury, who was attiring himself for Adelgisa.

"No, no!" cried Horatio; "it is rather difficult to manage. I must do it myself."

"Hurrah!" thought Jack: "how very fortunate!"

The audience, who had heard the first ring, immediately settled into their places, not sorry to find that the performances were about to recommence. Mrs. Grimley was all eager anticipation, to see how the stage looked from the front, and was nervously awaiting the

commencement; whilst the "agreeable rattle" having for the time exhausted all his clever speeches, was flirting with Miss De Robinson's handkerchief, admiring its embroidered border, and waving it about, to diffuse its scent of *pachouli* all over the room. At this moment, by Mr. Horatio Grimley's directions, the bell rang for the overture. The boy in buttons, who had been attentively waiting for the signal, immediately seized the cord, and with all the activity he could command, rapidly drew up the curtain; and the following *tableau*, far more animated than any before exhibited, burst upon the bewildered eyes of the audience, at the back of the stage:—

On the left hand, Mr. Ledbury, half attired in his costume, was endeavouring to make out which was the front of the wig allotted to him for the character he had to assume, as he stood before a small looking-glass, propped up by a plaster Joan of Arc. Mr. Horatio Grimley, on the opposite side, as Norma, was hurriedly shaving off his whiskers, having discovered at the last moment that he could not very well conceal them; and, in the centre, Jack Johnson, as the Moon, having anticipated the occurrence, was deeply engaged in discussing part of a tankard of half-and-half which had been kept in the "green room" for the refreshment of the gentlemen. Little Master Hoddle, who was to play one of the children, was sitting on the ground in an extreme undress, waiting for his sandals, which were having strings put to them upstairs, and embracing his knees with his hands, in the attitude of little boys on the banks of the river, asking their swimming companions whether the water is warm or no; whilst the floor was covered with boots, coats, hats, and properties, strewn carelessly about in every direction.

The audience, at first conceiving this scene to be part of the play, commenced applauding very vigorously. And when Mr. Horatio Grimley, scared at the sudden and almost pantomimic effect, threw down his razor, and rushing from his position to the prompt wing, seized the hapless boy in buttons, and dragging him from the seclusion of the side-scenes, commenced bestowing a hearty cuffing upon him, in the eyes of the spectators, their delight knew no bounds, and they laughed and cheered with such rapture that the drops of the chandelier quite quivered again. But when Mrs. Grimley started from her place amongst the audience, and stepping over the footlights, drew the page away, crying, "Horace! my dear Horace! pray govern your temper!" the visitors began to think that something was amiss—a supposition that was strengthened by the sudden fall of the curtain, and a continued altercation of loud and angry voices behind the scenes. All which combination of various excitements bewildered everybody except Emma Ledbury, who, truth to tell, more than suspected the originator of the mischief; and threw Mrs. Hoddle into several gentle fits of temporary paralysis, coupled with much agony of mind as to the fate of her darling little William in the general uproar.

In a short time something like order was obtained, and the overture commenced in reality. But Jack Johnson had gained his end, and the burlesque was comparatively a failure. Mr. Horatio never made an attempt at being funny, but went through his part in angry gloom. Mr. Ledbury's nerves had been so shattered that he broke down twice in the duet, which was to be the *cheval de bataille* of the

[illegible] the [illegible] upon the [illegible] Mr. Hobson [illegible] handkerchief, exposing its embroidered border, and waved it about, to diffuse its scent of patchouli all over the room. At this moment, by Mr. Horatio Grumley's directions, the bell rang for the curtain. The [illegible], who had been [illegible] waiting for [illegible] the activity he [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the window, having discovered [illegible] that [illegible] well conceal them [illegible] the Moor, having anticipated the occurrence [illegible] part of a [illegible] for the entertainment of the [illegible] who was to play one of the children [illegible] the ground in the extreme undress, waiting for [illegible] were simply put to them [illegible] and [illegible] in the [illegible] little boys on [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and the [illegible] was [illegible] Mr. Horatio [illegible] at being [illegible] Mr. Tattoney [illegible] place in the [illegible]



An unintended Tableau.

evening; and Miss Grimley's Pollio lost a great deal of its interest from being played in Turkish trowsers—the proper costume of the Proconsul not exactly agreeing with her mamma's, or her own ideas of decorum. She looked something like Selim, in Blue Beard, after he had been on a short visit to a friend in Rome. The audience, also, not witnessing any situation half so comic as the one they had just seen, were proportionately flat; and altogether it seemed to be a great relief to everybody when the performances concluded.

There was a very excellent supper, however, which somewhat brought things round again; and the performers, having changed their dresses, now mingled with the company, to receive their congratulations upon the varied talent which they had severally displayed. Jack, it is needless to say, got close to the Ledburys, and made a quiet confession of his mischievous contrivances to Emma, which there was little need of doing in that quarter; and then indulged in a few private remarks upon the arrangements in general, that would have made Mrs. Grimley exceedingly comfortable had she heard them.

"Contract supper, I am sure, by the look of it," said Jack to the young lady; "five shillings a head—fragments to be returned."

"You are a most pleasant guest," observed Emma; "especially when your dispositions are so friendly towards the family who ask you."

"I wish you would take some trifle," interrupted Johnson, energetically.

"Why are you so anxious?" asked Emma.

"Pray do!" returned Jack, very persuasively; "because," he added, in a lower tone, "I want to break up the barley-sugar mousetrap that contains it. *Do* let me give you some!"

And, not waiting for a reply, Johnson mercilessly dashed a spoon through the filagree work, and transferred some of its contents to Emma Ledbury's plate.

"That is not at all good-breeding; and very mischievous," said Emma. And she looked very much as if she thought so.

"I do it at all contract-suppers, as a matter of principle," replied Jack; "or else the same things get forwarded to the next people who give a party. I think I have told you about the sponge-cake elephant I knew formerly."

Miss Ledbury confessed her ignorance of the anecdote in question.

"Well then," continued Jack, "I saw him for a long time in a pastrycook's window at the West-End, and met him one night at a party in Cadogan Place. I knew him by a fly-speck on his trunk. Nobody cut him; and he was next seen at a wedding-breakfast in Torrington Square."

"Oh! Mr. Johnson, you are in joke!" cried Emma, laughing.

"Fact, I can assure you," returned Jack, gravely. "Well, he travelled about to various parties I chanced to be at, in all parts of London, until I got so tired of him that, one night, at a *soirée* in Oxford Terrace, I achieved his destruction with a carving-knife. Do you know he tasted just like a piece of pumice-stone."

"What a very singular anecdote, Jack!" observed Mr. Ledbury, who had been attentively listening.

"It is certainly," replied Jack. "And I know a hedgehog now, who has had a tolerably long spell of it; but I mean to be down

upon him some day. I am sure he must be gradually turning into petrified sponge."

"Mr. Johnson," drawled out Mr. Roderick Doo. "I shall have much pleashar in taking a little wine with you."

Jack expressed the happiness he should feel at such a ceremony, and filled his glass.

"I think I have seen you supping at Dubourg's," said Mr. Doo.

"I think you are mistaken," replied Jack, with courteous contradiction.

"Indeed! then where do you generally sup after the opera?"

"Usually outside the pit-door of Drury Lane, in Vinegar Yard," replied Jack: "airy and reasonable: 'ham-sandwich—penny!'"

Mr. Roderick Doo's face assumed a slight expression of disgust as he turned away, and addressed Miss De Robinson. And Jack, seeing the Ledburys about to depart, prepared to accompany them, in a most joyous mood; since he never felt so truly happy as when he had lowered any over-refined nobodies, by some very common-place anti-climax. Old Ledbury had, as usual, disappeared some time before, taking little Walter with him; so, wishing the Grimleys good-night, they returned home together, and sat for some time, chatting over the events of the evening, the latter part of which, they all agreed, had passed off to their extreme satisfaction. If what Rochefaucauld remarks be true,—we hope for poor human nature it is not—that there is something not absolutely displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends, how exceedingly comforted we ought to feel when anything extra-disagreeable annoys our enemies!

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Ledbury has a valentine; goes to the "Antediluvians"; and falls in love.

Much amusement and instruction, coupled with some valuable hints relative to engaging in the daily struggle for the crust, which influences the majority of our actions,—for our labours chiefly tend to the acquirement of the same object, except that in the upper ranks of life it is a rout-cake, and amongst the lower classes, a stale halfpenny bun, that is contested for,—may be picked up by reflective minds, whilst watching the manœuvres of the ducks, and other aquatic birds, in the Green Park enclosure. And Mr. Ledbury, who was by nature contemplative, thought so too, as he leant against the iron hurdles of the lake one morning in February, and pondered upon things in general, and one subject in particular.

It was fine, clear, cold weather; one of those days on which spring and winter, in the midst of their contest, make a temporary peace, and both reign together for a few hours in tranquility, as if to collect fresh power for the approaching strife. Gentlemen walked quickly about, puffing and blowing, like human locomotives; small children in Highland costumes felt very cold about their little red legs, but withal capered and frisked in the sunshine—the bright, cheering sunshine, which awakened so many infantile pictures of fields, and the country, and cowslip-chains, and puff-aways, when summer should come in again, and they were taken from close, noisy London. And young ladies held their veils closely over their

faces, and looked down towards their fur boots as they tripped sharply along, feeling conscious that the cold had driven the roses from their cheeks and lips to another feature of their countenance, where a blush is never very becoming; although the feature itself in the abstract has no small share in perfecting a pretty face.

Mr. Ledbury had walked down from Islington, at a constitutional pace, to transact business for his father at Charing Cross; and, having accomplished his mission, he inspected the soldiers at the Horse Guards, mentally approved of their appearance; thought what a capital place the top of the Nelson column would be to learn the ophycliede upon, because it was out of everybody's way, and you were sure not to be disturbed above once in six months, by the boy who was erecting it; and then walked into the park, and mused at his leisure. When he entered the inclosure there were a great many ducks congregated round the spectators on the banks, in the hope of getting something to eat; and other birds of quaint and strange appearance as well, some of them so very odd-looking that Mr. Ledbury laughed aloud at their droll expression and demeanour as they walked imposingly about the grass, to the great discomfiture of the alien sparrows who had invaded their domain with predatory intentions. There were several swans also, who evidently thought no small feathers of themselves, by the haughty manner in which they glided about, stooping with much dignity to take up the piece of bread thrown to them, but which they seldom laid hold of, as the ducks of inferior manners generally ran in first, and with their short necks gobbled down the desired morsel before the swan's head was half way to the water.

"Such is life!" thought Mr. Ledbury, quoting the words of the celebrated moralist who publishes his thoughts upon motto-wafers and glass-seals. "We everywhere see true dignity of birth losing those advantages it will not stoop to secure, whilst common groveling persons, who will cringe to anything, readily appropriate the rewards to themselves."

And when, during these meditations, an awful-looking bird, with red legs, and a knob over his bill as big as an orange, and of the same colour, came up with the velocity of a steam-boat, and put the ducks to flight, Mr. Ledbury thought of retributive justice, and set the last bird down as a feudal baron, until he ate the next piece of bread himself; and then Mr. Ledbury felt convinced that he was a lawyer. And, finally, his reflections took a gastronomic turn, and he pictured some of the more desirable birds, cooked and smoking-hot, about to be anointed with cayenne-pepper and lemon-juice.

But these were not the only meditations that occupied Mr. Ledbury's mind; for he had that morning received a communication which baffled all his conjectures to discover whom it came from; the missive being a valentine, in a lady's handwriting, and perfectly anonymous. He had read and re-perused it a hundred times, but could form no notion of the writer, which was the more to be regretted, because it was very delicate and complimentary; not an abusive representation of a monkey, with long hair, smoking a cigar, accompanied by verses, having for their object the production of mental inquietude; or a policeman with knock-knees and a red nose; or a dandy with a donkey's head; but a beautiful lithograph, with a lace border, and allegorical illustrations. In the centre a

handsome gentleman, on whose face some other artist had lightly sketched a pair of spectacles, to represent Mr. Ledbury, was kneeling in an attitude of adoration, attired in a blue coat, curled hair, white trowsers, and very little boots. Then an equally elegant lady was receiving his addresses with her face half averted, as she looked towards a distant village, or rather a very small hamlet, being composed of a church-steeple, two trees, and a hackney-coach. And, besides a great many cupids,—who appeared to be flying home, with no end of hearts, of the usual imaginative form, in all probability to be stuffed and eaten for their supper, if love ever eats:—there were some original verses, of great ingenuity and power, by some one who had evidently read, and taken as models of style and composition, the most popular poets who adorn the advertisement division of our newspapers at the present day. It was an acrostic, and thus it ran:—

"T oo gentle youth! my young heart's tendrils twine,
I n clinging fondness, round my love's first shrine,
T rust in my truth, and let me call thee mine.
U nknown to all, in solitude I pine,
S till thinking but on thee, my VALENTINE!"

This was very nicely written, and inclosed in a fragrant envelope, which was, moreover, fastened by a wafer bearing, as Mr. Ledbury imagined, the crest of the writer, by which he argued that she must be of gentle birth. The heraldic bearings were a mouse-trap *proper* upon a ground *rainbow*, with the motto "Inquire within;" but, beyond this, there was no clue to the author. Mr. Ledbury walked about the park for a full hour, without arriving at any certain conclusion, and finally agreed to inspect some authentic work upon heraldry, and see if that could afford him any information. He would, of course, have consulted the omniscient Jack Johnson upon the subject; but he had called several times upon his friend, without finding him at home; and, indeed, had lately remarked, with some uneasiness, that Jack appeared to have something unpleasant hanging over him. Since the play at Grimley's, when the excitement had carried him into all manner of fun, they had not seen much of him at Islington; and when Emma had written him a note with her own fair hands, to ask him up one evening, he had declined the invitation, upon the plea of previous engagement. It was so unlike Jack Johnson to decline an invitation, under any circumstances, that Emma was sure something was the matter.

So Mr. Ledbury was completely puzzled; and even the book of heraldry afforded him no information; for he could not find that any peer, baronet, or commoner of England had a mouse-trap for his crest. And, as his first feeling upon reading his valentine was one of gratification at the compliment, so his next partook of investigation as to the originator of it; and, by the time he got home, being still as much in the dark as ever, these two sentiments had merged into irritation contingent upon ungratified curiosity; and he finally put down valentines as exceedingly stupid things, void of all intellect, and only tolerated by weak and ill-regulated minds.

The next morning, however, whilst Mrs. Ledbury was standing in the passage, directing some arrangements for suspending a lamp therein, there came such a sharp double rap at the door, that she

did not recover from the shock all day; and directly afterwards the postman gave in a letter for Titus. Mr. Ledbury was astonished to see that the direction was in the same writing as his valentine, and much more bewildered when a printed card made its appearance upon opening the envelope, which he did with a tremulous and expectant hand, inviting him to a ball at the Hanover Square Rooms, the card being a voucher from the "Antediluvians," conveying also the information, that gentlemen could not be admitted unless in fancy costume, and that it was customary to pay half a guinea for the tickets.

The hope of discovering his unknown *innamoratà* was a sufficient inducement for Mr. Ledbury to make up his mind at once that he would go, in spite of all the objections of the old gentleman, who indulged gratuitously in a great many pleasing comments upon fancy-balls and dresses—not that he had ever been to one in his life, but he looked upon them as a species of May-day dance in respectable society; being enabled to form a slight notion of the entertainment, from a vague recollection of the ball-scene in "Gustavus," which he had seen one night, when he was dragged to the theatre considerably against his will. But Titus thought differently, and was already absorbed in the choice of a dress, passing every costume he was acquainted with rapidly before his mind, and picturing the sensation he should create in each. It may be conceived that his choice finally rested upon a *débardeur,* such being the character which he had so ably maintained at the *bal masqué* in Paris, when pretty Aimée accompanied him in the same lively dress. And, moreover, he found that a good costume was not to be obtained under three or four guineas, whilst for less than that sum he could get it made at home; for Mrs. Ledbury knew a cunning woman, skilled in the needle, who came for a shilling a day and her meals, and could contrive window-curtains, chair-covers, bed-furniture, and pinafores, in a manner marvellous to behold; and to her the manufacture of the dress was entrusted, from Mr. Ledbury's own designs. And, considering her ideas of Parisian life were rather limited,—that she did not even know what station in life a *débardeur* was supposed to fill, — she acquitted herself with very great credit. But, having to outfit little Master Hoddle, a day or two after, for an academy at Clapton, she described every part of her late undertaking so very minutely, that, in the course of eight-and-forty hours, everybody in Islington, not to mention the frontiers of Pentonville, was aware that Mr. Ledbury was going to a fancy-ball in a most singular dress; and, moreover, perfectly conversant with the dinner *carte* of the family every day the workwoman had stopped there.

At length the evening arrived, and, when Titus was dressed, he came down into the parlour, to the great admiration of everybody, except old Mr. Ledbury, who contented himself with several quiet "yahs!" and "tom-fools!" as he looked over his newspaper at his son. Mrs. Hoddle had begged to be permitted to come in and see Titus before he started, as a great favour; because everybody called upon Mrs. Hoddle every day for the news; and, as she always told the next visitor everything the previous one had said, she became the great promulgator of reports, and general registrar of births, marriages, and other family concerns, for the district. Indeed, Jack Johnson, when he became acquainted with her, had christened her

the "Islington Chronicle and Hoxton Evening Mail;" and this he wickedly told to Emma Ledbury, who said it was very sarcastic of him, but laughed, and thought it very funny nevertheless.

Titus had the gratification of seeing the Grimleys peeping at him at the side of the blinds, as he got into the cab; but, of course, he pretended not to observe them, and drew up the window in a dignified manner; then, throwing himself back with as much ease as his dress would allow, gave himself up during the journey to surmise, curiosity, and anticipation.

There were a great many carriages at the rooms when he arrived at Hanover Square, and he was some time getting up to the door, during which space impertinent loiterers without end amused themselves by peeping into the cab. But at last he bounded out of his vehicle, amidst an escort of policemen, and the cheers of the spectators; and, delivering his ticket to a gentleman in a powdered wig and court-suit, who looked very pleasant and amiable, skipped up stairs with much activity, and entered the ball-room. The majority of the company had arrived, and certainly the scene was very animated; for every gentleman was in costume, as well as the greater part of the ladies; whilst there were not the crowds of military men and Greeks with which fancy-balls are usually overdone. Not knowing anybody, Mr. Ledbury, for the first quarter of an hour, felt rather awkward, and imagined that everybody was staring at him alone. But when one of the stewards, of imposing appearance, who looked as if he had walked off one of the tombstones in the Temple Church, came up, and very courteously introduced him to a partner, he was completely reassured, and entered into the quadrille very spiritedly, with a pretty Albanian in a pink satin skirt, who made him known to her sister, a pretty Albanian, in a pink satin skirt also, and procured him the honour of her hand for the next dance.

But through all the excitement of the scene and the music, coupled with the pleasant small talk of the quadrille, Mr. Ledbury could not cease from wondering if the writer of the valentine was present, and why she had sent the ticket; for it evidently came from the same quarter. And so much did his curiosity increase, that, fearful he might be overlooked in the throng of the ball-room, he left off dancing after a time, and went up stairs into the royal box, where he sat and contemplated the gay spectacle below.

"How are you, how are you?" said a very affected voice, as he advanced to the front of the gallery.

"I hope you are well, sir," returned Mr. Ledbury, very politely, somewhat awed by the gentleman who addressed him, and who was attired in a most magnificent court-dress of once-upon-a-time, with a dagger and feathers.

"I think I had the pleasure of being permitted to witness your admirable performance at Mr. Grimley's," observed the stranger, most mellifluously. "My name is Doo, sir,—Mr. Roderick Doo."

"Oh! indeed," said Mr. Ledbury. 'I did not recognise you in your dress. It is very handsome."

"This dress, Mr. Ledbury," replied the other, "belongs to my friend, Lord Swindle Towerchase. It is worth seven hundred guineas, and was made for George the Fourth."

Mr. Ledbury felt delighted to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who had such high connexions.

"Have you ever been here before?" asked Mr. Roderick Doo.

"Never," returned Titus.

"Nor have I," continued the other, with a patronising air. "It is not exactly the sort of place I should wish to be seen at; but it is proper for a man of the world to witness all phases of society. Your costume is minutely correct. What is it?"

"A *débardeur*," answered Ledbury. "Do you know Paris?"

"Oh! yes — yes — perfectly," replied Mr. Doo, in an off-hand manner; "that is—I may say—yes."

"Which part did you live in?" inquired Titus.

"Oh! generally—generally—no particular part—all over. Ah! how d'ye do—how d'ye do?" he continued, shaking his hand to an indefinite nothing on the stairs. "Excuse me—see a friend—capital dress that of yours of the *day boarder*—so like the French schools. I shall see you at supper."

And, as if afraid he should be inveigled into comparing notes about Paris and the Parisians with Mr. Ledbury, Mr. Roderick Doo hurried off to meet his invisible acquaintance, leaving Titus once more to his own reflections.

Several more quadrilles and waltzes passed with indomitable energy on the part of the company; and at length the orchestra performed a grand march, whereupon the whole of the assembly began walking with a martial air round and round the room. Observing, from the programme of the dances, delivered to him upon entering, that it was now supper-time, Mr. Ledbury descended to the ball-room, and, leaning against the door, had an opportunity of inspecting everybody as they went down, in the hopes of discovering his unknown fair. A great many costumes passed, worn by entire strangers; and Mr. Ledbury was about giving up the investigation in despair, when a young *contadina*, with such a pair of mischievous eyes, who was hanging on the arm of a Francis the First, looked Mr. Ledbury through and through, and finally bowed to him. Titus immediately returned the salute with flurried courtesy, and when the young lady held out her hand towards him, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Ledbury?" he was perfectly bewildered.

"You do not recollect me in this dress," observed the *belle*, laughing. "Perhaps you remember this fan?"

And she now exhibited to Mr. Ledbury the fan which he had mended and taken home the morning after the party at his house, previously to his calling upon Jack Johnson.

"Miss Seymour!" cried Mr. Ledbury joyfully, as he recognised a friend of his sister. "I really did not anticipate the pleasure of seeing you here."

"Nor myself either, I suppose, Titus?" said the Francis the First, who proved to be the young lady's brother. "We saw you, though, up in the box, and should have come and spoken to you, only we were always engaged. Besides, we did not arrive until very late."

"Will you sit by us at supper, Mr. Ledbury?" asked Miss Seymour, in such winning tones that there was no chance of a refusal.

"I shall be truly delighted," replied Titus, as they approached one of the tables.

"This room," said Mr. Seymour, "with its pillars and looking-

glass, always puts me in mind of dining on board a steam-boat, especially when you hear the people overhead. Now, then, sit wide; take plenty of room; collar the lobster-salad, and begin to feed."

A very merry portion of the evening's amusement was the supper. There were plenty of choice eatables, and no lack of excellent wine, which, as it circulated, infused fresh spirit and animation into the company; until they paid compliments, and said clever things, and pulled crackers, and laughed with such heartfelt hilarity that it would have been the best cure a misanthrope could have been subjected to. After supper they drank "The Queen!" with an innumerable number of times three; and then "The visitors!" who in turn proposed "The Antediluvians!" to which the head antediluvian responded; and expressed his pleasure at seeing all those he knew looking just as well as they did ten years back. Whereupon the pleasant gentleman in the powdered wig, who had taken the tickets upon entrance, said that he must propose "The ladies!" and he was happy to say that the majority of them not only looked just as well as they did ten years back, but a great deal better! And at this pretty compliment there was such tremendous applause that everything upon the table entered into the revelry, and leapt about for pure joy; whilst one particular trifle, that appeared as if hundreds of silkworms who spun barley-sugar had been hard at work upon it for many weeks, tumbled all to pieces with the concussion.

Miss Seymour continued to look so bewitching in her *piquante* costume, that by the time supper was over, Mr. Ledbury scarcely knew whether he was upon his head or his heels, except that in the former position taking wine would have been rather inconvenient. And when they returned to the ball-room he danced with her one set after another, until he was positively ashamed to ask her for any more: although her brother—with all their good qualities, brothers are sometimes awfully in the way — was deeply engaged himself in flirting with one of the pretty Albanians in the pink skirt, whom Ledbury had first danced with.

But "Time flies quickly," as we learn from the round-hand copies; and, after getting through a few dozen quadrilles, more or less, and Sir Roger de Coverley as a wind-up, the Seymours departed; and, as the light that made life life to Mr. Ledbury had flown, after many emphatic adieus, he prepared to follow their example, since, although one light had gone, another was rapidly coming on. As he was waiting for a cab in the ante-room, his acquaintance, Mr. Roderick Doo, whom he had not seen since the early part of the evening, came up to him, and said,

"Ha! Mr. Titus — going? Let me have the pleasure of accompanying you. I am going your way. Let me see — where do you live?"

Mr. Ledbury mildly suggested Islington as the most probable spot to discover his home in.

"Capital! just do!" continued the other. "I live in Park village —all in the way, you know."

Titus did not exactly see what line of road would make it so; but, not knowing very well how to get quit of Mr. Doo, who through it all was amazingly polite, he begged he would get into the cab.

"You must come and see me," said that gentleman as they rode along. "I am sure we shall agree amazingly. My friend, the Baron Escroc—know the Baron Escroc?"—

Mr. Ledbury had not the honour.

"Fine fellow! will agree amazingly with you; so will Swindle—all agree amazingly with you."

Mr. Ledbury, half asleep, thanked him for his proffered introductions; and then, in a doze of three minutes, dreamt he was in a post-chariot, by the side of Miss Seymour, with her brother in the rumble. At last the cab stopped at the commencement of Park village, and Mr. Doo aroused him by a gentle shake.

"Sorry to say I must quit you now," observed that gentleman; "but exceedingly obliged to you for the lift."

"You are very welcome," said Titus politely, thinking at the same time that Mr. Doo might just as well have offered to pay a part of the fare. "But you are not going to walk along the road in that dress?"

"Oh! no," replied Roderick, "another cab. Good morning, Mr. Ledbury. I am delighted at having had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance. You must come and see me, you know—no form, ta! ta!"

And, closing the door of the cab, evidently not wishing Ledbury to know where he was going, he shot off in the seven hundred guinea dress, although it was now broad daylight, and was out of sight in an instant.

Mr. Ledbury gave his address to the driver, drew up the windows, and then sank into the corner of the cab, still occupied with thinking upon the *contadina*, until he fell asleep, in spite of the banging and jolting of the rattling box upon wheels, without springs, which was conveying him. Nor did he awake until the driver pulled up at his door; and then, having paid the fare, with the usual altercation attendant upon that ceremony, he went quietly in, in company with the milk, that arrived at the precise moment.

THE DEATH-DIAL OF VERSAILLES.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

[At Versailles there formerly was a clock (destroyed, with other things, at the Revolution), the hands of which were never moved, except when, on the death of a King of France, they were set to the exact hour and minute of that event. This death-dial, as it was called, is said to have been put up by command of Henri Quatre.]

"Philip, remember that thou art a man!"
—This monitory lesson to the King,
In Macedon, a voice did daily bring,
And thus, in simplest phrase, the warning ran:
What, in the olden days, the Greek began,
   Thy ruler, France, did imitate, and place
   In proud Versailles a horologe, to trace
The brief endurance of this earthly span.
Once in a life-time only, did men dare
   To change the death-dial. When, in regal pride
   And empire's nothingness, the Bourbon died,
That very moment did its hands declare!—
If no such state marks when the poor man dies,
Yet calm *his* sleep whose high hope heavenward lies.

THE DEAD MAN'S HAND;

OR, THE RIDE TO SAINT THOMAS-A-WATERING.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

TIME was when a couple of hours were consumed in travelling from London to Greenwich by the stage, and many are yet living who remember that they were even longer than this on the journey! But, in these degenerate days, people are whisked thither in twelve minutes by the all-powerful aid of steam. Like the omnibus, everybody abuses, yet everybody ("*nearly* everybody," whispers our aged maiden aunt) uses the railway, when they wish to see the Painted Hall, the "goodly trees" which Evelyn planted in the Park, and to eat whitebait at the Trafalgar. Then that well-known thoroughfare, the Old Kent Road, was not skirted nearly from one end to the other with every variety of cockney dwelling, and the picturesque Surrey hills seemed nearer to the traveller, because there were fewer objects between them and the road.

One evening, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, a solitary traveller came along this road at a sort of professional jog-trot, on the "outside" of an animal which "the most timid lady," as horse-dealers' advertisements phrase it, might have ridden in safety, seeing that it was well stricken in years, and as blind as a mole.

The costume of the rider was an extremely plain suit of rusty black, with a ruff of formal shape. His beard was dark and crisp, and seemed scarcely long enough to have attained the peaked shape then so much in fashion, with moustaches of the same hue, the ends of which were turned downwards, in contradistinction to the upward twirl affected by military men in those days, both, by their contrast, setting off to great advantage a pale ,but very handsome, face.

As the traveller approached the spot, known in old records as Saint Thomas-a-Watering, from the stream which crosses the road, just below the modern inn called "The Green Man," the clear water of which has long since been converted into a sewer of inky hue, he saw, beneath the shade of a clump of elms by the road-side, a gypsy's tent, from which proceeded the shrill cries of a female, as if in great bodily anguish; at the same time, a man of sinister aspect came running towards him, apparently in great tribulation.

"Master! master! *good* master!" cried the vagabond, "save my poor wife!"

"How now!" said the horseman, checking his steed; "I thought thy tribe ruled the Fates, and that they obeyed your bidding!"

"Nay, nay," rejoined the gipsy, imploringly, "trifle not, master; come with me, or it may be too late!" And, seizing the bridle of the horse, he led the way to the tent.

When the young surgeon, for such he really was, emerged from the tent, the gipsy tribe crowded round him, loaded him with their blessings, and assisted him to mount his steed; a favour which he would have declined, having some misgivings as to his purse, which he took care to see was in its right place, as soon as he had regained the road.

"The vagabonds!" thought he, "they were loud in their thanks; but, were my poultry-roost at hand, they would, by way of fee for my

services, rid me of a capon or two! I trow we shall find them at Southwark fair on Thursday."

With these words, Frank Field, the young surgeon and 'pothecary, of the High Street, Southwark, applied his staff to the flank of his steed, and proceeded on his way.

Now Master Field was a new comer, and had commenced practice with very slender means. His predecessor had, it is true, made a fortune in the neighbourhood; but, somehow or other, people were getting too wise to run to the doctor with every ailment. Besides, others of the same profession had started about the same time as Master Field; so he had much to contend with. Nevertheless, his handsome face and figure, and superior address, gained him many friends, and some admirers; while a few thought it a pity he was so poor, a fact which they surmised from the very limited nature of his establishment, the blind nag, and the aforesaid "seedy" suit of black, which latter, on a sunny day, certainly *did* look as if it had seen long service.

Among the young surgeon's patients was a rich widow, one Mistress Deborah Humphery, a comely dame of some forty years, who, on more occasions than one, had given him the broad hint that "there was something very solitary and comfortless in the life of a lone woman—very." All this, however, fell on a deaf ear, while Frank Field remembered that another patient of his, Master Ralph Sutton, the scrivener, had a daughter of surpassing beauty, the admiration of every youth in Southwark; so that it is not greatly to be wondered at that our young surgeon paid more frequent professional visits to the house of the wealthy scrivener than to the dwelling of the buxom widow Humphery.

As for Master Sutton, report said that his brain was turned with visions alchymical, and that he often shut himself up for days together in pursuit of this study, in which he was sometimes assisted by his neighbour, Gideon Figgins, a retired felt-maker. Our readers well know that when a man's heart is bent on the creation of wealth, he has seldom a thought for anything else in the world. This was precisely the case with Master Ralph Sutton; and it will, therefore, be no marvel when it is added that Frank Field profited by this constant occupation of the old notary. Many a time was Frank improving his acquaintance with the old man's pretty daughter, Amy, when her papa was thus engaged in pursuit of the *ignis fatuus*, which at that period led so many wiser heads astray.

It happened, however, a few days after the event described in the previous chapter, that the old notary had occasion, quite unexpectedly, to enter the little parlour, in which his daughter usually sat, when, to his infinite surprise and indignation, he discovered the lovers in most endearing dalliance. Impunity had begotten carelessness, and the young people were quite taken by surprise. Frank Field had just uttered some absurd rhapsody common to people in his situation, ending with a solemn protestation that all the powers in the world should not separate them, when Master Sutton suddenly thrust his ominous phiz over their shoulders, with the ejaculation, "The devil they won't!"

Of course, the sequel of this was, that the gentle Amy pouted and sobbed, and was ordered to her chamber; and that the young chirurgeon was forbidden the house, with an order to send in his bill.

Frank quitted the house with a flushed cheek and tingling ears; but, instead of going home, and making out his account as desired, he determined to kill care by mingling in the revelries of Southwark Fair, then at their highest.

Master Sutton having severely lectured his daughter on the folly and impropriety of her conduct in encouraging the addresses of a man "who couldn't afford to keep a wife," being much annoyed by the uproar of the fair, which he considered "an abominable nuisance," thought he would avoid its hubbub for an hour or two, and pay a visit to a friend in Little Eastcheap. With this intention, he succeeded in elbowing his way through the crowd in the High Street, and proceeded to cross London Bridge, which, at that time, besides a double row of houses, and several gates and towers, boasted a pair of stocks, and a cage, that had been set up by some Lord Mayor of a preceding reign as a check upon evil-doers.

The stocks, which, by an ingenious contrivance, also served as a pillory when occasion required, were tenanted by a sinister-looking fellow, with the countenance of a gipsy, whom the rabble were pelting unmercifully, with every imaginable description of filth. The culprit bore this punishment very stoically; and, if he was occasionally hit rather harder than usual, he did not cry out, or abuse his tormentors, but seemed to regard the most active of them with more than ordinary attention, as if he wished to be sure of their identity at a future time.

Modern refinement has banished from this country that hideous relic of a barbarous age, the *gibbet*, and the pillory has shared the same fate; but the *stocks* may still be seen here and there, as a warning to the sturdy beggar and vagrant. The quiet village in which we write this tale boasts a moiety of what was once a goodly pair; but if the present winter should be a hard one, and firewood scarce, we prophesy its utter extinction some dark night.

London, we are told, could boast a pair of stocks in every ward, in the early part of the sixteenth century; and at that period the kennels furnished an abundant supply of the wherewith to bespatter the culprit. The unfortunate wight who was now undergoing this ceremony, therefore, came in for a very large share of the favours of the rabble, who, by their treatment of him, appeared bent on administering all and even more than all that the law prescribed. Having exhausted the immediate vicinity, a detachment was sent to procure a fresh supply of dead cats, rotten eggs, and other etceteras, which it will be needless to recapitulate to the compassionate reader.

Master Sutton was passing by just as the reinforcement returned, and he stopped for a moment to witness the scene. The storm of missiles now descended on the culprit with tenfold violence, and he began to lose heart, casting an imploring look on the old notary, whom he probably mistook for some person in authority. Just at that moment a little urchin, who had been actively engaged in the pelting, threw a handful of mud, and with it a fragment of a glass bottle, which alighted on the face of the criminal just above the cheek-bone, and below the left eye, where it stuck fast. This was too much for human endurance; the sufferer crashed a dreadful oath, and roared with pain, while a stream of blood poured down his dirt-bespattered face.

Master Sutton's heart, though none of the gentlest, was melted at this spectacle. He shook his fist menacingly at the most active of the

boys, and cast a look of compassion on the mob's anointed. He then walked up to the pillory, drew the piece of glass from the face of the sufferer, and attempted to stanch the blood.

Some of the rabble, on witnessing this act of philanthropy, seemed more than half inclined to pelt the notary for his pains, but were restrained by others, who imagined that he was one of the dignitaries of the Bridge Ward.

Master Sutton was, however, ignorant of their intentions. As he persevered in his charitable office, his patient regarded him with fixed attention. At length he said, in a low tone of voice,

"Your ear, master—this is well done. Though poor, I can repay a good turn. Come closer," (Master Sutton brought his ear nearer to the speaker,) "so—listen! There was a man hung at Saint Thomas-a-Watering last week—"

"Well, what then?" interrupted the notary.

"Patience, my master, or those misbegotten urchins may not give me time to end."

Master Sutton looked over his shoulder at the threatening crowd, who knew not what to make of the conference. It was well for the notary that they were a little puzzled as to the nature of it, or he might have come in for a few handfuls of black mud, which they had ready to launch at the culprit, as soon as he should be unmasked.

"Go on," said the notary.

"On the middle finger of the dead man's hand—and he hangs stiff and stark, the third in the row of gibbets — there is a latten ring, which the hangman didn't think worth taking; but it 's worth all the stones in the queen's crown. Get *that*, and ye may have what ye list!"

Master Sutton stared; but, before he could recover from his astonishment, he saw a stir among the crowd, and the beadle of the ward, with the turnkeys, coming towards them. Not wishing to be seen in such company by these functionaries, he hastily quitted the spot, and proceeded homeward, musing on the strange piece of information he had just received.

We have already said that Master Ralph Sutton walked home again after his adventure on the bridge. His mind was too much occupied by what he had heard to allow him to proceed, as he intended, to his friend in Little Eastcheap; so he bent his steps homeward, his head filled with vague surmises. Though a shrewd man in his profession, he was a credulous being, very superstitious, and, as before said, on the subject of alchymy was "a little touched." Our *gobe mouche*, in fact, before he reached his own door again, began to entertain serious thoughts of obtaining, at any risk, the ring spoken of by the man in the pillory. So, when he got home, he sent for his neighbour, the *ci-devant* felt-maker, and begged that he would come over to him immediately. Gideon Figgins, like a trusty dog, came the moment he was called, and the two worthies were closeted together till nightfall.

About an hour after dark the two friends were seen to enter the stable-yard of the White Hart, from which they afterwards emerged, well mounted on a couple of stout nags, and proceeded down the High Street.

How long the journey to Saint Thomas-a-Watering occupied, and how long the notary and his friend were absent on their unhallowed errand, concerns not the reader It will be sufficient to relate, that

the honest folks of Southwark were in their beds, and none but night-prowlers were abroad when they returned. Master Sutton entered his dwelling with the air and manner of a thief, rather than that of an honest householder. He felt conscious that he had been led to perform an act which would not bear the light of day, and which, if it became known, might raise a mob that would pull his house about his ears. Bidding his yawning servant go to bed, he proceeded with his friend to his private room, and, carefully bolting the door, placed on the table the small bag which he carried in his hand, and threw himself into an arm-chair.

"Friend Gideon," said he, in a low tone, after a long pause, "I wouldn't make another journey like this to be made an emperor!"

"Nor I," returned the *ci-devant* felt-maker, "not for worlds!"

"Methought he struggled, and that his pale lips moved at me when I cut off his hand!"

"Ugh!" ejaculated Master Figgins, shuddering, and tapping nervously with his foot.

"You look cold," observed the notary, assuming a careless tone.

"Ye-e-e-es—I-I-I-am!" replied his friend.

"Pshaw! pluck up a spirit, man. Faint heart never won the prize yet. Let's see if there's a drop of aqua-vitæ left." And he began to rummage in his closet, from which he extracted a bottle containing the stimulant. "Here," pouring out a glass, "take this, and then let's to business."

Master Gideon Figgins gulped the dram with a grimace.

"Friend Ralph," said he, assuming a look of expostulation.

"What now?" demanded the other.

"I've been thinking that there was no need of taking the whole hand—"

"Perhaps not," interrupted the scrivener; "but, to tell thee plainly, I wanted to get away from the spot, and didn't stand much on ceremony. That great owl perched on the gibbet scared me nearly out of my wits."

"I thought it was the devil!" said Master Gideon, placing the back of his chair close to the wall.

"Well, but we're all safe now!" rejoined the notary, angrily. "Prithee, leave off this fooling, and take out the prize."

Master Gideon, with a grimace, expressive both of repugnance and fear, rose from his seat, and, taking up one corner of the bag, shot out the grisly relic on the table.

"There 'tis!" said he, "ugh! ugh! I can't abide such things!"

Master Sutton attentively regarded the miserable remnant of mortality for some seconds. Its appearance will not bear description. On the middle finger was a plain, massive ring of latten. With some difficulty the scrivener succeeded in drawing it off, and then examined it by the candle. Externally there was nothing remarkable about it, and Master Sutton thought it no marvel that the executioner didn't think it worth taking, especially as it could not then have been removed without violence. In the inside, however, engraved in ancient characters, were the well-known names "JASPER. MELCHIOR. BALTHASAR,"* and, on examining it still further, it was perceived that the ring was hollow, and opened with a spring.

* Our venerated friend, Ralph Rustyfusty, F.S.A., informs us that these are the names of the famed three kings of Cologne.—P. P.

"Ha!" exclaimed the notary, as his eye sparkled with delight. "All 's right! there 's something inside!"

As he said this he extracted from the ring a piece of parchment of most delicate texture, closely rolled up.

"Here it is! here it is, Gideon Figgins!" he continued, rubbing his hands in great glee. "Here 's what will make us acquainted with that precious secret, which others have sought for in vain!"

He then proceeded to unroll the parchment, which, on being spread out, was found to contain a strange medley of characters, somewhat resembling those on the gnostic amulets of the first three centuries. First of all there was the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, encircling the Greek letters IHOYA; then followed the names of the seven angels, Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, Ananael, Prosorael, and Chabsael; then that mystical and all-potent arrangement, the *abracadabra*, in the form of an inverted cone:—

ABPACADABPA
BPACADABPA
PACADABPA
ACADABPA
CADABPA
ADABPA
DABPA
ABPA
BPA
PA
A

Underneath this was written, in a little cramped hand:—"*Yow who would fain knowe the secret of Achitophosticophobolionostos, the famed Ephesian sage, repeate seventy mes the Abracadabra, at ye cock-crowinge, lookyng towarde the easte; then awaite patientlie the signe that shall be given yow!*"

"Umph!" said the notary, "that 's a long name o' the Ephesian worthy; but we must be careful to listen for the cock-crowing, Gideon. How speeds the time?"

"It wants but half an hour to daybreak," replied the felt-maker; "I 've just heard the chimes of St. Saviour's sound three."

"Good!" rejoined the notary; "then we must e'en while away the time. Let 's put away this grim relic."

Master Sutton took up the remnant of mortality, returned it to the bag, and placed it in his closet; he then took out one of his favourite books on magic and alchymy, and, seating himself in his elbow-chair, attempted to read; in which, however, he was interrupted by the snoring of his companion, who had fallen fast asleep.

The half-hour seemed a very long one to the notary; he soon threw aside his book, and then began to spell the Abracadabra on the slip of parchment contained within the ring. Having, as he considered, mastered this difficulty, he placed the candle in the chimney, and drew aside the curtain. Day was dawning, and the sparrows on the house-tops were commencing their matins. With difficulty he awoke his companion, and led him to the window, which he threw open.

The sun was about to rise; a few white, fleecy clouds were sailing across the blue sky, as if clearing the way for the glorious luminary; the crimson glow in the east brightened into orange, and the next

moment the latticed window of the bell-tower of St. Saviour's church was in a blaze of light. Just then the cock crew loud and shrill; and Master Sutton began to repeat the Abracadabra; but, as he did so, another sound struck on his ear. It mingled with the chimes of the clock, but yet it was not the sound of bells; no: nor was it the music of the spheres, which poets sing of; it seemed to the ear of the notary like the clank of cleavers; and, as he craned his neck, and looked down the High Street, he beheld a file of greasy fellows, in blue aprons, and red woollen caps, coming towards his house.

"What the devil can this mean?" said the notary, withdrawing his head, and turning in amazement to his friend, Gideon Figgins. "What makes these rogues abroad so early? My mind misgives me. Methinks I am befooled, neighbour."

Gideon put his head out of the window, to take a view of the procession, and was much astonished to find that they drew up in front of the house.

"Good morrow, Master Notary!" cried the leader of the band, giving a flourish, "may you live to see a round dozen o' grandchildren!"

The notary here thrust his head out of the window, and replied to this salutation with a torrent of abuse,—the record of which, for the ladies' sakes, we suppress. The rejoinder was a shout of laughter, so loud and riotous that it brought several of the neighbours to their casements.

"I wish I'd a kettle of hot water!" said the notary.

"Come! come! old sir!" cried the leader of the red-caps, "if the toast be not baked, and the ale be still in the barrel, we can make shift at the Kentish Wain; only you must toss us a crown for our pains!"

"I'll see you d—d first!" roared the enraged notary.

"Or a quarter angel!" continued the fellow.

"Largess! largess!" shouted the band, accompanying the cry with a flourish of their music.

In the midst of this uproar, Master Sutton's maid-servant entered the room, holding her apron to her eyes.

"How now?" cried the notary.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed the girl, who acted her part to perfection. "Miss Amy! Miss Amy, sir!"

"Ha! what! what of her? where is she?" cried the notary and his friend in a breath. The truth flashed on their minds at once.

"Gone, sir! gone!—oh! oh! oh!" sobbed the girl.

"Begone! wench!" cried the notary, "begone! I'll have thee whipped through Southwark for this. Begone, I say!" and throwing himself into a chair, he wept like a disappointed child, with very shame and mortification, for he saw clearly that he had been made a fool of, and had lost his daughter into the bargain!

The sequel of our story need scarcely be recited, but it ought, in justice, to be recorded that, though Frank Field had, like a fond and watchful lover, availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the temporary absence of the notary to persuade Amy to leave her paternal roof, and become his wife, he had had no part in the trick which had been played her father. Why the man in the pillory had sent the notary on such a fool's errand to St. Thomas-a-Watering was never known; but it was generally supposed that there was a design to rob, and perhaps murder him; a fate which he had probably escaped by taking a companion with him.

THE SUTTEE:

THE NARRATIVE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY R. HARTLEY KENNEDY, M.D. ETC. BOMBAY.

"Of woman's strength, and woman's nobleness,
And all that she can bear, and all her gentleness."
Old Play.

A VERY distinguished general and diplomatist, of the Hon. Company's service, was wont to say, in reference to any authoritative interference by Government with the Hindoo superstition, and its terrific peculiarities, that, in all other countries, and among all other people, the public mind was susceptible of excitement from a hundred different causes, affecting the head, or the heart, or the pocket of the sufferers; but that, under Hindooism, the passive docility of the natural character, and the mental subjection of its votaries, seemed to admit of no other impulse sufficient to kindle resentments, and drive on the sense of injury to any outrage of popular commotion, than some fancied sacrilegious violation of its observances.

It was in the knowledge of this fact that many perfectly humane and highly-accomplished-minded men have been disposed to look with apprehension at Lord William Bentinck's legislation against the suttee, or self-sacrifice of the Hindoo widow on the funeral-pile of her husband. Happily no part of those apprehensions have been realized; but no one, who knows what Hindooism is, and can be, will doubt that a fearful risk was run, and that a less heroic and straight-forward plan of procedure would have obtained the same end, with less hazard.

The suttee sacrifice must now be of most infrequent occurrence, and take place only most furtively, and quite unknown to the European authorities, in the British dependencies; or beyond the frontier, in sites where no European spectator is likely to be present. A description of one may, therefore, prove interesting; and, as it was witnessed by one familiar with all the ritual of the ceremony, it may serve as a minute history of the details of the mummeries by which a sanguinary and revolting superstition besots the understandings, and hardens the hearts of its victims.

On the 29th November, 1825, a message was brought to the Residency at Baroda,* that a Brahmin, named Moro Casinath Abunka,

* Baroda is a very large, populous, and wealthy city, of about 250,000 inhabitants, 280 miles north of Bombay, and 50 miles inland, due east of the Gulf of Cambay. It is the capital of the petty feudal monarchy established in Guzerat, by a chief of the Guicowar family, who, at the head of a plundering army of Mahrattahs, and as a soldier of fortune, under the then reigning sovereign of Sattara, invaded Guzerat in the early part of the eighteenth century, and wrested the fairest portion of the province from the local feudatories, who had thrown off their dependence on the falling Mogul empire; and, being all at variance, and levying intestine wars with one another, were all conquered with scarcely a struggle. The term Resident is applied in India to the Honourable Company's Government agents at native courts; and his dwelling-place, with all the private and public buildings for himself, and assistants, and retinue, thereto attached, is usually termed "The Residency."

a Karkoon,* in the Guicowar Adaulut, had died of fever, after an illness of fourteen days; that his corpse was to be burnt, near the great bridge,† in the afternoon; and that his widow, Amba Bhaie, had resolved to sacrifice herself, in suttee, on the funeral-pile of her deceased husband. After several fruitless endeavours on the part of Mr. Williams, the British envoy, or representative of Government, at Baroda, (or Resident, as the office is designated for the Honourable Company's agents at native courts,) to dissuade her from her intentions, and to induce her relations to exert themselves to prevent this unhappy occurrence, the hour for the funeral at last arrived; and it was announced that the procession had quitted the house of the deceased with the body. The whole party, as is usual on such occasions, were on foot, including of course the poor widow herself, and had a distance exceeding half a mile to walk to the destined spot. This had been selected, as is always the case when practicable, at a sungum, or the junction of two running streams, and was now fixed close to, and on the east side of, the great bridge, where a small brook pours a scanty rill into the bed of the river. The poor widow walked steadily and unassisted to the scene of her sufferings, and seemed in no way shaken from her stedfastness of purpose, though of necessity she had fasted the whole day, and must have been severely tried by previous vigils, in attendance on the dying man, so that she had everything against her, and nothing but an iron superstition to support her.

A friend was sitting with me when, in the course of official duties, the circumstances were communicated that our interference could be legitimately carried no further; and, he being most intensely curious to witness the scene, the idea occurred to me of preparing this history, and, in order to be able to do so, to put myself in the way of having my feelings harrowed, as it were, from choice.

We left my house at three in the afternoon, and reached the bank of the river at the same moment that the poor victim arrived at the place of death. The procession was led by her son, a youth under twelve years of age, who bore the sacred fire, taken from the household hearth, contained in a coarse, globular-shaped earthen vessel, fixed in a small framework of split bamboo, and held suspended, like an incense-vase in the Roman Catholic service, by strings from the corners, the whole as rude in its construction as can be imagined. The boy was supported on each side by a Brahmin, and walked with a feeble, tottering gait, and much appearance of agitation. He was old enough to understand that he had lost one parent a few hours before, and was about to lose another; and he seemed to feel it as much as Hindoo human nature is capable of feeling.

* The word karkoon is, literally translated, "man of business;" the adaulut is the court of justice. The reigning sovereign of Baroda is always termed "the Guicowar," being his family name. The present prince is named Syaju Kaow Guicowar. The word Guicowar means a cowherd; and this name, obtained from the original pastoral occupation of his ancestor, continues to be retained by the simplicity of the Hindoo character, which imagines no shame devolving from such an origin for a royal family.

† Captain Grindlay's "Scenery, &c., of Western India" contains a beautiful view of this bridge; in which, however, sufficient justice is not done to its architecture or dimensions, and still less to a small marble chhatic (umbrella), or tomb, over the ashes of a funeral pile, built on the top of the bank. Captain Grindlay's view is of the western side, or below the bridge. The suttee I am describing took place on the eastern side, or above the bridge.

The corpse was borne, as usual, on a rude, temporary bier, made for the occasion, and flung away when done with, of four common bamboos, tied together with coarse hemp-ropes, and crossed with smaller split bamboos, to hold it in shape, the two outer canes projecting at each end, as handles, to rest on the shoulders of the bearers. The centre, for the corpse, was spread with common grass, and in it was laid the body, enveloped in its shroud, but tightly tied, so as to show the shape of the limbs, trunk, neck, and head, the whole discoloured and stained with the ochry red and yellow powders, which, for the pollution, are appropriated to the funeral ceremonies.

This bier was surrounded by a straggling mob of half-naked Brahmins, shouting "Ram Bhaie Ram!" the funeral cry, meaning, "Brethren, call on the name of God!" Some were clashing rude cymbals, and at rapid intervals the long, crooked, brazen trumpet, or ranshinga, yelled out a melancholy, shrieking wail, amid the dissonance of the cymbals, and the shouts of the people; whilst, to European ideas of the slow-paced solemnity appropriate to funeral decencies, the rapid walk (at times hurried to a trot) at which a Hindoo funeral procession travels, adds something particularly disagreeable to all the other revolting parts of the spectacle.

Lastly came the females of the family and their friends, in the midst of whom appeared the victim, a ghastly-looking figure, her hair dishevelled and defiled, as well as her whole person, with the funeral-powders most plentifully thrown over her. She appeared about thirty years, tall, and stoutly made, and inclining to corpulency; a round, pleasing face, with features apparently formed to convey a jocund expression of habitual mirthful feelings; an acquiline nose, well defined, and full, large black eyes, the peculiar beauty of her caste; her profusion of coal-black hair hung loose and dishevelled, draggling and wet, and reaching nearly to the ground; her complexion, as is not unusual with females of good Brahmin families, seemed exceedingly fair; but she was too completely bedaubed and defiled with the funeral-powders to enable us to judge correctly of her natural appearance in the happier costume of life. Hurried along with the noisy and unseemly crowd by which she was surrounded, she did not at first show to so much advantage as subsequently, in what might be termed the calm dignity of the last moments of her existence.

On their reaching the river, the rude bier, with the corpse upon it, was deposited by the bearers in the middle of the water-way of the current, to be washed over by the running stream, in which situation, immersed in water, it remained about half an hour.

In the meanwhile I had joined the female party, to many of whom I was personally known, and on my name being mentioned to the widow, she remembered a trifling civility I had had it in my power some years ago to render to her late husband, and, adverting to the circumstance, solicited my friendship for her son. Her manner was wonderfully collected, and even graceful. I knew how matters stood a great deal too well to annoy her by any expostulation, but I took one quiet opportunity, unobserved by her people, to whisper in her ear, that if she felt any misgiving, my presence would prevent it from being too late, even at the supposed last moment. But her look of reply was quite sufficient; she had not come without counting the cost. Her belief in the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigra-

tion was firm and fixed; and she looked forward, without a doubt, to secure for herself and her husband, by this sacrifice, a new life of happier existence, and more refined enjoyments than the sordid realities which the world now offered; and her nearest relations about her were evidently of the same opinion, and as perfectly satisfied on the subject as herself.

The female group seated themselves apart from the others, on what might be termed an islet in the bed of the river,— a gravelly bank, which in the summer's drought appeared in the centre, and was divided from the northern side by a mere rill, easily stepped across. They sat huddled together, without any regard to order or arrangement, about thirty yards west of the spot where the pile was to be erected, and about ten yards north of that where the corpse lay submerged in the rippling stream, which was seen bubbling about it, turbid with the funeral-powders, which were washed off by the action of the current. The victim sat facing the south, whether intentionally or accidentally I don't know.

On reaching the company, I was struck at once with what I could never have perfectly understood from mere description, however sufficiently intimate I might have thought myself with the native character, and however well I had heard it described, viz. the apparent *sang froid* and apathy of all concerned. One only, the victim's daughter-in-law, her son's wife, an interesting, and very pleasing-looking little girl, a child under ten years, seemed at all really affected. She, poor little creature! was blanched with consternation, and endeavoured to nestle herself as close to her dying parent as she could, creeping betwixt her knees, and keeping her dewy eyes fixed upon her with an expression of horror and bewilderment, whilst her livid lips were frequently moving, but no sounds audible, or probably uttered,—forming a touching picture of childish suffering beyond description, and never to be forgotten. All the rest were not only indifferent to the horror of the scene, but seemed rather excited,— I might almost say, if the European reader could understand and believe it, exhilarated,— talking with each other triflingly, and unawed; whilst, on one occasion, even the victim herself spoke to me in a tone of absolute jest, on the marked curiosity with which I noted and examined every step of their proceedings.

Contrasted with the lukewarmness of the rest, there was a kind of loftiness of manner in the victim herself, a gracefulness of speech and attitude, approaching to my conception of the sublime, or the inspiration of a Pythoness at the delivery of an oracle. Perhaps the idea was purely fancied, and the reflection of past imaginings, brought up by the excitement of the moment; but her situation was sufficiently peculiar to believe that my impression might have been a correct observation, formed on the view of a demeanor called forth by carelessness to earth and earthly things, to which she had mentally said her last farewell, and arising out of the heavenly aspirations and glowing enthusiasm of her mind.

After a very short rest, some baskets filled with cocoa-nuts, dates, and sugar-confectionery, were brought, and laid before her, and she began to employ herself actively in distributing them, giving a cocoa-nut, or a few dates, or a little of the confectionery, to each of those who came to pay her the customary devotions: for this purpose, many of the spectators descended now from the lofty bank of

the river. The worship was performed with a real or affected extravagance of humility, and ardour in language and manner, indicating the fixed or feigned belief that she stood before them a representation of Divinity, or rather as an incarnation of Divinity, herself a present goddess, capable of conferring blessings, and warding off future evils.

Her acknowledgments, in return, were made in all the spirit of entire acquiescence in the belief of her friends that supernatural powers were vested in her; but they were mildly, plaintively, and pleasingly expressed. She wished well to all, and had something kind to say to each. Many were perfect strangers to her, some her most intimate friends. There was little difference of manner; and it was only from the questions she put to them that I could discover the difference. As each concluded the adoration, falling on their knees, and bowing their foreheads till they touched her feet, she fixed the red teeka on their brows, by dipping her finger in the red gullola powder, and impressing the stamp of the end of it upon the middle of the forehead, they receiving the sign as a solemn and important benediction, her countenance all the time indicating rather the smiling joyousness of a festival, or elation of a triumph, than the gloom and sorrow of her husband's funeral, or the horror and alarm natural to the thrilling moment antecedent to her own death by fiery torture.

During this process I observed a circumstance, which I don't recollect to have heard described. Several cocoa-nuts, completely bedaubed and stained with the funeral-powder, were rather ostentatiously exhibited before her: these were to be given to such females as were prepared to pledge their vows to follow her example. Three or four advanced to solicit and receive the appalling donation, amid the loud applauses and cheers of the bystanders; and, considering the enthusiastic approbation with which the sex appeared to look on, I felt rather surprised that a greater number did not, in such a moment of high-wrought feeling, come forward to snatch the gift with which such magnanimous sentiments of piety and self-devotion were associated, than that three or four should be found who would undertake to wear the crown of martyrdom, as it were, in anticipation, whilst the glory was immediate, and the trial of endurance was distant and uncertain. The individuals, in the present instance, were middle-aged, and one was accompanied by her husband, whose haggard, sickly appearance conveyed the idea of an early likelihood of her firmness and fidelity to her engagements being put to the test.

The victim now about to die was stated to be under the bond of a similar pledge; and I was told that it was considered quite impossible that such indelible disgrace to herself, and dishonour to her family, could be endured, as would result from the failure of any female in the performance of a vow so solemn in its nature, and assumed under such circumstances of unretractable promise, by the funeral pile of the dying and the dead. She, however, exhibited no sign of reluctance, but conducted herself as one who met her fate with as much inward feeling of alacrity and readiness, as she undoubtedly did with all outward show of superhuman fortitude.

During this period of the preparation I was engaged in conversation with the bystanders, who were eager that I should see and hear all that passed, and vied with each other in officious zeal to communicate

each his modicum of information respecting what was passing, or his history of similar scenes which he had witnessed. The anecdotes were, on the whole, nearly uniform in their tenor, with the exception of two or three. One of these was particularly distressing. A young female, whose personal charms and mental virtues were described in glowing colours, upon a false report of her husband's death, at a distance in Kattiwar, burnt herself, with some portion of his apparel, — the custom when the sacrifice is undergone by a widow whose husband has died at such a distance from her as to debar the possibility of the corpse being conveyed to the place of his abode. The Hindoo race are not much molested by mere sentiment, or much disturbed by fine feelings; but the case now alluded to seemed to have interest even for the groundlings of the mob; yet even here, on my expressing deep sympathy for the widower, and pity for his sufferings on his hearing of the tragedy, the observation which followed was most characteristic. "Yes, poor fellow!" said the deponent, "he was subjected to all the difficulties, and all the outlay of a second marriage, most unnecessarily!"*

On the arrival of the procession at the appointed place, no preparation whatever for the construction of the pile had been commenced; and, as only a heap of logs of wood and half-rotten rafters were to be seen, it was evident that even the whole of the materials were not collected. These were slowly brought, load by load, and deposited with the rest. There seemed no inclination to hurry the affair over, and, on the other hand, no wish to delay; all was leisurely done, as a thing of course, — deliberately, as if it were of every day occurrence, of no particular moment or concern to any one; and I began to think that the night would close before these preparations could be completed. When the materials had been brought in sufficient abundance, the officiating Brahmins began to build the pile. No construction could possibly be ruder; for no axe or hammer is allowed to sound at this work, or could be allowed to shape beams or frame-work into neatness of form to fit aptly to one another: wood in its natural shape could alone be used. First, they gathered together huge solid logs for the foundation; over these, faggots, or sheaves of thin brushwood; and finally, a layer of dry cakes of cow-dung fuel, — the whole heap thus prepared forming a compact mass, about seven feet long, six broad, and three in height. This being completed, they raised the corpse from the place where it lay immersed in the running-stream, and brought it to the pile, laying it down with the head to the east, close to the sacred fire, which was smouldering, and emitting a dull smoke, at the north-east angle of the pile, so close as to be almost touching it. The face and bosom of the corpse were now uncovered; and, after performing some trifling ceremonies, repeating a muttered ritual, and sprinkling water over it,

* One of the most striking instances that I can recollect is recorded in Sir John Malcolm's "Central India." The female sovereign of Malwa, of the Holkar family, Aliya Bhaie, was compelled by her superstition to attend at the funeral pile of her son-in-law, and to witness the destruction of her only child, his widow. The victim on this occasion ascended her death-bed unmoved; the royal mother was overcome, and in the delirium of maternal anguish, gnawed with her teeth the charitable hands of the attendants, who held her back when she would have thrown herself into the flames after her daughter. She never recovered the former tone of her mind or her health afterwards. Her character and history, a little overdrawn by the historian, is Sir John Malcolm's *chef-d'œuvre*.

which they assured me was water of the Ganges, that holy river being at least seven hundred miles distant! they placed it upon the pile, laying it on the western side, with the head to the south. This being arranged with much care to their satisfaction, (for the position was frequently altered, in order to adjust it to the precise spot it finally held,) they proceeded to complete the building. Perpendicular beams of coarse, unhewn wood, were erected on three sides, the lower ends firmly buried in the ground, and the upper ones sloped inwards, so as all to meet above the centre of the pile, about eight or nine feet high. These were firmly tied together at the top, and the interstices all round filled up with brushwood. Lastly, the whole was loosely, but heavily, thatched over with jowarree (*Holcus sorgum*) and hemp-stalks; and the pile, which had all the appearance of an Indian hut, with something of the shape of a bee-hive, was now carefully lined, and, as it were, padded, inside of its whole inclosure with bundles of flax in the coarse hanks, as it is exposed for sale in the bazaar in its first state of preparation. The opening into the interior which had been left was about three feet square, and toward the north, and at it the naked feet of the corpse, presenting the soles to the spectator, gave a dismal character to the gloom of the combustible vault they had constructed over it. No other part of the body remained visible from without, unless the spectator approached close, and looked in; but, when I last saw it, the head and bosom being divested of covering, and raised and pillowed, it had all the appearance of the usual shape and posture of repose. The funeral-bed seemed made, as much as possible, to resemble the domestic couch of nightly repose.

During the first process of building the foundation of the pile the son of the deceased was undergoing the customary purifications, as the first step of which, it is necessary that the whole head, with the exception of the shindu, or sacred lock, in the centre of the crown, should be shaved. This ceremony produced a striking display of the unconcern of the officiating Brahmins, one of whom, a near relation of the boy, without the slightest attempt to disguise that he was what a Yankee would call "poking fun," jestingly reproached the barber for neglecting to shave off the mustachio and the beard, a reprimand which was immediately followed by the barber proceeding, with great solemnity and precision, amid the smiles of all around him, through the mockery of shaving the upper lip and chin of the boy, a lad under twelve years! The poor youth himself seemed infected for a moment with their untimely levity; but otherwise he was properly conscious of his position, and, when led into the river to bathe, he had nearly fainted, and fallen into the water. At the time that his ablutions were finished, the under part of the construction of the pile, or rather its basement, or foundation, was completed, and he bore the chief part in the succeeding ceremonies that attended the immediate preparation of the corpse, and its adjustment upon the pile. This being done, whilst the others completed the fabric, as already described, the family gooroo, or priest, assisted him through the duties of consecrating the fire, and awakening the dull, smoky, smouldering embers, which they had brought from the household hearth.

The ceremonies were again trifling and numerous,—sprinkling of water, bendings, and prostrations; whilst the gooroo gabbled over a monstrous lengthy ritual for the occasion, at particular sentences

of which he would prostrate himself on the earth, and in so doing was followed by his pupil, or disciple. The boy then arranged the several articles for his mother's last devotions and offerings, in doing which great care was taken that a due order should be observed, and the precise spot for each very authoritatively pointed out, and attended to. Small vessels, containing ghee and water, were placed on each side of the fire; four cups, made of the leaf of the burr, or banian tree, (*Ficus Indica*,) were given him; two of these he filled with ghee, and two with water, which he placed at the cardinal points round the fire, the water-cups north and south, the cups of ghee east and west; then taking two burr-tree leaves, he dipped them into the ghee, and held them in an attitude of prayer over the fire, allowing the ghee to fall upon it drop by drop; and, when the flame appeared, he added fresh fuel, and laid the leaves on the ground, prepared, as it were, and sanctified for future use. The gooroo and his assistants next kneaded some dough, moistening the flour from the burr-leaf cups of water, and similar cups of ghee, around the fire, and adding dust of sandal-wood and powdered gums, or spices, until they had obtained a mass of sufficient tenacity to be moulded into, and retain, the forms they intended, and from it they constructed four rude figures. One might be called a rude dumpling, rather bigger than one's fist; the other three were smaller, and one was an ill-made pentagonal star-shaped cake; but the others were all alike, — too roughly fashioned to leave room to conjecture what they might be intended to represent. These were the pinda, or oblations offered to Yamu, the Judge of the Dead; and the Pitra, or manes of the deceased and his ancestors. They were described as the Greek sop to Cerberus! the offerings for the "Yim Raj ke Duht," the messengers of Yamu, the Judge of the Dead, who would be in attendance at the fire to receive the souls of the deceased. The youth having, as instructed by his companion, arranged the different preparations, and the pile being completed, he walked thrice round it, sprinkling water, and repeating the names of the great gods; whilst a Brahmin, following, repeated the same ceremony, muttering in a tone hardly audible, as if subdued by deep feeling, some appropriate ritual, and frequently pronouncing, in what seemed intervals of the verse, the name of the Deity.

The building and consecration of the pile now finished, it was announced to the victim that all was ready, and she arose from among her female friends with the most calm serenity; and, though she was to join them no more, she left them with the most tranquil quietude. No alarm on her part, no sorrow on theirs, was expressed or apparent; no parting tears were seen, no farewell sighs heard. They stood silent, and she went unmoved. She first walked into the river, until about knee-deep, when she sat down in the water, which then flowed about her shoulders, and her long luxuriant hair floated in the current fully three feet from her. Whilst thus seated, in the performance of the ablutions needful for purification, the gooroo, who attended at her side, seemed to occupy himself, or her, with sundry trifling ceremonies, sprinkling water, and dropping oil and a few flowers over her; and another Brahmin, also standing in the water, but before her, and facing her, continued the rapid recital of the ritual, during which she slowly, and at measured intervals, bent forward, and completely submerged herself in the water. It was the baptism of death!

This done, she rose to perform the adoration, and propitiate the witnesses, who are to be summoned by Yamu, the Judge of the Dead, to give evidence against them; these are, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and the Earth; Fire, Water, Air, and the Winds; Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night; the Solar Day, the Lunar Day, the Months, and the Year; and, finally, to Yamu himself, under the appellation of Dhurma Raaj, or Merciful King.—Nature, in all her forms, being the supposed ever-present witness, and deponent against the dead at their last trial.

Her devotions commenced whilst standing in the water: they were first addressed to the Sun; but, though the day was declining, and the sun in the west, she looked east. Her part in this, and all the other prayers, was purely pantomimic. The Brahmin opposite and facing her read the ritual in Shunscrit, which she could not understand; and the gooroo by her side whispered her what she was to do, and when to make the offerings. To Sooryu, or Sooruj, the Sun, she offered two silver and two copper coins, with flowers, spices, and grains; the first were appropriated by the Brahmin, who never stopped his recitative whilst fingering the money; the others were cast upon the water, and floated down the stream. Her libations were made with a singular grace of attitude; standing in the water still knee-deep, she bowed her head as low as possible, without bending at the knee, almost touching the water with her forehead; she then stretched forth her arms before her, and, joining her hands together, she scooped up as much water as the hollow of both would contain, and slowly raised herself to her full height. After a brief pause, she threw her head as far back as she could, looking upwards; then, elevating her joined hands as high as they could be raised, the Brahmin repeated a prayer, and she, depressing her fingers, and raising the wrists, with a jerk, forwards, the water was thrown forth a little in front, and fell at once before her. This was repeated several times.

She then came out of the water, divested herself of her wet garments, dressed herself in dry clothes, of dull saffron-stained colour, and proceeded again with her devotions; the conclusion of all being, that she again returned to the river, and squatted down on two large bricks, placed in very shallow water at the brink, avoiding this time to wet her dress. Whilst the ritual continued to be read, she repeated the same offerings as before; two coins of silver, and two of copper, again appropriated by the Brahmin; and flowers, spices, and grains of different kinds, which were thrown upon the river, and floated down the stream.

This part of the ceremony seemed the conclusion of all earthly duties; and, on leaving the water's edge, she distributed her testamentary gifts. They were brought to her in small open baskets, such as are used in winnowing grain, shovel-shaped, and thinly clayed over, so as to fill up the interstices of the wicker-work. The presents consisted of articles of female dress—a toilet of little value; and which were borne by the officiating Brahmins to the female friends, who had remained where she left them. Lastly, she made a donation, suitable to her means, to her Brahmins. I heard the list read; it was one cow, five she-goats, some measures of grain, a quantity of ghee, spices, salt, and fifteen rupees.

At this period there seemed a great anxiety to crowd around her,

so that I was rather jostled and pushed about by the mob; which she observed, and very calmly, but quite authoritatively, bade the people not to incommode me. We had now been upwards of two hours acquainted; and I can say for myself that they were the two longest I can remember of my life; but, during these two hours, a great deal had passed. My position would enable me hereafter to serve her son; and she had woman's perception enough to read the heart in the countenance, and see the deep sympathy with which I looked upon the boy, and the sweet girl, her daughter-in-law. Thence her consideration for me; and she really seemed more concerned that I should not be inconvenienced, than disturbed by her own frightful part in the approaching close of the ceremonies. As for the eagerness of the people, it was at this time merely avarice, each anxious to lay hold of something of the few trifles she was distributing. None evinced the slightest degree of natural sympathy for her, either in words, in manner, or in conduct.

After the distribution of her bequests she walked calmly and deliberately, without receiving or needing assistance, to the pile. On coming up to it, at the southern end, where it was perfectly thatched in, she paused for a moment, and eyed it with a fixed gaze; it was most momentary that pause, and scarcely perceptible. Perhaps she was looking for the corpse; but it was not visible there. She passed on along the eastern side of the pile, and came round it, opposite to the north end, where it remained open, and where the soles of the feet of the corpse against the opening looked very shocking. The outline only of the figure could be seen in the gloom of the hollow vault they had constructed over it. Having fixed an anxious, impassioned, and inquiring look into the vault, and having probably recognised the altered features, she betrayed a startled agitation. The Brahmins saw it, and evidently fearing that she might give way, commenced religious outcries of prayers, to distract her attention; working themselves up almost into frenzy, and repeating the funeral cry of "Ram! Bhaie! Ram!" as loudly and as rapidly as they could utter the words. But their distrust of the poor victim's self-command was altogether unnecessary; her feelings were again under control in a moment, and she resumed the calm composure and self-possession she had hitherto displayed. She was now instructed to sit down on the ground, close to the vessel which contained the sacred fire. It was scarcely alight; a dull smoke was the only proof that it was not extinguished; and it was now her duty to feed and awaken the flames which were so soon to consume herself.

During this ceremony another ritual was read by the officiating priest, and she proceeded, under his instructions, to revive the fires. The preparations for this had been already made by her son; and the articles requisite were arranged with more regard to what we call neatness than natives usually exhibit in their operations. The fire being at the north end of the pile, she sat on the ground eastward of it, facing west. The cups of burr-tree leaves, full of ghee, were arranged as already described; and other similar cups were now brought, full of a white powder, of sandal-wood saw-dust, and camphor, and resin. On her left hand were branches of toolsee (fragrant basil), and a rude, coarse stone, a fragment from the quarry, about a foot and a half long, and of irregular shape. This seemed as a sort of altar; but was evidently held in no particular reverence. I saw it a few days afterwards, blackened with smoke and ashes, on the

spot where the poor victim had used it, when passing the place of her immolation.

There are certain sacred verses, or munturs, as they are termed, in the Hindoo rubric, which are too hallowed to be repeated in the hearing of unsanctified persons; and the charms, or ritual, used during the awakening of the fire, is one of these. I was consequently requested to draw back a little; which I did, retiring about three yards. The Shunscrit verses were read in a low, mumbling tone; and all the while the Brahmins prevented me from catching the sounds, by dissonantly and loudly repeating the names of God, in that energetic, rapid mode, of which it is difficult to convey any idea to one who has never seen the Brahmin at his devotions. Those sacred verses, I understand, have been obtained, and translated. I do not, however, know whether this be true or not; or, if translated, where the translation is to be met with. I spared no pains to procure them; but, in vain. During the chaunted recitation of these mysterious verses she fanned, and moved, and agitated the embers of the fire, adding the preparation of sandal-wood; and, as the flame rose, poured the ghee over it, first using one burr-leaf, and then another, dipping the end of the leaf in ghee, and allowing it to drop off, or shaking it off, first upon the fire, then on the stone, and then dipping the branch of toolsee in water, sprinkled it also over the stone. These ceremonies did not appear to be any adoration addressed by her; but were rather a sort of consecration, or her own apotheosis, by which she herself became a goddess. Her manner continued calm and unagitated; her voice was firm and unfaltering; no hesitation, and no hurry; whatever was assigned her to do she went through as one who had neither apprehension nor anxiety. A stranger to the manners of the country, and new to the scene, could not have pointed out a person in the crowd more unshaken, or more collected, than herself; or, could have imagined *her* the destined victim for the pile here ready for her reception.

She was now told that all was accomplished, and she rose to make the circuit of the pile. She walked steadily round it three times; during which she could advance but very slowly, her progress being impeded by the adoration of the Brahmins; who, prostrating themselves on the ground, would press their foreheads against her feet, grovelling on the earth before her, with the most abject humiliation they could express by words, looks, or actions. The third circuit being completed, she sat down again in her former place near the fire, to receive the last adorations, and to offer her last benedictions. She divested herself of a few gold ornaments which she had continued to wear, and sent them by a young Brahmin relative, with her blessing, to her daughter-in-law. Lastly, a bundle of clothes, and a small basket of food, were brought, prepared as if for a journey; and these were tied about her waist, projecting in front of her. During these offices only one female remained near her, to assist in such horrible preparations; the rest of her family continued standing where she had left them, looking on with a stupid stare, which, whether it were apathy and indifference, or profound admiration and astonishment, I know not. No expressions of grief were heard, nor a tear, that I could see, was shed, except by the poor child, her daughter-in-law.

All being now performed, she was led by the priests two steps forward, one supporting her on each side; and placing both her feet

on the stone which had served for an altar, she stood erect, surrounded by the mob, and a loud frenzied burst of adoration was again repeated. During this, a small, circular looking-glass was given to her, and she was directed to look upon the mirror, and instructed to believe, that, thus deified, as she then stood, she might, as a goddess, enjoy a glimpse into the world of spirits, and read the history of her past and future transmigrations. She fixed a long and steady gaze upon the mirror; and, on returning it to the Brahmin, declared that she had seen a phantasmagorial representation of the history of her soul gliding over it; it had been thrice before on earth; it had thrice before been liberated from earth by similar sacrifices: the present was her fourth cremation; and her destiny reserved for her a fifth, which was to befal her at Kasi (Benares); after which the celestial spark, which had left the Fountain of all Life to animate her, and *be* her, would return into the bosom and substance of the Creator. I expected to see that some artifice, of a prepared and painted glass, had been practised upon her; but, on examining it, I found it to be a common mirror; and, unless some well-managed illusion were contrived to cast the reflection of a picture, held in some Brahmin's hand behind her, upon the glass, the delusion here must have been entirely her own; and the last act of this heroic creature's existence, a fraud; and nearly the last words of her life, a lie!

They now tied round her neck a kind of necklace of balls of camphor and resin, strung rudely together, and another of little linen bags, which I had previously examined, and found them to contain a white powder, apparently camphor, nitre, and resin, pounded together,—no doubt to shorten her sufferings. These being tied close to her throat, she handled them, and adjusted them one by one, as carefully as if she were dressing for a festival, and these her ornaments! I doubt if she were quite aware of the charitable care and purpose of those necklaces; the strong perfume of the camphor, I should think, was all that she recognised; and it seemed as if she considered it only as part of the purification and consecration.

She now stepped forward; and, without any alteration of appearance or manner entered the pile. She had to climb in—a height upwards of three feet; and there were rude steps, of large logs of the firewood, projecting, to enable her to ascend. Her mode of ascent was precisely that of a native female clambering into a native carriage for a journey, and her dress was also the same. She looked like one at her own door, just starting for a day of travel; she neither required nor received assistance. When she got into the vault, which was too low to admit of her even sitting quite upright (for she had crept in on hands and knees), she had just room to turn, and take a sitting-posture, stooping forward. She then began to arrange the coarse bundles, or large hanks of flax, to make herself, as it were, comfortable, as if she would be snug, and at her ease; though, probably, it was to protect herself from projecting points of the rude firewood below; and which, under the weight, was seen to be partially moved. Whilst she was doing this, she was told to commence her own funeral cry, "Ram! Bhaie! Ram!" Her first attempt to utter it startled her, and all around her; the words seemed as if they would choke her; but she overcame the weakness of yielding nature, and went on; but her cries were in a deep, se-

pulchral, hollow tone, the sounds breaking forth in the most distressingly unnatural resemblance of the human voice I ever heard. Her Brahmin friends were now undisguisedly apprehensive of a failure of her courage, and vociferously comforted her with loud applauses, and earnest ejaculations, exhorting her to fear nothing; assuring her that she was a perfect and most blessed suttee, a pure spirit, and at the gate of heaven; that her soul would rise with the first flame, before the fire could approach her body; that she would know no pain, and only drop placidly to sleep for earth, to awake in heaven! She must have been nearly stunned with these applauses, exhortations, and benedictions. Their apprehensions respecting her firmness were, however, quite unnecessary; she recovered herself before they had shouted themselves hoarse, or deafened her and one another; and they ceased their outcries the moment they observed that they were not needed. She had quite recovered herself; and, having arranged the flax about her, bent forward to take leave of them with smiles, and the most perfect composure; which done, she most composedly laid herself down full-length by the side of the corpse, upon *its* right, and on her left side, with her right hand over it. In this position she was stretched along, as if comfortably in bed, well cushioned in on every side, and well pillowed with loose flax. At this moment the assistants were very busy, as it were, on the sly; and, when unobserved, casting in, and thrusting in, among the flax, by handfuls at a time, the white powder mixture of camphor, and resin, and nitre; whilst others, outside, were flinging it in handfuls over the whole outside of the pile. As the last act, they threw into the vault, and upon the dying and the dead, two or three handfuls of chips of the sacred wood, malyagar,* a black sandal-wood, dedicated only to religious uses; finally, they, with much solemnity, placed, betwixt her and the corpse, the ill-shaped balls and cakes of dough, prepared, as above-described, for the messengers of the Judge of the Dead; and, this done, they commenced the work of closing up the pile.

There was no measured step, or slow and leisurely proceeding now; all seemed wrought up to enthusiasm, and hurried on their work with an indescribable zeal and alacrity. Two enormous blocks of wood were fitted to the orifice into which she had crept, and they completely blocked it up; over this faggots of brushwood were firmly jammed in, and strongly tied, and the whole was thatched over, like the rest of the pile, with hemp-stalks. She was most completely secured; a wild beast could not have broken out; and, however voluntarily she might have entered, she certainly had not the slightest possibility of escaping, had she wished it, on feeling the torture of the flame.

* Malyagar, or black sandal-wood, named from Malya, the mountain-range answering to the Ghauts of Malabar and Agaru, is used by Hindoos solely for religious purposes, and is sold by weight at a high price. I consider it to be the almug of the Hebrew, as it is the only wood we know more durable, more fragrant, and more precious than the cedar of Lebanon. The Hebrew scholar may trace a greater similarity betwixt the Shunscrit Malyagaru and the Hebrew word than at first appears to the ordinary reader. Perhaps the Greek scholar, too, may think of the mythological legend of Meleager, and the tragedy of his death. Can he be named from the sacred billet of the funeral-pile? I am not aware whence the black sandal-wood is obtained, or where it is indigenous. No doubt, if the seeds were planted, it might be reared in any part of India. The white sandal is a beautiful sub-arboreous tree, and hardy.

During these, the concluding steps of these strange proceedings, a Brahmin standing close to her, on the eastern side of the pile in which she was now encaged, continued addressing her in a loud, sonorous chaunt of earnest, ejaculatory, soothing, and encouraging addresses and prayers; and I heard her voice from within repeating her own funeral cry, and responding to his solicitations for her last benedictions; but, when her demeanour had ceased to be visible to her friends, her support, from the sense of pride, may have given way, or she was, probably, half-smothered, for she was really buried in flax, mingled with powdered resin and camphor: whatever the cause, her voice again became the appalling, most unnaturally-unhuman sound I have described; and her cry of "Ram! Bhaie! Ram!" was uttered in a rapid, and most painfully agitated manner, as if she were at last entirely overcome, and struggling in vain with the horrors of her mental agony, and quite conscious of the misery of her situation. I was at this time within half a yard of the pile, close to her head, and my object was to ascertain, as far as circumstances would permit, how long, and to what extent her self-possession remained with her, and how far nature could go under so wretchedly severe a trial.

In about ten minutes after the victim had entered the pile (which had been spent in blocking up the entrance, and heaping brushwood over the top, and casting over it and against every side of it large handfuls of the powdered resin and gullollee powder, and the dingy, reddish-yellow, ochry substance used for funerals,) all was ready; and her son, taking a small wick of twisted cotton dipped in oil, lighted it at the consecrated fire, and, falling on the ground in adoration, and bowing his forehead to the earth, he placed the lighted wick at the north end of the pile, under the feet of his parents. He was now, poor boy! dreadfully agitated; he stood up with difficulty, and his trembling hand was guided by a Brahmin on each side of him. The fire had no sooner been applied, and a smoke seen to rise, than at least fifty similar wicks were instantaneously applied all round, by the assistants. They had been prepared in small bundles of about a dozen each; and, being lighted together, were rapidly separated, and in a very few seconds had been inserted, within half a foot of each other, completely round the pile; and the whole mass of combustibles, in less than two minutes, became one sheet of clear, white flame, blazing up, and crackling with the hollow sound of powerful combustion, produced by the current of air, like the distant sound of the sea, and with a fierceness of rapidity of which I could have formed no idea.

The Brahmins, before the pile was lighted, advised me to stand further off, saying that I should be scorched, in a manner so pregnant with meaning, that I asked if there was any gunpowder concealed in the wood, but they assured me there was not, and I remained. Those who applied the fire did it in tremulous anxiety, and instantly hurried themselves away to a distance of about thirty yards, as though they dreaded an explosion. This was partly, no doubt, to avoid hearing any shriek of suffering or alarm from within the pile, which is considered most disastrously ominous; but, in addition to this, they very evidently knew what was coming. I could not have believed that such a vehement heat could have been created by any ordinary means in so short a time; it was so intense that it continued scorching me as I retired backwards, and was like

an acute sensation of scalding on my face and hands, even at the distance to which they had retreated.

I stood within half a yard of the pile when it was lighted, and heard her cry of "Ram! Bhaie! Ram!" when it was on fire on every side; but, long ere any flame could have reached her I was obliged to fall back; yet I retired as slowly as I could, and I think I should have heard any unrestrainable shriek of the extreme agony had it been uttered; and observed any convulsive movement, or desperate attempt to break forth, had it been made. I do not think that either took place. I saw her last lying down, and embracing the corpse, and I heard her voice to the last, as if she had never changed her position; and I confidently believe she did not change it. Her death must, I think, have been by suffocation, either from the dense smoke, or from the heated air in the vault, when the flax and resin were blazing all about her. I was not five yards from the pile at a time when I should consider it quite impossible for the actual fire to have reached inside; but, even then, the heat was quite intolerable, and the interior must have been converted in a moment into an atmosphere, or, rather, a vacuum of atmospheric air, which must have extinguished life at once, and probably without a struggle. The flax-stalks, covered with the powdered resin, burnt with explosive rapidity, and the work of destruction of life must have been most instantaneous.

The exclamations of the assistants and spectators were by no means so deafening or dissonant as I had been prepared to expect from previous descriptions of similar scenes. The Brahmins and their musicians made very little more clamour than at an ordinary funeral, and the spectators, on the lighting of the fire, raised no shout, but simply clapped their hands, precisely like our applauses at a theatre; this, in the open air, and not more than five hundred people present, spread over a lofty bank of the river, at fifty or a hundred yards distance, made very little report. This is not the usual mode of native expression of approbation, but it was intended for it on this occasion.

In less than five minutes the thatch and brushwood of the pile were destroyed, and its blackened and burning frame-work, and solid basement of tall, massive beams, and logs of wood, appeared enveloped in flames. At this moment, could I have endured the heat, and approached the fire, I might probably have seen the bodies, and witnessed the process of combustion; but the flame shot forth such intense heat that it felt as if it actually pierced the skin at the distance to which I had been compelled to retreat.

The mob now dispersed and departed: the entertainment was over! and those who had no part to act had no further excitement to enjoy, and betook themselves to their several homes, no doubt highly edified and gratified. My thoughts were with the female relations of the deceased, and the child, her daughter-in-law. They remained seated where the poor victim had left them, in a state of bewilderment and sorrow; but no voices were heard in the desolate group, and the public gaze upon them appeared to have controlled and checked their feelings. No one, however, can doubt, but that Nature would resume her sway when they re-entered the family-chambers, where the place which had known the deceased a few hours before, would know her no more!

The concluding ceremonies required the assistants to remain on

the spot until midnight; the funeral fire continues to be fed with ghee, whose unctuous substance causes the last relics to be calcined, and thoroughly reduced, with the wood-ashes of the pile, to a very small heap of the lightest, grey powdery ashes; these are sprinkled with the Ganges water; and, finally, the relics are either carefully gathered up, and conveyed in pilgrimage to the Nerbudda, or to the Ganges, and cast upon the holy stream, or a shallow grave is scooped out on the spot the pile had occupied, and the ashes are scraped into it, and covered over with sand, over which offerings of ghee and flour, with grains, spices, and flowers, are made, to the shades of the deceased, and to all their ancestors. These are left there, to be soon carried off by birds and wild-dogs, — a hungry pack of the latter being always in attendance, to fight for, and devour the offering the instant it has been abandoned.

On the following day, a small altar, of an octagonal form, about three feet high, and two feet in diameter, was built on the spot, of earth and clay, of a neat form, and well whitewashed; and a shrub of the toolsee (fragrant basil) was planted over it. The first flood after the next rain carried it away; but the memory of the dead would be preserved, and their names reverently mentioned, in all the domestic religious exercises; more particularly at the monthly shraddu for all deceased ancestors, when those who have honoured or benefited their descendants are never forgotten. In wealthy families an annual shraddu, or religious festival in honour of the deceased parents, is renewed through life by the heir, on the anniversary of the decease, and great sums are spent on the occasion; it being necessary to summon every person of the caste within reach, and every hungry Brahmin who will come.

Wealthy people will, also, sometimes raise a pagoda, or temple, over the site of the pile, or in its vicinity; or a tomb, whose pretensions, as respects taste, size, and solidity, are of course dependent on circumstances. There are numerous hieroglyphic symbols, varying in every part of the country, to mark the character of the building. A female hand and arm, bent at the elbow, and the fingers spread, the palm presented to the spectator, and the wrist, and arms above the elbow, plentifully adorned with the matrimonial bracelets and armlets, form the usual sign through Guzerat. A warrior armed, on horseback, and this arm over him, on a monumental stone, indicates that the soldier has died in battle, and his widow performed suttee with him. These tombs are painfully numerous in some sites, and apparently of the most remote antiquity. The heart bleeds to think of the scenes of human suffering and wretchedness they commemorate,—the bloodshed and the wrongs,—all man's violence and cruelty, and woman's faithfulness! Let us hope that a new day has dawned on India, and that these wretched sacrifices may be spoken of by future generations as things that were, before British dominion enlightened India; and may the beneficent rule of the young Island Queen of the West be made memorable in her eastern dominions by those blessings of moral, and political, and physical improvement, which, once established, may go on conquering and to conquer, until every dark recess of the Cavern of Error shall have been enlightened, and every stronghold of cruelty and superstition been overthrown!

COUNTRY PLEASURES;

AND THEREIN CHIEFLY, OF ANGLING AND FLY-FISHING.

BY M. F. T.

A MORE exhilarating cordial than "the fine fresh gallop over dewy downs" could scarcely be prescribed by the College of Physicians; and, far be it from a kindly lover of horses and horsemanship to insinuate that the musical pack, and emulous brother pinks, and echoing high woods, and the Swift-orama of a green, open country, are not accessories to equestrian delight, at once dulcet and exciting. Still, some stress must be laid on the somewhat apprehensive fancy, that one's cravat and its contents may possibly become disarranged, or one's occiput tapped of what current intellect it carries, in the harem-scarem of the chase.

A Missourium now, or a Megalomegisto-therium, or, to descend a little, your African elephant, Bengal tiger, Sloane's rhinoceros, or flock of lions,—these, indeed, would be worthy of so valiant a venture: but, when the tame stag is quietly uncarted, and, after a canter of twenty miles, as quietly boxed up again, the scatheless captive for next week's run; or, when "sportsmen brave, in leather breeches, leap over five-barred gates and ditches, and hair-breadth 'scapes and perils dare, to hunt that — furious beast, the hare;" or, when from the portals of Europe's premier college sally forth in blushing vestments the noblest and the gentlest of Britain's gallant youth, wantonly intent on following even to the death the trail of *a red herring;* when, I say, these things are done in the name of hunting, surely it were better even to go a-fishing with Marc Antony; and, when Cleopatra's divers have diligently hung on our hook the last of their dead tunnies, to put up for the rest of the day with unlimited sport from a tub of pickled sprats.

Once more; a country ramble, in rude health and fine weather, is thoroughly delightful, — an innocent pleasure, not seriously diminished by fowling-piece and pointers. But there be many to confess, that on a cold, drizzly morning in November they do *not* like to find themselves up to the knees in drenching turnip-tops; and still less, on a roasting September noon, to be toiling over dusty fallows, with a heavy iron tube upon their shoulders. There be many who are weak enough to acknowledge that the scream of a wounded hare makes them feel as if they had shot a child; and to fear the probable possibility of a friend's trigger, pulled by some demon twig, conveying to them the unwelcome compliments of a Mr. Joseph Manton. In fact, we have heard more than one true country lover, in speaking of capital covers for game, maintain the respectable opinion, that the best in life is a *tin* one; and as to the birds being in good condition, they can scarcely be in a better than when frothily cooked, and served up with bread-sauce.

But—that BUT must be in capitals, printer, for it is as pregnant of nice fancies as a butt of Muscatel,—commend me, dear fauns, nymphs, and dryads, to "the contemplative man's recreation." O, I have many things to say of that same sweet sport,—so many, that

the pressure of the crowd hinders the fair order of their exit. Look you, there is in fishing no little savour of a just philosophy; the last ingredient of Pandora's box of simples is mingled in it generously: Hope, with her honeycomb uncertainties, lingers latest in the angler's heart, and gives him an early call next morning. Greater minds (to speak historically) are captured by fishing than by other modes of sport,—because their aim and game are things unseen. Davy or Paley would as soon have dreamt of angling in a well-stocked tub as in one of those vasty stews of Holland, where every carp is known, and mynheer battens the pond's bottom every third summer. No; let the huntsman take his railroad gallop thrice a week through the same breaks, and over those well-accustomed ditches; let him know that an odoriferous fox-brush must be his highest trophy; for he *sees* "Master Reynolds, the fox," as Chaucer hath it, with his bodily eyes, half a mile a head, making for the fir-wood: let him-of-harriers feel that the greatest gain of all that lavish expenditure in oaths and whipcord, human hardness, animal suffering, real danger, and the cheerless, illimitable, creeping home again at night, can be but a timid and miserable hare; let the crack shot boast of his battue—that massacre of barn-door pheasants; or let him mark down, two fields off, his covey of indubitable partridges: whereas, what is the fisher's hope?—and hope, after all, is the soul of sporting. He cannot *see* his game; he seeks it blindfold in primeval waters; and who can be sure what strangest creature is not on the instant nibbling at his bait?

For my own part, among the scarcely post-diluvial mud of yonder ancient pond, where rushes have grown rank for centuries, (and how much more in Noachic rivers, or the unsearchable, unchanging sea!) I never can know absolutely, and for certain, whether my next prize may not be some miniature specimen of the icthyosaurus: Tritons and British Fishes,—who can tell?

And here, let no gentle Waltoner suppose that his fanciful angler is not perfectly conusant of the liking which certain fishes take to certain baits, and of the consequent probability that the good craftsman of the streams will bring in that which he went out for; neither let him think so feebly of a brother's skill, as if it were ignorant of the likelihood that the slow, guttural gulp betokened perch, and the spirited attack indicated trout; the sly suction of old carp is eminently one thing, and the brilliant run of pike another. This only be insisted on; there still is room for the pleasant excitements of uncertainty; and, however experience may continually contradict the hope, still it ever unconsciously arises, that something yet unknown, some "*monstrum horrendum informe ingens*" is captive to your hook thirty paces off; and that when you wind home to shore the wearied combatant, he may be revealed as some rarest wonder of the fresh deep, some dreadful Gorgon of the river, or some fair Nereid of the darkly-flowing current. No angler ever yet set forth to a day's fishing ungladdened by the sanguine expectation that, great as his luck may hitherto have been, the exploits of to-day shall eclipse it utterly. Thus, then, wend we forth: till here we are, nothing too soon, at Oakley pond.

Pond, quotha!—a finer lakelet slumbers not in loyal Wales; and see how pleasantly it rests, as in the lap of peace, between this ruin-crowned hill, and yonder purple heath swelling into upland, senti-

nelled about withal by gallant oaks, and shaded well among dark copses of hazel and marsh-loving alder. What a wild museum of Nature, undisturbed, rejoices in existence on its banks! The frequent kingfisher will dart by, like a brilliant arrow, and startle you with its shrill squeak; or a wedge of wild-duck will drop headlong from their wheeling flight souse among the rushes; or a mighty carp will be heard, wallowing like a seal at play, in the muddy shallows yonder; or the green water-snake will rustle through dry grass, slide down the bank, and work his zigzag way across, with head erect, hissing like a little boa. Sometimes, the heron will heavily flap along, skimming the reeds with his long legs; sometimes, the coot, starting about, will dive suddenly, to rise again yards away; the cooing wood-pigeon will be heard responsive to the thicket-hiding nightingale; and fragrant meadow-sweet will be seen bowing its dewy feathers in homage to the choicer scent that breathes from out the wild blush-rose. A pleasant school for ologies is Oakley; and, when sport begins to fail, and the better fish at noontide take their Palermitan siesta, you may spend many a sweetly-profitable hour, of what book-worms count for idleness, in watching the race of bright beetles in the sun, or the gorgeous dance of dragon-flies above the water-lilies,—in conning lessons whispered by humble field-flowers,—in listening to spring-time musicians of the wood,—and, best, in blessing Him who made them all so happy.

But see, my trolling-rod is ready, and the freshening breeze this grey morning promises a noble pike. Well cast! — and the gaudy float dances on the distant ripple. Suddenly, down it goes with a tug, and away r-r-r-r-runs the reel. He 's making for his lair yonder among the rushes, and must carry with him sixty yards. How the line cuts and flashes through the water! And how your heart throbs, brother angler,—and how proudly, in so small a matter, feel you man's superiority,— and how sure you are that the monster, if, indeed, not a merman or an iguanodon, is a twenty-pound fish, at least, and is doomed to be stuffed to-morrow! But patience, brother; look at your watch, and wait the longest ten minutes of your yet existence; for he has got your gudgeon across his mouth, and must gorge it at his own epicurean leisure, head-foremost. Now, then,—he moves once more—be quick—wind—and—just a turn of the wrist, — you 've struck him well. Let him go, let him go — off like a shot! Here, he 's darting back again—wind quick, and hold him; and, now he 's getting sulky, lead him about a bit, and teach the monster that you 've tackled him,—a wild horse safe in harness. Just have a peep for curiosity—there, do thy multiplying cautiously, and induce our friend to taste a little fresh air. Why, those are the jaws of a very shark! Let him go, quick! He dashes about gallantly, but will soon be tired of so much racing. Home again, sir. Mind, when he leaps, lower your colours to his excellency, or he 'll break all away; and—a clean jump out o' water!—there 's his first and last appearance in the pirouette: now gently, gently to shore,—the hooked stick in those gaping gills,—and warmly welcome, thou magnificent pike! A fifteen-pounder, or that aching arm tells falsely. How he claps his formidable jaws together, like two curry-combs, and furiously wriggles on the ground, as an eel, to run at us! Oh, thou tyrant of the little fish, thou Saturn even of thine own offspring, this, this is retributive justice. Flounder there among the

meadow-grass, and confess to the naiads and oreades thy many murders; for assuredly never more shalt thou taste gudgeon.

It's a terrible thing to be tedious; so, while we pour a libation of cool claret, (the venerable bottle having been up to its neck in wet grass ever since we came,) my gentle comrade shall repeat you a pretty stave of his, said or sung as we were walking hitherward.

> With glittering dew yet moist, the mountain cheeks
> Smile through their night-born tears, for joyous day
> With fervent charity wipes those tears away:
> All Nature quickens; from a thousand beaks
> Flow out the carol'd orisons of praise
> To Him who taught them those new songs to raise:
> Forth bounding from a fern-lined pit, the hare
> In the brown fallow seeks his furrowed lair;
> High up, almost unseen, yon fluttering speck
> With gleesome music breasts the flood of light,
> Then, cowering, drops upon some mossy spot:
> Around the elm-tree tops, in cawing flight,
> Wheels the dark army: winking flowrets deck
> Lawn, meadow, upland, hill, and poor man's garden-plot.

Hollo! where's my float?—and my reel's run out, and the rod pulled half into the water! This comes of poetizing, you see, and all such nonsense, when one should be merely a fisher. But, dear Nature, we Waltoners do love thee so,—and truly thy soul is poetry, —that sooner had been lost a dozen fish than that dewy canzonet. Natheless, with cautious wisdom let us retrieve this idleness, or Ustonson's bill will be longer than its wont this summer; for, unless man's intellect, at the end of half a furlong of Indian twist, can circumvent the sturdy perch yonder, that has gorged our spinning-minnow — fish, hooks, and line, all must be lost! Wind — hold — play him — there's a back-fin for you, cutting the bright ripples like a sailing ploughshare! — there's a fine broadside of brown and gold, with black bands;—oh, the fellow mustn't break away for a bag of ducats! Here he comes—gently now—wash out that gristly mouth with copious draughts of its treacherous native element, and drown a very fish. His struggles are fainter and fewer—now for the net, boy—quick!—mind the line—and—safe on *terra firma*.

But the morning gets too bright for this sort of thing, and there's little need of other specimens. Let these hints suffice to testify an angler's happy triumphs; to-morrow, as the May-fly will still be on the water, we may ask your worship's company to the seven streams, and throw the barbed feather for a trout: meantime, to count our violet-scented spoils, (—there are ten brace more than those you've heard of,—)to lay them out on fresh-cut flags, and homewards over the hill with merry hearts to our wholesome, hungry, daylight dinner. Here, boy, carry these rods, and sling that pike and perch on an osier-twig; for they can't be got into the basket.

OF FLY-FISHING.

"The sun's been up this two hours, sir; so I made bould to call ye!" It was the voice, and the heavy hobnailed tread of my factotum and favourite, Master James Bean.

"Thank'ee, James; bring my fishing-boots, etcetera."

Now, what recondite idea attached itself to the cabalistic word "etcetera," in the mind of the learned Bean, it is quite impossible to say; but the coincidence was remarkable, that, in company with the caoutchouc boots aforesaid, appeared a bait-bag full of clean moss, and convoluted lob-worms. For once our sagacious friend had erred; we were not to-day going to be guilty of impaling denizens of the dunghill: a sport cleaner, nobler, and more innocent than even that of the quiet angler, had been by us concerted for a pleasant holiday pastime: in fact, friends, you were promised a day's fly-fishing, and here it is.

Dame Juliana Berners, in y[e] Boke off St. Albans, enprented by Wynkyn de Worde, says, with her quaint phrase, not more prettily than truly, "Atte y[e] leest youre fyssher hath his holsom walke, and is mery at his ease; a swete ayre of the swete savoure of meede floures makyth him hongry; he hereth y[e] melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowlys, wyth their brodes; whych me semyth better than alle y[e] noyse of houndys, y[e] blastes of hornys, and y[e] scrie of foulis, that hunters, and fawkeners, and foulers can make." Accordingly, knowing well my country, and that it is well worth your knowing, too, we will not, ungraciously, forget our "holsom walke," but take you roundabouts as pretty a ramble as any in broad Britain.

Match me where you can this rustic lane, its flooring of cleanest gravel, its walls of wildest verdure: now it gets deeper and darker, with rocky sides painted wantonly by various lichens. How graceful should we think these wavy ferns, how gorgeous those flaunting foxgloves, how elegant the harebell, how delicate the ragged corn-flower, had Nature been more chary of her most abounding beauties. O men, when shall your hard hearts learn that good and loveliness are broadcast bounteously: when will your folly cease to think the commonest things least worthy?

And here, down in this oak-wood hollow, a flashing trout-stream glides across the road: yes, that's a fine fish, and spotted like the pard; but, don't put your rod together yet, for we've three miles more to go, and yonder sly old trout has seen too much of us; there, taking advantage of an escort of the smaller fry, he's off while we speak; and one flap of his lissom tail has carried him ten yards away: moreover, all the hereabouts belongs to sour Squire Mountain, and one wouldn't be beholden to the churl for the value of a fish-scale.

But we've got upon the broad and sunny moor, whose beautiful varieties of heath and moss might make the very peat-cutter a botanist; where the cunning plover, in days lang syne, has often led me, with her cowering wing and plaintive cries, far away from her humble nest, and where my wandering footsteps have before now been startlingly arrested by the close and noisy rising of fork-tailed black-cock;—where, more than once, in crispy winter walks, tracking from holly to holly the tame pigeon-fieldfares, I have found myself suddenly, as by magic, in the midst of a rabble of dogs, and men, and horses, to wit, none other than the far-famed O. P. Q. hunt, and remembered having seen a fox running, two miles off, at least half an hour before; and then, giving that eager crowd all possible intelligence, the noisy rout has left me, better pleased than ever with a solitary, peaceful ramble; where also—but I grow dull,—what strange figure can this be, stalking solemnly towards us?—d'ye see him?—there—the mighty man in armour, with greaves on his legs, and a high-plumed helm, and sword,

and shield, and eagle-standard?—Probably my horror-stricken friends thought me gone stark mad of a *coup de soleil;* for I looked and acted much after the fashion of Mr. Charles Kean, when he plays Hamlet and Macbeth, soliloquizing to the empty airs of Banquo and "my royal father." It was, however, but a pleasant variation of telling them the hackneyed story, that we were now standing on an ancient Roman camp, whence my idling antiquarianism had dug up many coins, and which the playfulness of glad imagination, overleaping eighteen centuries of time, had peopled with tramping legions, not seldom having held long converse there with more than one ghost of a gay Centurion.

But all this is sadly episodical, and has taken us out of the direct line of march, both as to subject and geography; so, granting safe arrival at our still distant watercourse, let us struggle through the underwood, put up the taper rods, and, with a gentle breeze at our backs, drop a distant fly gently on the middle of that swingeing current:—

Look, like a village queen of May, the stream
  Dances her best before the holiday sun,
  And still with musical laugh goes tripping on
Over these golden sands, which brighter gleam
  To watch her pale-green kirtle flashing fleet
  Above them, and her tinkling silver feet,
That ripple melodies: quick—yon circling rise
  In the calm refluence of this gay cascade
Marked an old trout, who shuns the sunny skies,
  And, nightly prowler, loves the hazel shade:
Well thrown!—you hold him bravely,—off he speeds,
  Now up, now down,—now madly darts about!
Mind, mind your line among those flowering reeds,—
  How the rod bends!—and hail, thou noble trout.

A fine fellow, truly, black and yellow, with little head, symmetrical hog's back, and gills of vermilion. How he flings himself about among the soft grass, iridescent as a peacock's tail! But it is impossible to be prosy on the subject:—

O, thou hast robbed the Nereids, gentle brother,
  Of some swift fairy messenger; behold
  His dappled livery prankt with red and gold
Shows him their favourite page: just such another
  Sad Galatæa to her Acis sent
To teach the new-born fountain how to flow,
  And track, with loving haste, the way she went
Down the rough rocks, and through the flowery plain,
  E'en to her home where coral branches grow,
And where the sea-nymph clasps her love again.
  We, the while, terrible as Polypheme,
Brandish the lissom rod, and featly try
Once more to throw the tempting, treacherous fly,
  And win a brace of trophies from the stream.

Yes, and it's my turn now for luck, brother; but the breeze has lulled, and, for want of a Lapland witch to sell me one, it will be necessary to commence with invocation. Will this serve our purpose?—

Come, then, coy Zephyr, waft my feather'd bait
  Over this rippling shallow's tiny wave
  To yonder pool, whose calmer eddies lave
Some Triton's ambush,—where he lies in wait

To catch my skipping fly; there drop it lightly.
A rise,—by Glaucus! but he miss'd the hook—
Another!—safe; the monarch of the brook,
With broadside, like a salmon's, gleaming brightly:
Off let him race, and waste his prowess there;
The dread of Damocles, a single hair
Will tax my skill to take this fine old trout.
So—lead him gently; quick—the net, the net!
Now gladly lift the glittering beauty out,
Hued like a dolphin, sweet as violet.

That must do to-day, at least for sonneteering; and yet, candid reader, credit me, much of your pleasure in such contemplative sports is due to a secret soul gladdening their dull material. Verily it is the poetry of fishing that flings such a charm over the naked craft: therefore look with favour on my well-meant improvising. The tingling sensation of pleasant excitement when a lively fish, hooked to your neat tackle, begins faintly to show his broadside to the sun,—the triumphant lifting of the land-net, your bending fly-rod's welcome aid,—the beauteous, many-coloured captive,—the calm, sun-steeped, smiling country,—the gurgling music of running waters,—and your own elastic health, uncareful heart, and bosom full of hopes so innocent as these,—oh, friend and fellow mine, how much of dormant poetry is here! Go with some coarse-grained common fisherman,—poacher, or otherwise,—one who, like those emaciated tribes on the Colombia, fishes for his daily sustenance, and see what a dull, stale affair it is, of worms and brambles, bad humour, and wet feet. Sport itself scarcely mends the matter, viewed in the mammonizing aspect of tenpence a-pound. And, in fact, it is just because angling demands a poetical soul to enjoy its highest pleasures that such a phalanx of prosy people see no fun in it. Nevertheless, many a holiday clerk, long prisoned up in London ledgers,—but even there feeding upon Walton and Wordsworth,—will acknowledge that the pleasure of his day's fly-fishing is mainly due to the Poetry of Nature.

THE DRAWING-MASTER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Martin Hartstonge (of course a fictitious name) had once held the very highest appointment in India, and, I verily believe, discharged the duties of his office conscientiously and uprightly. A better-intentioned, or more honourable man never existed. Under his dominion, however, certain faults were committed, for which he, as head of the Government, was held responsible, and, consequently, on his arrival in Europe, instead of being received with honours and congratulations, he had to undergo the heavy attacks of the press, and a persecution unequalled in the annals of history, unmatched in bitterness and personality.

Disgusted with the world, wounded in his finest feelings, the ex-governor determined on burying his miseries in the country, resolved that no prying eye should witness the evident indications of a mind ill at ease,—alas! but too plainly depicted on his once fine

countenance. Martin Hartstonge, therefore, bought an estate in Gloucestershire, and retired to it, determined, as far as possible, to shut out the world, and seek, in close retirement, for consolation in the bosom of his family.

If there was one amusement in the world which our ruler disliked more than another, it was hunting. If there was one pack of hounds he abominated, it was the "*B*." In vain had the noble owner of the pack attempted to obtain permission to have a meet in Hartstonge's covers; in vain had he tried to ingratiate himself with the old man, who took every means in his power to prevent the hunt even crossing over a single meadow belonging to him. It is true, he felt proud of his house and demesne, and was much flattered when any one came to look at it; but, that any one should trespass on his grounds as a matter of sport, was a crime not to be forgiven in the eyes of the once-powerful proprietor. In consequence of this feeling, several little bickerings had taken place, which had more than ever strengthened Mr. Hartstonge's determination never to allow so much as a member of the hunt to cross his estate on horseback.

Matters stood thus, when a grand dinner was given in the neighbourhood, at which almost all the sportsmen of the county were present.

"By the bye," suddenly demanded Augustus Templeman, who had just arrived, and was unacquainted with the circumstances I have just related,—"by the bye, why don't you draw old Martin Hartstonge's covers? They would be a sure find."

"Hang the fellow! he won't let us; I wish he would."

"Have you ever asked him?"

"Often; and as often been refused."

"Did you try and manage him? A little good manœuvring would surely carry the point."

"Impossible, Augustus! I have left no mode untried; and yet he is inexorable."

"I wish I had been with you! I'm sure I could have got his consent."

"You are extremely confident."

"Yes, my dear fellow! I am. I rather flatter myself I have some tact."

"Stop there, my fine lad! If you have such a belief in your powers, try them. I'll bet you a pony you don't get leave from him in six months."

"Done!"

"But, remember, the permission must be given in writing."

"Agreed; and, what is still more, I consent to make the bet 'play or pay' within three days. You smile; but, mark me, I'll win it! So, now, let's book it; and talk no more about it."

The usual formalities were gone through, and the party separated for the night, laughing heartily at Templeman for having made such a foolish bet. They all chuckled at the idea that one, usually reckoned so knowing, should thus easily allow himself to be taken in. The next morning, on Mr. Hartstonge's coming down to breakfast, he perceived a well-looking, shabbily-dressed young man, coolly seated on his lawn, taking a sketch of his house,—a circumstance which rather flattered him; but, as he thought the intrusion a great liberty, he determined on reproving it. He therefore sallied out.

"Pray who may you be, sir?" demanded he of the poor artist, in a somewhat harsh voice; "may I ask who gave you leave to enter my grounds?"

"I really beg ten thousand pardons," stammered forth the abashed youth; "I did not know the family were at home. Tempted by the extreme beauty of the house, I presumed to stop, and make a sketch of it, as I am about to publish the views of the finest seats in Great Britain; and none have I seen more magnificent, and, at the same time, more picturesque, than yours. Pardon, therefore, the great liberty I have taken. I will instantly retire."

"Not so, my dear sir, not so," quickly chimed in the ex-governor, who was strangely pleased by the compliments of the painter,—"not so. If you like, pray continue your work. I am always glad to encourage talent of any description, and shall be happy to subscribe to your forthcoming work. Will you come and take some breakfast? I will show you over the house, and present you to my family."

The young man, highly honoured by the invitation, at once assented to the proposition, and managed so adroitly, during the meal, to get into Hartstonge's good graces, that, before he quitted the house, the old nabob had begged of him to come over whenever he liked, and take as many views as pleased him. The artist seemed all gratitude, and took his leave, apparently highly delighted with his host's condescension and good-humour.

The next day Mr. Martin Hartstonge received the following note:

"SIR,

"After the trespass I unintentionally committed, I feel unwilling to intrude, even after your kind permission, without a written consent from you. Will you, therefore, add to the obligations I feel myself under for your politeness and hospitality, by signing the inclosed memorandum, as I am anxious to set to work sketching some points of your domain as early as daylight will permit. To prevent your keepers from troubling you or myself, I have made it as clear in the wording as possible. I shall have the honour to forward you some of the early proofs, as soon as the views are engraved.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your obedient servant,

"A. TEMPLEMAN."

Inclosed was this memorandum:—"I hereby give A. Templeman full permission to *draw* any part of my estate he may think proper, and desire my keepers not to interfere with him."

This paper the ex-governor instantly signed, and returned by the bearer to the young artist.

The following morning the worthy old gentleman was disturbed from his meditations by the most infernal noises (at least according to his ideas) he had ever heard. The babbling of hounds, the shouts of huntsmen, the neighing of horses, and the occasional sound of a horn, startled the great man from his studies, and made him rush to his library-window.

It is easier to imagine than describe his horror and his anger, on seeing the whole field of the "B." hunt riding through his covers, prancing about his hitherto inviolable solitudes. He sent for his keepers, and, in a voice of thunder, asked them the meaning of this

extraordinary trespass, assuring them that he would turn them all off, for having suffered such an unwarrantable intrusion.

"We did warn 'em off, your honour; but they showed the head-keeper your written leave. So, in course, he couldn't say no more."

"Impossible; they have forged it. But I'll make them repent it!" furiously muttered the exasperated proprietor, as he sallied forth. Presently he came up to the cover's side. "Where is the man who has dared to say he has my written permission to come here?" bawled Martin Hartstonge.

"Here I am, old boy," laughingly replied a youth in a red coat, "here I am, and here is your leave, signed, I believe you will admit, by yourself;" and, to the unspeakable astonishment of the infuriated East Indian, up rode the pseudo artist, exhibiting in his hand the memorandum to which Hartstonge had affixed his name.

"Good heaven, sir! what does this mean?"

"Simply that I have won my bet, and am truly grateful for your kind permission to 'draw your estate,' which you see we have done to some purpose, for yonder goes the fox. So good-b'ye, and thank you for a capital find!"

And away galloped the knowing Nimrod, who for several weeks afterwards was styled by his brother sportsmen "The Gloucestershire Drawing-master."

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER AND THE SEPOY.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

It was my fate, soon after joining my regiment stationed at Burhampore, to be ordered to attend, as supernumerary officer, several courts-martial about to be held in the cantonment. The first was on a soldier of the 17th foot, who had stabbed his sergeant, and fired at his captain, besides committing other crimes, less heinous perhaps in a moral point of view, but almost equally heavy according to martial-law. The first charge, however, seemed so grave as to require a signal example. The man, therefore, had been some twelve months before delivered over to the civil power, who, after keeping him during that period, declared their incompetence to try him, and sent him back to his regiment, to be dealt with by a general court-martial.

Before these judges I saw him arraigned and convicted. Every one supposed that he would have been condemned to death; but his long imprisonment, the manner in which he had been sent about from one place to another, weighed in his favour. He was sentenced to receive nine hundred and ninety-nine lashes; and on his recovery from that punishment, to be sent to a hill fort, to work for five years as a convict. Far from feeling any horror at this decision, he merely smiled; and, with an impudent sneer, thanked the court for their mild punishment, and left the room, laughing at the tortures they proposed to inflict on him.

I saw this sentence carried into effect. I saw the man (whose name, as well as I can recollect, was Geary,) receive nine hundred lashes, without uttering a single groan. At the end of that time the surgeon ordered him to be taken down. He was almost insensible; his back was one mass of coagulated blood; every lash had told. The linen he had held in his mouth was bitten through and through; yet not a cry of anguish had escaped him. On some water being given him, he rather revived, and, looking round, fixed his eyes upon his captain, who had reluctantly been his prosecutor. With difficulty pushing off the men who supported him, he shook his clenched fist at that officer, and, with an oath of future vengeance, left the ground, cursing his superiors, and uttering everything insolent which he could bring to mind. What became of him after the completion of his punishment I know not. Thank heaven! I had left India.

A few days subsequently I attended a garrison court-martial held on a wretched sepoy, who had stolen an invalid's dress from the hospital, when on sentry. The crime was heavy, and so unusual amongst the native army, that the circumstance created much interest amongst us. The native witnesses took their oaths by holding in their right hand a small jar filled with some water of the Ganges, uttering a vow at the same time. Their evidence was clear. The prisoner admitted his guilt; and, as the act was infamous, so it was determined that the award should be severe. To my surprise the following morning, when the proceedings were read out at the head of the regiment, I found the only punishment to be inflicted on him was "an ignominious dismissal from the service." His facings were instantly cut off, and he was drummed out of our lines accordingly. Naturally astonished at the seeming leniency of the sentence, I could not help adverting to it on my return to our mess-room, when I was told by an adjutant that the punishment I had just seen was almost equal to the infliction of death. He then explained that the man was born, according to his religious caste, to be a soldier; as a soldier he must live, as a soldier he must die. Turned out from that profession, his wife, his children, his parents, and his friends must all instantly disown him. No ties, no kindness could now be relied on. As a pariah dog, or a beast of prey, he would be shunned by every good Mussulman and Hindoo. He was cut off for ever from his family and his God, to wander miserably an outcast in this world, without hope of pardon in the next. In a word, he had lost his caste, and, consequently, his every joy and hope.

I confess I hoped that the statement was somewhat overdrawn—was exaggerated. Before many weeks I unfortunately ascertained it to be but too true. The body of the unhappy ex-sepoy was found amidst some low jungle, which grew close by his former home, the military lines. He had here crept, and, in sight of his wife and children, without their knowledge, had died of actual misery and starvation.

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY H. CURLING.

After I had left the house I have mentioned, I walked a few paces onwards, when I saw some of the rifles lying about and resting. I laid myself down amongst them, for I felt fatigued. A great many of the French skirmishers were lying dead just about this spot. I recollect that they had long white frock-coats on, with the eagle in front of their caps. This was one of the places from which they had greatly annoyed us; and, to judge from the appearance of the dead and wounded strewed around, we had returned the compliment pretty handsomely. I lay upon my back, and, resting upon my knapsack, examined the enemy in the distance. Their lines were about a couple of miles off: here they remained stationary, I should think, until near sunset, when they began to vanish, beating towards Vimiera, where we had at them again. Whilst I lay watching them, I observed a dead man directly opposite to me, whose singular appearance had not at first caught my eye. He was lying on his side amongst some burnt-up bushes; and whether the heat of the firing here had set these bushes on fire, or from whatever cause they had been ignited, I cannot take upon me to say; but certain it is (for several of my companions saw it as well as myself, and cracked many a joke upon the poor fellow's appearance,) that this man, whom we guessed to have been French, was as completely roasted as if he had been spitted before a good kitchen-fire. He was burnt quite brown, every stitch of clothes was singed off, and he was drawn all up like a dried frog. I called the attention of one or two men near me, and we examined him, turning him about with our rifles with no little curiosity. I remember now, with some surprise, that the miserable fate of this poor fellow called forth from us, very little sympathy, but seemed only to be a subject of mirth.

I do not think I ever admired any man who wore the British uniform more than I did General Crawfurd.

I could fill a book with descriptions of him; for I frequently had my eye upon him in the hurry of action. It was gratifying to me, too, to think he did not altogether think ill of me, since he has often addressed me kindly when, from adverse circumstances, you might have thought that he had scarcely spirits to cheer up the men under him. The rifles liked him, but they also feared him; for he could be terrible when insubordination showed itself in the ranks. "You think, because you are riflemen, you may do whatever you think proper," said he, one day, to the miserable and savage-looking crew around him, in the retreat to Corunna; "but I'll teach you the difference before I have done with you." I remember one evening, during the retreat, he detected two men straying away from the main body: it was in the early stage of that disastrous flight, and Crawfurd knew well that he must do his utmost to keep the division together. He halted the brigade with a voice of thunder, ordered a drum-head court-martial on the instant, and they were sentenced to a hundred a-piece. Whilst

this hasty trial was taking place, Crawfurd, dismounted from his horse, stood in the midst, looking stern and angry as a worried bull-dog. He did not like retreating at all, that man.

The three men nearest him, as he stood, were Jagger, Dan Howans, and myself. All were worn, dejected, and savage, though nothing to what we were after a few days more of the retreat. The whole brigade were in a grumbling and discontented mood; and Crawfurd, doubtless, felt ill pleased with the aspect of affairs altogether.

"D—n his eyes!" muttered Howans, "he had much better try to get us something to eat and drink, than harass us in this way."

No sooner had Howans disburdened his conscience of this growl, than Crawfurd, who had overheard it, turning sharp round, seized the rifle out of Jagger's hand, and felled him to the earth with the butt-end.

"It was not I who spoke," said Jagger, getting up, and shaking his head. "You shouldn't knock me about."

"I heard you, sir," said Crawfurd; "and I will bring you also to a court-martial."

"I am the man who spoke," said Howans. "Ben Jagger never said a word."

"Very well," returned Crawfurd, "then I'll try you, sir."

And, accordingly, when the other affair was disposed of, Howans' case came on. By the time the three men were tried, it was too dark to inflict the punishment. Howans, however, had got the complement of three hundred promised to him; so Crawfurd gave the word to the brigade to move on. He marched all that night on foot; and when the morning dawned, I remember that, like the rest of us, his hair, beard, and eye-brows were covered with the frost, as if he had grown white with age. We were, indeed, all of us in the same condition. Scarcely had I time to notice the appearance of morning before the general once more called a halt—we were then on the hills. Ordering a square to be formed, he spoke to the brigade, as well as I can remember, in these words, after having ordered the three before-named men of the Ninety-fifth to be brought into the square:—

"Although," said he, "I should obtain the good-will neither of the officers nor the men of the brigade here by so doing, I am resolved to punish these three men, according to the sentence awarded, even though the French are at our heels. Begin with Daniel Howans."

There was some difficulty in finding a place to tie Howans up, as the light brigade carried no halberts. However, they led him to a slender ash tree which grew near at hand.

"Don't trouble yourselves about tying *me* up," said Howans, folding his arms; "I'll take my punishment like a man!"

He did so without a murmur, received the whole three hundred. His wife, who was present with us, I remember, was a strong, hardy Irishwoman. When it was over, she stepped up and covered Howans with his grey great-coat. The general then gave the word to move on. I rather think he knew the enemy were too near to punish the other two delinquents just then; so we proceeded out of the corn-field in which we had been halted, and toiled away upon the hills once more, Howans' wife carrying the jacket, knapsack, and pouch, which the lacerated state of the man's back would not permit him to bear.

It could not have been, I should think, more than an hour after the punishment had been inflicted upon Howans, when the general again

gave the word for the brigade to halt, and once more formed them into square. We had began to suppose that he intended to allow the other two delinquents to escape, under the present difficulties and hardships of the retreat. He was not, however, one of the forgetful sort, when the discipline of the army under him made severity necessary.

"Bring out the two other men of the Ninety-fifth," said he, "who were tried last night."

The men were brought forth accordingly, and their lieutenant-colonel, Hamilton Wade, at the same time stepped forth. He walked up to the general, and, lowering his sword, requested that he would forgive these men, as they were both of them good soldiers, and had fought in all the battles of Portugal.

"I order *you*, sir," said the general, "to do your duty. These men shall be punished."

The lieutenant-colonel, therefore, recovering his sword, turned about, and fell back to the front of the rifles. One of the men, upon this, (I think it was Armstrong,) immediately began to unstrap his knapsack, and prepare for the lash. Crawfurd had turned about meanwhile, and walked up to one side of the square. Apparently he suddenly relented a little, and, again turning sharp round, returned towards the two prisoners. "Stop," said he. "In consequence of the intercession of your lieutenant-colonel, I will allow you thus much: you shall draw lots, and the winner shall escape; but one of the two I am determined to make an example of."

The square was formed in a stubble-field, and the sergeant-major of the rifles, immediately stooping down, plucked up two straws, and the men, coming forward, drew. I cannot be quite certain, but I think it was Armstrong who drew the longest straw, and won the safety of his hide; and his fellow gamester was in quick time tied to a tree, and the punishment commenced. A hundred was the sentence; but when the bugler had counted seventy-five, the general granted him a further indulgence, and ordered him to be taken down, and to join his company. The general, calling for his horse, now mounted for the first time for many hours; for he had not ridden all night, not, indeed, since the drum-head court-martial had taken place. Before he put the brigade in motion again, he gave us another short specimen of his eloquence, pretty much, I remember, after this style:—

"I give you all notice," said he, "that I will halt the brigade again the very first moment I perceive any man disobeying my orders, and try him by court-martial on the spot." He then gave us the word, and we resumed our march.

Many who read this, especially in these peaceful times, may suppose this was cruel and unnecessary severity under the dreadful and harassing circumstances of that retreat; but I, who was there, and was, besides, a common soldier of the very regiment to which these men belonged, say *it was quite necessary*. No man but one formed of stuff like General Crawfurd could have saved the brigade from perishing altogether; and, if he flogged two, he saved hundreds from death by his management. I detest the sight of the lash; but I am convinced the British army can never go on without it. Late events have taught us the necessity of such measures.

It was perhaps a couple of days after this had taken place that we came to a river. It was tolerably wide, but not very deep, which was just as well for us; for, had it been deep as the infernal regions, we

must have, somehow or other, got through. The avenger was behind us, and Crawfurd was along with us, and the two together kept us moving, whatever was in the road. Accordingly, into the stream went the light brigade, and Crawfurd, as busy as a shepherd with his flock, riding in and out of the water, to keep his wearied band from being drowned as they crossed over. Presently he spied an officer who, to save himself from being wet through, I suppose, and wearing a damp pair of breeches for the remainder of the day, had mounted on the back of one of his men. The sight of such a piece of effeminacy was enough to raise the choler of the general, and in a very short time he was plunging and splashing through the water after them both.

"Put him down, sir! put him down! I desire you to put that officer down instantly!" And the soldier in an instant, I dare say nothing loth, dropping his burden, like a hot potatoe, into the stream, continued his progress through. "Return back, sir," said Crawfurd to the officer, "and go through the water like the others. I will not allow my officers to ride upon the men's backs through rivers: all must take their share alike here."

Wearied as we were, this affair caused all who saw it to shout almost with laughter, and was never forgotten by those who survived the retreat.

General Crawfurd was, indeed, one of the few men who was apparently created for command during such dreadful scenes as we were familiar with in this retreat. He seemed an iron man; nothing daunted him — nothing turned him from his purpose. War was his very element, and toil and danger seemed to call forth only an increasing determination to surmount them. I was sometimes amused with his appearance, and that of the men around us; for, the rifles being always at his heels, he seemed to think them his familiars. If he stopped his horse, and halted to deliver one of his stern reprimands, you would see half a dozen lean, unshaven, shoeless, and savage riflemen, standing for the moment leaning upon their weapons, and scowling up into his face as he scolded; and when he dashed the spurs into his reeking horse, they would throw up their rifles upon their shoulders, and hobble after him again. He was sometimes to be seen in the front, then in the rear, and then you would fall in with him again in the midst, dismounted, and marching on foot, that the men might see he took an equal share in the toils which they were enduring. He had a mortal dislike, I remember, to a commissary. Many a time have I heard him storming at the neglect of those gentry, when the men were starving for rations, and nothing but excuses forthcoming.

"Send the commissary to me!" he would roar. "D—n him! I will hang him if the provisions are not up this night!"

Twice I remember he was in command of the light brigade. The second time he joined them he made, I heard, something like these remarks, after they had been some little time in Spain:—

"When I commanded you before," he said, "I know full well that you disliked me, for you thought me severe. *This time I am glad to find there is a change in yourselves.*"

It was whilst we lay near Cork that we were joined by Richard Pullen, amongst others; he had exchanged from the English militia into the Irish, and volunteered to us Rifles from the North Mayo. He brought with him little else to boast of but his wife and his two children, Charles and Susan. Charles was a mischievous boy of about

twelve, and Susan was a pretty little lass, of about fourteen years of age. I remember they all went with us to Copenhagen, and got through that expedition pretty well. That affair suited a man of Pullen's description, for he didn't like too much service; and we soon found he was rather a shy cock. "None of your North May*ho*, here, Master Pullen!" used to be constantly flung in his teeth, when he was lagging behind on the march. In 1808 he was again wanted, when our four companies went to Portugal; but Pullen begged off, on account of the wife and the two children, Charles and Susan. Often had he to endure the taunt again, "*None of your North May*ho *here, Master Pullen!*" till we were fairly away from Hythe.

After we had knocked the frogs out of Portugal, marching on Sahagun, we fell in with the army under Sir John Moore, and, amongst the rifles that came with them fresh from England, we found Pullen and his wife, with their two children, Charles and Susan. I remember that the meeting with Pullen caused no small fun amongst us; and North May*ho* was again the bye-word for a few days. Nothing, I thought at that time, could tame down the high spirits and thoughtlessness of the British soldier. Alas! I lived to see that I was mistaken; and, indeed, saw them pretty well tamed before many days more were over our heads! I remember remarking that Pullen (even on the first day of the retreat to Corunna) looked very chapfallen and seedy; and he was beginning even then to complain that he could not stand much more. The wife and children, too, were drooping behind. *They* all thought, poor souls! that when night came on they were, of course, to be billeted; but the open world was now their only refuge; and no allowance to stop or lie down, even on the bare heath, at that time. I saw Pullen again on the third or fourth day; neither the wife or children were then with him, nor could he tell *where* they were; he could only answer for himself, and expected to drop dead, he said, every step. That's all I saw of Pullen, and his wife and children, on the retreat, or even thought of them; for I had enough to do to keep my own strength up. When we landed at Portsmouth, both myself and others (to our no small surprise,) saw Pullen once more; and much we wondered at the sight of him, when so many better and stronger soldiers had died before half of that retreat was accomplished. We had not even then spirits enough left to jeer him about North May*ho;* and, to add to the dejection of poor Pullen, we found that he had left behind him, and knew nothing of the fate of either his wife or his children, Charles and Susan. As the men continued to disembark, however, there was Pullen inquiring anxiously of every one for some tidings of them. None, however, could he get. At last he saw his wife coming up the beach, and hobbled off to meet her, each at the same moment inquiring for the children, Charles and Susan. *He* trusted they were with the wife; and *she* hoped they were with the husband; and both sat down upon the beach, and cried in concert. All our men thought it useless of them to continue their inquiries; but they never failed to ask after their offspring of every fresh face they fell in with, who had been in that retreat. In about a fortnight's time, not satisfied, they advertised Charles and Susan in the public newspapers; and we all laughed at the very idea of their ever finding them again, and told them they might have spared the money. To our no small surprise, however, the artillery at Plymouth answered their advertisement, stating that a little girl had been heard screaming upon the mountains

in Spain by them in the night, and that they had taken care of her as well as they could, and had her then with them. The description answering, the girl was forwarded to Hythe; and Pullen and his wife once more embraced their daughter, Susan.

Meanwhile, no tidings came of the boy; and Pullen died at Walcheren, with many a gallant soldier for his fellow-victim in that dreadful country. The wife had confessed long before that the child she had given birth to after the retreat, she had every reason to believe, was a Frenchman by the father's side; for she related her adventures to many of us at that time, and told, amongst other things, that she and other women, having taken refuge in a barn, were there overtaken by the French in the night, and treated by those gentlemen in a very unceremonious manner.

It is easy to suppose that Mrs. Pullen had no great wish to go on service again, and much did she endeavour to persuade Pullen to evade it too; but, the whole regiment being under orders for Walcheren, Pullen could not escape the chance. At last, however, he tried to excuse himself by tampering with his eyes, which he made sore by putting snuff in them. He was, however, detected, disgraced, and, sailing with the expedition, died, as I before said, at Walcheren.

After his death, Mrs. Pullen and her daughter were sent to their parish, which was in Warwickshire; and, after she had left us some time, a letter arrived from her son, Charles, who was a prisoner in France. There was, I think, not a man in the regiment who recollected the North May*ho* recruit but myself. War, and pestilence, and discharge, had taken all away. The bugle-major opened the letter; and, on inquiry, found that I alone knew the parents of the writer; but no answer, that I ever heard of, was sent to poor Charles. The captain of Pullen's company (Crampton) was dead, and the company was almost entirely new. I myself was then almost in a dying state, and the matter was soon altogether forgotten. So that, whether Mrs. Pullen ever again saw her son, I cannot take upon me to say.

It was during the heat of the day of Vimiera. We were rather hotly pressed by the enemy, after having advanced somewhat too near their force. Give and take is all fair enough; but we were getting more kicks than halfpence, as the saying is; and their balls stung us so sharply that the officers gave the word to "*fire and retire.*"* Doubtless, many got a leaden messenger as they did so, which saved them the unpleasant necessity of retracing their ground altogether. Jock Gillespie and myself wheeled about, and obeyed the order. Just as we had done so, I saw Gillespie clap his hand to his posterior parts, and limp along, as though some one had bestowed a violent kick upon his person. However, he didn't give up at first, but continued to load, and fire, and make off with the other skirmishers, till we halted, and made another stand; for we never went further from them when once engaged, than we could possibly help.

Gillespie loaded, and fired very sharply, I recollect; seemingly quite affronted at the treatment he had received; but he got weaker and more lame as he did so, and at last was quite unable to continue the game any longer; and, when we advanced again, he was floored from loss of blood. I had asked him once or twice where he was hit; but

* One of the light-infantry movements, when pressed by the advance of the enemy.

he seemed unwilling to say, till at last he confessed he was hurt in his posteriors; and the confession gave him apparently as much pain as the wound.

After the battle was over, I observed him endeavouring to get about, and limping as badly as if one leg was a foot shorter than the other, whilst our men, who had got a hold of the story, kept calling after, and making all sorts of fun about his wound; till poor Gillespie (who was a very sensitive man) sat down, and cried like a child with vexation. I never saw him after that night; and I rather think his wound had completely disabled him, and that eventually he got a discharge.

I remember a great many of the leaders and heroes of the wars of my own time. Alas! they have been cleared off of late pretty handsomely! A few years more, and the world will be without another living remembrancer of either them or their deeds. The ranks are getting thin, too, amongst those who, like myself, were the tools with which the great men of those days won their renown. I don't know a single living man now who was a comrade during the time I served. Very nearly fifteen years back, I remember, however, meeting with Robert Liston; and that meeting brings Marshal Beresford to my mind. Robert Liston was a corporal in the second battalion of the rifles, when we lay for a few days in the passages of a convent in Portugal. We were then making for the frontiers of Spain, when we were swept into that disastrous retreat to Corunna. There was a punishment parade in the square of this convent. A soldier of the Ninety-second or Seventy-ninth was the culprit, and the kilts were formed to witness the performance. Some of the rifles were looking from the windows of the convent at the punishment of the Highlander, when a brickbat was hurled from one of the casements, and fell at the very toe of the lieutenant-colonel, who was standing in the midst, and in command of the regiment. The lieutenant-colonel (whose name I never knew,) was of course indignant at such an act; he gazed up at the window from which the brick had been thrown, and caused an inquiry instantly to be made. It was between the lights when this happened, and it was impossible to discover who had done it; however, two or three men of the rifles were confined on suspicion. A man named Baker flatly accused Corporal Liston of the act; upon which Liston was marched a prisoner to Salamanca, (a distance, I should think, of some hundred miles;) and often did he complain of his hard fate in being a prisoner so long. When we got to Salamanca we halted there for eight days; and Liston, being tried by general court-martial, was sentenced to receive eight hundred lashes. The whole brigade turned out on the occasion; and I remember that the drummers of the Ninth regiment were the inflictors of the lash. Liston received the whole sentence without a murmur. He had, indeed, been a good soldier, and we were all truly sorry for him; indeed, he always declared solemnly that he had no more to do with the brickbat than Marshal Beresford, who commanded the brigade. Whoever committed the act, in my opinion, well deserved what *Liston got.* Marshal Beresford was in command of the brigade at this time; and I well remember what a fine-looking soldier he was. He was equal to his business, too, I should say; and he, amongst others of our generals, often made me think that the French army had nothing to show in the shape of officers who could at all compare with ours. There was a noble bearing in our leaders, which

they, on the French side (as far as I was capable of observing,) had not; and I am convinced that the English soldier is even better pleased to be commanded by some man of rank in his own country, than by one who has risen from his own station.

They are a rum set, the English! and so determined and unconquerable, that they will have their way if they can. Indeed, it requires one who has authority in his face, as well as at his back, to make them respect and obey him. They see too often, in the instance of the serjeant-majors, that command does not do for ignorant and coarse-minded men; and that tyranny is too much used even in the brief authority which they have. A soldier, I am convinced, is driven often to insubordination by being worried by these little-minded men for the veriest trifles, and which the gentleman never thinks of tormenting him about. The moment the severity of the discipline of our army is relaxed, in my opinion, farewell to its efficiency; but, to be tormented about trifles (as I have seen at times) is very injurious to a whole corps.

I never saw Liston after that punishment whilst in Spain; and I suppose he remained behind, and got on in the best manner he was able in the rear; but, about ten years afterwards, as I was passing down Sloane Street, Chelsea, I saw a watchman calling the hour. It struck me that I knew his face, and, turning back, I stopped him, asking if he was not Robert Liston, formerly a corporal in the Ninety-fifth rifles. After answering in the affirmative, the first words he spoke were, "Oh! Harris! do you remember what happened to me at Salamanca?"

"I do *well*," I said.

"I was never guilty," he continued. "There is no occasion for me to deny it now; but, I tell you that I was never guilty of the crime for which I suffered. Baker was a villain, and I believe that he was himself the culprit."

I recollect Marshal Beresford making a speech on the subject of the buttons of our great-coats; and, however such a subject may appear trifling for a general officer to speak on, I can tell you, it was a discourse which our men (some of them) much needed; for they had been in the habit of tearing off these buttons from their coats, and after hammering them flat, passing them as English coin, in exchange for the good wines of Spain. So that, at last, the Spaniards, finding they got nothing by the exchange but trumpery bits of battered lead, and the children in that country not being in the habit of playing at dumps as ours are; they made complaints to the Marshal. Halting the brigade, therefore, one day, he gave them a speech upon this fraud, and ended by promising a handsome flogging to the first man he found thereafter, whose great-coat would not keep buttoned in windy weather.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

Resuming stage affairs—January 23rd, 1796, Morton produced his comedy, "The Way to get Married," with the following cast: Tangent, Lewis; Toby Allspice, Quick; Dick Dashall, Fawcett; Captain Faulkner, Pope; M'Query, Johnstone; Caustic, Munden. This was a successful part of Munden's, and he always played it with much applause.—February 2nd. First time, "Lock and Key," by Prince Hoare; Brummagem, Munden. In this character he is painted by Clint.

February 23rd was played "The Doldrum." This out-Herods all O'Keefe's extravaganzas. To persuade a man that he has slept seven years, and the audience to imagine he believes it, is to draw largely on human credulity. Munden played Sir Marmaduke, and Quick, Septimus.

On 12th March was represented at Drury Lane, for the first time, "The Iron Chest," by George Colman, junior, taken from the novel of "Caleb Williams," by Godwin. This piece is too well known to require description; and it is only mentioned here for the purpose of recording a circumstance that afterwards occurred. At its first representation it was hissed furiously. This reception by the audience Colman attributed to the bad acting of Mr. Kemble, and published his play, with a preface, reflecting on that gentleman in a tone of the bitterest acrimony. Amongst other faults, he accused him of exaggeration, declaring that, "if sewed up in a skin, to play a hog in a pantomime, he would rather play a hog with six legs than a hog with four."

In the course of the following vacation, Munden was engaged at the Dublin theatre by Daly, in conjunction with Mr. Kemble. Munden, sitting in the green-room, took a London newspaper out of his pocket, and had just commenced reading it, when his brother performer intimated that he should like to see it by and by. Munden politely relinquished it. Kemble perused it attentively, and returned it without an observation, resuming the conversation in the tone of calm indifference which he usually displayed. When he left the room, Munden was shocked to find that the paper contained the whole of Colman's virulent and personal attack. His first impulse was to call on Kemble, and explain that his readiness in handing over the newspaper did not, as might possibly be inferred, arise from a malevolent motive; but, on reflection, he considered that such an explanation would be indelicate and uncalled for. Mr. Kemble preserved a dignified silence on the subject of "The Iron Chest" and its author; and Colman, when he cooled a little, feeling the impropriety of such gross personalities, did all in his power to withdraw the preface from circulation. The preface became so scarce, that, during the O. P. Row, some malignant fellow offered a guinea for it, by public advertisement, for the purpose of annoy-

ing Mr. Kemble. The actor and the author afterwards became reconciled, and frequently drank potations deep together, as was "their custom in the afternoon." Cooke, whose orgies were exposed to public view, was secretly stung at his rival's astuteness, who drank nearly as much alcohol in wine as he did in spirits,—but drank in private, preserving a decent demeanour. Wewitzer, the comedian, who could not afford wine, was once observed by his manager coming out of a public house at night, much the worse for liquor, with porter. The manager was in a similar state with port-wine; but, retaining his presence of mind, raised his hands with feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Wewitzer, this will never do!" Sir Walter Scott avers that he never was so nearly "fuddled" as in dining at his own house alone with this fascinating gentleman. The poet and the tragedian talked upon subjects with which they were both familiar — antiquarian lore, and the early English drama; and, as Kemble uttered each sentence, he gravely filled and emptied his glass, until fresh supplies became necessary. Mr. Kemble and Mr. Munden, with the exception of one difference, of slight duration, continued friends to the last. The tragedian visited the comedian during his fits of the gout.* It was at the residence of the latter, at Kentish Town, that Mr. Kemble, leaving Mrs. Kemble, who was not known to the family, in the carriage at the door, during one of his fits of absence, remained longer than he had proposed. The day was a severe one, with a considerable fall of snow. Mrs. Kemble, feeling chilled, sent the footman to her husband, to whom he delivered the following message:

"Sir, missus wishes to know if you shall be much longer, as she is afraid of catching the rheumatiz."

"Friend," replied Kemble, with his ordinary precision, "go back to your mistress, and tell her I am coming; and the next time you deliver that message, be pleased to say—rheumatism."

In fact, both actors were serviceable to each other. The Sir Giles Overreach of Kemble was greatly supported by the Marrall of Munden; and in "Hamlet," and many other plays, they contributed mutual aid. When this great tragedian was going through the range of his characters, previous to his retirement from the stage, he had a strong desire to play Falstaff. He was twice advertised for it, and was with difficulty persuaded by his friends to abandon the intention. On this occasion he sent to Munden, who then resided near him, in the vicinity of Russell Square, and begged his friend to read the part to him.

Here it may be observed that Munden was frequently pressed to play Falstaff. Assuredly he would have greatly excelled in it. The public were not satisfied with any of the successors of Henderson in the part. Those who had power and justness of conception lacked humour: the latter quality the subject of our memoir eminently possessed; and the very excess of it, which was so frequently decried, could scarcely have been deemed a fault in such a character

* Another of his visitors on these occasions was Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Garrow, wife of the eminent judge, who had preserved a friendship for him ever since he was a boy at the law-stationer's, and was in the habit of taking briefs to her husband, then an Old Bailey counsel. It is said she had been attracted by his good looks.

as Falstaff. His flexible and strongly-marked countenance, and powerful voice,* would have been of great advantage to him. But Munden looked at the result. If successful, he knew he should be called upon to play it repeatedly; and he feared that the "stuffing," as it is called,—the additional clothing to make up the bulk of the person, might subject him to cold, and more frequent attacks of gout, to which he was greatly subject: if unsuccessful, it would detract from his merited reputation. He entertained, at times, a notion of playing Shylock: his success in that part is more problematical. He would, without doubt, have played it with propriety, as Mr. Dowton did, when he once performed it.

This year (1796) beheld the first appearance of that great comedian (Dowton) on the London boards, which were enriched by the addition of Elliston and Murray to the existing stock of sterling actors.—November 2nd. Their Majesties commanded, at Covent-Garden theatre, "The Way to Get Married," and "Lock and Key." —December. Munden played with Quick and Knight in "Abroad and at Home," a production reflecting high credit on Mr. Holman's talents. This was followed by "A Cure for the Heartache," the best of Morton's comedies, in which our subject played Old Rapid to Lewis's Young Rapid. Old Rapid was one of his richest performances. In later days, Elliston played Young Rapid to him with great applause, but in so sententious a manner, that his dramatic father once whispered in his ear, "Bob, this is Young Turgid, not Young Rapid."

On the 15th March, 1797, died Mrs. Pope, the Miss Young of Garrick. She was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, not far from Barry and Mrs. Clive, her early theatrical friends, and followed to the grave by the principal performers of both theatres, who respected her private worth as much as they admired her extraordinary talents. This sad event was followed by another death to the stage, though not to the world, the retirement of Miss Farren, the great rival of Mrs. Jordan, and in some parts her superior. This lady, whose manners and dress had long been imitated in the circles of fashion, became shortly afterwards one of its brightest ornaments. She took leave in Lady Teazle, her best part. By the Earl of Derby, to whom she gave her hand on quitting the stage, she had one daughter, the present Countess of Wilton. On the 1st of May, Mrs. Siddons played in comedy for her own benefit, and took occasion, in an address, to pay a handsome compliment to the memory of the late Mrs. Pope. Munden played for his benefit in "Every One has his Fault;" and, at the close of the season, was engaged by Mr. Colman at the Haymarket theatre.

Our actor made his first appearance at the Haymarket theatre on the 20th June, 1797, in Tony Lumpkin; Hardcastle, by Mr. Suett. —July 15th. Mr. Colman produced one of the best of his comedies, "The Heir at Law," which was thus strongly supported:—Dr. Pangloss, Fawcett; Daniel Dowlas, *alias* Lord Duberly, Suett; Dick Dowlass, Palmer; Zekiel Homespun, Munden; Henry Moreland, Charles Kemble; Steadfast, J. Aikin; Kenrick, Johnstone;

* The late Dr. Babington said that, when the Drury-Lane Company were playing at the Opera House, not being able to procure any other seat, he went into the gallery, and the only performer he could hear through the piece was Munden, in consequence of his distinct enunciation.

Cecily Homespun, Mrs. Gibbs; Deborah Dowlas, *alias* Lady Duberly, Mrs. Davenport; Caroline Dormer, Miss De Camp. Zekiel Homespun must have been out of Munden's line. Fawcett was very successful in Dr. Pangloss, which was, indeed, one of his best parts. But the audience did not at first enter into the humour of the quotations; and it was not till after a gentle hint in the newspapers that they laughed at what they were supposed to understand. Lord and Lady Duberly are very humorously conceived, and told capitally; but Colman is sadly unfortunate in his sentimental parts, which are very mawkish. How he could fancy that, in such hybrid productions as "The Iron Chest," and "The Mountaineers," he was imitating Shakspeare, argues a self-conceit not easily to be paralleled. Munden took for his benefit, on the 8th August, "The Young Quaker," in which he played Clod; Dinah, by Miss De Camp; to which followed a comic tale, called "Benjamin Bolus, or the Newcastle Apothecary," recited by Munden, and the farce of "A Beggar on Horseback;" Corney, Munden; Codger, Suett. In the summer of this year, the awfully sudden death of John Palmer, the circumstances of which are too well known to be recapitulated, took place during the performance of "The Stranger" on the Liverpool stage. The subject of this memoir always stated that John Palmer was the best general actor he had ever seen. Palmer played everything, and everything equally well. He possessed the advantages of a tall and well-proportioned figure, an expressive countenance, melodious voice, and most persuasive manner. Mrs. Siddons once observed that, so naturally insinuating was he in Stukely, she felt at times off her guard, and, for a moment, could hardly help fancying that his propositions were real. He carried this quality with him into private life, which obtained for him the name of "Plausible Jack." It is said that, on one occasion, having an invitation to dinner, he knocked by mistake at the next door, where he found a large party assembled in the drawing-room. Not perceiving his host and hostess, he concluded they were in some other part of the dwelling, and commenced conversing familiarly with the company. The master and mistress of the house plainly perceived there was a mistake, but were so fascinated by his powers of conversation, that they suffered him to proceed until dinner was announced, when they pressed him earnestly to let it be no mistake, but to remain and be their guest. Jack Palmer was improvident, and always in difficulties. He, however, contrived to keep the bailiffs in good humour by orders for the theatre.

The season of 1797-8 beheld those surpassing actresses, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Abington, at Covent Garden. — March 31st, 1798, Munden played Sir Peter Teazle to Mrs. Abington's Lady Teazle.—April 23rd. The new pieces that were produced were Morton's "Secrets Worth Knowing."—24th. Colman's "Blue Devils;" and on the 30th, "The Eccentric Lover," a new comedy, by Cumberland; principal characters by Lewis, Quick, Holman, Fawcett, Murray, Knight, Whitfield, Munden, Mrs. Mattocks, and Miss Betterton (now Mrs. Glover). Mr. Quick was taken ill at this period, and was desirous of playing only occasionally. Mr. Harris objecting to this arrangement, he did not engage for the season 1798-9. He performed for some time in the country, and played Isaac, in

"The Duenna," at Drury Lane, in 1801, and for several benefits after he had formally retired from the stage. His last appearance was for Mrs. Mattocks' benefit, in 1813. By Mr. Quick's retirement, Munden succeeded to a vast accession of characters.

Quick must have been a rich comic actor. The least glance at the portraits of him in Spado and Tony Lumpkin will convince any one of his extraordinary humour. In the latter painting, by De-Wilde, he is represented reading the letter, and the look of puzzlement with which he tries to find out whether it is "an x or an izzard" is true to the life. That admirable comedian, Mr. Liston, was wont to provoke roars of laughter in this character; but Quick's squat figure was of much service to him in such parts as this, and in testy old men. He was a great favourite with King George the Third, who delighted in comic performances. When Quick played nine nights at Windsor, in 1796, his Majesty commanded six of them. The monarch, at a later period, took an equal fancy for Joe Grimaldi, the clown, and laughed almost to suffocation at his mimic exhibition of swallowing a quantity of long puddings. Mr. Quick retired with what he considered a handsome fortune; but it is feared that the increased value of every article of life, consequent upon the war, rendered his calculations incomplete. The retired actor took up his abode at Islington, and was accustomed to smoke a pipe in the evening, with a select few, at a tavern in his vicinity. There, some years afterwards, Munden, and the late Mr. Macready, sought him out, and hid themselves in the corner of the coffee-room. After observing him a while, the *incognito* was broken by Munden imitating his voice and manner, in some direction to the waiter, with such exactness, that Quick started up in amazement; but, perceiving at once the stage-joke, walked up to them, and shook hands very cordially. Mr. Quick died about a year before his rival and successor, leaving a son and a daughter. Miss Quick married Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of learning and ability, with whom the writer has had the pleasure of being on terms of friendship for many years. He is the author of some valuable works on education.

Mrs. Crawford also quitted the stage in this year. This lady disputed the palm with Mrs. Siddons; in such parts as Monimia she probably surpassed her. Lady Randolph was the character in which each struggled for pre-eminence. Munden witnessed the performance of Lady Randolph by Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Siddons from the pit, on successive nights, being desirous of forming an estimate of their respective merits. He was lost in admiration of Mrs. Crawford's powers; but when, on the second night, he prepared to dress for the farce, after Mrs. Siddons' performance, his feelings were so powerfully affected, that he was incapable of rousing himself to comic effort without a stimulant.

The same season which witnessed the retirement of Mr. Quick and Mrs. Crawford, beheld the return of another contemporary of Garrick, after ten years' absence,—Mr. Smith, the original Charles Surface, who played that character for one night, — the benefit of his friend, King. Though nearly seventy, he played with an animation and spirit which justified his earlier renown.

June 2nd. Our actor was, inconsiderately, persuaded to play Dromio of Syracuse to the Dromio of Ephesus of a Mr. Rees, with

permission to that gentleman to imitate his voice and manner; but the imitation was not successful. Indeed, it would have been difficult for any one to carry it on through a whole play. Mr. Rees, who was really a good mimic, in some dispute with Old Astley, convulsed the court with laughter, by delivering his testimony in the odd tone of that eccentric manager, who had preceded him in the examination, and had caused much merriment, by stating that he was proprietor of the circus, near the *Obstacle* (obelisk).

In the summer of 1798, Munden was again at the Haymarket. On the opening of Covent Garden, he continued his usual routine of parts.—September 21st. Emery, from York, made his first appearance in Frank Oatlands.—October 11th. "Lovers' Vows," adapted from the German, by Mrs. Inchbald, was first acted. Munden played Verdun.—December 8th. Another new part, Bonus, in Reynolds' comedy of "Laugh when you can."—April 8th, 1799, was produced, also from the German, "The Birthday," in three acts. This piece was put together by T. Dibdin, from a rude version of the original, which had been in the hands of Mrs. Inchbald, who could make nothing of it. The incidents, though simple, are highly affecting; and, as the piece has seldom been performed of late years, are here described. Captain Bertram and his brother, Mr. Bertram, have a violent family-quarrel, in consequence of a law-suit which has lasted fifteen years, about a small garden. The difference is greatly fomented by an intriguing housekeeper, to serve her selfish ends. Jack Junk, an honest tar, contrives that Emma, Mr. Bertram's daughter, shall be introduced into her uncle's presence, to congratulate him on his birth-day. Her interesting and artless demeanour, and pathetic representations, win upon the old man, and effect a reconciliation between the two brothers; the treacherous housekeeper is immediately dismissed, and all are made happy. Fawcett was excellent in Jack Junk; and Munden always considered that Captain Bertram was his *chef d'œuvre* in sentimental comedy. So completely did he identify himself with the part, that few have attempted it since; indeed, the piece may be said to have disappeared with him.

In the summer of 1799, he visited his early friends at Lancaster, and played with Quick at Birmingham.

The new pieces at Covent Garden next season were "Novelty," a comedy, by Reynolds: Lewis, Pope, Fawcett, Farley, Munden, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Pope; and in November, "The Turnpike Gate," a musical farce, by Knight, the actor, which gave Munden another comical part (Crack), in O'Keefe's extravagant style, which, in spite of criticism, he made the most of, and the public liked it.—November 30th. He played Ava Thoanoa, in "The Wise Man of the East, a comedy, in five acts, transmitted by Kotzebue to Mr. Harris for representation in this country, and adapted to the stage by Mrs. Inchbald. It is, upon the whole, an indifferent production. —January 16th, 1800, he played in an unsuccessful piece, by Cumberland, entitled "Joanna." — February 8th, 1800, was performed "Speed the Plough," by Morton, which added another laurel to that author's brow. It was finely acted by Pope, Fawcett, H. Johnston, Murray, Munden, Mrs. H. Johnston, Miss Murray, Mrs. Davenport, and Mr. Knight. The latter gentleman, the predecessor of the very clever little actor of the same name, who performed in a similar

line some years afterwards, played Farmer Ashfield in a most masterly style.

In March commenced the disputes between the principal actors of Covent-Garden theatre and Mr. Harris, the chief proprietor, in consequence of certain edicts which that theatrical monarch promulgated affecting their interests. An appeal was made to the Lord Chamberlain, (Lord Salisbury,) who declined to interfere in such disputes in his official capacity, but ultimately consented to become arbitrator. A newspaper controversy ensued, in which the actors manfully defended themselves against anonymous attacks, in letters to which were appended the signatures of John Johnstone, Joseph G. Holman, Alexander Pope, Charles Incledon, Joseph S. Munden, John Fawcett, Thomas Knight, and Henry E. Johnston; but the letters are supposed to have been written by Mr. Holman, as the pamphlet, afterwards published, certainly was. The main ground of their complaint is the theatrical monopoly, and the effect of it is thus forcibly denounced:—

"The meanest individual of the persons described, (artisans,) when dismissed from an employment, or even when displeased with his employer, may, if he possess honour and industry, soon secure to himself a situation as eligible as his former. No such resource is open to the actor. He must submit to every species of oppression with which *his* employer may choose to load him, or what is the alternative?—a suspension of the exercise of his profession, to which he has devoted his time and talents, and by which alone he can, consequently, support himself and family."

"The rebellious eight," as they were styled, were entertained at dinner at the Garrick's Head, in Bow Street, by the actors of Drury Lane, Bannister, junior, C. Kemble, Kelly, Barrymore, Dowton, &c. &c. They also received letters from the retired comedians Moody and King, (the last styling himself the father of the stage,) approving of their proceedings.

Lord Salisbury delivered in writing, dated 3rd May, his decision in the matter of the arbitration, deciding against the actors on every point. The particular grievances are hardly worth detailing at this distance of time; but the augmentation of the charge on benefit nights, from one hundred and forty pounds to one hundred and sixty pounds, and increase of the fine on what was called the "sick clause,"* appear to be harsh and sudden. The actors complained, as might have been expected, that the Lord Chamberlain was partial, and hinted in private that the King's influence had been exerted against them. His Majesty was rather fond of interfering in matters that were not strictly political; but the insinuation that, with the leaven of the American war still fermenting in his bosom, he was offended at the terms "glorious rebellious eight," (a foolish invention of Moody's,) seems scarcely credible. Lord Salisbury recommended "to all parties an oblivion of what has passed in the course

* Extract from a letter from Mr. Smith to the editor of the "Monthly Mirror," dated Bury, October, 1798:—

"I believe the particular article of stoppage of salary, in case of sickness, was first introduced to check occasional indisposition from caprice. I never had an article of that sort with Mr. Garrick, or any other manager, in my life. It was once proposed to me, under the management of Mr. Beard; but I refused, and never would sign it, thinking it a very oppressive one."

of these disputes." Whether the actors were oblivious or not, they had no alternative but to submit. Mr. Harris certainly was not; for he set his mark on all of them, especially on Holman and Munden, whom he looked upon as the ringleaders, and he got rid of every one of them, at intervals, (Holman very soon—it was not quite so convenient to part with Munden,) as he could spare them, with the exception of Fawcett. As he had opposed Munden to Quick, so he brought forward Fawcett in opposition to Munden. This was easily effected by a disposition of parts; and there were not wanting underlings who would get an ill-natured paragraph inserted in the newspapers, to "crush these singing-birds," as another manager used to term the popular actors. It ought here to be mentioned, in fairness, that Mr. Harris had, without solicitation, considerably increased Munden's salary, so soon as he perceived his merit, and the service he rendered to the theatre.

An affecting spectacle was witnessed this season. Poor O'Keefe, old and blind, was led on the stage by Mr. Lewis, to deliver a farewell address on the occasion of his benefit, which poverty forced him to require, and which was generously accorded by the manager. With equal generosity Mr. Quick and Mrs. Jordan volunteered their services; and the performers presented the old invalided dramatist with their salary for the night.

Notwithstanding the extravagance of O'Keefe's general conceptions, there are traces of nature and simplicity in many of his pieces. In "Wild Oats," the best of them, who can forget the effect which Mr. Knight (*little* Knight) produced in making out an inventory of the furniture about to be seized, and in the proffer to "Have an apple?" Besides, which is much higher praise, his sentiments are always generous and benevolent, and his object moral! As a farce-writer, when confined within the bounds of probability, he had few equals. His situations are well contrived, and the humour of the *equivoque* irresistible: witness some scenes in "A Beggar on Horseback." It seemed necessary to say something of him here, as he wrote many parts expressly for Munden; but his "Memoirs," written by himself, contain the best record of his career. In his declining years his chief amusement was to have Scott's novels, which he greatly admired, read to him. It is painful to learn, that the person who performed this kind office inconsiderately read this passage: "From Shakspeare to O'Keefe."—"What is that?" said O'Keefe. "Oh! I comprehend—from the top to the bottom of the ladder. He might have placed me a few steps higher." For a moment or two he was visibly affected. The generous spirit of good Sir Walter would have scorned to inflict intentional pain on the poor blind old man.

During the recess, Munden visited Dublin with Bannister. They met with great success, their benefits being very productive. Thence they went to Birmingham, *for one night only*, Bannister playing Dr. Pangloss and Sylvester Daggerwood, and his companion Zekiel Homespun and Nipperkin. Munden afterwards travelled to Chester, where, before his old admirers, he sang several comic songs, gratuitously, for the benefit of the veteran Lee Lewis. His next engagement was at Liverpool, with Bannister, where "Speed the Plough" brought crowded houses. Their benefits were good. Bannister had one hundred and ninety-four pounds, and Munden one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.

The autumn of this year found Mr. Kemble manager of Drury-Lane theatre. Covent Garden opened with "Speed the Plough," and "Hertford Bridge."—November 1st, was produced Reynolds' comedy of "Life," sustained by the whole strength of the company. Munden was Paul Primitive. At this period George Frederick Cooke made his first appearance on the London boards at Covent Garden, and met with unbounded applause. We have mentioned the name of this actor more than once before, perhaps irregularly, in these pages; but, great as his fame was in the provinces, and great as were the expectations, consequently, entertained of him by a London audience, the anticipation seems to have fallen far below the reality. The following is a contemporary criticism from "The Monthly Mirror," (vol. x.) a publication of considerable merit, which has been freely used in the compilation of this memoir. Speaking of his Richard the Third, the writer observes,—

"Arduous as a character thus versatile must be, it is yet one of the most favourable parts which an *able* actor can possibly select for his appearance. Such a man is Cooke, who seems to possess an active and capacious intellect, with a profound knowledge of the *science of acting.* He has read and thought for himself. He appears to have borrowed neither from contemporary nor deceased excellence. He sometimes passes over what have been usually conceived to be *great points* in the character; and he exalts other passages into importance, which former Richards have not thought significant enough for particular notice. His object seems to have been to form a grand, characteristic, and consistent *whole;* and that whole is the result of deep thinking, and well-directed study, judiciously adapted to his individual powers of acting; for Mr. Cooke not only *thinks* originally, but looks, speaks, and walks unlike any other man we ever saw. 'He is *himself alone;*' he is therefore, in some degree, a *mannerist;* but his settled habits are not injurious to the characters he has hitherto played, or is likely to play, at Covent-Garden: and his talents are so uncommonly brilliant, that, though we cannot be altogether blind to his defects, they are forgotten almost as soon as noticed. Admiration supersedes objection; and, such are the insinuating effects of his acting, that the peculiarities, which rather offend at first, grow more pleasing by degrees, and, before the close of his performance, have lost nearly all their weight in the scale of criticism."

One would think this was sufficiently encomiastic; but the admiration of the spectators far transcended such narrow limits. The critics of the pit, shouting "bravo!" until they were hoarse, called out to Mr. Kemble, who was placidly surveying the performance from a private box—and whom, until they had got a new idol, they had extolled above Henderson, —"What do you think of that, Kemble?"

The favourite of the town, and his former manager, Munden, met upon the most cordial terms; with what sincerity on the part of Mr. Cooke will be seen in the sequel.

Cooke played, also, Shylock, Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, and Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, with just and merited applause. The faculty which he possessed, of, as it has been described, "hitting hard," —*i. e.* producing very forcible effects, told strongly in Shylock; and the keen sarcasm and deep dissimulation which formed the essence

of his personal character, greatly aided the personification of Sir Pertinax and Sir Archy; whilst his intuitive apprehension, and the facility which he had obtained of catching the Scottish dialect, from his long engagement at Newcastle, close to the border, rendered his performance of both these characters as near perfection as possible. Macklin, it is said, surpassed him; he certainly has never since been equalled in these parts. Macklin possessed the natural temper of Shylock: he was a savage man. He killed Mr. Hallam, the father of Mrs. Mattocks, by thrusting a stick into his eye in a moment of ferocity. The clever miscellany before alluded to contains a brutal attack on Mr. Garrick, after his decease, extracted as a literary curiosity from Macklin's papers. In the same periodical Mr. Smith warmly defended the memory of his departed friend from the imputation of parsimony, relating several instances of bounteous private charity within his own knowledge. He might have added the fact mentioned by Davies, that Garrick gave to the Committee of the Drury-Lane Theatrical Fund a house in Drury Lane; bought it back of them for the sum of three hundred and seventy pounds; and finally, bequeathed it to the fund in his will. He paid the expenses of their act of parliament out of his own pocket; and, with the consent of Mr. Lacy, bestowed on the fund the receipts at his last performance on the stage. Macklin's attack is evidently dictated by personal envy. He could not leave Mr. Quick alone; although that gentleman had mainly contributed to the success of "Love-à-la-mode," by his clever (the cleverest) performance of Beau Mordecai. He published a letter to him, containing the following coarse remarks; but the context indubitably proves that they were dictated by the inherent malignity of the man, inspired by Quick's superiority in the scene. "When you first acted the part of Mordecai in 'Love-à-la-mode,' you thought yourself so young in the profession of an actor, and so inexperienced, as to suffer yourself to be directed by the author how to dress, look, deport, and speak that character; for your acting of which you had his thanks, his praise, and his interest to get you retained in Covent-Garden theatre.

"But, such is the nature of your improvement in your profession, and that part in particular, that you neither dress it, look it, speak it, nor deport it, as you were instructed, nor as you used to do; nay, you do not speak the words nor the meaning of the author. In short, friend Quick, you have made it quite a different character from what the author intended it, and from what it appeared when you first acted it, and for some years after.

"You, sir, seem to be so high in your profession as to act in what manner you please in a scene, without considering how your acting affects the person in the scene with you. That is no affair of mine, unless it interferes with me as a brother: in that case, I am as tenacious to be relieved as you are to offend; and I think I am justified when I resolve that no actor shall indulge his consequence or his policy by preventing the good effects of a scene that I, by fair brotherly means, am endeavouring to produce. This prevention you have very often effected in 'Love-à-la-mode,' and likewise in the trifling scene that you have with me in the 'Merchant of Venice,' though often requested civilly to alter your conduct in it."

Macklin, who died at the advanced age of one hundred and two, played until nearly the completion of his century of years, when, his

recollection failing him during the performance, he was compelled to retire. Stage tradition reports that he could not, latterly, from physical weakness, summon up the violence of passion necessary for Shylock in the scene with Tubal; and, when on the point of rushing on the stage, he used to call out to the prompter, "Kick my shins! — kick my shins!" Thus real pain brought forth fictitious passion.

Mr. Cooke took his benefit in January, 1801, and performed "The Stranger." His receipts were five hundred pounds; and Mr. Harris was so pleased with his new actor that he made him a present of the charges of the night. When Munden's benefit was approaching, Cooke, with great appearance of earnestness, begged to know whether he could be of any service. Munden replied, "George, when you were with us, you used to recite Collins' "Ode on the Passions" in a very effective manner; and, as you are so great a favourite here, I think it would prove an attraction."

Cooke vowed that nothing could give him more satisfaction. The night came, but Cooke did not. The excuse was sudden indisposition. On another occasion, Munden was induced by his entreaties and protestations that he sought for an opportunity to make up for his former neglect, to put him in the bill for his benefit in a new character, and took the pains to call upon him, and ascertain that he was studying the character previous to the rehearsal. In order that there might be no allurement this time, Munden invited him to dinner, saw that he took only a moderate quantity of wine, and walked arm-and-arm with him to the theatre. At the door Cooke shook his friend by the hand, and said, "I wish you a bumper, Joe! I am going up to dress." When the time arrived for the prologue to be spoken, Munden inquired in all directions, "Where is Cooke?"

"Mr. Cooke, sir!" said the door-keeper. "Why, he left the house the moment he parted from you."

To quarrel with such a man would have been absurd, and they, therefore, continued upon such terms as persons brought into constant intercourse must be. Fortunately Munden, having his misgivings, had taken the precaution to get the part under-studied by a respectable actor; and the audience being in a great part composed of his own personal friends, were easily appeased.

February, 1801. "The Poor Gentleman" was a novelty that met with great success. Ollapod peculiarly suited the acting of Fawcett, and was as effective as Dr. Pangloss. Sir Robert Bramble was one of Munden's best parts; he played it on his last appearance on the stage. The actors did so much for the author that it is difficult to say who excelled. The Honourable Lucretia M'Tab will hardly ever again have such a representative as Mrs. Mattocks. That lady had great gentility of manner; which she had acquired by frequent intercourse with the nobility. She was even admitted into the presence of royalty, and much regarded by Queen Charlotte: this requisite was not shared by her successors, who did not equal her in natural humour; in the latter quality Mrs. Davenport came the nearest. The habit of paying deference to superiors in private life had induced in Mrs. Mattocks a reserved manner, which bore somewhat the appearance of *hauteur*. This put it into the head of some one of her waggish colleagues (I fear it was Munden) to play off the follow-

ing trick, during the time of rehearsal, when there was a large assemblage of performers in the green-room, as well as on the stage. Perceiving a pot-girl serving the scene-shifters with beer, the wag whispered something in her ear, and pointed to the green-room, at the upper end of which sat Mrs. Mattocks, in stately dignity. Her consternation may be better imagined than described, when she beheld a little slatternly girl approach, and tender something which she held in her hand, exclaiming in a shrill tone, "A glass of gin-and-bitters for Mrs. Mattocks!"

A loud laugh from the company made her sensible of the joke; and she very good-humouredly joined in the merriment.

The great butt of the actors was Mrs. Webb, a very fat woman, a contrast to Mrs. Mattocks, as she was as coarse and vulgar as the other was genteel. One sultry night, Mrs. Webb, sitting in the green-room, waiting to be called, had powdered her face profusely, to allay the perspiration that flowed down her cheeks. This being observed, the call-boy was bribed to wait till the last moment, when he rushed in, and exclaimed, "Mrs. Webb, the stage waits for you!"

"My G—!" said Mrs. Webb; and, forgetting altogether her *deshabille*, hastened, as fast as her corpulency would allow her, to present herself before the audience, who received her, in her mottled state, with shouts of laughter.

Another time, standing by the side-scenes, a string was fastened to her dress, which only allowed her to step in view of the audience, when her progress was suddenly arrested.

J. Aickin was a very nervous man; and it was Munden's amusement, when Aickin was engaged in the serious business of the stage, to catch his eye with an expression of countenance seeming to signify that his dress was disarranged, or that some other mishap had occurred, which kept poor Aickin in an agony of suspense until the scene was over.

But Incledon was their prolific subject. His perpetual boasts furnished an ample theme. One about the quality of his voice; which he said, had been improved by swallowing, in mistake, a quantity of train-oil, provoked the sarcasm of Charles Bannister (alluding to his ungraceful walk), that he had better have "swallowed *a dancing-master!*" He was actually persuaded to suck something, on the assurance that it was good for the voice; and even John Kemble forgot his dignity, and joined in the recommendation. One day, at rehearsal, he boasted that he had at home such Madeira as could be found nowhere else; and, on some expression of doubt, dispatched a messenger to his house with the key of the cellar, desiring Mrs. Incledon to send a bottle from such and such a bin. The wine was brought, and duly approved of; but Munden, observing where Incledon deposited the key, picked his pocket, and told the messenger to return, with Mr. Incledon's love to his wife, for a second bottle, directing that it should be deposited in his own dressing-room. When apprized that all was ready, he said, "Charles, your Madeira is very good; but I think I have some upstairs that will match it."

Other actors, in the secret, were invited to be umpires, and declared *nem. con.* that Munden's was the best; an opinion in which the vocalist himself joined.

Munden and Incledon, when at Plymouth, were invited to dine with the port-admiral. In the course of the evening Incledon was

missing; and, on search being made, was found below, surrounded by a group of the common sailors, with whom he was drinking grog, and singing "The Storm!" "The Bay of Biscay, O!" "Black-eyed Susan," and a host of nautical songs, to an enraptured, if not an enlightened audience. This scene has been described by Mr. Westmacott in a weekly newspaper, in the words in which Munden used to relate it. It is needless, therefore, to repeat the particulars.

March 28th, 1801. Cooke played, with Lewis as Wellborn, and Munden as Marrall, the character of Sir Giles Overreach, for Mr. Lewis's benefit. He played with great discrimination and astonishing force. In the summer of 1801 Munden went to Dublin, with Incledon. They had very full houses on their benefit nights. Munden had nearly five hundred pounds. He received liberal offers to proceed to Cork and Limerick; but was prevented by a previous engagement at Birmingham.

Cooke was playing about the same time all his characters at Edinburgh. An Edinburgh critic takes a little of the gilt off the gingerbread of London applause in "Richard III." "I cannot unqualifiedly compliment the judgment of Mr. Cooke in his representation of this character. In the most unnatural courtship-scene with Lady Anne, when much more than 'a tongue to wheedle with the devil' was necessary, to bury in oblivion the hardly cold embers of a murdered father-in-law, and a butchered husband, the same insulting, exulting, malignant expression, overspread his countenance, as when paying his addresses to the widowed queen. Upon the whole, his Richard, though a forcible, was not a fine representation. It resembled the image of Nebuchadnezzar, described by the prophet Daniel, much iron, much brass, much clay, some silver, and a little gold." This is a just criticism. Those who beheld the late Mr. Kean in the scene with Lady Anne will easily comprehend the difference.

Little can be said of our comedian beyond the detail of his usual performances until October, when he played Peter Post-Obit (a legacy-hunter), in a comedy by Reynolds, entitled "Folly as it Flies;" and spoke a humorous epilogue. In the vacation he played at Liverpool with other "stars," and had the largest benefit, larger even than Mrs. Billington's.

February 9, 1802. A new opera, "The Cabinet," by T. Dibdin, was very successful. Though very moderately written, the excellence of the music, and the singing of Braham, Incledon and Storace carried it through triumphantly. Munden played Peter, a British seaman, and sang some clap-trap songs, adapted to the times, with great applause. The author received from the theatre one of the largest sums ever paid for an opera; and Braham is reported to have sold his share in the music for four hundred guineas.

Mr. Kemble visited Paris in August, 1802, and was treated with great distinction. The actors of the Comedie Française received him with all the respect due to the "Le Kain of England," at a superb banquet, where Talma did the honours. The intimacy thus commenced between these eminent actors continued to the latest period. Talma was present at the dinner given to Mr. Kemble at the Freemasons' Tavern, on his retirement from the stage. To the writer, who sat next to him, he expressed the warm admiration he felt for the man, whom he termed the first of English tragedians.

To the same party he intimated a desire to play in English at one of our national theatres, and was candidly advised not to attempt it; as, though he spoke the language intelligibly in conversation, his foreign accent was too apparent in recitative. In returning thanks for his health being proposed at the dinner in question, he commenced, "*Although I cannot tank you vid my vords, I do vid my heart!*" and concluded by proposing, "Prosperity to the English nation, and the English stage!" The first part of this toast rendered him a little unpopular with the Republicans, of whom he was a disciple; and yet, strange to say, he was a Buonapartist. Though much courted by Louis XVIII, he cherished the memory of Napoleon, with whom he had been intimately connected in early life; and in some part, wherein there were allusions that applied to the Emperor, he walked from one side of the stage to the other, with his hands behind him, in striking resemblance to the fallen hero. The audience hailed the personification with shouts of applause; and the play became so popular that the police were obliged to interfere, and forbade the attitude; yet, notwithstanding the prohibition, he continued to walk across the stage, but with his hands crossed *before* him. Talma, still hankering to give the English public "a taste of his quality," played several scenes, each selected from one of his best parts, in conjunction with Mademoiselle George, in the concert-room at the Opera House. He was a very energetic actor; and managed, with great skill, to prevent the recurrence of French rhymes being sensible to the ear. Mathews gave an imitation of Talma; which, though *outré*, was a resemblance.

The next new production worthy of notice at Covent Garden was T. Dibdin's opera of "Family Quarrels," in which Munden sang a comic song, commencing "Gaffer Grist, Gaffer's son, and his little jackass, trotting along the road;" which was very popular.

March 5th, 1803, Mr. Colman brought forward at Covent Garden his comedy of "John Bull;" the copyright of which he sold to Mr. Harris. It completely succeeded. Mr. Cooke had the advantage of an original part, Peregrine, which he played very finely. Equally great was Fawcett in Job Thornberry. It has been supposed, erroneously, that the assignment of this part to Fawcett, instead of to himself, was the cause of Munden's subsequent retirement from Covent Garden. True it is, that he refused the part of Sir Simon Rochdale, which was beneath the standard of his talents. Colman, who, like Morton, was a fine reader, threw all the effect he possibly could into this part, when reading the play in the green-room, in the hope of inducing Munden to play it. The comedian listened, without a comment, until the conclusion, and then pithily remarked, with a significant look, "It won't do, George!"

May 10th, Cooke performed Iago, for Mr. Cooper's benefit, at Drury Lane. The second Mrs. Pope (late Mrs. Spencer), a very clever actress and amiable woman, was taken seriously ill on the stage, to the great alarm of the audience; and was obliged to be removed. She died a few days afterwards; and was buried in the same tomb with her husband's first exemplary wife, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

May 16, Mr. Colman opened the Haymarket with a company of his own, chiefly selected from the provincial boards. Amongst the number was Mr. Mathews, from York, the comedian; who after-

wards attained to such deserved celebrity: and Mr. Blisset, from Bath, who played Falstaff; and who is reported to have been a performer of comic parts far above mediocrity, though he never made a stand in the metropolis. The Liverpool theatre was offered for sale; the chief bidders were Messrs. Lewis and Knight, and Messrs. Munden and Bannister (so says the Monthly Mirror,—*qy*. Fawcett?) The former sent in the highest tender. It was an unlucky *miss* on the part of Munden, for the new proprietors acquired during their management large fortunes.

The Liverpool managers opened with great spirit. They had newly decorated the house in a very elegant manner, and engaged a strong company; a part whereof was allured from the London boards. The first performance, after an address written by T. Dibdin, was, "Speed the Plough;" in which Mr. Knight performed his original character of Farmer Ashfield; Sir Abel Handy, Mr. Simmons; Miss Blandford, Mrs. Mountain; Robert Handy, Mr. Young. On the succeeding nights, Emery played in "A cure for the Heartache," and Mrs. Glover in "The Jealous Wife;" Mr. Lewis in a variety of characters; and Mr. Cooper in Richard and Macbeth. A novel idea seems to have struck the proprietors. "A prize (French) brought into Liverpool had on board thirty gentlemen and ladies. The managers, humanely wishing to soften the rigours of captivity, politely offered them a free admission to the theatre, which they with joy accepted; and they nightly attended, escorted in parties of ten or a dozen."* Fawcett played in July; and was followed by Munden.

In August (1803) Munden went to Dublin with the facetious Jack Johnstone. They arrived at the very commencement of the rebellion. The body of Lord Kilwarden, who had been dragged out of his carriage, and murdered by the rebels in open day, was carried through the streets on the first morning of their arrival; martial law proclaimed; and no person permitted to be out after eight o'clock. This seemed an unpropitious season for theatrical purposes: but they hit upon the expedient of giving their performances at noonday, and their benefits were intensely crowded. They lodged together; and Jack Johnstone catered for their dinner. He had a peculiar fondness for poultry; and when asked by his companion every morning what they should have for dinner, regularly replied, with great gravity, "Suppose we have a fowl." Major Surr, the police magistrate, gave Munden the pike-head of the rebel chieftain, which he long preserved.

In returning to England, Munden had a narrow escape. The vessel in which he intended, but was prevented from, sailing with, was wrecked passing the bar. Several of the passengers were lost. Amongst the persons on board was Incledon, who had been a sailor, and who saved himself by climbing to the round-top, with his wife lashed to him. They were many hours in this perilous condition; and were at length picked up by some fishermen, who saw their distress from the shore. Munden lost his baggage in the wreck; it was valuable, as it consisted chiefly of his stage-wardrobe.

The Dublin manager headed the bills with a pedantical word, implying union of talent. Soon after Munden's return to England

* Monthly Mirror, vol. xvi, p. 65.

he gave a dinner-party at his house in Kentish Town; consisting of Quin, who had acted in the country under the name of Stanton, but who was then engaged in literary pursuits, and subsequently edited the newspaper called "The New Times"; Harry Johnston, George Cooke, and Tom Hill,* of pleasant memory, then chief proprietor of "The Monthly Mirror." The word in question being the subject of criticism, Quin insisted that it was not an English word; whilst Munden as vehemently urged that it was, and offered to back his assertion by a bet of one hundred pounds. Mrs. Munden, alarmed lest her husband should lose his money, ran upstairs for a dictionary, and a *latinism* was presumed to decide the question. Cooke, who had offered no opinion, but who was half drunk, then fell foul of the *literary man* with all the bitterness of his sarcasm, and became so insufferably galling, that Quin's temper forsook him, and he rose to decide the question by a manual argument. The host got between the combatants, took George Frederick by the arm into the next room, and locking him in, returned to appease the irritated author. The feast was broken up by the departure of the guests; the door unlocked; but Munden, knowing his man, would not suffer him to remain in the house all night; the footman led, or rather conveyed, him to the nearest public-house, where a bed was prepared for him. After each successive glass of brandy-and-water, Cooke rose higher in his attempts to bamboozle the landlord. He represented himself as a person of great consequence and wealth, who intended to leave all his property to Mr. Munden's eldest daughter. This was followed by sundry other conceits, until, falling asleep, wearied with the vagaries of his own imagination, he was carried to bed. The next morning, when sent for to breakfast, it was found that he had departed on foot for town.

* A word in reference to this inoffensive and good-natured man. Not many years previous to his death he showed me a letter from one of the finest scholars and greatest poets of which England can boast, now dead himself to that literature which he so long adorned. It contained these expressions, "I am glad to see you, my old friend, after so long an absence, and to see that Time has laid his hands upon you so lightly." Alas! that Time should at last have laid his roughest hand upon him; upon him, whom the good-humoured witticism of one friend represented as having been born before the great fire of London; and another, as one of "the eternal Hills." I will not say, "we could have better spared a better man;" but, I will say, we could not spare Tom Hill: he was a necessary adjunct to society. Those who have read of him as Theodore Hook's "Mr. Hull," and how he prided himself on the abundance of good things around him, will understand the earnestness with which, even in his last moments, he raised himself up on seeing the nurses at his closet, and exclaimed, "There they are, at work upon my thirty-years'-old brandy!" His "pooh! pooh!" still seems to ring in the ear.

T. S. M.

A TALE OF TRANSMIGRATION.

ADDRESSED BY A MOTH TO A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

MORTAL, of material finer
  Than thy sisterhood of clay!
Hearken to me, purest china!
  While I "hum" a mournful lay.

List! it is a dismal duty,
  And take warning from my fate:
I was once a famous beauty,
  Courted by the rich and great.

Yes—but start not—these antennæ
  Once were fingers of a hand,
Sought in wedlock, too, by many
  Lords and nobles of the land.

Though now hateful to beholders,
  And a scouted creature grown,
I had once a neck and shoulders
  Quite as charming as your own.

Though so lovely, still my carnal
  Heart was fill'd with folly full:
Hasten to the loathsome charnel-
  House, and gaze upon my skull.

There observe a gentle rising,
  Like an island of the sea,
Its dimensions are surprising,
  'Tis the bump of vanity.

Love of dress and approbation
  Was a fatal snare to me;
It has hurl'd me from my station,
  And has left me—what you see.

Many lovers was my passion:
  I beheld a youthful one,
Handsome,—and the height of fashion,
  And I marked him for my own.

Sadly now my soul confesses
  That I played a cruel part;
Yes; I favoured his addresses,
  And he loved with all his heart.

Would I could those days recover!
  Days for ever passed and gone,
When he was a humble lover,
  And I treated him with scorn!

I, without a spark of feeling,
  Marked the anguish of his soul,
By well-bred surprise revealing
  Heart as icy as the pole.

Death, however, cut me off—in
  Anger at my sinning; and,
Though my bones are in the coffin,
  Still, in spirit, here I stand!

Once I sat in silk and ermine;
  Naked now I creep the floor;
Eating with my sister vermin
  What I only wore before!

Mothers, who have babes to dandle,
  Let not flirting be their aims;
I am doomed to court a candle,
  Penalty for courting "Flames!"

Watch me as I wildly hover,
  And my dissolution mark;
I, who never pitied lover,
  Meet no pity from "a spark!"

F. LOCKER.



THE "BLACK."

"A man he was to all the country—DEAR!"

MR. SMOOTHLY M'FIBB was a man of education—a man of *substance*, too, if judged by his *shadow*, for his outline was inclined to the spherical; by the mercurial vivacity of his manners he might have been taken for an actor; but those who had suffered from the infliction of his ready, off-hand promises, discovered that he was really no performer, although they confessed that he might have been on the boards, as he was certainly an *ex-actor!*

He was as shining and polished as a new mahogany table; in fact, it was precisely the same, being all on the surface, and a veritable shallow, superficial, French polish, acquired by a constant friction in Paris and St. Pélagie; in which latter asylum he spent a great deal of his time, after having spent all the money he could command or borrow.

Having performed the required quarantine in this *lazzaretto,* he was enlarged, or rather let *loose* upon society; for he was as loose in morals as in language, having acquired a great addition to his stock of words in this central depôt of dissoluteness and villany, which was occasion-

ally vented in the shape of profane oaths and Billingsgate expletives. Finding the *confinement* which he had experienced in France by no means congenial to the unlimited views of his active disposition, he crossed the Channel with habits he had obtained at considerable expense, and a wardrobe that cost him nothing.

London he found particularly adapted to his exploits; it was like a rich trout-stream, in which he angled without licence or permission, audaciously casting his lines, and plundering recklessly what others had preserved at great cost. He found the natives wonderfully attracted by the bait of wealth; and, although he was really pennyless, he was one of those prudential hypocrites who "assume a virtue if they have it not."

Finding a lodging in a fashionable quarter of the town, kept by the widow of an officer, who had lately entered upon the speculation, with the hope of supporting herself and two daughters, he "viewed" them.

Pleased with his manners, the lady, who was, of course, very obliging, and, perhaps, too communicative, spoke of her late lamented husband, while, M'Fibb, having furnished himself with information by his leading questions, surprised and gratified the widow by exclaiming,

"Bracebridge! why, sure it was not Captain Bracebridge of the —th, whom I had the honour and pleasure of meeting at Boulogne in the year——" &c.

"The same, my dear sir!" cried the widow, with tears in her eyes; "and did you really know him?"

"Know him, my dear madam! I knew him intimately!" replied the ready M'Fibb; "why, we were like two brothers! You have really cause to be proud of his memory; he was a most estimable man! I was his junior, and, I am sorry to say, was rather gay, and used frequently to joke him upon never joining our midnight revelries. 'My dear M'Fibb,' said he, 'I am a married man.' I laughed irreverently, but he assumed so grave a countenance that I apologised for hurting his feelings. He shook me kindly by the hand, and I felt reproved for my levity. 'I have a virtuous and amiable wife, and two dear daughters, in England,' he continued; 'and neither my limited income nor my inclination will allow me to enter into those enjoyments and pursuits which youths of high blood, and full purses, like yourself, plunge into—allow me to say it—too blindly.'"

"Good, kind, affectionate soul!" said the widow.

"—To whom I feel deeply indebted for his paternal and judicious advice; and shall, indeed, esteem myself but too happy if I can in any way repay the obligation I owe him by promoting the interests of his family. But this is a mere matter of feeling; we will, if you please, proceed to business. I like the apartments, and will take them for three months certain; and now, the next point is *my* eligibility; and I shall be happy to give you "undeniable" references, as the advertisements phrase it, to any extent you demand; or, if you choose, I will pay you in advance, and save you——"

"Don't mention it!" interrupted the beguiled widow. "I am quite satisfied that I am dealing with a gentleman, and am perfectly sure the friend of my husband will not injure his widow, or his two fatherless daughters."

This was a home-thrust; but there was no vitality or compunction in the heart of M'Fibb; and, if he *was* moved, it was literally only from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, to his new lodgings!

It was an axiom of his, "that, once interest a woman's feelings, whether good or bad, you were sure of your game!"—a philosophy worthy of the elegant and profligate Paris, where the worst gingerbread is most gilt and glittering!

He had scarcely taken possession above a week before he ordered an expensive dinner for himself and friend, and requested the honour of his landlady's company to partake of the feast she had provided, and introduced her to his familiar and devoted friend, the Honourable Lord Shortwit, who had great expectations, *but* was a minor; whom he actually accommodated with money, upon the strength of his lordship's promissory notes, which M'Fibb had the ingenuity to turn into cash at a ruinous discount; and for which obliging service he pocketed two-thirds of the proceeds, to meet his own exigences, giving the said lord his own personal security, or rather verbal, for the repayment.

This showy and shallow-pated acquaintance he had accidentally picked up at a billiard-room in the purlieus of St. James's; and certainly no one ever made more of his dear friend than he did!

The Widow Bracebridge was quite fascinated with her lodger, and congratulated herself upon having obtained his patronage upon first starting into business. Poor deluded soul! It was really the refinement of cruelty to impose upon this confiding and noble-hearted woman, but he not only swindled the widow of her due, but involved her in difficulties, by referring his tradesmen to her; and generally being from home when the goods arrived, she invariably received them, and, in answer to their cautious queries, assured them it was "perfectly right," when the articles were left; whereby she became not only morally but legally responsible for the payment of them.

But let it be recorded that he did once pay for goods had and received! Yes; he entered a fashionable tailor's, and requested to be shown a card of patterns for a waistcoat.

"That's the article!" said he, selecting one that really did credit to his taste as well as his extravagance.

"That is rayther expensive," said the cringing ninth, with his large eyes fixed on his customer's gold chain and brilliant ring.

"I never ask the price of a respectable tradesman," said M'Fibb, "and never baulk my fancy for a trifle. Send home the vest; and as I shall pay ready money, I expect you will charge me accordingly."

The "vest" was sent home; and, upon inquiry, finding that the customer was a "real gentleman," the bill was *not* left—a customary foolery with these "much injured" men when they think they have caught a customer.

M'Fibb displayed the waistcoat to his landlady, and asked her opinion. She, of course, admired his taste.

"By the bye," said he, "did you pay the fellow?"

"He brought no bill," replied the widow.

"No bill! then he has not complied with my particular request. I hate to have a running account with these fellows! they always send them in when it is not convenient to pay them! I'll never wear the thing until it is paid for. Have you any one, my dear Mrs. Bracebridge, that I may trouble to send to the rascal directly? I am really annoyed."

A messenger was dispatched with a note, bidding the man of habits to bring his bill immediately!

The tailor was out. The next evening he called, but M'Fibb was out. The following afternoon, however, he again made his appearance.

"Where 's my bill?" demanded M'Fibb.

"There it is, sir, as you would insist on it," said the tailor, presenting it; "but I assure you I should have been happy to have had you on our books."

"I dare say," replied M'Fibb, smiling, and sipping a glass of claret—his custom always of an afternoon; "but I understand it is the amusement of you gentlemen on a rainy day to turn the noughts into sixes, and the sixes into nines."

"Oh! no, sir, I assure you," began the tailor, laughing at the old joke.

"Well, what 's the damage?" interrupted M'Fibb, and glancing carelessly at the small bill. "Three guineas!—three guineas for such a waistcoat as that!"

"I told you, if you remember, sir, it was an expensive article; and really that is a ready-money price we have put," said the tailor, in a deprecatory tone.

"You mistake me," said M'Fibb; "I do not complain of the exorbitancy of your charge, but am rather surprised at the cheapness. I had no idea—why, really I have just returned from the continent, and, with all their boasted cheapness, they cannot supply such an article, at such a price, in Paris. Old England for ever! I shall surprise you when I tell you I have parted with it already. My friend, Lord Shortwit, admired it so, that I offered it to him; but he insisted on paying for it, and I named the price at a guess, four guineas. Therefore you must alter your bill to that amount; only take care, when he comes to your shop,—for I have recommended your establishment,—that you do not betray my awkward attempt at dealing."

"Oh! really, sir, I cannot think of it," said the tailor.

"But you must, though. What, sir! do you think I will take the profit out of your pocket, or that I am going to turn retailer of clothes?"—and, throwing down the money, he gave his victim pen and ink to alter and receipt the account, who tremblingly hoped "as there was no offence,"—and pocketed the cash.

He "backed" out of the room as quickly as he could, perfectly assured that he had never encountered "in all his born days" such an off-hand liberal gentleman,—slipping, in the delirium of the moment, half-a-crown into the hand of the servant-maid who let him out.

This act would appear to be a gratuitous display of unnecessary generosity. No such thing; it was only the powder and shot of an experienced sportsman to bring down his game; for the hoodwinked and unfortunate "ninth" afterwards liberally supplied him without hesitation, and, need we add, without—money!

His "three months certain" now drawing to a close, M'Fibb daringly asked the widow if she wanted cash?—to which she modestly replied it was not yet due; and the following week the "friend" of her late lamented husband went out, and never returned. And, after enduring a world of suspense, she subsequently received a most friendly letter, informing her that he was in "quod." An ungrateful man whom he had *served* (he did not state in what manner) had actually arrested him for the paltry sum of one hundred and fifty pounds,—a proceeding which he was determined to resist, and had made up his mind rather to go through the court than submit, &c.; and that his dear Mrs. Bracebridge need not trouble herself on his account, (poor soul!) for he would not put her name in his schedule, as he would, when freed from the trammels of the law, pay her in full.

In this specious manner he contrived to prevent the opposition of the majority of his creditors, and, in due course, the "black" was whitewashed!

His "dear Mrs. Bracebridge" never saw him more, and was soon afterwards "sold up" at one "fell swoop," losing the "little all" on which she depended for the support of herself and family.

M'Fibb, being rather indisposed after his confinement, took a trip to France to recruit his health — and purse; and, finding a plentiful crop of fools in Boulogne, resolved to try his hand in that paradise of half-pays, rogues, and adventurers.

He assumed the title of "captain," and sported a splendid pair of moustaches and an imperial; and, speaking the language fluently, he proved of essential service to many compatriots, who had come to spend a little money,—in getting rid of it.

One day he was fortunate enough to encounter the son of a wealthy English banker, and made himself "so agreeable," that he was invited to dine with him at his hotel.

He promised to come, and, with his permission, bring a friend with him, the Count Somebody, who had a beautiful country seat at Chantilly,—an excellent fellow, and as rich as Crœsus, — a long since departed Pagan!

After dinner there was a vacuum, which M'Fibb proposed to fill up by a game at cards. The Count voted cards a bore; and was sure "Milor Anglais did not covet his money, nor did he wish to win Milor's."

After a good deal of coquetry, however, the *trio* set to in earnest, and played for amusement, and Milor Anglais was (of course) the winner.

The champagne, however, had at last an effect upon the young banker; and, whether it was the wine, or something in the wine, he lost all sense and recollection of what passed, and awoke the next morning in his hotel with a villainous headache.

Under the influence of a slight touch of *delirium tremens*, he was rolling from side to side in his bed, when a sharp rap at his door aroused him.

"Come in," said he languidly; and the next minute *Captain* M'Fibb entered.

"Well, old fellow, how are you?" cried he. "I say, you were properly in for it last night!"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, don't you remember? You actually slapped the Count's face, and pulled off his best wig; and, I assure you, I had some difficulty in preventing a *rencontre*. But I believe I succeeded in satisfying his honour, and persuading him to carry your extravagance to the account of the champagne. By —! I never believed there was so much of the devil in you. But—what 's the matter with you?—your head?—oh! a little brandy and soda-water will set all to rights." And he rang the bell for the *garçon*, and ordered the remedy.

"Now," continued he, "we 'll settle our accounts. There 's three hundred and fifty francs you won of me."

"I?"

"You. I never forget my debts of honour," replied M'Fibb; and he presented him with the money; and, after a little more conversation, and a promise that he would meet him at six o'clock on the same day, he departed.

No sooner had he vanished than he was visited by the elegant and accomplished Count, to whom he apologised for his rudeness, who, in return, with all the kindly feeling of a real friend, bade him not mention it; and then proceeded to inform him that he had won a trifle of him—eight thousand francs.

This trifle startled the young banker, and he suddenly grew cool and collected.

"Leave a memorandum," said he. "I am too ill at present for matters of business, and will see you at the café —— at six o'clock, where I have appointed to meet our mutual friend, Captain M'Fibb."

The young banker immediately began to suspect unfair play, and proceeded to lay the whole affair before his father, who had accompanied him to France.

The old man consulted the English Consul, and, by his advice, proceeded to the authorities, who, upon hearing the statement, dispatched a couple of emissaries to demand, or rather compel, the attendance of Captain M'Fibb and the amiable Count, who was partially known at the office.

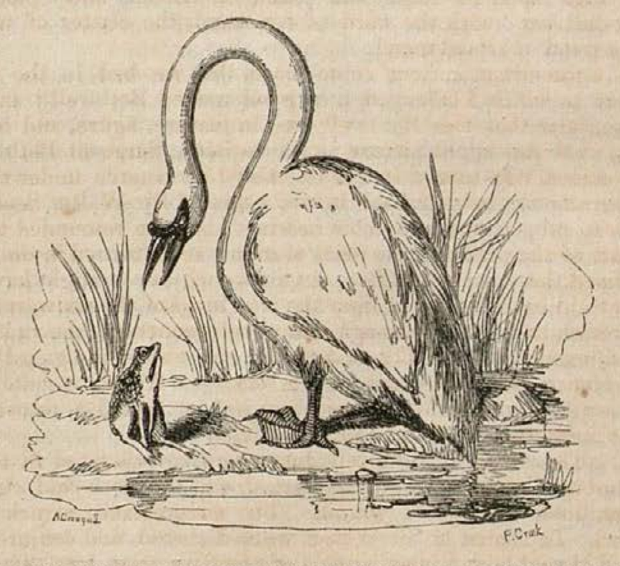
They both appeared very ridiculous.

"As you have received the money from Captain M'Fibb," said the functionary, "you have thereby acknowledged a participation in this affair; you must therefore, Monsieur, pay the demand of Count ——."

The money was paid, and the Count compelled to give a receipt.

The father then, as previously instructed, charged them both with being gamblers; and the authorities quoted the article of the Code touching the offence, and condemned both Captain M'Fibb and his friend, the Count, to a few months incarceration in St. Pelagie.

This sentence was really just and merited; for the Count was really an adventurer, and M'Fibb—nothing less than an enormous animated lie!



RATHER DOWNY, A CONSIDERABLE FLOATER, AND A LEETLE BIT FLY.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

VISITING THE GUARD AT HOLYROOD.

BY HENRY CURLING.

"Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing."
"True; I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."
SHAKSPEARE.

When I was quartered, in the castle at Edinburgh, I remember one of the duties of the orderly subaltern was to turn out the guard at Holyrood Palace. Once by day, and once by night, the orderly subaltern visited the guard supplied from the regiment in that splendid fortress.

The romance of such a situation, and the associations called forth by those visits may easily be conceived. Holyrood, from my schoolboy days, when, "with shining morning face," I stood a trembling urchin beside the pedagogue's desk, and read, in whining tones, from that facetious book called "The History of Scotland," of the troubles and adversities of the beautiful Mary,—Holyrood, sir, even from those days, became a hallowed spot. Yes, sir, even then I loved to picture in my mind's eye those fierce spirits clad in quilted doublets, capacious ruffs, and long rapiers, who were wont to ruffle it, and swagger around those towers, and stalk about in those gloomy halls; though, certes, I never imagined at such time that I should myself one day tread the courts, and wander through the sombre apartments of that palace, with rapier on thigh, and plume in bonnet, and "pierce the night's dull ear" with the word of command, the clatter of weapon, and the tread of armed men!

It is a somewhat curious coincidence, that we had, in the Scotch regiment to which I belonged, a corporal named Bothwell; and it is more singular that this Bothwell was, in feature, figure, and bearing, exactly what you might picture as the veritable Sergeant Bothwell, of royal descent, who served in the Scottish Life Guards under the gallant Claverhouse, as described in the pages of Sir Walter Scott. Of Herculean proportions, and noble bearing, his voice resounded through the court of the palace in the dead of night, as he turned in the guard, and echoed through the buildings, in tones such as you might have imagined would have emanated from the iron lungs of the stalwart trooper of Claver'se, or his no less rough and unruly namesake, the rude wooer of the Queen of Scots. The first time I ever visited the guard at Holyrood House, Bothwell turned them out. — "All right, here, Bothwell."—"All right, sir."—"Turn them in."—"Guard — recover arms —right face—lodge arms!" roared the burly Scot.

Yes. The voice of Bothwell once more reverberated in tones of command around the towers of Holyrood, and the clash and clatter of weapons answered to the sound. The circumstance struck me as singular. The spirit of Sir Walter walked abroad, and conjured up a hundred thoughts and imaginations of the days gone by. The night was dark and violent, a dashing, driving rain beat in my face, and the wind blew as it can, and will sometimes, blow in Scotland in a De-

cember night; but it was long before I left the precincts of Holyrood on that rough night.

There is a melancholy look about this now old, deserted palace, which suits well with the dark deeds done in its palmy days. Indeed, the whole building is so peculiarly associated with the lovely Scottish queen and her sojourn, that it appears to stand her sole mausoleum; and we fail in identifying Holyrood House with any of its other regal tenants and occupiers so completely as with her, her times, her court, and those "fierce vanities" and extraordinary transactions then and there enacted. Even the romantic and brief sojourn of the court of Royal Charlie, in after times, brilliant as must have been the scene there, and the somewhat troublesome and precarious residence of King Jamie before him, we fail in picturing as having much to do with Holyrood and its neighbourhood.

Eastcheap belongs to Falstaff and Hal entirely,—Kenilworth is peculiarly associated with Leicester and Queen Elizabeth,—Bosworth-field as much pertains to the crook-backed tyrant, as Agincourt to Harry of England, or Waterloo (although the fate of Europe has been thrice decided there,) to the Great Duke, or Stratford-upon-Avon to Nature's private secretary. And so it is with Holyrood House. So completely and entirely is it associated with Mary, Darnley, Rizzio,* Bothwell, and others of her day, their fierce contentions, and "the butcher work which there befel," that they have made the place their own for all time.

Many a time, whilst stationed in Edinburgh, have I wandered through those apartments like some dreamer, and become so familiarized with "the days that are over," that I could almost have fancied myself a spectator of the deeds of those stirring times. "Why is it," says Sir Walter, "that we are haunted by dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as would almost argue a state of previous existence?" I have felt this often beside the mouldering tower and the ruined abbey; and it hath often come over, I dare be sworn, the visitor whilst contemplating Holyrood House. In such mood I loved to breathe the neighbouring air of that ruined chapel when "the bat hath flown his cloistered flight," to pause and consider curiously the narrow stair, and imagine the stealthy pace of those iron men "towards their design" moving like ghosts; whilst in the small, closet-like, apartment above sat the Queen, the Countess of Argyle, and the devoted minstrel.

The first time that I went through these rooms I found it difficult to leave them. The evening was gloomy, I had spent nearly half the day in the precincts of the palace, and yet I felt unwilling to tear myself away. As the apartments grew more sombre as night approached, they became more interesting; there was a look of romance about the place, and I almost expected to see from the window the sable plumes of the gigantic helmet waving in the court below. I entered the small dilapidated closet where the queen sat at supper with her favourite and her friend on that eventful night—the door was open leading into her bed-room. I sat down in one of those old worm-eaten chairs, and, "in pure melancholy and troubled brain," with one of Darnley's boots fast clutched in my hand, fell sound asleep.

A solemn impression, not to be called melancholy, had pervaded me as I contemplated the deeper gloom of the farther recesses of the apart-

* In the state-papers of the time he is called *Riccio*.

ment. I had been, most likely, I thought, forgotten by the old lady who officiated as exhibitor of the palace, which I rather hoped was the case than cared for; and, as I mused on past-gone times,

"A heavy summons lay like lead upon me."

Methought, as I slept, that I saw the Queen, radiant and exquisite in beauty, leaning her cheek pensively upon her hand, listening to the melody of the harp which Rizzio could touch so well, that its tones vibrated even with the strings of her sorrowful heart;

"In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along."

How beautifully that instrument sounded in the silent night, through the time-honoured and gloomy apartments of Holyrood! The big, round tears coursed one another down the damask cheeks of the lovely queen as she listened; and her thoughts flew to "La Belle France," where her happier days had passed, "days remember'd well, remembered all"; days doubly blessed when she contrasted them with her present discomfort and future prospect—obliged to contend with those fierce and turbulent spirits with whom her destiny was now mixed up; and who, from her subjects, had become her rulers. Again the minstrel preluded upon his harp;

"Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made."

There seemed a presentiment of evil in those melancholy tones, "the death of a dear friend." The beautiful Mary seemed almost alone in this world of strife and discord; without protector, friend, or adviser, except the few faithful followers who shared her melancholy meal. She seemed bereft of all but the sympathy of the musician, (whose thrilling melody rang through the dark building she inhabited,) the tones, gradually dying away, were lost in the distance. The musician paused; his hands dropped from the harp; his head drooped forward; and he sat lost in gloomy thoughts and presentiments of death.

The Countess sought to break the spell which had fallen upon the party; she recalled the minstrel to himself by requesting him to sing. Suddenly he awoke the echoes of the place; and the rich tones of his voice almost startled her ear. Never had David Rizzio's voice sounded so sweetly as on that night, in those melancholy halls. He glanced a far-off look upon the Queen, and his notes became more soft and mellow as he caught her eye. As she listened, she felt the beauty of the music so forcibly, that she almost lost the present enjoyment of the sounds from the fear of the performer finishing his song. The words of the song he had himself written on that morning; it was never sung before; and after the events of that night it was lost for ever.

"RIZZIO'S SONG.*

"I may not mourn—I may not mourn,
Though all are past that could adorn.
The soul, which struggled long in vain,
Yet breaks at length its fretted chain!

* I am indebted for these stanzas to one of our best modern poets, Edward Wallace.—H. I. C.

I may not grieve
That now I leave
The hopes that shone but to deceive;
The tomb will rest
My sleepless breast,
Of mortal hopes the last—the best!

"Sweet lady! I would claim a sigh,
To bid me slumber tranquilly;
And, lady, I would claim a tear,
Love's dearest gem, to deck my bier!
When life's last ray
Has passed away,
Dear lady, I would hear thee say,
'There is a shore
Where never more
Will troubles rise, or tempests roar!'

"Then, lightly sleep! that shore is Heaven!
There will we meet—the past forgiven!
The daring thoughts that trembled not
To seek my love will be forgot!
I could not here
Thy bosom cheer,
But there thou wilt be ever dear!
Thy heart was true,
And thus I strew
Upon thy grave the constant yew!

"Alas! too much I seek; but yet
I would not have thee quite forget
The heart whose hopes were all thine own,
The breast that beat for thee alone;
Which, sere and old,
For ever cold,
The moveless arms of Death enfold!
I would not think,
On life's drear brink,
That unregarded I must sink."

The minstrel paused, and the swell of his harp again died away; the night-wind sighed through these old and somewhat comfortless apartments, sounding through the crevices of the doors in a sort of dreary whisper. The Countess once more endeavoured to rally the spirits of the minstrel, and enliven the party.*

"You are somewhat of the saddest to-night, signior," she said. "I thought your Italian troubadour never was wanting in gay and jovial strains for ladies' bower. You look not like yourself to-night! Banish these dismal thoughts, which seem to haunt you, spite of yourself, and which take from us the enjoyment of the hour! One would think, to look upon that pallid cheek and fearful eye, we had been enduring some tale of horror, some withered murder, in place of a new song! Come, Signior Rizzio, replenish your cup; your sadness is catching hither to us females! Her Majesty has become in-

* Mary was attended on this night by the Countess of Argyle; Beaton, master of the household; Arthur Erskine, captain of the guard; and her secretary, Rizzio.

fected with your doleful strains! Come, signior, treat us to some lay of the troubadours of old; some knightly and inspiring theme of cruel fair, devoted champion, and sage enchanter. As that new poet in England says in one of his plays, doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Signior David!"

The attempt of the Countess to inspire the musician was vain; a spell was upon him and his royal entertainer, to which it seemed in vain to say, "Begone, and let us be merry!" The Italian suddenly arose from his seat, and put aside his instrument; its melody was evidently unsuited to the hour; and the trio were soon engaged in discussing "matter deep and dangerous," connected as they were with, and surrounded by the fierce and turbulent nobles of the court; and threatened, besides, by 'all the unsettled humours of the land.' The eloquence of the statesman succeeded to the song of the minstrel.

"The art o' the court, the toil of the war;"

"the cities usuries," his own uncertain favour, were all discussed and dwelt on. Suddenly was heard the startling sound of stealthy steps, and the clatter of armour upon the private stairs leading to the chapel. The life-blood of the Italian rushed to his heart at the first echo of that footfall; his pulse fluttered; the strength fled from his limbs; and he felt that his last hour had arrived. 'Tis an oft-told tale; the night-shriek of the unhappy Queen "disturbed the curtain'd sleep," and rang through those apartments, where, a few short minutes before, the minstrelsy of the victim had echoed.

One piercing cry, more loud than the rest, effectually aroused me; the *dramatis personæ* all evanished as I started up; and, upon the dark and crimson stain, where the quivering corpse of the musician had fallen, stood the female who had officiated as exhibitor of the rooms.

"Eh! God be here, sirs!" she exclaimed; "but, what a start ye ha' gi'en me! I thought it had been David, his ain sel, as I hope to be saved, seated there by the bed, with his head under his arm! What for are ye snoozing there for, ye daft gomeril? The start ye ha' gi'en me 's a year awa' from my life, I 'm saying! I thought ye had left the rooms with the lave o' the visitors?"

"Why, my good woman!" said I, "if you shut up your visitors alone in these sombre-looking chambers, you must expect to find them ghosts when you return. I have myself been visited by Queen Mab, and half-a-dozen bogles besides, David Rizzio among the number. By the same token, I will thank you for the loan of a black-lead pencil, to note down upon my tablet the song he favoured me with, lest, as soon as I quit the presence here, the whole should escape my memory."

The good dame immediately favoured me with her silver pencil-case, and I wrote down Rizzio's last exactly as I have given it here.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"Hail wedded love! mysterious tie!"
Thomson—or Somebody.

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
But his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
And he wore green "specs," with a tortoiseshell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him,
And they were a loving pair!—
—And the name, and the fame
Of the Knight, and his Dame,
Were ev'rywhere hail'd with the loudest acclaim;
And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
Far and wide,
The people cried
Huzza! for the Lord of this noble domain,—
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!—once again!—
Encore!—Encore!—
One cheer more!—
—All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain
To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane!!

Now Sir Thomas the Good,
Be it well understood,
Was a man of a very contemplative mood—
He would pore by the hour
O'er a weed, or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,
And Moths were of no small account in his eyes;
An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,
While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long legs" and thighs
Pass'd the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce "keep his paws off"—he
Gave up, in short,
Both business and sport,
And abandon'd himself, *tout entier*, to Philosophy.



The Knight & the Lady

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,
And a good many years the junior of him,—
And as he,
All agree,
Look'd less like her *Mari*,
As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,*
There are some might be found entertaining a notion
That such an entire, and exclusive devotion
To that part of science folks style Entomology,
Was a positive shame,
And, to such a fair Dame,
Really demanded some sort of apology;
—No doubt, it *would* vex
One half of the sex
To see their own husband, in horrid green "specs,"
Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
Still poking his nose into this and to that,
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
Or great ugly things,
All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings;
And they 'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,
—One eternally thinking,
And blinking, and winking
At grubs,—when he ought to be winking at them.—
But no!—oh no!
'Twas by no means so
With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby—she, far discreeter,
And, having a temper more even, and sweeter,
Would never object to
Her spouse, in respect to
His poking and peeping
After "things creeping;"
Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
Or scolding, at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire,
No lady so fair
Was e'er known to wear more contented an air;
And,—let who would call,—every day she was there,
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,
Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
Or counting her spoons, and her crockery-ware;—
Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
Embroidering a stool, or a back for a chair,
With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,
Enough to make less-gifted visiters stare,

☞ * My friend, Mr. Hood,
In his comical mood,
Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady
Him—"Stern-old and Hop-kins," and her "Tête and Braidy."

And declare, where'er
They had been, that "they ne'er
In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare
With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear."

Nay more ; don't suppose
With such doings as those
This account of her merits must come to a close;
No ;—examine her conduct more closely, you 'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind;
For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen,
Close by her side,
Sat her kinsman. M'Bride,
Her cousin, fourteen-times-removed,—as you 'll see
If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx, page 53.
All the papers I 've read agree,
Too, with the pedigree,
Where, among the collateral branches, appears
"Captain Dugald Mac Bride, Royal Scots Fusileers;"
And I doubt if you 'd find in the whole of his clan
A more highly-intelligent, worthy young man;—
And there he 'd be sitting,
While she was a-knitting,
Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,
Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
Some very "wise saw" from some very good book,—
Some such pious divine as
St. Thomas Aquinas:
Or, equally charming,
The works of Bellarmine;
Or else he unravels
The "voyages and travels"
Of Hackluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully verse!)—
Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,—
Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe.—
No matter who came,
It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well,—it happened one day,
—I really can't say
The particular month;—but I *think* 'twas in May,—
'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when "Nature looks gay,"
As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away;

When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with light,—
That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight!

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broiled haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd-toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
And then—let me see!—
He had two—perhaps three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong Gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,
—Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.—
—In fact, I and my son
Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"
Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call "pison."
No matter for that—
He had call'd for his hat,
With the brim that I 've said was so broad and so flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoiseshell rim, and his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs—
Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble—alack!
He *set out*, poor dear Soul!—but he never came back!

"First dinner-bell" rang
Out its euphonous clang
At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "Last"
Ding-dong'd, as it ever was wont, at half-past,
While Betsey, and Sally,
And Thompson, the *Valet*,
And every one else was beginning to bless himself,
Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself.—
—Quoth Betsey, "Dear me! why, the fish will be cold!"—
Quoth Sally, "Good gracious! how 'Missis' *will* scold!"—
Thompson, the *Valet*
Look'd gravely at Sally,
As who should say "Truth must not always be told!"
Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold
Thus exposed to the dews,
Lambs'-wool stockings, and shoes,
Of each a fresh pair,
He put down to air,
And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.—

Still the Master was absent—the Cook came and said, "he
Much fear'd, as the dinner had been so long ready,
The roast and the boil'd
Would be all of it spoil'd,

And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!"
This closed the debate—
" 'Twould be folly to wait,"
Said the Lady, "Dish up!—Let the meal be served straight;
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He 's lost, sure as fate!
And, a hundred to one, won't be home till it 's late!"—
—Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face
The Lady at table,—stood up, and said grace,—
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night, did the hours go by;
And the Lady Jane,
In grief and in pain,
She sat herself down to cry!—
And Captain M'Bride,
Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye!—
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From very "young fellows" for very "old chaps;"
And if he had said
What he 'd got in his head,
'Twould have been "Poor old Buffer! he 's certainly dead!"—

The morning dawn'd,—and the next,—and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplex'd;
No watch-dog "bay'd a welcome home," as
A watch-dog should, to the "Good Sir Thomas;"
No knocker fell
His approach to tell,
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey-birds caroll'd with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and free—
—Without, all was joy and harmony!

"And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
Shall shine,—but shine on other forms;—
Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey,—
The Stream we loved shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—
The Tree, whose bending branches bear

The One loved name—shall yet be there;—
But where the hand that carved it?—Where?"—

These were hinted to me as
The very ideas
Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,
With Captain M'Bride,
Of course, at her side,
Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he tried.
—An "idea," in fact, had got into *his* head,
That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,
It might be no bad "spec." to be there in his stead,
And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed
A Lady who was young and fair,
A Lady slim and tall,
To set himself down in comfort there
The Lord of Tapton* Hall.—
Thinks he, "We have sent
Half over Kent,
And nobody knows how much money 's been spent,
Yet no one 's been found to say which way he went!—
The groom, who 's been over
To Folkstone and Dover,
Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!
—Here 's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we 've tried
Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-side,
Upon all its dead walls, with placards we 've supplied,—
And we 've sent out the Crier, and had him well cried—

'Missing!!
Stolen, or stray'd,
Lost, or mislaid,
A Gentleman;—middle-aged, sober, and staid;—
Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was array'd
In a sad-coloured suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd;—
Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim,
And a hat rather low-crown'd, and broad in the brim.—
Whoe'er
Shall bear,
Or shall send him, with care,
(Right side uppermost) home;—or shall give notice where
The said middle-aged Gentleman is;—or shall state
Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike called Tappington Gate,
Shall receive a Reward of Five Pounds for his trouble.—
(☞ N.B.—If defunct the Reward will be double!! ☜)'

"Had he been above ground
He *must* have been found.

* The familiar abbreviation for Tappington Everard still in use among the tenantry.—*Vide Prefatory Introduction to the Ingoldsby Legends.*

No;—doubtless he 's shot,—or he 's hang'd,—or he 's drown'd!—
Then his Widow—aye! aye!—
But, what will folks say?—
To address her at once—at so early a day!
Well—what then?—who cares?—let 'em say what they may—
A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice it, her
Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her!"

When a man has decided
As Captain M'Bride did,
And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
He began on the instant, and vow'd that "her eyes
Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—
That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like lilies—
Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!"—
With a thousand more compliments equally true,
And expressed in similitudes equally new!
—Then his left arm he placed
Round her jimp, taper waist—
—Ere she'd fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,
Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
With that very peculiar expression of face
Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—"Oh, Ma'am! we 've found
Master!!"—
—"Where? where?" scream'd the lady; and Echo scream'd—
"Where?"—
—The man couldn't say "There!"
He had no breath to spare,
But, gasping for air, he could only respond
By pointing—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND!!
—'Twas e'en so!—poor dear Knight!—with his "specs" and his hat
He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;
When, close to the side
Of the bank, he espied
An "uncommon fine" Tadpole, remarkably fat!
He stooped;—and he thought her
His own;—he had caught her!
Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,
When—he plump'd head and heels into fifteen feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair—
Alas, for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,
As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,
His body between them bear.
She sobb'd, and she sigh'd; she lamented, and cried,
For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
She swoon'd, and I think she 'd have fall'n down and died,
If Captain MacBride
Had not been by her side,
With the Gardener; they both their assistance supplied,

And managed to hold her up.—
But, when she "comes to,"
Oh! 'tis shocking to view
The sight which the corpse reveals!
Sir Thomas's body,
It look'd so odd—he
Was half eaten up by the eels!
His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes
Were all gnaw'd through and through;
And out of each shoe
An eel they drew;
And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two!
And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,
As well we may suppose;
For, when he came running to give the alarm,
He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John*
Was summon'd anon;
Holy water was sprinkled,
And little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted,
And incense ignited,
And masses were sung, and masses were said,
All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,—
And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind—or, what's much the same,
Had *thought about*—once more "changing her name,"
And she said, with a pensive air,
To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
"Eels a many
I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before!—
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond.—
Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—
"Poor dear!"—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!

MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,
If you're married, and have not got very good eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies!—

* For some account of Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am so much beholden, see *Ingoldsby Legends, First Series*, p. 216 (2nd Edit.). This was the last ecclesiastical act of his long and valuable life.

If you 've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,
And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim!

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware
How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair;
But let them reflect, "There are fish, and no doubt on 't—
As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on 't!"

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming
In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the "gloaming,"—
Let them have a fix'd time for said spouse to come home in!
And if, when "last dinner-bell" 's rung, he is late,
To insure better manners in future—Don't wait!—

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the pond!

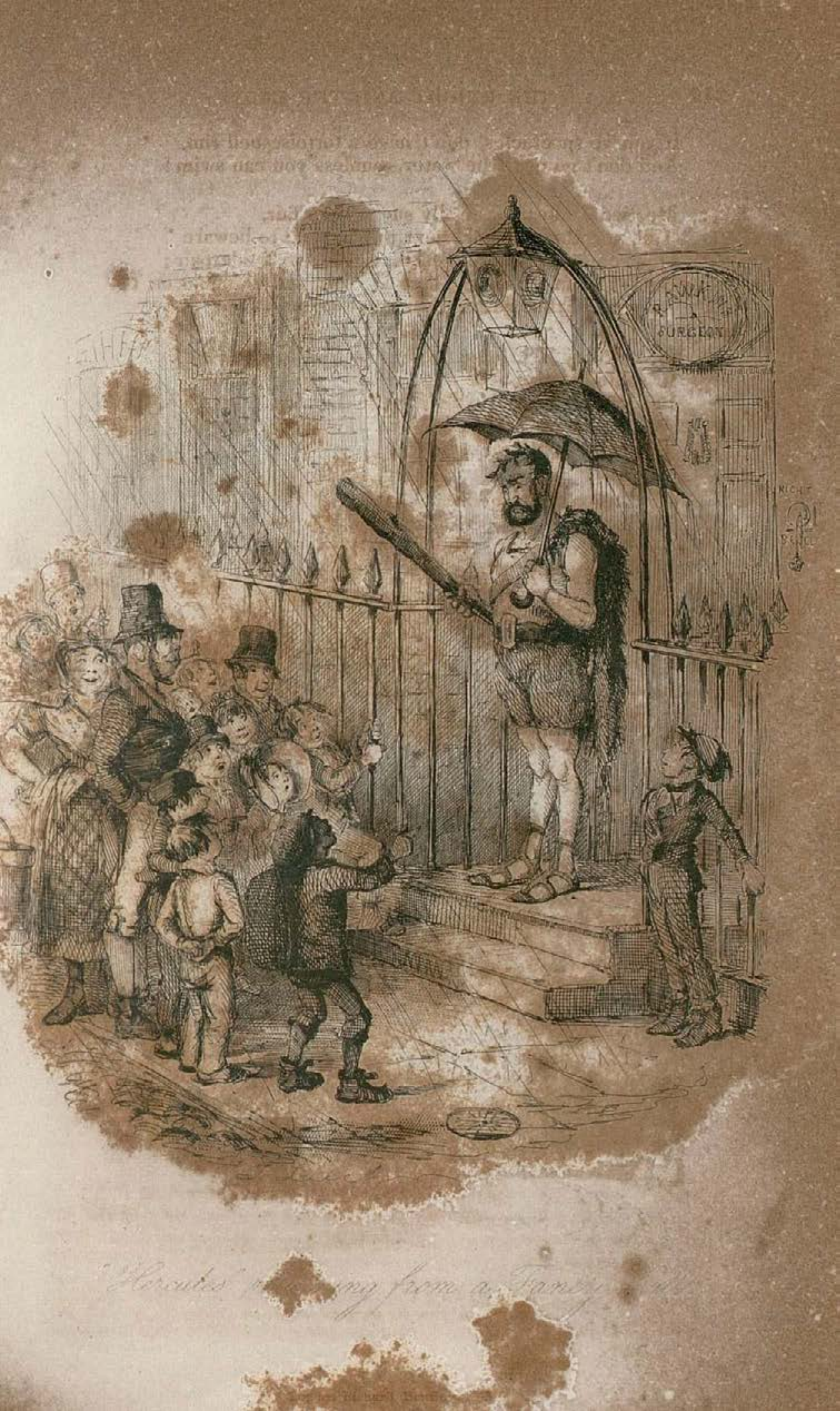
One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—
That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,
Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—
Have them spitch-cock'd,—or stew'd—they're too oily when fried!

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
Feb. 23, 1843.



S. E. VIEW OF TAPPINGTON EVERARD,
FROM THE FOLKSTONE ROAD.



Hercules [illegible] from a Fancy [illegible]

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Which is more especially interesting to Jack Johnson and Emma Ledbury.

From time immemorial there has been an imperative necessity in all plays and novels—or, at least, in so great a majority of them that the remaining ones are lost in their own insignificance, — for a love-story, or even two or three distinct courtships, to be worked into the plot and form its leading features. And, moreover, it has been ordained in these compositions, that, for a love-story to possess any interest, its course must be interrupted by frequent breaks and annoyances, which shall from time to time throw obstacles in the way of the principal characters concerned; in fact, that, instead of being a straightforward, smooth course, as the New Mile on Ascot Heath, it shall be rendered perplexing and troublesome, like the ground whilome appropriated to steeple-chases at the Hippodrome.

Now it appears, from hourly instances, that the safest-sailing method of composition in literature or art, is to follow that rule which has hitherto proved most successful, — a plan adopted to admiration by most of the dramatists, musicians, and especially novelists, of the present day, as every new play, opera, or three-volume story, will abundantly testify. And, therefore, we openly avow that this is the line which we ourselves mean to take up; and we confess it at once, to avoid all animadversions on our conduct in so doing; for the world will always lend itself as a willing accomplice to those peccadillos which are not sought to be concealed; and having ourselves pleaded guilty to our own charge of plagiarism, no one else will now care to accuse us of it. And so we will proceed to show how sundry obstacles arose to annoy Jack Johnson during the period that he was paying his attentions to Emma Ledbury, although the manner in which the courtship finally ended must for the present remain undivulged to our readers.

Some few days after the events of the last chapter, Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury were sitting alone one evening in the parlour; the old gentleman being engaged, as usual, in perusing the city intelligence of the evening paper; whilst his consort was performing some curious feats of legerdemain with two whalebone sticks, and a ball of worsted, from whose united manœuvres the foundation of a triangular shawl was gradually being produced. Titus had gone off with his friend to some theatre, upon the strength of an eleventh-hour order, that had come in unexpectedly; and Emma was sitting in the nursery, to keep the olive-branches from setting themselves on fire, or bundling down stairs in the dark, whilst Foster was in the kitchen. Not that such was her usual avocation; but the domestic arrangements of the house had been somewhat disturbed from their

propriety by the sudden loss of the boy in buttons, and the advent of another page in embryo.

"Servants are certainly the greatest plagues in housekeeping," observed Mrs. Ledbury, in a temporary fit of vexation at dropping a stitch.

The old gentleman replied by a motion of his head, something between a shake and a nod, which might have been taken as expressive of anything; for, as he had heard the same terms of reproach separately applied by Mrs. Ledbury during the past week to washing, butchers' bills, and four-and-a-half-gallon tubs of table-ale, he was a little confused as to what was in reality the leading domestic annoyance.

"I hate all boys!" continued Mrs. Ledbury; "you take a great deal of pains to teach them how to lay a cloth, and wait properly; and just as they begin to be useful, and worth their six pounds a-year, they leave you for something else."

"Then, my dear, I would not trouble myself about them any more," calmly observed Mr. Ledbury.

"And, suppose I did not, Mr. Ledbury, what would become of the house? I ask you again, what *would* become of the house?"

Mr. Ledbury, entertaining some peculiar notion that the house would, in all probability, remain where it was, kept silent.

"To think," resumed the lady, "that the Claverleys, who have not been near us for months, should take it into their heads to call to-day!"

"Did they call to-day, my love?" innocently asked the old gentleman.

"*Did* they! Now, Mr. Ledbury, have I not told you so several times before? You are so very absent! And, the great oafish lout whom you have chosen to take from the school, first kept them at the door until they knocked twice; and then, when they asked if I was at home (I was dressing to go out with Emma), drawled forth, 'Yes, missis is at home; but she's cleaning herself!' What low, common persons you appear to patronise!"

"Hipkins recommended the boy to me as being exceedingly willing and honest," observed Mr. Ledbury.

"That I do not wish to deny," replied his companion; "but look at his figure; he is all legs and wings. You will never be able to put him into the clothes that William wore; he would be a perfect sight for the impudent little boys in the street to run after and shout at. Titus wished to bring Mr. Johnson back to supper too; and I was obliged to make all sorts of signs to him not to press it. But Titus is so slow at taking a hint."

"Perhaps it would all have been as well, my love!" said Mr. Ledbury. "I think he comes here a great deal too often. You must recollect we do not know very much of him; and he pays extraordinary attention to Emma."

"Titus says he is very respectable, my dear," answered his wife; "and I am sure his manners prove him to be so."

For Johnson was one of Mrs. Ledbury's chief favourites, and she always supported him. Indeed, we have generally observed that the suitor of the daughter is more or less befriended by the mother; and the more so, by a delicate shade of conjugal diversity, if there is any paternal prejudice against him.

"Marriage now, Mrs. Ledbury," continued her husband, "is a serious thing, and very different to what it used to be in our days. Increased education has given young people increased ideas, and they all want to commence where their parents leave off, with a ready-made income, and everything about them in first-rate order."

"It is very true," replied the lady. "We lived in lodgings when we were first married."

"We did; and where would you find the young people who would do so now?"

After a little more conversation, the old gentleman agreed that he would speak to Jack that very night, in the event of his returning with his son; and then the subject was dropped, as Emma came back from her charge to the parlour; and commenced a highly interesting domestic relation, of which Master Walter Ledbury was the hero, as to how very naughty he had been; how he had buried the baby's barking white French poodle in the coal-scuttle, and then flung his doll, which now only consisted of the trunk, and part of the head, through the nursery-window, as well as the skylight of Grimley's kitchen, in a fit of violent passion.

Although neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ledbury was certain that Jack would come back with Titus, yet Emma appeared perfectly conscious that such an event would happen; and, under pretence of seeing that the new boy arranged everything properly, she stepped into the kitchen, and made a few additions to the contents of the tray, which, in all probability, she would not have done for her brother alone, with all her love for him. And then, by divers ingenious manœuvres, she put off the usual time of the meal, singing and playing such airs, in a nice fireside manner, as she thought her father and mother would be unwilling to interrupt; or persuading Mrs. Ledbury, by various indirect allusions, to begin a fresh row of knitting for the shawl, until a knock at the door announced the return of Titus, and she heard Jack's voice as they disposed of their hats and coats in the passage.

They had a very merry supper, for Johnson was in better spirits than he had appeared lately; and Titus was exceedingly jocose, retailing all they had seen, accompanied by what he believed to be very correct imitations of the various actors, but which put Jack more in mind of Macready with variations. However, as neither his father, mother, nor sister, was very conversant with the originals, the effect was equally gratifying; and they laughed at him quite as much as the audience had done at the real performers.

"The cabman who brought us home was a great card," observed Jack; "and amused us immensely. We found out he had been a stage-coachman, knocked up by the combined influence of gin and railways."

"What a strange voice he had!" said Titus.

"Very!" continued Jack; "it seemed to come through a rusty nutmeg-grater stuffed with horse-hair. He kept saying to his horse, 'Get along, some o' you!' I thought at first he was addressing the different legs, for they seemed to need a little urging, until he told us that he had been so used to drive four-in-hand, he couldn't get out of the way of it."

Time crept on; and at last the clock on the mantelpiece warned Jack that the usual hour of retiring at Ledbury's had arrived, and

he consequently rose to depart. But, the old gentleman having intimated that he was anxious for five minutes' conversation with him,—with apparent unconcern, as if it was upon some trivial, commonplace subject,—the others bade him good night. Jack shook hands with all of them; first with Mrs. Ledbury, then with Titus, and, lastly, with Emma, whose hand he kept in his own nearly twice as long as he had done the others; and when they had gone, he drew his chair to the fire, at the old gentleman's request, and awaited what he had to say to him, wondering in no small degree what it could be; never for an instant suspecting the true cause, as he flattered himself that nobody could have observed anything unusual between Emma and himself, after the manner of lovers in general, who always imagine their attentions are a secret, until they find that everybody else knows of them as well as, if not better than, themselves.

"Mr. Johnson," said old Ledbury, as soon as the door was closed, and everything was quiet, "I wished to say a few words to you upon a subject, which, I have no doubt, is equally important to each of us; and I am sure you will take any question I may ask you in good part. I can assert this from my confidence in your good sense."

"I shall have great pleasure, sir, in hearing what you may have to communicate," replied Jack, very respectfully; but at the same time feeling slightly fidgety.

"Well, then," continued the old gentleman, "I am a plain speaker; a long life of commerce and negotiation has taught me the advantage of being so. I ask you to tell me, candidly and honourably, if you are not paying your attentions to my daughter?"

Whether it was the reflection of the red table-cover, or the embers of the fire, that suddenly threw such a crimson glow over Jack Johnson's countenance; or whether his own vivid blood rushed up to his face as he started at this unanticipated question, we cannot exactly decide. But we think the latter; for Jack was not addicted to blushing, so that the blood feeling strange in its new quarters, retreated again with equal rapidity, and left him as pale as he had just before been flushed. And, to use the common phrase, he would have felt his heart in his mouth, had not the flurried beating of that organ against his side assured him that it was in its proper place. He hesitated a few moments, and then said,

"You asked me for a candid answer, Mr. Ledbury, and I will give you one. I am attached to your daughter—I trust in a strictly honourable manner; and I have reason to think that——"

"—You see, old people see better with their eyes than you would sometimes imagine," interrupted Mr. Ledbury.

"I hope, sir," continued Johnson earnestly, "that there is no decided objection on your part to the attachment?"

"Now, understand me, Mr. Johnson," continued the old man; "I do not wish to act otherwise towards you than as a gentleman, for your behaviour here, at all times, has exacted that much. But, at the same time, the welfare and happiness of my child must be the first consideration; and if I am anxious to know something of your prospects and pursuits you must attribute it to no idle curiosity."

Poor Jack! this was a very home question, and he looked at the

fire with glistening eyes, vacantly tracing out burning valleys, and glowing caverns, in an utter hopelessness of reply, until Mr. Ledbury again requested an answer.

"I confess that at present my prospects are not what I could wish them to be," returned Johnson; "but, I am willing — I may say, most anxious—to pursue any employment that may offer."

"I do not doubt your will," observed Mr. Ledbury. "But you must be aware, as well as myself, how many hundred young men there are in London at this present moment,—young men of excellent education, connexions, and unimpeachable character, with the same disposition to work,—and hardly too,—which I believe you to possess. But the difficulty is to find the employment."

"It is too true!" thought Johnson, with a sigh. And then, after a minute's pause, he added,

"I believe you are aware, sir, that I have some little property of my own. It has, hitherto, been sufficient to keep me out of debt."

"But it would not do to marry upon, Mr. Johnson. The popular error of one mutton-chop being sufficient for two young people has, before this, led to a great deal of misery. Do not think that I wish my daughter to marry a rich man merely on account of his money —very far from it; but it would be my duty to see that he had a sufficient income to support her, independent of whatever she might bring him."

"What am I to suppose, then, you wish me to do, sir?" asked Johnson, hesitating, as if he expected an unwelcome reply.

"Simply, for the present, to discontinue your visits to my house," answered Mr. Ledbury, "at least when Emma is at home. She will be going into the country shortly, and then we shall be happy to see you as usual."

This was the severest blow of all; and Johnson thought old Mr. Ledbury a heartless savage for the cold, deliberate manner in which he had spoken the last sentence. The tears started to his eyes as he attempted a dozen separate replies, but the words faltered on his lips; and he remained for some minutes, apparently stupified by the old gentleman's intimation, nervously twisting his handkerchief into all sorts of violent contortions, and finally crumpling it up in his grasp to the size of an egg.

At length, by an effort of self-determination, he rose to depart, unwilling to prolong the conversation any farther, but still appearing scarcely alive to the full discomfort of the painful banishment imposed upon him. He would have begged to see Emma once more, —to be permitted to write to her,—to have his dismissal from her own lips or hand; but the announcement had been so unexpected, that the words appeared to choke him. Mr. Ledbury saw his distress, and addressed a few remarks of chilling courtesy to him; but Jack scarcely attended to them, and, mechanically wishing him good night, left the house precipitately, feeling more truly wretched than he had done for many a long day through all his troubles.

The door closed after him with a dreary, remorseless sound, and he stood in the flinty, unsympathising street. There was a light in Emma Ledbury's room, as he looked up towards the windows; and for a time this riveted him to the spot. He walked backwards and forwards before the house, now and then feeling a momentary delight as he saw her shadow pass across the blind, wondering if

she thought he was below, and how she would feel upon hearing that he had been forbidden the house. At last the light was extinguished, and all was still but the moaning of the wind, whose melancholy gusts were in perfect consonance with his own thoughts, amongst the half-finished buildings and leafless trees in the vicinity. And then he returned to his cheerless home, and pondered upon the events of the evening, until, worn out with planning, suggesting, and rejecting schemes for his future career, sometimes of the wildest and most impracticable class, he fell asleep at an early hour in the morning, and for a short period forgot all his vexations in one of those bright dreams which usually attend us—the more vivid as all around is hopeless and despondent.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Old House at Kentish Town.

In one of the northern suburbs of London, a little to the right of the high road, and within a quarter of an hour's stroll of one of the most bustling thoroughfares in the metropolis, there stands an ancient and dilapidated edifice, of an aspect so melancholy and so ruinous in appearance, that it cannot fail to attract the attention of the most unobservant traveller who passes by. Possibly, in common with all old edifices, it may have its legends or chronicles; but we know nothing of them beyond those immediate points of its history which have reference to our tale.

This old building, as we have mentioned, is situated nearly at the road-side; and, from its gables, windows, and general structure, appears in former times to have been a farm-house, or country lodge, at a period when broad pastures and shady lanes were to be found encompassing it on every side, instead of the present comparatively modern elevation. But that time has long gone by,—the combined devastations of age and the elements have operated upon its structure with such uncontrolled demolition, that it appears almost as if a ban had been set upon it, forbidding the use of the least exertion in counteracting or repairing the ravages of decay. The brick-work of the walls is crumbling and disjointed, in some parts riven throughout its entire structure; the windows are mere frames of blackened and decaying wood, allowing free entrance to the interior, in mockery of the corroded padlocks, still fixed to some of the doors. And the inside of this dreary building is equally dismal. The ceilings have fallen down upon the floors, and the boards themselves have rotted from the joists, and lie about the apartment, sometimes standing out, like the coffin-planks of a teeming burial-ground, from the dirt and rubbish that half-covers them. One by one, also, have the stairs broken away, tumbling confusedly one over the other upon the passages beneath, except where a few hang out from the wall, in threatening insecurity, vibrating with every breath of wind that plays through the tenement. The dismantled state of the roof, too, in some parts broken by the chimneys falling through it, has allowed the rain to have free access to the upper rooms, and driven away the very reptiles, which might have found a fit home in so deserted and wretched a building. No attempt has, apparently, been made

to remove the worm-eaten timber, or rusty iron-work, that lies about. It appears to have remained where it has fallen, as if the spot was marked by some fearful curse, and man was unwilling to invade its dreary solitude.

Perhaps, for this reason, it was the better chosen as the hiding-place of the reckless characters who, for a time, made this their haunt, at the period of our story. In one of the upper rooms at the back of the house, which looked over an expanse of low, swampy ground, on the extreme boundaries of which a few lamps might be seen struggling to glimmer through the marshy vapour, two persons were crouching in front of a small square iron stove, on a dark, boisterous evening at the beginning of March. The elements were at work without, as the fall of some decayed spout or loose tile, blown from its fastening, and clattering down upon the ground, occasionally bore witness; and the effect of the wind and rain was not altogether unfelt by the inmates of the apartment, in spite of the pains which had evidently been taken to render it less comfortless, by adapting pieces of tarpaulin and sacking to the apertures, as well as whatever fragments of wood were applicable to such miserable improvements. One of the occupants was a young man, and the other a girl of some eighteen or twenty years of age, in a tawdry, half-theatrical dress, over which a cloak of common serge was thrown, for the double purpose of protecting her attire and keeping out the cold. It will be needless to describe them further, as the reader has already been made acquainted with them, in the persons of Edward Morris, and the female whose injured ankle Johnson had attended to, when he went with Ledbury to the wax-work exhibition.

The course of evil adopted by Johnson's hapless cousin had not been abandoned; on the contrary, unable to extricate himself, he had plunged deeper into crime, as his present occupation fully testified. In the centre of the stove, the reflection of whose glow was studiously screened from being observed without in every direction, there was placed a small crucible, full of bubbling metal, that sparkled and scintillated with heat, as the dross was occasionally removed from the surface. Pieces of white and glittering money lay in an old basket on the floor, and two moulds of plaster were placed by the side of the stove, but recently made, for the warmth of the fire was still driving away the steaming moisture from their substance.

"They are late to-night," observed the girl, in an under tone, as she cast an anxious glance at a handsome watch that hung upon a nail projecting from the brick-work of the chimney. "It is already past eleven."

"I shall not go until one of them returns," replied Morris; "at all events, I shall not give them up until midnight."

"I often think they deceive you," continued his companion. "Do you think that Harvey is to be trusted?"

"I have faith in him, as far as it can be given to one from another in such fellowship," returned Morris. "I care not if he betrays me. Life or death is now alike indifferent to me. I often wish that all was over."

"Do not think thus," returned the girl, as she turned her full dark eyes upon his wasted features, and earnestly watched his short

and fevered respiration. "What would then become of me? I dare not return home again:—there would be no hope. The cold, heartless streets—"

And, covering her face with her hands, she shuddered at the prospect she had conjured up.

Morris gazed at her for a few moments in silence. Branded—deserted as he was, there was still one being who cared for him. In the utter dreariness of his existence he felt, for the instant, happy in possessing the disinterested love of this poor, fallen girl; for disinterested her affection must certainly have been, although otherwise lost and degraded.

"I did not mean to hurt you, Letty," he said, in a kinder tone than he generally used towards her. "I know you have given up all for me, and without any hope of return. I ought not to have said what I did; but I am weary of this hide-and-seek life."

"I forgive you, Morris," replied the girl, taking his attenuated hand. "I wish that all the world would offer you the same pardon, and as readily as I do."

"The moulds are now quite dry," observed Morris, suddenly turning the conversation, and taking up one of the matrices from the stove. "They are warm enough, too, to hold the metal without flying."

"Hist!" exclaimed the girl suddenly, in a half whisper; "is there not some noise below? They are returned."

There was a temporary lull in the wind at this instant, and a low, subdued whistle was plainly audible.

"It is all right," said Morris; "let down the ladder. I cannot leave the casting."

The girl approached the square opening, which had once formed the summit of the staircase, and, with some exertion, dropped a roughly-contrived ladder to the floor beneath. It was received, and made steady, by some one below, and then a rakish-looking young man, in mustachios, with a flaunting red scarf round his neck, an eccentric wrapper about his body, and a cheap glossy hat on his head, worn considerably on one side,—in fact, whose appearance altogether partook of that style which the class of individuals known as "gents" denominate *flash*,—climbed up the ladder, and entered the room.

"Well, my p-pigeons," observed the new comer, separating the initial letter from the rest of the word, with the same action of the lips used in repelling tobacco-smoke from the mouth, only more forcibly expressed, "here I am at last. My service to you, Letty."

And he accompanied this salute with a bow in the extreme school of politeness, which was received on the part of Morris's companion with only a scornful curl of the upper lip.

"We began to think something had occurred," answered Morris, "you are so very late. You would not have found us here in another half hour."

"Something *has* occurred," returned the stranger. "Cooper is caught, and spending the evening in the Bow-Street station-house."

"The devil!" cried Morris, at the intelligence, letting fall the mould from his hand. "How was it? Is he safe not to blab? How did it happen?"

"From his usual awkwardness," was the reply. "He expected to get change for a five-shilling piece at the toll-house of Waterloo Bridge."

"And they detected the bad money?" asked Morris.

"Rather," replied the other; "and about a dozen other pieces in his coat-pocket. They are not the thing yet," he continued, stooping to take one from the basket on the floor. The finger and thumb slide over them as if they were greased."

"Do you think he will let out anything?" asked Morris.

"No, no," was the answer. "It will do him no good, and would ruin his character amongst all well-minded people."

Those who had seen Mr. Roderick Doo, as he there called himself, amongst the audience at Grimley's play, would scarcely have recognised him in the last speaker, except by the moustaches, which peeped out from the mass of shawls, handkerchiefs, and overalls in which he was enshrouded; yet so it was. He had met young De Robinson by chance in some of his aquatic parties; and having, in common with most accomplished swindlers, a plausible address, no small degree of tact to supply what he did not know, and a varnished, off-hand style of conversation, never allowing his hearers time to think upon what he had said, and find out its inanity, he was just the person to suit the party he had gained an introduction to; although some of their other friends occasionally eyed him with a suspicious look, which seemed to intimate that they had a great desire to kick him into a horse-pond, as plainly as a glance could express so uncourteous a proceeding. He had various names, adapted to different circumstances; but, as his present companions knew him equally well by all of them, we shall preserve the cognomination under which we first became acquainted with him.

The intelligence just conveyed to Morris, that one of their party had been taken,—a worthless fellow, from the purlieus of St. Giles', who had a commission for putting the bad coin into circulation,—was apparently anything but gratifying. He muttered a few sounds expressive of great annoyance, and remained for several minutes gazing on the fire, absorbed in thought; whilst the girl collected the pieces of money that had been already cast from the basket, and proceeded to fold each in paper separately.

"We shall not want these for some time, Letty," said Morris, at length speaking. "This game has been played long enough. I wonder what will be the next."

"Something must be done, and that immediately," rejoined Roderick. "What money have you at present—real honest coin?"

"Not three days' expenditure," replied the other; "and I believe our credit is not sufficiently established for us to be trusted."

And a faint smile passed over his wan countenance as he spoke these words; but it was the ghastly and vacant simper of a galvanized corpse.

"I shall have my salary from the concert-room on Saturday," observed the girl, cheerfully, gratified at being able to contribute something to the general treasury. "The fifteen shillings will last some little time."

"Billiards are open," said Mr. Roderick Doo, who appeared to be absently passing every description of social larceny in review before

his mind, "and I think something may be done by them. In six weeks the cases will come on, and then we shall be sure of employment."

"You forget that I dare not show my face to the world," observed Morris; "I should be immediately apprehended."

"You have changed enough the last two months, Morris," remarked the girl, sadly. "I scarcely knew you when we met again."

"It is the cold I have suffered from so long," he rejoined; "but let that go, and you would see I should soon recover my usual looks. No, no, — I will not run the risk. I would rather reclaim the money I deposited with my cousin."

"What is that?" asked Roderick eagerly. "I never heard you speak of it."

"There is upwards of a hundred pounds in bright sterling gold," answered Morris. "He promised to keep it untouched, and return it to me when it was wanted."

"He possesses more forbearance than I should have under similar circumstances," said the other, "if he keeps his word."

"Could you go to him respecting it?" asked Morris.

"No—that would never do. You forget the very different circumstances under which he has already met me,—the idle, lounging man about town." And Mr. Doo spoke the few last words in the affected drawl which he was accustomed to adopt in society. "By the way," he continued, "his friend, young Ledbury, is coming to my lodgings. They say the old man is well off; and, if I could persuade the son to play, we might make something of him.

"Is he to be drawn into it?"

"I think so. I could get a little from him by ingenuity, and more by frightening him. He appears simple enough for anything! and I know a few very clever tricks with cards, which—"

"Now look here," interrupted Morris; "I will write to Johnson first, and request him to send or bring me the money."

"Here! Is he to be trusted?" asked Mr. Doo, with a face of great alarm.

"You need have no fear upon that score. If he should hesitate to return the money, which, from some foolish notions of honesty, he may persist in doing, we will try some other scheme; and, in the meantime, you can pigeon young Ledbury to your heart's content, provided you get the chance."

The girl, who had been raking together the declining fuel in the stove during the preceding conversation, now intimated to them that in a few more minutes they would be in darkness, as the room received its light from the fire alone. Morris, whose share in this dialogue had apparently exhausted him, remained perfectly silent for some minutes, except when a short, hollow cough broke in upon his rapid but laboured breathing. At last he arose, and collecting a few of the most portable effects into the basket, which his female companion took charge of, they descended from the room, concealing the ladder, after they had reached the ground, beneath some of the loose planks of the floor. The high road was immediately in front of the building; but, avoiding its publicity, they struck out across the open pastures behind the building, in the direction of Copenhagen-house, taking one of the distant lights for their guide. Few

people were abroad, from the lateness of the hour, and the tempestuous state of the weather. Had there been any passengers on the road, the night was too dark for them to be observed; and, although they could see a dull red light in the upper window from the dying embers of the fire, yet, being in the rear of the tenement, it was not likely to be discovered. Indeed, had the police been in search of the delinquents, the old house, from its apparently exposed position, would have been the last place investigated. When the party had crossed the fields, and once more approached the houses, they separated, Mr. Roderick partly retracing his steps by a more populous route, having first made an appointment for another evening.

"So," thought that single-hearted gentleman, as he turned towards the direction of his lodgings, "Morris has a hundred pounds yet! It will not do to give him up until it is gone."

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Ledbury visits a cunning man, who casts his nativity.

For a week after the interview between Jack Johnson and old Mr. Ledbury, little occurred to vary the accustomed tranquillity of the family at Islington. Everybody was more or less out of sorts. Emma was as quietly angry as her sweet nature allowed her to be, from circumstances not very difficult to be explained; Mrs. Ledbury thought Mr. Johnson had been treated very rudely and unceremoniously; Titus was equally indignant; and the old gentleman, from feeling that he was the primary cause of all the family discontent, grew equally uncomfortable; and, finally, Master Walter Ledbury, not finding that attention paid him in the parlour which he was accustomed to expect, but everybody looking rather gloomy, in consequence of the absence of the individual whom Foster was accustomed to speak of in the kitchen as "the young man Miss Emma kept company with," took it into his head to turn indignant with the rest of them. And so his character of a nursery chartist broke out more violently than ever. There was a general turn out of all hands from the doll's house by his sole influence; he stopped a mill that turned round when it was drawn along the ground, by sitting upon the machinery, and totally disjointing it; he harangued the nurse in various inflammatory speeches; had a collision with the troops, whom he perfectly routed, and drove into the fire; imprisoned the kitten in the rough-dried box; and finally resolved upon striking, not himself, but his little sister, which put the climax to the domestic revolution.

But during this period Titus had seen his friend several times, as well to sympathise with him, and form plans for future welfare, as to consult him concerning his own affairs; for we have seen that in all things he had a great notion of Jack's opinion and counsel. And, ever since his meeting with the pretty *contadina* at the Antediluvians, he had lost himself in speculations as to the probability of her having sent him the valentine, which he looked at every day, to see if he could discover any fresh clue to the writer, hitherto unobserved. But all his minute inspection of the *t's* and *f's*, and other letters, was in vain, and he was giving it up as a hopeless case,

when a new chance appeared open to him. This arose from the conversation of the workwoman before alluded to, who, being engaged by Mrs. Ledbury to construct some chair-covers, and being also admitted into the parlour during the perfection of a critical point in their manufacture, was accustomed to edify that lady with many interesting relations concerning her neighbours, and the economy of their household arrangements. A recent wedding had somewhat engrossed the attention of the Islingtonians,—pronounced by the majority a strange and rather disreputable affair, from the good sense of the young couple in arranging everything with so much quiet and privacy, that even Mrs. Hoddle had been unable to gain any particulars to retail to her morning callers, who visited her for that express purpose. But the workwoman appeared to know something about it, and, moreover, affirmed that she had received information of the match a long time back from a fortune-teller, who was a connexion of her own; and she mentioned this with an air of great importance, to impress her auditors with the idea that they were in the presence of a person who had relations of no ordinary kind. Titus listened to this narrative with great interest; and before the woman left, had not only obtained his name and address, but had also determined upon paying him a visit.

Accordingly, without mentioning his intention to any one, not even to Jack Johnson, he set off the next evening, and at length arrived at the abode of the magician; which being in an obscure neighbourhood was not discovered until he had taken the advice of four bakers, two publicans, a policeman, and a charity boy respecting its position. He felt rather nervous, in spite of all he tried to make himself believe to the contrary; and when, according to directions, he rang the middle bell on the left door-post, with the name of Brown, it was with a subdued and humble action, that the wizard might be conciliated, and not send an army of imps after him, nor any other uncomfortable sprites, such as he had seen surrounding wizards on the frontispieces of prophetic almanacks. After a while an ancient woman opened the door, and, having ascertained his business, ushered him up stairs to the second-floor front, which Mr. Ledbury supposed to be the waiting-room of the necromancer, who, although a magician by profession, was a watchmaker by trade. And here she left him, in extreme trepidation, whilst she went to inform the great man of his arrival, whose study was apparently the two-pair back, separated from the other room by a thin partition. Anon Mr. Ledbury heard the crackling of wood, as if a fire had been lighted for the approaching incantation; then there was much whispering—spells, no doubt—between the wizard and the old woman, whom Titus would not have been at all surprised to see sailing into the room upon a broomstick; and, lastly, he heard the wizard washing his hands, which terminated the unholy ceremonies he had been engaged in.

Upon being summoned into the mystic chamber, Mr. Ledbury half repented of his daring mission, and would have given a great deal to be in the street again, feeling a nervous trepidation, which he had never experienced since his progress from the *corps du garde* to the Prefect of Police, on the second morning of his arrival in Paris. In fact, he half shut his eyes at entering, but was perfectly reassured—we might almost have said disappointed—when he opened

them again. The room was only a common apartment! There was nobody dressed like Herr Dobler, wearing a real boa-constrictor instead of a scarf, and all sorts of tinsel ornaments embroidered on his robe, as if they had been transferred from chemists' show-bottles. Neither were there crocodiles, bottle-imps, nor owls dispersed about the room, nor globes and huge telescopes, nor a circle of skulls upon the floor,—not even the ring of underdone half-quartern loaves, which supply their place in Der Freyschutz. And there was no vast brazier of green foil filling the room with incense, through the fumes of which could be seen visions of royal funerals, horrible shipwrecks, and attacks upon China. All was as common-place as well could be. The room was simply white-washed and uncarpeted; the magical tripod was a three-legged table; and the necromancer was an ordinary man, of some forty years old, in a duffel dressing-gown and slippers.

However, Mr. Ledbury thought for the minute that this might be the effect of *glamour*, which, as it made cobwebs look like tapestry, according to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," could possibly reverse the deception with equal ease. So he continued very respectful; and, making his obedience, said he had come to have his fortune told.

"I am not a fortune-teller, sir," replied the magician, rather grandly.

Mr. Ledbury, thinking he had made a mistake, begged his pardon, and was about to retire, when the other continued,

"I am an astrologer, sir: there is a great difference between the two. What is your wish?—to have your nativity cast?"

"It is, sir," answered Ledbury, presuming such to be the process which the common world called fortune-telling. "What is your charge?"

"For a slight investigation, half-a-crown," returned the man, as Ledbury acquiesced, by taking his seat. "When were you born, sir?—the exact day and hour."

"About ten minutes after one in the morning, on the 16th of April, 18—," replied Ledbury, who had gained this minute information, having been told that it would be required.

The magician wrote down the date upon a piece of slate, and then referred to various almanacks and dogs-eared books of calculations, like ready-reckoners prolonged to immense sums. When his mind appeared perfectly easy on this point, he drew a scheme,—one of those figures we see in Moore, which nobody ever understands, covered with hooks and eyes, and parallel lines with the cramp, and other diverting hieroglyphics. After he had made this out, he regarded it very attentively for some time, and then said,

"When you were about ten years and a quarter old, you had the measles."

Mr. Ledbury was afraid to contradict the astrologer, so simply bowed his head, although he had no recollection of the fact.

"And when you were fifteen and three quarters, your life was despaired of from small-pox?"

This, however, was a very bad shot, and compelled Mr. Ledbury to hint, very mildly indeed, that he had never taken the malady in question.

"Then you must have caught a violent cold in your head," con-

tinued the astrologer, mysteriously. "Did you not suffer from a violent cold in your head about that time?"

"I cannot say that I did," returned Mr. Ledbury; "but I had very bad chilblains."

"That is it, then," replied the other. "I think you must have made a slight mistake in the exact time of your birth. If you were born at nine minutes and thirty-five seconds after one, you had chilblains; but if it was ten minutes, then you must have had a violent cold. Are you quite certain that it was not the first-named moment?"

"Very possibly it might have been," answered Ledbury. Indeed, had the astrologer insisted that he was born the week before, he would have believed it.

"You are in the sixth house," observed the seer, looking at the horoscope with deep attention.

"No — number fifteen," said Mr. Ledbury, taking the allusion to be meant for his own abode.

The man, who was apparently immersed in deep speculations, took no notice of this error, but continued,

"You have come here to obtain knowledge concerning something which you are curious to discover, — so say the stars. Am I not right?"

"You are perfectly correct, sir," replied Ledbury, amazed at the power of the astrologer. "I had a valentine, and—"

"And you wish to know the writer," rapidly interrupted the astrologer. "You need not tell me, for I see it in your nativity. It came from a lady whom you once met in company with a dark man, a present, and a journey about to be taken under adverse circumstances."

"It was Miss Seymour, then!" said Ledbury to himself. "The dark man was her brother, the present was the ticket, and the adverse journey—ah!—what was that?" And for a minute or two this question somewhat posed him, until he made up his mind that it was going home to Islington, through Park Village, with Mr. Doo, and having to pay all the fare himself.

"One piece of information more," continued the man. "You have enemies who speak ill of you behind your back; but you will ultimately triumph over them."

"The Grimleys!" thought Ledbury.

"And you will finally marry the lady of your choice; but you must avoid getting your feet wet for the next year and a half. The horoscope predicts no more for half-a-crown. Will you search deeper into futurity?"

"I think not, sir," answered Titus, who had heard quite enough. "You have satisfied me on the most important point, and I am much obliged to you. Good evening."

And, without waiting to see if the astrologer would order a car, drawn by two griffins, to bear him away, Mr. Ledbury laid the fee upon the table, and then left the house, feeling a great deal more courageous in the fresh air of the streets than he had done in the chamber of fate; and firmly determined to buy a pair of cork-soled boots on the morrow, for wet days, that his affections might not be blighted.

It was still early in the evening, and he therefore thought he

would call upon Jack Johnson before he went home, and have some conversation with him. Besides, he knew Jack would be delighted to see him, if it was only to receive tidings of Emma; and he therefore took his way towards his friend's house, whom, fortunately, he found at home.

"Well, Leddy," said Jack, after they had chatted some little time about their own immediate love-affairs on either side, which conversation was more interesting to themselves than to the readers,—"Well, Leddy, I have made up my mind. This is the last evening you will see me here."

"Nonsense, Jack! what do you mean?" asked Ledbury, half alarmed. "You are not going to do anything foolish?"

"Well, that remains to be proved," returned Jack. "I am going apprentice to a medical man. You know I commenced the study two or three years ago, and ought not to have abandoned it. But I had no motive then for going on with it." And he spoke the last words with a significant smile, which was immediately followed up by a very forlorn sigh.

"And whom are you going to be with?" asked Ledbury.

"Oh! nobody very particular," replied Johnson. "But there will not be much premium asked, and I shall see some practice; both which things are advantageous. He lives near St. John's Street; and his name is Rawkins."

"Oh! I think I know the place," observed Ledbury. "It is a retail—is it not?"

"Precisely; a blue-bottle shop, as we used to call them, with penny pitch-plasters in the window. Yet it suits my purpose; and, what is of more consequence, my purse."

"I suppose I can come and see you there, Jack?" said Titus.

"You shall go with me to-night, if you like. All my traps have been taken there this morning, and I leave the old rooms in about an hour. It is all for the best, I know; but I cannot bear going away."

"You will be nearer to us than ever," observed Ledbury, wishing to comfort his friend, who appeared in very low spirits, but evidently trying to fight up against them.

"And, what good will that be to me—now?" replied Johnson. "I should have looked forward to it once."

"But you have such capital spirits, Jack," said his friend. "I can scarcely imagine you could ever be dull."

"Oh! my spirits are good enough when I am excited or amused," replied Johnson; "but they are very different when I am alone, with nothing but gloomy things to think about. I wish I had your equal temper—then, I should not care so much about leaving these shabby old rooms. But I have been here so long!"

Ledbury might have replied that, let our disposition be what it may, there is a sad, desolate feeling inseparable from leaving the abode in which we have dwelt for any length of time. The common inanimate household things about the room, hirelings though they be to every new tenant, have become a part and parcel of our being; there is a familiarity in the very sprigs and flowers on the walls—almost a sympathy, which only a long residence can induce; and, like the poor captive, who, when released from his long imprisonment, crept back blinded by the sun's glare, to the noisome

dungeon which time and misery had taught him to look upon as his house, and turn even its spiders and reptiles into household gods, we still cling to any old residence with regard, although our sojourn therein might have been chequered with sorrows and annoyances. But those very shadows have hallowed it in our remembrance.

As there was still some little time to spare before the period appointed for Jack's arrival at his new place, as he termed it, he appropriated the last hour to enjoying the luxury of a pipe, in company with Mr. Ledbury; and when they had puffed themselves into a becoming placidity of spirits, and puffed one another into the idea that they were both extraordinarily fine fellows, as well as discussed a farewell measure of the peculiar commingled fluid that came from "round the corner," Jack gave a final glance at the drawers and closets, to see that nothing was left behind, paid his bill, restored the keys to the landlady, and then set off, accompanied by Ledbury, to enter upon the duties of his new office.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Of Mr. Rawkins; his domestic economy; and Jack Johnson's fresh start in life.

The medical establishment conducted by Mr. Rawkins was situated in one of the streets which would be intersected by a line drawn from the New River Head to Clerkenwell Green; and the red bull's-eye lamp over the door formed a principal object in the thoroughfare, in the absence of any more remarkable features. It was essentially a doctor's shop, and might have been mistaken by thoughtless pedestrians for a mere chemist's and druggist's, had not the framed diploma of the Apothecaries' Company, ostentatiously displayed in the window, borne testimony to the proper graduation of the owner, being, in fact, a license to kill human game by powder and ball, in the shape of calomel and bolus, which every person regularly qualified for that art must possess. In the same manner the apprentice's indenture is merely a certificate to carry a gun, or, more properly, a mortar, — the missiles from which are frequently as destructive as those sent from its name sake, *monstre*, used whilome at Antwerp.

The window of Mr. Rawkins' surgery was set out with much elaborate care, and a great eye to display. Besides the legitimate drugs usually seen, there were elegant arabesques of teeth upon black velvet tablets, as well as mysterious instruments and chemical apparatus, of curiously incomprehensible shapes. These were diversified with packets of soda-powders, whose blue and white envelopes gave an animated appearance to the window, heightened by the dusky red of the ready-made pitch-plasters, and the doubtful white of the plaster-of-paris horse, which occupied the centre pane. There were, also, announcements in gold letters upon glass slips, similar to those we see at pastrycooks, except that they notified "Bleeding" and "Patent Medicines," instead of ices and ginger-beer. The practitioner in the next street, who merely lived in a private house, with a brass-plate on the door, had circulated reports prejudicial to the respectability and high-standing of Mr. Rawkins as a medical man, affirming that he also sold lucifers, Windsor-soap, jujubes, and

tooth-brushes; but this is supposed to have been an idle rumour, not propagated until the practitioner in the next street just mentioned had lost the appointment of surgeon to the police-force, which his more fortunate opponent had lately been elected to.

Mr. Rawkins was so extraordinary a person for a medical practitioner, that, had we only read of him, instead of having known him, we should at once have put him down as the far-fetched creation of an author's brain. He was about eight-and-thirty years old, and of herculean form, except his legs, which were small by comparison with the rest of his body. But he thought that he was modelled after the statues of antiquity; and, indeed, as respected his nose, which was broken, he was not far wrong in his idea,—that feature having been rather damaged in some hospital skirmish when he was a student. His face was adorned with a luxuriant fringe of black whiskers, meeting under his chin, whilst his hair, of the same hue, was cut rather short about his head, and worn without the least regard to any particular style or direction; indeed, when, in any fit of abstraction, he rubbed his fingers through it all round, his head somewhat resembled the light feather brooms used for dusting drawing-room curiosities.

But it was his class of pursuits which made him so singular a character. Every available apartment in his house, not actually occupied by human beings, was appropriated to the conserving of innumerable rabbits, guinea-pigs, and ferrets. His areas were filled with poultry; bird-cages hung at every window; and the whole of the roof had been converted into one enormous pigeon-trap, in which it was his most favourite occupation to sit on fine afternoons, with a pipe and brandy-and-water, and catch his neighbours' birds. As may be presumed, he was not married,—no wife would ever have allowed such a zoological legion to overrun the house,—and so he kept precisely what dinner company he chose, his usual and most welcome associates being the bird-fanciers of Cow Cross and Saffron Hill, one of whom, never known by any other name than "Hoppy," was his inseparable companion.

He had very little private practice: the butcher, baker, and tobacconist, were his chief patients, who employed him more especially with the intention of working out their accounts. He derived his principal income from the retail of his shop, which an apprentice attended to; his appointments of medical man to the police-force and parish poor; and breeding fancy-rabbits; and these various avocations pretty well filled up his time, the remainder of which was dedicated to paying his addresses to the widow landlady of the large public-house at the end of the street. When he was not at home, or visiting his patients, he was always to be found sitting inside the bar: and through associating freely with every chance customer who came in, he really picked up a small share of his practice. When at home, he passed his spare minutes in practising gymnastics—balancing himself upon one hand, laying hold of staples, and keeping himself out at right-angles to the wall, with other feats of strength, the acquisition of which he deemed necessary in enabling him to support the character of Hercules—his most favourite personation—with due effect.

The remaining members of his establishment besides himself, his apprentice, Mr. Prodgers, who was just beginning to attend his lec-

tures at the London University, and Hoppy, who may be considered as one of the household, inasmuch as he dined with Mr. Rawkins nearly every day, — were comprised in a servant-of-all-work and a fag boy, whose face had never been washed in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the street. This possibly was not to be wondered at when his multifarious occupations were taken into consideration, no more than the assertion that he was never known to sit down but once, upon the occasion of Mr. Prodgers insisting upon drawing one of his teeth, which had grown hind-side before, or topsy-turvy, or in some other irregular manner. He took down the shutters, washed the bottles, tended the animals, fed the birds, cleaned all the boots, shoes, knives, and culinary utensils, carried out the medicines, fetched the beer, went upon all the errands, and sifted the cinders. He had not quite passed from the chrysalis or grub state of the charity-boy, into the butterfly *imago* of the page, but appeared to have been prematurely transformed, thus preserving an equal share of the attribute of either stage of existence. His chief duty, after all, was to be cuffed and kicked about by everybody for eighteen-pence a week and his nutriment; and he went by the name of Bob.

It was past nine in the evening when Jack Johnson and Ledbury arrived at Mr. Rawkins' abode, and the shutters had been put up nearly an hour; but there was a light over the fan of the door, and upon ringing the bell they were admitted by the boy, who never went home until eleven,—which was a very fair hour, considering he never had to be back again before six in the morning.

"Is Mr. Rawkins at home?" asked Jack.

"No, he isn't, sir," replied the boy. "He 's got a bad case, and I don't know when he 'll be back."

"Never mind," continued Jack, as the boy appeared anxious to close the door upon them. "We 'll come in, at all events."

And, evidently to Bob's extreme terror and discomfort, they entered the shop, and proceeded into the back-room, when the cause of his denying his master was instantly apparent.

It was a small, dirty apartment, separated from the surgery by a glass-door, and screened from the vulgar gaze by a rusty piece of red serge. On two rabbit-hutches against the wall, whose inmates appeared particularly scared by an unwonted and untimely clatter, stood Mr. Rawkins, in the character of Hercules, apparently attired for a masquerade, and now endeavouring to throw himself into various attitudes, expressive of antique statues, his *posé* at the moment of their entrance being that of the brawny god when slaying the "learned Hygeist," as the doctor, in his ignorance of the classics and character of a regular medical man, denominated the many-headed reptile. Hoppy, who had been assisting him to pad his legs with an indefinite number of stockings, aided by numerous pieces of tow and lint, was calmly seated on a large, inverted bell-metal mortar, at the fire-side, contemplating his friend's performance, in the full enjoyment of a short-pipe; and the boy, Bob, had put down some sandals, that he was cleaning with pipe-clay, to answer the bell; but he now resumed his task immediately.

"Ha! Mr. Johnson, how d'ye do!" exclaimed Mr. Rawkins, upon recognizing Jack as he entered. "Here we are, as the clown says,

all right. Mr. Johnson—Hoppy; Hoppy—Mr. Johnson; not such a fool as he looks. Happy to know your friend, sir."

Jack immediately introduced Ledbury, who thought he had got into a small private lunatic asylum, to the medical practitioner.

"Bob didn't know you," continued Mr. Rawkins. "I told him to say I was out. Won't do, you know, for patients to see me like this. Those sandals will do, Bob. Now run about after a cab."

"I am afraid I have come too early," observed Jack.

"Not at all! don't mention it! happy to see you! What do you think of this? Dying gladiator, three positions. One—two—three and last. Slave grinding the knife. Thingamyjig defying the lightning. That 's the ticket, I think—isn't it?"

And as he spoke he stamped about the hutches, and rapidly threw himself into the positions of the statues named, which considerably increased Mr. Ledbury's amazement.

"You see," continued Mr. Rawkins, "you want the music to give the effect. Look here, now. Cinnamon—what 's his name?—fastening on his sandal."

And he began to sing, "Tum—tum—ti rum tum tum: tum tummy rummy tummy—rum—tum—tum!" and, at the last note of the symphony he fell into the desired attitude.

"That 's capital good!" remarked Hoppy, knocking the ashes from his pipe upon the hob.

"Yes; I rather think that will do," replied the master of the house. "You see, Mr. Johnson, I am going to a fancy ball, for the benefit of one of my patients. Do you not think this a good style of dress?"

"Excellent! very capital!" said Jack.

"And your friend, Mr. Tilbury, what does he think of it!"

"It is a most imposing and classical costume," replied Titus, who presumed the remark was meant for him.

At this moment Bob rang the bell, and then informed his master that the cab was at the door.

"I am sorry I cannot stay longer with you," observed Mr. Rawkins. "And Hoppy, too, is obliged to leave. Mr. Prodgers, also, is gone to—where is Mr. Prodgers gone to, Bob?"

"Surgical lecture, sir, at the University."

"Ah! yes," continued his master. "They give very long lectures there. Mr. Prodgers don't get back again sometimes until four in the morning. However, Mr. Johnson, you will, perhaps, be good enough to let him in when he comes. The night-bell hangs at your bed's head."

"I will take care to do so," replied Jack.

"And, pray, you and your friend, have what you like. The servant will bring you up some supper. If anybody comes you must say I am at a bad case: if they want medicine, give them some of these." And he took down a white jar, labelled "PIL: HUM:" "They can't do any harm. Pilula Humbugensis; made for the policemen and the poor people—yellow soap and liquorice powder."

The ancient statue flourished a little more about the room, and then getting Hoppy to open the door all ready, bolted into the cab. Jack and Ledbury then sat down by themselves, and ordered up the

supper, which, to do Rawkins justice, was a very excellent one, for, with all his eccentric habits, he kept a famous table. As soon as Bob had fetched the beer, which was pronounced exceedingly pretty half-and-half, he got his dismissal, and, the servant having gone to bed, Titus remained with his friend another hour. At last, not having the key, and not wishing to spend another evening in the slipper-bath, Mr. Ledbury wished Jack good night, promising to call upon him the next morning to see how he was going on, and give him tidings of everybody at home, and one in particular.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Johnson's first night in his new abode.

As soon as Ledbury had departed, Jack turned his thoughts towards going to bed, there being no particular inducement to stay up by himself. The apartment was a two-bedded room at the top of the house, having a couple of doors, one for entrance, and the other for exit; the last being situated at the top of the ladder, and leading into the pigeon-trap. The room was to be shared by Mr. Prodgers and himself, as Mr. Rawkins had informed him; but he had not the least idea of the former gentleman's disposition or pursuits, beyond finding that there was a very strong smell of stale tobacco pervading the interior, as well as a thick stick, and a cabman's oil-skin hat, lying upon the drawers. He evidently was in the habit of combining instruction with amusement, as appeared from a heterogeneous mass of bones, song-books, chemical tests, pipes, and packs of cards, which covered the tables. There was, also, a phrenological head upon one of the shelves, upon which had been tied a false pasteboard nose, with mustachios, probably the *souvenir* of some *soirée dansante* in the Crown and Anchor booth.

Johnson's boxes had been forwarded in the morning; and, having arranged his wardrobe in the best manner, wherever he found an available opportunity for so doing, he jumped into bed, finding the one allotted to him, by the side of which hung an enormous bell communicating with the street-door post. He was soon lost in reflection upon this new phase of his life, undisturbed even by the scratching of the rabbits in the adjoining room, who were peculiarly restless; from the circumstance of Bob having forgotten to feed them, in the excitement of preparing Mr. Rawkins for his antique impersonations. And, having meditated for some time; at one time thinking everything around him gloomy and desponding, and immediately afterwards cheered by some bright anticipation; now regretting that he had quitted his old apartments and usual manner of living for what, from its very strangeness, appeared wretched and unpromising; and now, feeling certain that all would turn out well, and that he was submitting to it as much for Emma's sake as for his own — possibly a great deal more so — his ideas became gradually confused and indefinite, and he fell asleep.

He had slumbered about a couple of hours, when he was roused, somewhat unceremoniously, by a violent peal of the large bell over his head, which had been set ringing with a force that kept it vibrating several seconds after he had started up; and, before he had

perfectly collected himself, he was furthermore serenaded by two or three voices in the street shouting a chorus, which appeared to be a declaration on the part of each vocalist that he was a gipsy king, following the asseveration by a short double-knock laugh of exultation at the enviable circumstance, in which they all joined with singular and simultaneous precision. Aware that patients were not in the habit of coming for medical men in so harmonious a manner, Jack was for a minute at a loss to imagine who the visitors could be, until another pull at the bell caused him to throw open the window, when his appearance was immediately greeted with three cheers from the vocalists below.

"Who 's there?" cried Jack, not having the least idea whether an insult or a compliment was intended by this reception.

"Lully—lully—lully—liety!" replied a voice, pertaining to a light Taglioni, that was looming about on the pavement, in the most approved style of *al fresco* Tyrolese harmony for the million.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" inquired Jack, thinking it much the best plan to be polite.

"To come in, to be sure!" answered the Taglioni; and then the three visitors, without waiting for a reply, commenced a comic Chinese dance in the middle of the road, which was somewhat unceremoniously checked by a policeman.

"Who are you?" cried one of the party in a supercilious tone.

"I 'll pretty soon let you know who I am, if you go on making this noise," returned the policeman.

"Take us all up, then," added another. "Who stole the lobster? Answer me that. I repeat the question, and will abide by the consequences. Who stole the lobster?"

We are not aware of the circumstances which gave birth to the above crustaceous insinuation, but it appeared to have the effect of making the policeman very angry, for he advanced at once towards the party, and seized one of them by the collar.

"Halloo, Frank!" cried the Taglioni, "what are you about? Don't you know me?"

"Mr. Prodgers!" exclaimed the policeman, as he recognised his prisoner, and immediately let go his hold. "I 'm sure I did not, sir. I ask you a thousand pardons."

Mr. Rawkins we have stated was surgeon to the police force, and as Mr. Prodgers filled this situation as his deputy, he was on excellent terms with all the division.

"Oh!" cried Jack Johnson, who had been watching the scene with much interest, and now caught the name, "I suppose you are my fellow-apprentice then. Why didn't you say so before?"

And, immolating a lucifer in the production of a light, he went down stairs forthwith, and admitted the other pupil, in company with his friends, bolting the door after him.

"Mr. Johnson, I suppose?" observed Mr. Prodgers, as Jack closed the door. "Hope you are well, sir? Shake hands. Hope we shall be capital friends, sir? If you 're a cholly jick, I 'm sure we shall. My other friends, sir, are Mr. Simmons, and Mr. Tweak."

"Well," thought Jack, as Mr. Prodgers followed him upstairs, accompanied by his companions, "he seems an odd bird, at all events. What does he mean by a cholly jick?"

The two friends appeared to be perfectly well acquainted with the minute anatomy of the house; for, upon entering the double-bedded room they opened various drawers and closets, until they produced some tobacco and black-bottles, together with some bundles of sticks, which they thrust into the fire-place, and kindled with playbills.

"Will you poke a smipe, Mr. Johnson?" asked Mr. Prodgers.

"Will I do what?" returned Jack. "Upon my honour, I do not quite comprehend you."

"Oh! I forgot," replied Mr. Prodgers. "Cart before the horse, you know; poke a smipe — smoke a pipe, and so on: nothing else. Medical Greek, Gower Street dialect. We think it rather a fine language."

Johnson had not the least objection to join them; in fact, he expressed himself quite delighted to do so; and, hurriedly pulling on a few of his things, he took his place at the table, from which everything had been unceremoniously thrust upon the floor with one effective sweep, to make room for the bottles. Mr. Prodgers then produced a cold ham from a hat-box, and some bread from his carpet-bag: after which, as the fire had not sufficiently burnt up, he proceeded to boil some water in a Florence flask over the candle. And, these preparations being completed, in a short time the party were very comfortable, and exceedingly lively, considering it was past three in the morning.

"You have seen the governor, I suppose, Johnson?—I must call you Johnson, you know—it saves time."

Jack replied in the affirmative.

"He's a feer quish, isn't he?" continued Mr. Prodgers. "All you have got to attend to, is, never to do anything he tells you. I never do; depend upon it it is the best way."

"I have no doubt we shall get on remarkably well," answered Jack, laughing. "He certainly is very peculiar."

"You didn't expect to have company here to-night," resumed the apprentice. "Lord bless you! we have such set-outs in this room whenever the governor goes to a bancy fall. He never comes back until seven in the morning."

"Does he always go as Hercules?" asked Jack.

"Always," replied the other; "and drinks no end of nectar, to keep up the character. I wish he would push the resemblance a little further, and keep the rabbit-hutches in order himself, like his original did the stables. Bob could go on all our errands, then. But he never gets up early enough."

In fact, Johnson had surmised as much when he first saw Mr. Rawkins, who always looked as if the strings of his genius had been relaxed by the constant damp of gin and water. But he could not expect many advantages for the small premium that had been required; and, with his usual power of entirely adapting himself to existing circumstances, determined upon making the best of it. Besides, his sojourn in that gentleman's house was not for any lengthened term of pupilage: he had served much of his time to a medical man before his father's death, and he now only wished to make up the remainder, that he might be enabled to present himself for examination. In spite of his reckless vivacity, he had natural talents

of a high order, which only wanted a little exertion on his part to bring them into play. His faults were more those of bringing up than disposition; and oftentimes he was thinking deepest when the world imagined he was all carelessness and jocosity.

Mr. Prodgers, — resolved upon spending the night with his companions, free from any disturbance or interruption,—as soon as they were all settled, proceeded to tie a leathern glove round the clapper of the night-bell, which he said was his general custom upon retiring to rest, because he did not like being called up during the hours appropriated to sleep.

"Policemen," observed Mr. Prodgers, "are never ill in the night, they have so much to attend to; poor people never ought to be; and so I see no reason for being annoyed with this bell."

"And do they never come, then?" asked Jack.

"Not to my knowledge," replied the other. "If they do, finding it is of no use, they probably go to the doctor's in the next street. He is a young man, trying to work his way into practice, and, like all the rest of them,—a set of bleak, who will jump at anything. It does him good, and keeps his circulation active. *I* think it 's a charity."

And, having delivered himself of this opinion, Mr. Prodgers took several philosophical whiffs from his pipe, and winked separately at his companions, who had been so deeply wrapped up in their own enjoyments, that they had said but very little since they came in; but they expressed their approbation of his sentiments by nodding their heads, and patting the table with their hands, after which, as if some spell had been broken by this ceremony, they entered into conversation. This was chiefly to the effect, that they had been passing the evening at a private free-and-easy club of medical pupils, somewhere over an eating-house in Grafton Street, who called themselves The Tourniquets, and gave up a few hours from the harassing labours of their profession to the enjoyment of social harmony and diluted alcohol. Mr. Tweak, who was a fresh man, compared to the others, was in raptures at the very pleasant evening he had spent, and recollected every song and joke he had heard with wonderful accuracy.

"Ah! you have not been to the 'Eagle' yet," observed Mr. Simmons, with the patronizing air of a senior pupil. "That 's the place, my boy! We will go one of these fine nights."

"What is it like?" asked Mr. Tweak.

"Oh! a perfect Elysium!" said Prodgers: "you walk about and hear oratorios."

"Oratorios," quietly returned Mr. Tweak, "ah—um—they are not very lively things, I believe?"

"Pretty well," replied Jack Johnson; "but they have other music besides that. Have you heard the Exeter Hall Quadrilles?"

"No. What are they?"

"Arranged by Julien, for the opposition shop a little nearer Temple Bar. You will be delighted with hearing them—when you do."

From this moment Mr. Prodgers received Jack Johnson into his warmest friendship; Mr. Simmons felt equally well inclined towards him; and Mr. Tweak, highly gratified at the desire of im-

parting useful knowledge, which his new acquaintance evidently possessed, said he should be very happy to see him at all times, and begged to give him his address, which, being at present rather short-sighted, he did in the shape of a surgical-instrument maker's card, that a little boy had been presenting, with a low bow, to all the pupils as they left the hospital, after demonstration, in the morning.

The time went on, and the *quartette* still remained in their places, occasionally varying the night's enjoyment with a little harmony. At last they began to get more quiet; then their heads occasionally nodded towards the table; and, finally, Mr. Simmons threw himself upon one of the beds. From this position, however, he was immediately driven by Mr. Prodgers, who objected altogether to the proceeding, stating, by way of palliating the apparent rudeness with which he turned his friend off, that it had frequently happened, when his visitors had lain down on the beds, after a time they began to feel cold, and then generally got under the clothes with their boots on, which made Rawkins very angry, and the servant exceedingly out of temper, especially when the above-named visitors had been previously running about the streets upon wet evenings. So Mr. Simmons gave up the point, and returned to his chair, whereon he fell asleep at one end of the table, and Mr. Tweak at the other, like the Count and his servant, in "The Miller and his Men," Prodgers and Jack Johnson retiring to their own couches; and in another quarter of an hour all was silent.

The morn, which would doubtlessly have been very rosy-fingered, had it not been for the rain, had illumined the fields of Coldbath and the turrets of the House of Correction, shedding her early light over the unknown limits of Gray's Inn Road, and the equally abrupt termination of Calthorpe Street, when our slumberers were aroused almost at the same instant by a violent and continued knocking at the door. It is no easy matter to shake off repose in an instant after late potations; and Johnson and Prodgers both waited for the others to see what it was before they exerted themselves; but, finding the visitors still heavy with sleep, Jack went to the window and opened it, for the second time, to learn the cause of the disturbance, since, in addition to the knocking, there was a considerable noise in the street.

And well there might be. On the steps of the door, surrounded by a group of milkwomen, cab-drivers, sweeps, little boys, and coffee-stall-keepers, stood Mr. Rawkins, in all the majesty of his Hercules' dress, vainly endeavouring to obtain entrance into his own house; for, although he had the key, Johnson had bolted the door and put up the chain, after he had admitted Prodgers and his friends, not understanding the customary regulations of the house under such circumstances. Every time Mr. Rawkins thundered at the door,—for he had pulled away the bell-handle long ago, in consequence of the clapper being muffled, — the little boys set up such a cheer, that it might have been heard at Sadlers' Wells, or even at the Angel; and when he ran after one of them, and inflicted summary chastisement, in the *tableau* of "Hercules and Lichas," they literally choked with ecstasy.

Perceiving how things stood, Johnson rushed down stairs with all

the speed he could command, and admitted his new master, braving his ire at all hazards. And, for a few minutes, very terrible to behold was the anger of Mr. Rawkins, until Jack contrived to explain the mistake, which somewhat appeased him; adding that, in the ignorance of his new locality, he had unconsciously pushed the head of his bed against the bell, which had prevented it from ringing. It appeared that an acquaintance who lived near him had brought Mr. Rawkins home in his cab, and, putting him down at the door, had immediately driven off, by which means he had been exposed to the jeers of the crowd. However, he believed it was all a mistake, and, having asked Mr. Prodgers, who now came down, "if any messages had been left, and anybody been," after the manner of most gentlemen when they come home at all excited, and very late; and received an answer in the negative, he walked off to bed, leaving orders for Bob not to fail in procuring some grains for the rabbits. The other two then returned, and dismissed their visitors as quietly as they could; after which they crept into bed again, Prodgers informing Jack that nobody was ever about very early in the house except Bob and the servant.

And so passed the first night that Jack Johnson spent beneath the zoological roof of Mr. Rawkins.

BALLAD.—MAVOURNEEN.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

The sun that is clouded will brightlier shine
  When the veil of earth's vapour has filter'd away;
So the face touch'd by sorrow will look more divine
  When the pearl-drops of grief are dissolved in joy's ray.
Though life is a desert of trouble and woe,
  Yet still there 's a spot on its waste that is green;
And wherever the courses of passion may flow,
  That green spot will shine—it is the Mavourneen.

Oh! what is the world but a wide-spreading sea,
  Where changes for ever emuffle the breast?
Yet still to the haven of hope do we flee,
  And smile through the storm, for we feel we are blest:
Yes; blest is my heart, for I know thou art true,
  And through my soul's faith is thy constancy seen;
The heart that adores thee, love, never can rue,
  For its port is thy bosom, my own Mavourneen!

Give to those who are daunted by trouble the tear,
  As evening bespangles the flow'ret with dew;
For a moment refreshing its leaves till the sere
  Its fragrance destroys, and its beauty, love, too:
But for him who can look on despair with a smile,
  Nor let one glance of sorrow escape his eyes sheen;
The dew will exhale, and its fragrance the while
  Grow sweeter through trial, my own Mavourneen

JEMIMA'S JOURNAL OF FASHIONABLE LIFE AND CONVERSATION.

(TRANSCRIBED FOR THE PRESS EXACTLY AS HE CAME BY IT,)

BY THE PILGRIM IN LONDON.

"The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the *kitchen*; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted, whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber."—DEAN SWIFT.

LORD SNOOKES'S, GROVENOR SQUARE, MY SIXTH PLACE, YEAR ANN. DOM. 1842.

DAY of the month I forget; but it was in February I put a advertisement in the front of the "Times," because I wouldn't stop with Dowager Lady Beautrap, because we had words.

Got a answer by twopenny post—it 's only a penny now—from Mrs. Briggs, 'ousekeeper at my Lord Snookes's, in Grovenor Square; put on my chocklate silk what was dyed, and went after the place. See Mrs. Briggs, the 'ousekeeper. Asked if I had a young man; said I hadn't. Asked if I didn't mean to; said I did. Asked if I thought I would like to be under her; said I should. Asked why; said I thought she looked like a motherly lady. Began to cry, and told me about a daughter she had that turned out bad; cried along with 'ousekeeper for company. Gave me a glass of ginger-wine; took something else herself, and told me she was troubled with a lowness. Was to see after my character, and I was to come again next Wednesday. Went to my aunt's, in Horseferry Road, because I wouldn't live in lodgings, because I have a character to lose.

WEDNESDAY.—Went to Grovenor Square; spoke to Mrs. Briggs. Would answer the place, and was to come; fourteen pounds, and board-wages. Other 'ousemaid same as me; no uppers. To come to my place to-morrow, and fetch my things. As I went up the airy-steps, saw one of my Lord's footmen a-talking to a polisman. Footman winked his eye, and polisman larfed. Footman says, says he, that 's our new 'ousemaid: aint she a nice 'gal? Polisman says, My eye! says he, she 's a out-an-outer. Took no notice.

NOTEY BENEY.—Footmen 's most commonly shocking imperent; so is polismen.

THURSDAY.—Took a bus, because I wouldn't pay for a whole cab to myself; kissed my aunt, and had my boxes put up on the top. Stopped ever so long at Charing Cross; looked out o' window now and then, to see if my boxes was all right. Got out in Oxford Street, nearest our square. Conductor said I should pay a shilling for my two boxes, because it was the law; said I shouldn't, because I was a poor servant. Said I must; said I wouldn't. Said I shouldn't have them; said I must. Gentleman outside said it was a shame, and he would pay it himself. Conductor thumped my boxes on the flags because I wouldn't. Gentleman paid for me; said I was a honest girl, and he wished me well. Conductor called me a reggler knife; gentleman said he supposed that was because I wouldn't fork out. Coachman called Bill, that was the conductor, a nat'ral spoon; passengers larfed. May as well have the shilling as him, because I mean to buy my aunt

a new shawl, because she protects me when I have no home. Got to our house; carried my boxes down the airy. Footman there. Said, if he had knowed, he would have opened the hall-door for me; saw me carry 'em down, but didn't. Saw the other housemaid: she looked evil at me. Didn't see the housekeeper, because she had the lowness. Carried my boxes at twice up to our attic. Took off my chocklate silk, folded it up, and put on a cotton wrapper; took out my Bible and Prayer-book, and put them under my pillow; felt strange, because I thought of my father and mother what was dead, and my brother Jack what went for a soldier. Went down stairs to know if there was any work; wasn't no work, because housekeeper had the lowness. Took out my work-box, and my merino what I washed, and made it up. Had a jolly good cry, because I was strange; went to bed, and fell fast asleep.

FRIDAY.—Housekeeper sent for me to her room; hoped I would be a credit to her; and, if I was a good girl, she would be as good as my own mother to me. Said the other housemaid and she was two; because the other housemaid told John Coachman she drinked, and John Coachman told Thomas, and Thomas told the laundress, and the laundress told the housekeeper. Said it was a false lie, without a word of the truth in it. Said she had a lowness over her, by reason of her daughter, and never drinked nothing stronger than o de we. Said she always and ever 'bominated a drinkard. Said she was a born lady, and had seen better days, but was wrongfully kept out of her property; shook her head, and said her husband was a cruel man; that she was the best wife and mother in the world; and that one day he would be sorry for what he had done on her. Then she cried, and told me to pour her out a small glass of o de we: the o de we smelled like brandy. Then she said the butler was a strange man, a beautiful whistler, but never said nothing, and had a fiddle with three strings; that nobody could never get not so much as a pack of cards or a candle-end out of him; that he was a mean feller, and a great favourite with my lord, but my lady didn't like a hair of his head; that John Coachman was a cross patch, hated everybody but his horses, and didn't like them; that he was a sneering feller, and slammed the door of the servants' hall, because Mrs. Briggs said he shouldn't; that John Footman was a honest country lad; but Thomas was always arter the girls, had two suits of coloured clothes, and was a gay receiver; that Mrs. Cook drinked gin like a fish, and covered the smell with raw onions, that nobody mightn't smell it; that the kitchen-maid was a good wench, and would fetch an errand without saying nothing. The housekeeper told me how to do, and to have no conversation with Thomas, as I valued my character, nor to have nothing to say to the other housemaid, nor never to believe a word she said, because she was very evil; and told me how she expected me to tell her all the goings on, and to watch Thomas and the other housemaid; and I said I would, because I didn't like to refuse housekeeper; but I didn't mean to. Then she said as how my lord and my lady was expected in town on Monday, and my Lord Doldrum, my lord's eldest son; for my lord was a yearl; and the Lady Cecilia, and the Honourable Hookey Walker Snookes, my lord's son and daughter; and the tutorer, and Miss Solitary Snipe, the governess, and Lady Angelina Cuibosh, my lady's sister, a 'orrid old frump; that my lord was a very quiet man, with nothing like pride about him, but my lady had a temper; that she

was like a barrel of gunpowder with a farthing rush in it; that she was on the top of the house before you knew where you were, all for nothing; that when she began she never would stop till she took to her bed, and then she would have it out with the doctors and pothecarrier; that Lord Doldrum was a uncommon good young man, what was a Parliament-man, and had a turning-lathe, and made speeches and snuff-boxes, and gave one to Mrs. Briggs, and she showed me it, and it was a beauty; that Lady Cecilia was a lazy good-for-nothing, and hadn't an ounce; that the Honourable Hookey was a wild young man, and didn't care what he did or what he didn't; and that Lady Angelina was the devil. The housekeeper told me that the tutorer was a disgrace to the family, he looked so starved; and that he never dined with my lord, because he bolted his vittles; and that he had a joint sent up every day from the servants' dinner, and that none of it never came down again, and housekeeper supposes he bolts it, bone and skin. Housekeeper saw cigars and a brandy-bottle in the tutorer's room, but never mentioned it before to man or mortal; that he never speaks or smiles, and plays such doleful ditties on the flute, that it gives housekeeper the lowness, and she wishes my lady would stop him; that Thomas hates the tutorer, and says he will never sleep easy till he has him discharged; that the governess, Miss Snipe, is always asking for soap, and what on earth she does with it nobody knows, for Mrs. Briggs says she 's about as clean-skinned as a sweep o' Sundays.

Saturday.—Making ready the house for my lord and lady. Other housemaid says she 's upper; I said, very well. Asked if Mrs. Briggs said she wasn't; said nothing. Said Mrs. Briggs drinked like anythink; said I supposed so. Said I was to have the great pail, and not to offer to touch the little 'un, because it was her'n; said I didn't care which. Looked at me very evil. Heard a whistle; knew it was Thomas. Other housemaid whipped down stairs.

Sunday.—To church. Dinner at three. Thomas swearing; other housemaid larfing: didn't like it much, but said nothing. Thomas called me a muff; larfed, though I didn't like it. In the evening, went up stairs. Other housemaid asked me what I was a-reading of? said, my Bible. Said she took Adventures of a French Milliner, twopence a number, with pictures; said I might have it to read. Thanked her. Showed me a picture of Thomas, drawed from his shadow on the kitchen-wall; said she did it. Saw how it was; but didn't say nothing.

Monday.—My lord and lady, with the rest of the family, came in the afternoon. My lady asked me if I was the new housemaid? said I was, if it pleased her ladyship. My lady said I was a proper-spoken young woman. Made a low curtsey, and went down stairs.

Tuesday. — A-dusting of the hand-rail of great stairs, up comes 'onorable Hookey. Got off my knees to let him pass. 'Onorable Hookey says, my duck! are you at your devotions? said I was a-dusting. Says, my duck! my dove! my dearest dear! said I didn't understand him. Chucked me under the chin. Said he never see a more angellic indiwidual female since he opened his eye; said I supposed that that was when he was nine days old. Larfed, and called me an imperent slut; said I would keep my distance if he kept his'n. Made a observation what I don't chuse to repeat. Said I never heard such words from a 'elper, much more a 'onourable; said, 'onorable be

——. Said, for shame, sir! Said he would give his guvernor the immortal sack if he didn't drop the tin; went up stairs, swearin' a many oaths. Went on a-dustin', and, my gracious me! I see t' other housemaid's pail a-comin' down the well of the stair, with a string at the end of it; see the 'onorable Hookey at the top a-holdin' on. Swore he would let it down by the run; said, please, sir, don't, if you please. Knock at hall-door; visitors to my lady. 'Onorable Hookey draws up the pail; it kitches again the hand-rail, and down goes the slops: 'onorable Hookey larfs. Such a young nobleman!

Wednesday.—At work in library. My Lord Doldrum comes in, and speaks to me; says I mustn't tumble the wotes and papers on library-table. Said I placed 'em as they was; said that was right. Asked me if my lady was in the breakfast-parlour; said her ladyship was. Asked if she was a-reading of the paper; said I didn't know. Asked where I lived last; said, at Lady Beautraps. Said Lady Beautrap was a friend of his family; said nothing. Said he would make me a needle-case, if I would have it; thanked his lordship, and said I would, if he pleased. Said he couldn't make it to-day, because he had a many speeches to write; said I would wait his lordship's pleasure. Asked if I see housekeeper's snuff-box; said I did. Asked if I liked it; said it was a beauty. Nodded his head, and said he could make a beautifuller. Said I thought it was impossible; said it wasn't, for he could. Showed me a snuff-box what he made; what nobody couldn't open but himself. Told me I might go, and said three times he shouldn't forget to make the needle-case.

Thursday.—High words between my lord and lady about 'onourable Hookey. My lady screams 'orrid; sends for Miss Solitary Snipe, the governess; locks her in, and scolds her. Governess goes to offer to jump out o' window. My lady pulls her back, and goes into asterricks; Thomas goes for the doctors; my lord whistles, and looks out o' library window.

Friday.—My lady sends for housekeeper to scold her. My lord walks about from room to room, and whistles. My Lord Doldrum gives me such a beautiful needle-case. Miss Snipe and housekeeper to be turned off for not answering my lady when she scolds them. Doctors always a-comin', and potticarrier sending drugs. My lady's lawyer comes; my lady scolds him. 'Onorable Hookey puts a live rat in the housemaid's room; I kill it with the fire-shovel, but don't say nothing. 'Onorable Hookey up at Bow Street. My Lord Doldrum makes a speech in the parliament; and porter is ordered to take in a dozen a-piece of the morning papers.

Saturday.—Thomas says Lord Doldrum's a slow coach, and says he could make a better speech than his lordship; gets on the table in servants'-hall, and begins, Mr. Speaker. Cook pins a dishcloth to his tail; t' other housemaid takes it off. Thomas says 'onorable Hookey's a trump, and no mistake. T' other housemaid says he 's a charming young man. Thomas says he 's a little ugly rascal, and a disgrace to the family. My lady better. My lord goes to her ladyship's room to sit with her. Governess and housekeeper not to be turned off after all. So glad my lord and lady are reconciled again. Dinner-party in the evening. Thomas says they are all parliament men; and they drank Lord Doldrum's health, and ten dozen of wine.

Sunday.—To church. Coming home, a young man followed me. Said it was a fine day; said it was. Said I must be very lonely walk-

ing by myself; said I wanted none of his company. Said, if I knew him, would I keep company with him? said I didn't keep company with nobody. Said he knowed where I lived, and that I was a angel; said I wanted none o' that nonsense. Said he would be at the Grovenor Arms in the evening, if I would come out; said I would do no such thing. Said I was a decent, modest gal, and he wished he had me for his wife; said I hoped he wouldn't follow me, because I had nothing but my character to live by. Said he 'oped I wouldn't refuse to let him come to church to have the pleasure of looking at me; said I thought he might go to church for better than that. Said I was very cruel. Ran away from him. Got down the airey-steps into my lord's. See him a walking up and down, and peeping into the airey. Went to housemaid's room, and peeped out of window; thought him a agreeable young feller, after all.

Walentine's-Day.—A walentine for me from my young man. Oh! it was beautiful, and smelled of musk. T' other housemaid said she and Thomas was to be married, and set up a public-'ouse. My lady in a way, because my Lord Doldrum was seen speaking in Hyde Park to Miss Stilton, the rich cheesemongeress's daughter. 'Onorable Hookey brings home a horse. My lord orders John Coachman not to let it into stable. 'Onorable Hookey cuffs John Coachman. John Coachman goes for a warrant. My lady bids my lord to stop him. My lord says the man is perfectly right. My lady calls my lord a unnatural brute, and goes in asterricks.

Day after Walentine's.—John Coachman forgives 'onorable Hookey, because my lord has trouble enough with him, John Coachman says. Dinner-party at my lord's. My lady recovered, and quite gracious. A friend of my Lord Doldrum's comes to dinner. Porter says he 's a shabby fellow, a littery man, what never leaves his hat in the hall, nor never gives nobody nothing. Thomas says he 's a taker-off, and makes books and speeches in the newspapers. Mrs. Briggs says he 's a poet-writer. Never see a poet-writer in my life. Thought I should like to see one. Met Lord Doldrum coming up stairs to his smoking-room, where he smokes what Thomas calls a 'ookey; a gentleman a-followin' arter. Looked at him, because I wanted to see the poet-writer: instead of him, who do you think it was?—*my young man.* Went into asterricks like my lady.

THE NYMPH OF SAND-BED HOLE.

LEGENDS OF LUNE.

BY HENRY H. DAVIS.

[The Sand-Bed Hole is formed by a sudden sweep of the River Lune, near Kirkby-Lonsdale; where, after a long reach, flowing westward, it turns to the south. The western side is overhung by a lofty, precipitous bank, clothed with wood; and at the foot of the declivity is the well mentioned in the legend, dedicated to "Our Ladye." From this point a series of beautiful views present themselves, enhanced by the lake-like appearance of the river, which is here of awful depth.]

Pale rose the moon o'er Brownthwaite's dusky height,
Bathing, sweet Lonsdale! in her mellow light;
The flowers all slept, the birds had gone to rest,
And scarce a ripple stirr'd the river's breast:

The timid hare frisk'd on the dewy lawn,
To the soft humming of the beetle's drone;
And, like a maiden's kisses, soft and shy,
Loaded with sweets, the night-breeze flutter'd by,
Wooing the trembling leaves with gentlest sigh!
Right then, upon this eve it so befel,
Young ARTHUR wander'd to the LADYE'S WELL—
A quiet fountain by the river's side,
Whose waters there are sluggish, deep, and wide.
Sooth! 'tis a lovely spot! with moss bespread,
O'er which the harebell hangs its azure head;
And wild anemones, and daisies sweet,
With pale primroses, grace the loved retreat!
He was a wayward wight, and chose to roam
Where old Tradition built the fairies' home;
For much he long'd their tiny forms to see,
To hear their music, and to join their glee.
He knew the voice of every dimpling rill
That broke the silence of the lonely hill;
The deep ravine, the cavern's marble hall;
The distant, solitary waterfall;
The wild-wood dell; the haunted forest-glade;
The moss-clad pile, where footsteps seldom stray'd;
The magic fairy-ring of brightest green;—
Each storied spot, and legendary scene,
To him were shrines of visionary joy,
Which time might desecrate, but ne'er destroy!
Oft had he listen'd, on a winter's night,
To the strange story of the water-sprite,
Who, from the rocky depths of silvery Lune,
With murmuring voice pour'd forth her plaintive tune;
And he had watch'd, but always watch'd in vain,
For the low breathings of that elvish strain!
It was his passion, the sole end and aim
Of his whole being. Riches, worldly fame,
Love, friendship, everything that others deem
Worthy to follow, merged into that dream;
And every night, when moonbeams lit the glade,
Found Arthur watching for his river-maid!
This eve it chanced, while resting on his seat,
The wish'd-for sounds his ravish'd ear did greet;—
A rich and wondrous melody, whose birth
Was ne'er effected by a child of earth!
Now light and airy, dancing on the stream;
Now sad and low, like music in a dream;
Anon it swell'd in one harmonious strain;
Then died away—and rose, and died again!
Nearer it came; and, from the crystal wave,
Like some pure spirit rising from the grave,
Or the bright goddess from her briny bed,
Whom Paphian swains of eld have worshiped,
Sprang forth a being of ethereal mould,
Wrapp'd in wreathed tresses, like the purest gold!
Her swelling bosom, in the pale moonlight,
Rival'd the snow on Chimboraço's height;
Her wavy hair did scarce conceal from view
The dazzling limbs, whose brightness struggled through
Its silken folds, which floated over her
Like a pale rainbow of fine gossamer!
She seem'd a fairy being, born to bless
The vision with one glimpse of loveliness,

So pure and holy, that it left the seer
Rapt in an ecstasy 'twixt love and fear!
The glancing waves that cluster'd at her feet,
With tinkling music did her presence greet;
The playful trout, too, left his weedy lair,
The silver salmon paid his homage there;
And hosts of minnows, deck'd in gayest sheen,
With sportive gambols hail'd their beauteous queen.
Oh! she was beautiful! as o'er the tide,
With swan-like grace, she now began to glide,
Close to the bank o'er which young Arthur bent,
Spell-bound with joy—transfix'd with ravishment!
She bent her eye on his, and every vein
Throbb'd with a nameless thrill 'twixt love and pain;
And, while the fascination check'd his tongue,
With soft, low voice, and sweet, this strain she sung:—

"My river home is a crystal cave,
A thousand fathoms deep,
Where the silver sound of the streamlet's wave
Lulls me to sleep.

"And I have woven a wreath for thee
Of the fairest earthly flowers;
Then, mortal, come and dwell with me—
Bliss shall be ours.

"In a sparkling grot I have made my bed,
Where the brightest mosses grow,
Where sound thou 'lt slumber, while o'er thy head
The waters flow!

"And I 'll watch thee, love, in all thy dreams,
And no harm shall fall on thee;
For there 's endless joys beneath these streams,—
Then come with me!

"Oh! long hast thou waited to see me here,
For thy heart is bold and brave;
Then reach me thine hand, dismiss thy fear,
And trust the wave!"

The song was hush'd—and on his ear again
Burst the wild music in a livelier strain;
It seem'd a song of triumph from the wave,
Hailing the victim to his watery grave!
For he had reach'd his hand, and o'er the tide
Was gently floating with his spirit bride!
He saw the forest green, the starry sky,
And heard the streamlet as it murmur'd by;
He saw the moon peep from a fleecy cloud,
Like death-struck beauty in her snowy shroud;
He heard the gentle whispers of the trees,
And felt his cheek fann'd by the sighing breeze.
But what were all to him?—his lot was cast—
One lingering look he threw—it was his last!

Down sank the nymph—down sank her victim too—
The closing waters buried them from view;
The music ceased, and broken was the spell,
And all was lonely round the Ladye's Well!
The gentle youth that loved the forest-glade
Was slumbering soundly with his river-maid
Beneath the dark green streams that slowly roll
Above the caverns of the Sand-Bed Hole!

Feb. 8th, 1843.

THE ROCK OF BABAKÉ.

BY ISABELLA F. ROMER.

"La jalousie! cette ennemie avide de déchirer son propre sein, qui vit de soupçons, ne se nourrit que d'alarmes, se consume pour apprendre ce qu'elle ne veut pas savoir, et veut savoir tout ce qu'elle a tant d'intérêt d'ignorer."—DE TILLY.

"I have too much believed mine own suspicion."—*Winter's Tale.*

VIVE la vapeur! thanks to its propelling powers, everybody now-a-days has travelled; to everybody has been accorded the facility "*promener ses loisirs et ses ennuis,*" (one generally brings with it the other!) either by railroad or steam-boat, over every land or main which stretches between Indus and the Pole. People, who formerly made their wills before they trusted themselves to the windings of the Wye, now fearlessly navigate the Black, White, Red, or Yellow Seas, and penetrate into "the contagious countries" which skirt their shores. What endless varieties of "the monkey that has seen the world" have been let loose upon society in consequence! What innumerable folios of diaries and journals, rough notes and polished reminiscences, have been prodigally dispensed to the reading part of the community! The progress of steam has decidedly accelerated the march of intellect; ideas are developed by its genial warmth, just in the same wholesale way that chickens are hatched in the ovens of the Eccalobeion,—(sitting hens and matured reflection are no longer necessary for the production of good poultry and good books!)— for those that *run* will *write* — I wish some of them would *read* instead!—and every tourist now feels an irrepressible call to favour the world with his or her impressions, even should they have seen nothing but the banks of the Rhine. Alas! how few are there who can *Pilgrimize* like Pelham, or *Bubbleize* like the Old Man of the Brunnens, for the pleasure and profit of others! One would be tempted to imagine that they wrote with a forty-horse-power-pen, so rapidly do their descriptions run away with them; and certainly as much ink is called into requisition after one of those flying trips, as water has been expended to keep up the steam during the *trajet;* and the press is the safety-valve through which the ideas which have been fizzing, simmering, and bubbling throughout the voyage under the high pressure of excitement, at last escape and—evaporate!

The world is no longer so large as it was: our moral grasp has reduced the giant to a comparative pigmy. Paris is as come-at-able as a suburb of London. Every Cockney can now not only "babble of green fields," but talk as knowingly of Munich and its Pinakothek, Stuttgardt and its Opera, Wisbad and its Kursaal, as their fathers did of Richmond Hill, Greenwich Park, and Epping Forest: the East even, — so long a *terra incognita* into which some isolated individual ventured to penetrate once in a century, while the rest of the world were content to explore it upon maps only, — has come within the scope of every-day undertakings; and England has sent forth her daughters, fair and *blue,* to turn the heads of three-tailed

pashas in the gentle gyrations of the waltz, cause tender distractions to Eastern potentates, suggest new ideas to Moslem statesmen, and then return home to publish such records of their roamings as partake as much of the character of triumphs as of travels!

Oh! shade of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu! how must thou shrink from the profanation of such fellowship, and, soaring into regions unapproachable to these vain flutterers of a day, look down with wondering pity upon the temerity which would hold the light of their farthing candles to scenes which have been illuminated for posterity by the noontide blaze of thy wit and learning, and which the magic touch of thy matchless pen has converted into classic ground! But this *par parenthèse*.

Such was the substance of my monologue as I sat in the eating-room of the primitive little inn at Baziak, (a village at the eastern extremity of the Banat of Hungary, and on the immediate frontier of Turkey,) which, for total absence of accommodation, might have borne away the palm even from a Spanish *venta* or an Eastern *caravanserai*; "for," thought I to myself, pursuing the thread of my reflections, and opening at the same time my Bramah-locked note-book, "if it had not been for steam *I* should certainly never have found myself in this uncivilized part of the world, with my head crammed full of the strange *rencontres* I have made, and my fingers itching to transmit them to paper! Heaven forbid, however, that I should ever do that which I have just been reprobating, and bestow my tediousness upon the public in the shape of printed consequences of these same peregrinations." (And, truth to say, I *have* steered clear of joining the great majority of tour-writers; for, with the exception of a desultory paper which has occasionally appeared in some of the periodicals of the day, I have discreetly kept within the precincts of the above-mentioned Bramah-locked note-book the various impressions which have been produced upon my mind during the course of ramblings far and wide, from one end of Europe to the other.)

"Bring me pen and ink immediately," said I to my wild-looking host; "I wish to write."

"*Ja, ja,*" was the reply; and, leaving the room, he presently returned, bearing in his hand a lump of chalk which he obsequiously placed upon the table before me.

"I told you that I wanted *to write,*" I repeated, impatiently, pushing away the chalk, and showing him the fair vellum pages of my open book.

"*Ja, ja,*" he persisted, replacing his offering with the most phlegmatic *sang froid;* "I understand you perfectly—you want to write, and I have brought you something to write with."

And, at the same time throwing open the door of the room he pointed to the outer side of it, where, to my infinite amusement, I beheld a graphic illustration of the advanced state of calligraphy in that part of the world, in the shape of the items of my bill for the last night's accommodation at his inn, noted down thereon, in characters three inches long, with the identical lump of chalk which he had just brought to me! By dint of patience, however, I at last succeeded in making him sensible that, although chalk might answer very well to score his "*reckoning*" upon a door, it was not precisely the material best adapted for noting down lady-like

nothings upon white paper; but, as ink and pens were refinements unknown in his hostelry, I was obliged to await the visit of the Austrian commandant, in order that I might obtain from that gentleman wherewithal to make an entry in my journal of the last day's proceedings.

Instead of writing, however, I was induced to make an excursion beyond Moldavia to a part of the Danube which was at that time impracticable for any navigation save that of the flat-bottomed boats peculiar to those shores. Our voyage was adventurous, and in some instances perilous; for, on our return, our bark grounded in the middle of the rapid stream, and I was obliged to be carried ashore on the shoulders of a half-naked, savage-looking Wallachian, and to attempt a return to "mine inn" on foot, through paths so wild and overgrown with briers that they looked as though human footsteps had never trodden them before. Night, too, had closed in; the thunder, muttering from afar, betokened a coming storm; large round drops of rain slowly pattered among the leaves; the Danube dashed hoarsely along its rocky channel; and the *hallooing* conversation, carried on in (to us) an unknown tongue, between our guides on shore and the men we had left in the boat, (who were toiling with all their might to row against the current and follow us,) formed so dreary a combination, that never in my life did I feel more thankful than when the barking of the watch-dogs at Baziak first fell upon my ear,—never was sight so welcome as the glimmering light in the inn-window, which proclaimed human habitations to be once more at hand!

The object of our excursion had, however, been attained, and was well worth the effort we had made to effect it. Babaké, the spot we had visited, is undoubtedly the most sublimely picturesque feature in the succession of romantic scenery which marks the eastern course of the Danube, nor can any part of the Rhine compare with the stupendous and melancholy grandeur which characterizes that lonely scene. The river there takes a sudden bend, and the perpendicular rocks which inclose it narrowing together, cause the waters to rush impetuously along, as though impatient of their temporary confinement. Rock, crag, and ruin, beautifully intermingled with wild forest-trees, rise in fantastic succession from the water's edge to the summit of the precipitous banks, and tower proudly over the angry flood as it foams and dashes through its narrow bed. The eagle sails majestically through the silent air, as though he were lord of the stern solitude; the wild cat and bear people the wooded mountains, fearless of man's approach. Midway in the stream rises a lofty peak,—the Rock of Babaké,—on the acclivity of which are to be seen the remains of an old Turkish castle. Concerning this ruined pile various traditions are afloat; for, placed as it is in the very centre of the Danube, with Turkey on one bank and the Banat of Hungary on the other, both countries lay claim to having been the original possessors of the wild domain,—both assume that the stronghold was built by a chieftain of their own nation,—both advance a legend in confirmation of that assertion. That of the Moslem is vague, dim, and unsatisfactory, and merely states that in past ages a Turkish warrior, having detected the infidelity of his favourite wife, and being unwilling to shed her blood, conveyed her to the lonely rock in the midst of the roaring flood, and saying to her,

"*Baba kai!*" (*repent of your sins!*—from whence its actual name is derived,) left her to perish there of hunger and despair. That of the Christian is more terrible and defined; but, as in both cases a woman is the principal personage in the drama of which Babaké was the closing scene, it is just possible that the two stories are only different versions of the same original, varied, as must ever be the fate of oral traditions, according to the bias of the various channels through which it has descended to the present day. As I am a lover of old histories, I took care before I left Baziak to gather all the information I could relative to the picturesque ruin of Babaké; and on the morning following my excursion thither an intelligent inhabitant of the place related to me the substance of the following details:—

Nearly three centuries ago, an extensive portion of that part of the country which lies on the Wallachian bank of the Danube, including the rock already described, belonged to Demetri C——, a powerful Boyard, descended from one of the Greek princes who had been driven from Constantinople at the fall of the Lower Empire. He was wealthy, generous, and magnificent, the father of a promising son, (who at the period to which this history relates was eighteen years old,) and the husband of the most beautiful woman in the country. Helena C—— was looked upon as the happiest and most enviable of her sex; and she might have justified the general belief, for nature had endowed her with mental powers no less remarkable than her personal perfections, had it not unfortunately happened that, amidst the countless roses with which her path in life had been strewn, one sharp thorn had lurked, and pierced her to the heart, rendering her, in the intolerable anguish it occasioned, regardless of the many other blessings which had been showered upon her. In a word, she was of a suspicious and jealous disposition. Passionately attached to her husband, and to all appearance adored by him, she nevertheless lived in a constant state of distrust of him, which his character and manners were but too well calculated to justify, for his general admiration of beauty was a matter of notoriety; and, although, from a knowledge of his wife's disposition, he had hitherto taken such precautions in his infidelities towards her, that she had never yet been able to detect him in a love-intrigue, she nevertheless felt so persuaded that he was constantly involved in such pursuits, that she became the prey to a vague jealousy which embittered every hour of her existence.

At last her restless suspicions appeared to have found an object on which to settle. Among her female attendants was a young and pretty Transylvanian, named Anastatia, whose superior education had rendered her a favourite with her lady. All at once the damsel became negligent of her duties, absent in mind, and inattentive to the wishes of her mistress. When reprimanded by her, she betrayed insolence and *hauteur*. Helena threatened to dismiss her from her service—the Prince opposed such a measure—and, in proportion as the displeasure of the wife was evinced towards the delinquent, the voice and manner of the husband appeared to soften in her favour.

This was more than sufficient to fire the suspicions of the Princess. Eager to ascertain the reality of that which she dreaded, resolved to rush upon a knowledge which was to break her heart, she forgot her dignity so far as to stoop to play the eaves-dropper and spy over her

attendant,—for some time without any result. One day, however, when the young girl had been sent for by her, and had neglected to attend the summons, Helena treacherously crept by a back way to her menial's chamber door, and, noiselessly stationing herself outside of it, listened to what was passing within. A murmur of voices in the room convinced her that Anastatia was not alone, and almost immediately that of the suspected damsel struck upon her ear in accents the purport of which could not be mistaken.

"Leave me!" she said,—"for Heaven's sake leave me! If my mistress were to know of your being here, I should be lost for ever. Already she suspects and watches me, and I live in daily terror of her discovering a love which would draw upon me her eternal enmity. Go, prince!—go, Demetri! This evening, soon as it is dark, I shall contrive to steal out to the fountain in the sycamore-grove, —meet me there at eight. Your protest of absenting yourself from home will prevent the Princess from suspecting that we——"

Here the voice became fainter as the person speaking moved towards an opposite door; the footsteps of a man were plainly to be distinguished moving in the same direction. Helena could hear nothing more. She strained her eyes to the crevice of the door at which she was stationed, but could see nothing. Her heart overflowing with dark, tumultuous passions, she was for a moment tempted to burst open the door, and confound the guilty one who had presumed to rival her in her husband's love; but listening again, she felt assured that the room was empty, and a moment's reflection showed her that by a few hours' delay she might render her vengeance more signal and complete. She therefore returned in the same stealthy manner to her own apartment, shut herself up there, and took her measures accordingly.

Her determination was to prevent the possibility of Anastatia's quitting the house, and then to disguise herself in the dress of a serving-damsel, and personate her perfidious attendant at the rendezvous in the sycamore-grove, which she had heard arranged by her. These meditations were interrupted by a message from the Prince, apprizing her that he should be absent from home for the remainder of the day, and should probably not return until late at night; and this message, an additional proof of the calculating treachery which her faithless husband scrupled not to exercise towards her, was the last drop that overflowed the cup; the exasperation of her outraged feelings knew no bounds, and she remained in solitude in her apartment, that no member of the family might notice her agitation.

An hour before sunset Anastatia was summoned to her lady's presence, and received an order to remain near her, and terminate some embroidery with which she herself had been occupied. Not daring to disobey, and hoping to finish her task before the hour for her appointment with her lover had arrived, the young girl sat down to her work with unwonted alacrity. The room in which they were was an upper chamber, and formed the last of a spacious suite, having no entrance but through the apartments which preceded it. Not long after Anastatia was seated at her embroidery-frame the Princess rose and quitted the room, locked the door of it, and leaving her attendant a close prisoner there, with no possibility of egress until she herself should release her, she proceeded to Anastatia's

chamber, where she selected a suit of her clothes, hastened to disguise herself in them, and, throwing a veil over her head, quitted the house, and directed her steps towards the trysting-place.

It was late in the autumn; the days were shortening visibly, the evenings were cold and gloomy; night closed in immediately after sunset, and there was no moon to illuminate the chill, dark sky. Helena was the first to arrive at the place of rendezvous, and, under the influence of never-slumbering suspicion, she fancied when she found herself there alone that her scheme had been discovered, and that her husband would defeat her plan of vengeance by not appearing; but a few moments sufficed to undeceive her. A quick, light step approached,—what eagerness was in that tread, and how indignantly did her heart throb as she listened to it! The obscurity was so complete that she could not discern even the outline of the person who drew near, but a perfume of ambergris, with which her husband's hair and garments were always impregnated, floated upon the air, and a low, counterfeited voice, breathing forth the words, "Hist! Anastatia! are you here, love?" directed her towards him. She stretched forth her hand with a whispered "Yes," and grasped something which she recognised as the furred and richly-embroidered kaftan worn by the heads of the princely house of C——; in the next moment the arms of the impatient lover were thrown around her, and she was drawn towards him in a passionate embrace! Transported to fury by the tender endearment which she knew was not intended for herself, but for an unworthy rival, and breathing only the deadliest vengeance for her wrongs, the outraged wife thrust her hand into her bosom, drew from thence a poniard, and raising it on high, plunged it into the faithless heart that beat wildly against her own. The blow was dealt with such unerring aim that the victim could only utter an indistinct cry, and relaxing the grasp with which he had held her so closely embraced, fell heavily to the ground. Helena drew in her breath, and listened for a moment; a gurgling noise in the throat of the murdered man was all that she could distinguish,—then followed a death-like silence. Terror and remorse suddenly overcame her for the deed which, in a moment of frenzied excitement, she had perpetrated, and, turning hastily from the fatal spot, she rushed homewards.

The first object that met her eyes as she entered the house was *her husband!* There he stood unharmed, surrounded by his attendants, and in his riding-dress, just as he had alighted from horseback, a tranquil smile upon his lips as he inquired whether the Princess was in her apartment.

"*You* here!" she shrieked, rushing up to him,—"I have not killed you, then! Oh! thank Heaven! I have not killed you!" and she fell gasping at his feet.

"The Princess!" ejaculated her husband, bewildered at the sight of her disguise and her violent emotion, and raising her from the ground; "what means this frenzy, and why are you so strangely disguised?"

But she answered him not. With her distended eyes wildly fixed upon him, she passed her hands repeatedly over his bosom, and muttered to herself,

"No poniard—no wound! and yet I struck him there, and felt his hot blood gush forth upon my hand! And see," she continued,

shuddering, "there it is!" and, holding up her hand as she spoke, the crimson drops that stained it attested to the truth of some fearful deed being connected with her mysterious self-accusation.

"Helena, dearest love!" said the Boyard, in soothing accents, "something has terrified you; but you are safe now—I am here to protect you! Tell me, what is the meaning of this agitation?—what is the meaning of this blood?"

"You!—Anastatia!—the sycamore grove!" she uttered in broken cries; "were you not there?—now, just now, to meet her?"

The Prince shook his head in silent consternation.

"Who have I murdered, then?" burst from the lips of the unhappy woman with a thrilling shriek; and, starting from her husband's support, she fled with the speed of a maniac in the direction of the fatal spot from which she had so recently returned.

The Prince and his attendants followed her, some of them bearing lighted torches; but such was the speed which the frenzied state of her feelings lent to her movements, that they only overtook her at the moment of her reaching the fountain. There she suddenly stopped, as though rooted to the spot, and shuddering, pointed to the ground; the Prince advanced hastily to her side; his attendants followed, and, raising their torches, discovered at the margin of the fountain the body of a man extended on his back, and weltering in his blood. The ghastly face was turned upwards, and, as the glare of the torches fell upon it, an exclamation of horror burst from the lips of all present, and Helena, leaning forward, recognised the features of her victim with a thrill of agony which caused the blood to freeze in her veins, and all her pulses to stand still. At that one glance the whole truth flashed upon her with terrible clearness, and she comprehended when too late the fatal error into which her blind and mistaken suspicions had plunged her. There lay *her son*—her only child—her beloved Demetri—bathed in the blood that welled forth from the death-wound which *her* murderous hand had inflicted! He it was, then, whose boyish passion had been reciprocated by her young attendant;—he it was for whom Anastatia had devised the love-meeting which had that morning changed her own jealous fears into dreadful certainties. He it was, O God! upon whom her imaginary wrongs had just been so barbarously avenged! The similarity of *name* and of *dress* had deceived her. Why had she not thought of this before? Why? Does suspicion ever pause to reason or to reflect? Is not jealousy blind as love (whose dark shadow it is) is said to be? All this passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning as that one awful glance revealed to her the extent of her crime; no word escaped her lips; but, as if struck by a thunderbolt, she fell heavily forward, and lay prostrate, and to all appearance lifeless, by the side of the beloved son whose life had fallen a sacrifice to the rash and ungovernable suspicions of the jealous wife.

The first use that Helena made of her returning faculties was to cast herself at the feet of her husband, and make a full confession of the feelings which had driven her to commit so desperate a deed, imploring death at his hands in expiation of her crime. But death, which would have terminated her earthly torments, was a boon which the exasperated husband was resolved not to grant her.

"Woman!" said he, "you shall live to die a thousand deaths

every day; you shall live to curse the day on which you were born; you shall live to expiate in lingering torments of mind the misery you have inflicted upon me!" And, inflexible in his determination, he caused his unfortunate wife to be conveyed to the Rock of Babaké, where, in a rudely-constructed stone-chamber, she was condemned to drag out her miserable existence, without being suffered to exchange a word with any human being, and with no companionship save her own wretched thoughts. Her senses failed her under the severity of the punishment; but madness, instead of bringing oblivion to her woes, seemed to have imparted new activity to her faculties of suffering. Every evening, as darkness came over the earth, the poor maniac fancied herself again an actor in the dreadful scene which had stained her soul with the guilt of murder, and the frenzied shrieks she uttered during the night were heard from afar, waking the echoes of that dreary solitude until daylight brought with it a temporary cessation of her agonies in the calm of exhaustion.

One day, at last, when the attendant who daily brought her supplies of food entered her prison, she had disappeared; every part of the rock was searched, but no vestige of her was to be found, nor could any trace ever be discovered to account for her mysterious evasion. The rational supposition was, that having contrived to force her emaciated form through the loop-hole of her prison, she had sought for refuge from her despair in the deep waters of the Danube, and that her body, carried away by the rapidity of the current, had been dashed to pieces in the cataracts of the Eisen Thor,* and thus all vestige of her was lost. But vulgar superstition attributed her disappearance to supernatural agency; and it was averred that her patron saint, St. Helena, (who had herself suffered the miseries of imprisonment in the adjacent castle of Golnbacz,) taking pity of her sufferings, had interceded with the *Parragia* (the Madonna of the Greek Church) in behalf of her unfortunate namesake, and that she was released from her dungeon, and carried through the air by invisible spirits to Mount Athos, where, having recovered her reason, she entered a community of holy recluses, and died in the odour of sanctity at an advanced age.

Just as my informant had arrived at this miraculous conclusion to his recital, a clamour of female voices in the next room drew our attention from the past to the present, and in the next moment my maid (a Frenchwoman,) opening the door, exclaimed, with the intemperate vivacity of her nation,

"*Venez donc, madame, dire à ces gens qu' elles sont bêtes! elles ne comprement pas un mot de Français!*"

I ran in to ascertain the cause of the fray, and found the woman who had brought home my linen from the wash gesticulating and talking at the top of her voice in her own tongue (Wallachian), and my maid out-talking her in French, neither understanding the other, or disposed to listen even if they had. I endeavoured to act as interpreter, but soon found the impossibility of making myself comprehended in any language of which I had the slightest knowledge, for the Wallachian understood nothing but her own; and I had absolutely exhausted all my *savoir*, and my patience too, in

* The Eisen Thor, or *Iron Gates*, cataracts in the Danube, near Orsova.

trying to ascertain the cause of the dispute, when a demure-looking, swarthy little boy, of ten years old, who had carried my linen home in a basket, stepping forward, said to me, "*Loquitur Latine?*"

With shame I confess that this in no way smoothed the difficulty. However, I summoned a friend who was with me to my assistance, and, thanks to the Latinity of the little boy, and my friend's recollections of Alma Mater, the affair was adjusted in the most classical manner; but I could not forbear exclaiming as I quitted the scene of action,

"A pleasant country this to travel in, where one is expected to write with chalk, and to make out one's washing-bill in Latin!"

THE WILLOW-TREE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THERE 's no tree like the willow!
  Nor one that more endears,
Than that which droopeth o'er the dead,
  Like beauty shedding tears!
So slender and so graceful,
  Its light boughs trail the ground,
A shelter of impervious leaves
  To some beloved mound!

There 's no tree like the willow!
  So mournful and so lone,
Remote from all, it seems to bear
  A sorrow all its own!
Alike the dew and sunshine
  Their influence may blend,
It gathers strength, and wider spreads,
  But deeper yet doth bend!

There 's no tree like the willow!
  How lovely doth it seem,
When wooing with its gentle shade
  The margin of a stream!
Reclining on its surface,
  As calm as infants' sleep,
'Tis like a sad heart that hath found
  A breast whereon to weep!

There 's no tree like the willow!
  The beautiful in form;
How meekly doth it bend its head
  Beneath the bitter storm!
While others are uprooted,
  Or crush'd beneath the blast,
The winds in pity do but look,
  And scatheless hurry past!

There 's no tree like the willow!
  The watcher o'er our dead,
The guardian of each sacred spot
  In which their dust is spread!
The forest may be brighten'd
  With fairer ones to see;
But there are none whose charms are like
  The lonely willow tree!

THE DISSUASION FROM MARRIAGE.

ADDRESSED TO GOLIAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF WALTER MAPES, ARCHDEACON OF OXFORD.

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

TOWARDS the close of the twelfth century, the Saxon population of England began to show its impatience both of Norman and of Romish domination by various popular movements, which were favoured both by the secular and regular clergy of English descent. Priests and monks assailed with the pen those whom they had no hope of expelling by the sword, and they published an immense number of Latin poems, equally remarkable for the pungency of their satire and the sprightliness of their composition. Walter Mapes was the "Tom Brown" of his age; and some of his pieces are not unworthy of being compared with the "Odes on Cash, Corn, and Catholics," or even with the inimitable "Fudge Family." Little is known of his private history. He incidentally informs us that he studied at the university of Paris, that he was admitted to holy orders at a very early age, and was soon afterwards appointed chaplain to Henry the Second. The court of the first of the Plantagenets was freely opened to men of learning, whose aid the monarch sought in his various disputes with the court of Rome; and he found that a satirical ballad from the pen of Mapes was not less efficacious in the religious world than the *sirventes* of that gallant troubadour, Bertrand de Born, in the political. It was the fashion of the times to wage war with ballads and epigrams, as well as with more substantial weapons; and Sir Pen was not unfrequently found a more formidable enemy than Sir Sword.

Mapes supported the policy of Henry, not merely from a desire to please the king; he was far more influenced by a sincere wish to restore to the English Church that qualified independence of which it had been deprived by the Norman Conquest, and to restrict the power of the Romish see to simple primacy, instead of the supremacy which it then claimed and enjoyed. His exertions were justly appreciated by the monarch; through his favour Mapes received several ecclesiastical dignities; and finally, in 1197, was appointed archdeacon of Oxford. The great objects of his satire were the court of Rome and the monastic orders; for he regarded the latter as a sort of Romish militia, garrisoning every country in Christendom, for the purpose of maintaining the papal supremacy. There could scarcely have been found a more formidable enemy to the domination of the Vatican and the superstition of the monastery. He was a sound scholar, a ready wit, and a keen observer of manners. No one ever came near him in facility of versification, until Ingoldsby commenced his "Legends." With Mapes, every thought "slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme" so easily and so naturally, that we might almost imagine he had discarded the use of prose in ordinary conversation. It appears that the ladies, who in general chose their Confessors from the monas-

teries, had taken part with the monks when a contest arose between the secular and regular clergy. This brought the bitter hostility of Mapes on the entire sex, of which we shall soon see a flagrant proof in his "Dissuasion from Marriage."

Mapes assumed the *nom-de-guerre* of Golias—a name which became as formidable to the monks as that of the Philistine champion was to the armies of Israel. It is probable that the giant, Goliath, was "the clown" in some popular Mystery, founded on the history of David; and that, being represented as half bully and half fool, his name was chosen as a proper title for one who assailed establishments at once with a ridicule, which not unfrequently degenerates into sheer buffoonery, and with indignant argument, that very nearly approaches dictation. Geraldus Cambrensis, who was the contemporary and friend of Mapes, fell into the singular error of mistaking Golias for a real personage. He brands the fictitious character as an enemy to Church and State, while he speaks of the real writer in terms of respect and affection. To complete the blunder, he mistakes the whimsical "Confession" of Golias for a real declaration of the writer's sentiments, and quotes the exquisite verses in which Golias pleads guilty to a love of tippling, as conclusive proof of the author's profligacy. It is generally known that two admirable drinking-songs have been framed out of the stanzas to which Cambrensis refers. These songs have been universally popular, while the rest of the "Confession" has fallen into comparative oblivion; and hence Mapes has been very generally held responsible for the sentiments which he puts into the mouth of a profligate monk.

This error is the more unpardonable, as the irony in the song is far from being concealed. It combines, with unrivalled success, the rollicking jollity of the tavern and the monastic cant of the cloister. There is a mixture of pedantry and vulgarity, of devotion and debauchery, in the stanzas, which ought to have shown their real purpose and intention; but it must be confessed that there are, in the flow of the metre, and the jingling quatrain of rhymes, symptoms of a heartiness of feeling not to be expected from a prototype of Father Mathew. These qualities are sufficiently perceptible in the two following stanzas, in the translation of which we have endeavoured to preserve the metrical peculiarities of the original:—

"And, thirdly, I must here confess, when bowls with wine are flowing,
A love for sharing in the sport I ever have been showing,
And still will show, till angels come, my term of life well knowing,
And sing their solemn requiem to help me where I'm going.

"To die in some good tavern, is of old my proposition;
The last act of my life shall be a vinous deglutition;
So that the angels, when they come, may sing out this petition,
'O Lord, extend thy mercy to this jovial soul's condition!'"

The "Apocalypse" of Golias was more popular with our ancestors than the "Confession." It is a daring imitation, approaching to a profane parody of the Book of Revelations; but the bitterness of its satire against the papacy in some degree atoned for its impiety with the Fathers of the English Reformation. We may on some future occasion refer to this extraordinary production; but, at present, our attention must be confined to the "Dissuasion from Marriage," which may be

regarded as the most remarkable specimen of the gross satirical attacks upon the female sex, which were common in the Middle Ages. Three angelic beings, one of whom is no less a person than the Evangelist St. John, are supposed to have been sent down from Heaven, for the purpose of dissuading Golias from taking unto himself a wife, as he was inclined to do. Unfortunately, it is impossible for us to translate any one of the speeches of these heavenly monitors at full length. They seem to have forgotten not merely the rules of good breeding, but even of ordinary decency; for, in many passages, their language is beyond measure gross, even for an age in which little regard was paid to delicacy. We have selected the least objectionable portion; because there is nothing more perplexing in legendary lore than the inconsistency of the popular ballads in their treatment of the female sex. Woman is at one time an idol to be worshiped at a distance, at another a demon to be avoided as a plague. The poets hesitate whether they will make her a goddess or a fiend,—whether they will exhaust in her praise all the resources of eulogy, or overwhelm her with the vials of licentious satire. They treat the sex as Simonides did the mules; now slandering them as the offspring of donkeys, and anon bursting forth with the complimentary effusion,

"Hail, daughters of the generous horse,
Who skim like wind along the course."

In fact, the conduct pursued towards women in the age of chivalry was an anomalous mixture of over-strained courtesy, and unrestrained grossness. This very satire of Mapes appeared in the days of the troubadours and floral parliaments; and it has been imitated, both in French and English, by rhymers who, on other occasions, professed to regard the ladies as a portion of the celestial hierarchy who had condescended to take up their abode on earth. Another reason for directing attention to this singular illustration of legendary lore, is the example it affords of the length to which even leaders in the church carried their freedoms in discussing the most sacred subjects. It is undeniable that, in this, and many other of his pieces, Walter Mapes has gone to the very verge of blasphemy, if he has not overstepped the limits. We should have hesitated in quoting even the least offensive of these eccentricities, if it were not always of importance to keep before the mind that superstition is very closely allied to impiety; and that, in an age distinguished by extraordinary pretensions to sanctity, familiarity with sacred subjects is sure to promote irreverence. If ever the mysteries of religion should be rendered "familiar in our mouths as household words," they will cease to be regarded with any higher veneration than that which is accorded to household things. Thus viewed, the satire of our friend Mapes may serve not only for amusement, but for warning.

All glory to God, to Saint John, and Saint Peter,
To Saint Lawrence, and others I can't name in metre,
Who came down express to prevent my miscarriage,
And save my poor soul from the evils of marriage.

I was going to lead a fair dame to the altar;
She was young, she was lovely, no mortal could fault her;
So, unwilling to lose all the fruit of Love's labours,
I had nearly become such a wretch as my neighbours.

My companions advised me no longer to tarry;
They told me that bliss would begin when I'd marry;
But now I've found out that they wanted a sharer
In the weight of that yoke of which each is a bearer.

So much their advice and their pressing I heeded,
That their plots to entrap me had nearly succeeded;
But God sent three angels, with special commission,
To rescue my soul from such utter perdition.

I was madly in love:—'twas the fault of the weather;
The spring-time and lady seduced me together;
No wonder, when Nature and she were both smiling,
That my feeble senses such charms were beguiling.

In the valley of Mambrè the three angels found me,
And set about loosing the fetters that bound me.
Saint John the Evangelist's eloquent diction
Was that which, of all, brought the clearest conviction.

These angels, in fact, were the emblems of Trinity;
Their voices were three—but one point of divinity
They equally preach'd: that is, woman's inanity,
And avoidance of marriage to all men of sanity.

The first of the angels was Peter Corbolio,
Who quickly exhausted his ample portfolio;
Though to me his advice than the honey was sweeter—
By the ladies, I swear, he'll be nicknamed Salt Peter!

In an ample harangue Peter's anger was vented;
But his colleagues to each of his doctrines assented.
He spoke rather fast, with a voice like Apollo's
Most musical notes, in words nearly as follows:—

"The man who gets married seeks volunteer slavery,
And ne'er can recover his freedom by bravery;
As a poor helpless slave, to his bride he's enlisted;
For woman's a tyrant that can't be resisted.

"She adds to his toils some fresh toil every moment,
And, using caresses that are but for show meant,
Compels him to take one load after another,
Till a donkey would spurn at so foolish a brother.

"She's so delicate, too, that she always is ailing,
And teasing to death with incessant bewailing;
Now longing for this, now for that little matter,
And dinning your ears all the time with her clatter.

"Get on in the world by the course you're pursuing,
She's certain to swear that 'tis all her own doing;
But if you should fail, she'll cry, 'Why have you sought me?
You wretch! don't you see to what state you have brought me?'

"No sleep will she grant you, though ever so weary;
She'll lock up the cellar, lest liquor should cheer ye;
With all your old friends she'll forbid you to mingle;
And so, dear Golias, I pray you keep single."

Saint Lawrence spoke next, both with wisdom and spirit:
The orator's crown no man better could merit;
His ever-green eloquence still is unfading;
And thus he proceeded, from wedlock dissuading :—

" Golias, these women are variable creatures;
There 's spite in their hearts, when a smile 's on their features.
Do all that you can, you are doom'd to discover
That a husband is never so dear as a lover.

" Watch as close as you may, she is sure to deceive you;
For a baron or knight ever ready to leave you;
Some friar or monk may become her possessor;
And, indeed, there 's no trusting a father confessor.

" Her husband and children the false one is cheating,
And then with the plunder her gallants she 's treating.
No wisdom her arts and deception can parry;
So take my advice, friend Golias,—don't marry!"

Saint John came the next, and his eloquence flowing,
The spirit of truth and of wisdom was showing;
His eye, like an eagle's, pierced every obscurity,
As of marriage he show'd the complete insecurity.

" A husband 's a beast sold to labour and trouble;
But, worse than the oxen, his sufferings are double;
His thoughts and his actions are bound down together,
And his wife holds him fast, like an ass by the tether!

" In every dispute you are sure to cry craven,
You 'll not find a good wife till you find a white raven!
Woman's tongue is a sword that will cut you in sunder,
And her voice when she scolds is more loud than the thunder!

" In mischief than woman no creature is riper,
More poisonous by far than a toad or a viper;
And, sooner than one of the sex I would try on,
I 'd take for companion a tiger or lion.

" For wedlock 's the gate unto hell, I assure ye,
And woman sits there, in the shape of the Fury;
Her brats, like wild beasts, will all tear you in pieces;
But, worse than the beasts, children's plague never ceases!

" No tongue could e'er tell you the folly of wiving,
The labour, the torture, the battling, the striving;
For marriage at once, then, get rid of your bias,
And keep yourself single, my good friend, Golias!"

When thus they had spoken, these angels of glory,
Took an oath on the Book to the truth of their story,
And dragg'd me away from my perilous station,
While I gave their sentiments due approbation.

Peter de Corbolio, who is introduced as the first of the monitory angels, was a contemporary of Walter Mapes, and probably his fellow-student in the University of Paris; he acquired great fame as a theo-

logian, having published commentaries on several books of Scripture; and he held successively the archbishoprics of Cambray and Sens. We find him named in ecclesiastical history as a zealous advocate for the enforced celibacy of the clergy; and, if we may judge from the accounts given by the writers of the Gallican Church, his arguments on this subject were remarkable for anything rather than gallantry. The second angel was, probably, Lawrence, bishop of Durham, with whom Mapes seems to have lived on very intimate terms; we have, however, no evidence but the preceding verses for including the worthy prelate in the gloomy band of woman-haters. We know not what induced the advocates of celibacy and asceticism to shelter them under the authority of St. John the Evangelist; but, from some passages in the writings of the Alexandrine fathers, we find that this apostle was the chosen patron of the monks of the Thebaid,—selected probably on the same principle that *lucus* is derived *à non lucendo.*

Chaucer, in his prologue to the Wife of Bath's tale, bears testimony to the popularity of satires against women among the scholars of his day; he introduces that worthy matron declaiming against learning and its patrons with a bitterness of feeling which the greatest provocation could alone produce or justify. As the Wife of Bath had a larger experience than falls to the share of ordinary mortals, her evidence is worth quoting.

"The children of Mercury and of Venus,
Ben in thir working ful contrarious;
And Venus faileth when Mercury is raised,
Therefore no woman of no clerk is praised."

According to this lady there was some very obnoxious book, in which all the satires against women were collected together, which was an especial favourite with her fifth husband. We quote the description of it from Pope's modernized version.

"My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred,)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the Devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound;
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part:
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves,
And many more than sure the church approves;
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' lives."

Dryden unjustly blames Juvenal for having originated all these bitter invectives against the fair sex, roundly asserting that his sixth satire is "the common place from whence all the moderns have notoriously chosen their sharpest railleries." But Juvenal's satire is expressly limited to the ladies of imperial Rome; and the very catalogue he gives of their fashionable vices clearly confines his invective to contemporaries. Their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them when they could no longer be kept secret, all belong to a special state of society, and are associated with circumstances which could not possibly occur in any place or time save Rome under the last of the Cæsars. The general satires against women from which Mapes bor-

rowed were the productions of those fathers of the Church who most zealously advocated monasticism and the celibacy of the clergy ;—St. Jerome being about the most foul-mouthed libeller of the whole set. In fact, Chaucer's Wife of Bath took her account of the opposition between love and learning from that eminent theologian, of whose words Pope's lines may be received as a fair translation.

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise."

Mr. Wright, in his edition of the works of Mapes (published by the Camden Society), has given both a French and English version of the "Dissuasion from Marriage;" the latter entitled "The Payne and Sorowe of Evyll Maryage," was originally printed in a separate tract by Wynkyn de Worde; and has been recently republished for the Percy Society, by Mr. Payne Collier. It is a very pleasing specimen of the English language and literature of the fifteenth century; the first stanza will be sufficient to indicate its merits of style and versification.

"Glory be to God, laud and benyzon
To John, to Peter, and, also, to Lawrence;
Which have me take under proteccioun
From the deluge of mortal pestilence,
And from the tempest of deadly violence,
And me preserved; I fell not in the rage,
Under the yoke and bondis of mariage."

Wynkyn de Worde's translator has greatly softened the coarseness of Mapes, and has added some humorous touches of his own. His joke that female votaries loved to worship at the shrines and images of handsome young saints, rather than at those of old and venerable Fathers, will remind classical scholars of Jupiter's humorous complaint, that the ladies of Greece deserted his majestic statues to worship at those of the beardless Apollo.

"Of ther nature they greatly them delite,
With holy face, fayned for the nones,
In seyntuaries ther friends to visite,
More than for relikkes, or any seyntes bones,
Though they be closed under precious stones,
To get them pardon, like ther old usages,
To kys no shrines but lusty yong images."

Though Walter Mapes had written "a Dissuasion against Marriage," he zealously advocated the cause of the English clergy, when a vigorous effort was made in 1215 to enforce the observance of celibacy on the priesthood. On this occasion he produced the "Convocation of the Priests," one of the most extraordinary specimens of facility in Latin rhyming and versification which has ever been produced. We shall endeavour to imitate in English some stanzas of this whimsical production, preserving as closely as we can the studied carelessness of the venerable archdeacon's quatrains.

A strange report to England came, and spread throughout the nation,
That wives should be prohibited to all of priestly station;
And that the pope was sending o'er a very strict legation,
To punish those who disobey'd, by instant deprivation.

Our priests, at first, believed the tale to be but idle tattle,
But soon were roused to greater heed by matrimonial prattle;
So, then, they vow'd, both one and all, they'd for their wives do battle,
And heed no more a papal bull than some young infant's rattle!

A synod straightway was convoked, somewhere beside the Humber,
And thither flock'd a mighty crowd of priests beyond all number;
Both shaven heads, and shorn crowns, and such monastic lumber;
But not a layman was allow'd the council to encumber.

They met in thousands: as no house could give accommodation,
A level field both broad and wide they chose for their location;
Our dean was voted to the chair by general acclamation,
And to his grieving brethren, then, he made this brief oration:

"We've met together here, my friends, to save our darling spouses;
A Nuncio has just arriv'd to turn them from our houses;
I cannot speak, as this attempt such indignation rouses;
It makes me mute as any ass on the hill-side that browses!"

One priest arose amid the crowd, which stood at first confounded,
And, looking at the faces sad by which he was surrounded,
Said, "By one wife, as you well know, my wishes have been bounded,
And I'll not yield her to the laws this legate has propounded."

Our vicar took the second place,—you know he is no spouter;
But, when a battle's to be fought, no champion can be stouter;
Said he, "You know I've got a wife, I cannot do without her;
And that, my friends, is all the speech I mean to make about her."

A third priest then arose, and said, "I must confess with shame, sirs!
That once a hundred concubines upon me had a claim, sirs!
But now I am contented with a single buxom dame, sirs!
And I would not for a purse of gold be parted from the same, sirs!"

The consultation thus goes on, until some twenty priests have given their opinion, and it closes with some bitter allusions to scandalous tales related of the reigning pope and his cardinals. It is sufficiently obvious that Mapes indulged his mocking humour at the expense of all parties, and that he was by no means disposed to spare the feelings of those whose cause he advocated. Even in his attack on enforced celibacy he does not refrain from several sly hits against marriage; but as we have already given ample specimens of his "misogyny," it is unnecessary to add to the long catalogue of his offences against the fairer portion of creation. If, however, such libellers of the ladies had been ten times more numerous and more virulent, we hold that Chaucer's Wife of Bath has supplied a sufficient reply to all their calumnies, and we shall therefore conclude by quoting her unanswerable argument.

"By George! if women hadden written stories,
As clerkes have within thir oratories,
They would have writ of men more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress."

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

"SPEED the Plough" was the first performance at Covent Garden in the season commencing 12th September, 1803, with the usual cast. Mr. Cooke afterwards made his first appearance in Kitely, which he played with great skill and effect. He was now placed in direct contrast on the same stage with Mr. Kemble, who, with his sister, Mrs. Siddons, his brother, Charles, and Mr. H. Siddons, was engaged at this theatre. An amicable arrangement was effected between Cooke and Kemble, whereby each agreed to play, occasionally, second-rate parts to the other; but it somehow or other occurred that, in the selection of the parts, Kemble's were generally very good second-rates, whilst Cooke's nearly receded to third-rates. The latter saw through this, and resented it in his usual way, by marring the performance, through the brandy-bottle, or absenting herself. He cared little for the audience, and knew he was too valuable to be dismissed. The first result of this "amicable arrangement" was on the 3rd of October, when Kemble played Richmond to Cooke's Richard the Third.

October 6th. "Douglas" was performed; Old Norval, Kemble; Glenalvon, Cooke; Douglas, H. Siddons; Lady Randolph, Mrs. Siddons.—17th. "Pizarro." Rolla, Kemble; Elvira, Mrs. Siddons; Pizarro, Cooke. The smothered flame of discord now burst forth. Mr. Cooke betrayed "evident marks of indisposition," and was utterly unable to proceed. After a few ineffectual efforts, he withdrew from the stage, amidst violent uproar, and Mr. H. Siddons played the part in his stead. — January 9th, 1804. "Henry the Fourth, Part Second" advertised for this evening, was obliged to be postponed, on account of Mr. Cooke's illness. When these illnesses occurred, Brandon, the box-keeper, who knew his haunts, was generally despatched to look after him. On one occasion, when all topics of persuasion had been exhausted, he bethought himself of appealing to Cooke's loyalty, which with him was a passion, and said, "George, the King is at the theatre; will you keep his Majesty waiting?"

"Is he!" exclaimed Cooke, rising, with an oath; "then I'll show his Majesty such a piece of acting as he never saw in his life;" and went quietly to the theatre.

We have dwelt at some length on matters not appertaining to our subject, because the appearance of the rival tragedians, and of Mrs. Siddons, on the same boards, was an epoch in the history of Covent Garden, and rendered comedy for a time unfashionable.

December 17th, "Henry the Fourth, Part Second," *did* appear; Kemble as King Henry; Charles Kemble as the Prince; Cooke, Falstaff; and Munden, Justice Shallow. Cooke gained great applause in Falstaff, and Munden added to his reputation by his acting in the Justice. Our hero afterwards appeared in two original pieces, "The Paragraph," an opera, by Prince Hoare, composed by Braham, and "The Will for the Deed," a comedy, by T. Dibdin.

In the summer recess our actor played eight nights at Glasgow, after Master Betty, (the Young Roscius,) who was then making, by slow degrees, his triumphal progress from theatre to theatre, towards the field of his fame, the metropolis. At Glasgow, Munden drew crowded houses, and had a "bumper benefit," one hundred and ten pounds, — numbers being sent from the doors for want of room. Thence he repaired to Edinburgh, where his success appears to have been different, according to the following report of the time: —"Mr. Munden was with us, I think, eight nights, and performed some of his most attractive characters. To enlarge upon the *vis comica* of this very great actor in a London work 'would be wasteful and ridiculous excess,' and equally absurd as a dissertation upon the science of Kemble, the force of Cooke, and the comic talent of Jordan. Sorry am I to state, that this greatest of comedians frequently performed to the smallest of audiences (one or two did not exceed twenty-five pounds). The very best London comic actor does not *always* succeed here. I believe Bannister alone added to his fame in Edinburgh. I esteem the Sir Robert Bramble of Munden (in "The Poor Gentleman") a *chef d'œuvre* in acting. It was doubtful whether genuine humour or unadulterated feeling was most predominant, or more finely depicted. Munden's Scrub did not equal my hopes; I thought it inferior to that of Quick. The overdoing a character, rendered by the author ridiculous to the last verge of probability, is like caricaturing a caricature. The laugh it excites is too much akin to that at Bartholomew fair to please me in a theatre-royal. Munden's Jemmy Jumps may be admired by those who understand the character. I can easily conceive the mere extemporaneous effusions of half a dozen good comic actors may excite merriment either at Frogmore, or any Dutch fair; but, in a farce like this, supported as I saw it, the powers of Munden, amidst the surrounding dulness, were like illuminating a whole theatre by a single light, only making

'Darkness more visible.'"

The allusion to Frogmore refers to a morning fête given by King George the Third, in the open air, at which some of the London performers were commanded to attend, and stationed in different parts of the grounds to sing, and afford amusement to the royal guests. His majesty having expressed a wish for a repetition of some song of Incledon's or Munden's, it was respectfully intimated that they had to perform at Covent Garden in the evening, and that the time was approaching.

"Then, pray," said the good old King, "go at once; I will not have my people disappointed." And turning to the Prince of Wales, "George, oblige me by seeing Mr. Munden and Mr. Incledon to their carriage."

His Royal Highness, with his usual affable deportment, took each of the actors by the arm, and, the police constables making a passage through the dense crowd, walked with them to the spot where their chaise was in waiting, saw them into it, and shook hands at parting.

Previous to returning to London for the winter season, Munden visited Liverpool with Fawcett and Emery. They had for their benefits respectively, two hundred and seventy-eight pounds,—two hundred and six pounds, thirteen shillings, and two hundred and thirty-four pounds.

Covent Garden opened in September, and on the 5th October Cooke appeared in Sir Pertinax, "*and was applauded to the very echo that did applaud again.*"—December 1st. The anxiously-expected prodigy, "The Young Roscius," after a journey which seemed an ovation, reached the London boards. His reception was so remarkable, that we trust we may be excused for departing for a space from our subject, and giving some account of his first appearance.

"The loud fame which preceded Master Betty's arrival in London produced a degree of curiosity unknown in the annals of the theatrical world. So great was the anxiety to behold this youthful performer, that several persons sought to conceal themselves in the house on Friday night, in the hope of remaining there unperceived until the returning night. So early as twelve o'clock on Saturday, the approaches to the various parts of the theatre were besieged by people clamorous for admission, and between one and two they became crowded. The managers, anticipating this result, had taken every precaution against its consequences. A great number of Bow-Street officers and constables were called in to preserve the public peace, and prevent riot and confusion. A large party of soldiers were also stationed at the several doors, to protect the people against the necessary and fatal result of the indiscriminate rush of such an immense tide. About half-past four o'clock the crowd became so great that more serious apprehensions were entertained for the lives of several persons, who were fainting away under the pressure, and to whom, in the midst of the impenetrable mass, no assistance could be afforded on the outside. It was therefore thought advisable to open the Bow-Street door, though a full hour earlier than usual, with a view to accommodate the besiegers, and relieve them from the pressure which they had so long endured. In an instant the tide rushed in, and took possession of the exterior door, and the bar in the lobby, where the entrance-money is received. As only one can pass at a time, and some delay is necessary, for the receipt and examination of the money and tickets, the slowness of the movement of those in the van but ill accorded with the impatience of those in the rear. The pressure in that part of the lobby became infinitely greater, and its effects more alarming than they had previously experienced in the open street. They broke all the windows on each side of the entrance, for the benefit of the air; yet the heat and pressure still continued so great, as every moment to threaten suffocation. A board was now displayed, announcing that the boxes were all full; this communication, however, though corresponding with the fact, did not operate to diminish the pressure, and they continued rushing in with impetuosity until after six o'clock. One half at least of all those who suffered this fatigue and danger were obliged to return ungratified. Nearly the same confusion that prevailed without was observable within the house, in the early part of the night. The pit was almost instantly filled by persons who leaped into it from the boxes; and many battles took place with the Bow-Street officers, who were endeavouring to secure the places for those who had retained them. The few parties who reached their seats were guarded by an escort of constables. The confusion did not abate even upon the rising of the curtain." *

* Monthly Mirror, xviii, p. 420.

Mr. Charles Kemble came forward to speak an address, written by Mr. Taylor,* of prologue celebrity, which told of

"A youth your favour courts, whose early prime
Derides the tedious growth of ling'ring Time;
Mature at once, when Nature urged, he strove,
Starting, like Pallas, from the brain of Jove."

It could not be very pleasant to Mr. Charles Kemble, considering the station he held in the theatre, to blow the trumpet before the youthful aspirant; but everything gave way to the overwhelming torrent of public acclamation. Still the tumult continued, and not even Mr. Taylor's nonsense lulled it. "The pressure was so great in the pit, that several men were overcome with the heat, and lifted up into the boxes, from whence they were carried out of the house." Little of the first act of the play (Barbarossa) was heard. "At length the youthful hero entered. It is not possible to describe the tumultuous uproar of applause which marked his reception. He was hailed with

'Shouts,
Loud as from numbers without number.'"

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the "Young Roscius." Opinions differed at the time; but even the most moderate considered that he possessed extraordinary abilities, greatly aided by the skilful instruction of Mr. Hough. Mrs. Siddons, though more than one effort was made by the critics to extort from her an expression of opinion in accordance with the fevered pulse of the public, could only be induced to say, "He is a clever boy;" and, with the stern spirit of Portia and Volumnia, she kept proudly aloof from the scene of noise and madness. No one would repudiate more than Mr. Betty himself the extravagant encomiums of his early idolaters, some of whom pretended that he left Garrick at a distance, and bade Kemble and Cooke "hide their diminished heads."

The writer, who has the pleasure of Mr. Betty's acquaintance, saw him as "The Young Roscius," in Oronooko and Douglas, but was too young to form a judgment of his acting. He recollects the ease and grace with which, after kissing the ground, he recovered himself in Oronooko. Mr. Betty afterwards played in his maturer years, but was then as strangely neglected as he had been immoderately eulogized. He walked, at a later period, in a procession in honour of Shakspeare, as Hamlet, and personified the

* John Taylor wrote more prologues and epilogues than any man living then or since. He was the author of the rhymed tale of "Monsieur Tonson." It is not so generally known that he was the original of Sneer, in "The Critic." Dangle was a Mr. Dives, a very ill natured person, who, with his brother, held some share in this theatre. The *good-natured* Dives once accosted Charles Bannister during a rehearsal, with the question, "Pray, sir, did you see my brother *cross*?" (i. e. cross the stage). "Sir," replied the sarcastic Charles; "I never saw him *otherwise!*" Henceforth he never lost the *sobriquet* of "Cross Dives." Sir Fretful Plagiary was a spiteful attack upon Cumberland, which came with a bad grace from Sheridan, who stole from Fielding, the Duke of Buckingham, Vanbrugh, and Congreve, and even from himself. It is supposed that the provocation was a remark reported to have been made by Cumberland at the theatre, on the first representation of "'The School for Scandal"; but Cumberland asserts in his "Memoirs" that he was at Bath at the time. Cumberland was a gentleman and a scholar, qualities in which he might challenge a comparison with the manager who libelled him. His translations in "The Observer" are hardly surpassed by the best in our language,—Dr. Carey's "Dante," and "Wallenstein," by Coleridge.

character, though in dumb show, with great judgment and correct expression.

The public, not satisfied with fostering the efforts of this clever boy in his professional capacity, took the care of his health out of the hands of his parents; and Mr. Betty, senior, was obliged to address a letter to the newspapers, which contained the following sensible remarks:—"It cannot but be painful for a parent to feel himself under the necessity of making stipulations with the public that he will not be a careless or negligent guardian of his son. In any other case, such a necessity would imply suspicion of the father; in the present, I am aware that it has been produced merely by solicitude for the son. Under this impression, I can have no objection to pledge, in the most solemn manner, that, whilst I will use every means to prevent my son from injuring his health by too great and frequent efforts of his, I will take care that the fortune and fruits of his efforts shall not be destroyed nor impaired by any improper conduct or negligence of mine."

When indisposition did occur, occasioned, doubtless, by the state of excitement in which the boy was kept by the popular frenzy, both in and out of the theatre, bulletins were regularly issued by his physicians, and the street in which he resided was blockaded by the carriages of the nobility, who waited, in long succession, to leave a card at his door, and inquire after his health. With the waywardness of a petted child, who, when it has a new doll, breaks the head of its former favourite, the public, not satisfied with applauding Master Betty, must needs hiss the other actors that appeared on the scene with him. On the very first night they began with Mr. Hargrave, a gentleman of highly respectable connections, whose real name was Snow, and who, having a *penchant* for theatricals, had quitted the army to indulge in it. Mr. Hargrave had always acquitted himself creditably as an actor, and had never met with disapprobation until this occasion. How he revenged himself for such unjust treatment will be related hereafter.

The managers of Drury Lane, anxious to reap some of the ears of this golden harvest, engaged Master Betty at their theatre also, where he appeared on the 10th December, with the same rapturous applause. Such a fortunate youth was not likely to remain without imitators; and, accordingly, in process of time, a host of Roscii, of both sexes, presented themselves to public view, until the metropolitan theatres seemed threatened to be transformed into temples of Lilliput.

Before dismissing the subject of "The Young Roscius," we must relate a whimsical occurrence which is said to have taken place during one of his performances. A country gentleman, who had come to town on business, was anxious to report to his neighbours that he had seen this fashionable phenomenon. He had but one night to spare, but he resolved to devote it to the theatre. He took his station in the avenue to the pit, but, unfortunately, among the last of the throng. It was the custom, when the pit was full, to fasten the folding-doors by a screw. Our country visitor, in the vortex of the rushing crowd, was turned round with his back towards the stage. From such a position it was impossible that he could extricate himself. In this "no room for standing, miscalled standing-room," he listened to the affecting accents of young Norval, scene after scene,—but he never *saw* him! When the play was ended, the screw revolved, and he was released from his durance,

with the barren consolation of being able to report to his country friends that he had *heard* "The Young Roscius," of whose person he could not form the slightest conception, except from report.

The success of Master Betty gave the comedians something like a holiday. Munden, who, at a later period, when personally acquainted with Mr. Betty, held him in much esteem, was long ere he beheld his performance as a boy. Though he played frequently after him in the farce, he had seen so much of acting, that he felt little curiosity to behold the prodigy which all the town ran after. One night, arriving a short time before the conclusion of the play, he walked to the side-scenes, and listened for a few minutes till the termination of the last act.

Tom Dibdin's muse revived the drooping genius of comedy, in an opera entitled "Thirty Thousand; or, Who's the Richest;" and on the 15th January, 1805, Morton gave to the theatre his "School for Reform." This comedy brought into prominent view the hitherto dormant talents of Emery. In his performance of Tyke, a returned convict, he exhibited a picture of remorse, which challenged a high station in the noblest exhibitions of tragical effect. His merit in the performance of countrymen was forgotten in this powerful display of agonized feelings. Munden played General Tarragon, in the "School for Reform."

Emery gained another laurel in the part of Bang, a drunken Yorkshire huntsman, in a new comedy by Colman, called "Who wants a Guinea?" Comedy it is called, but broad farce it certainly is. Still the humour in the scenes of Solomon Gundy, the rat-catcher, and the capital equivoque between Torrent and Jonathan Oldskirt are worth an hundred sentimental pieces. Munden played Torrent, an improbable conception, and Kemble, Barford, a very indifferent part. Fawcett was very great in Solomon Gundy; and Simmons showed much cleverness in Oldskirt. May 22nd, Kemble played Othello, and Cooke, Iago, for Mrs. Litchfield's benefit, and had for a spectator the young Roscius, from the stage-box. Mrs. Siddons performed, after a severe illness, Lady Macbeth, for her son's benefit, and the season closed on the 15th June.

June 10th, 1805, Mr. Liston, from the Newcastle theatre, made his first appearance at the Haymarket, in the character of Sheepface, in "The Village Lawyer," and was most favourably received.

A singular circumstance occurred this season at the Haymarket. Mr. Dowton chose for his benefit, "The Tailors; or a Tragedy for warm weather"; which had many years before been brought forward by Foote. So soon as it was announced, Mr. D. was assailed by anonymous letters, of which the following is a specimen that merits to be preserved:—

"August 12th, 1805.

"Sir,—We Understand you have Chosen a Afterpiece to Scandalize the Trade and If you persist in It, It is likely to be Attended with Bad Consequences, therefore I Would Advise you to Withdraw It, and Substitute Some Other, and you may depend on a Full House. Your Humble Servant, A Taylor and Citizen."

"To Mr. Dowton, No. 7, Charing Cross."

Mr. Dowton, with proper spirit, disregarded this insolent menace, and determined to proceed. Early in the afternoon an immense crowd, chiefly consisting of tailors, assembled in the vicinity of the theatre, and

when the doors were opened, rushed into the galleries and pit, where they began shouting, and knocking the floor with their sticks in the most turbulent manner. When the curtain rose, Mr. Dowton came forward, but could not obtain a hearing; a pair of scissors (*qy.* shears) was thrown from the gallery, and fell very near the actor, who offered twenty guineas reward for the discovery of the person who threw them. Papers were then handed up to the gallery, with an assurance that the piece should be withdrawn, and "The Village Lawyer" substituted in its stead; but nothing would satisfy the *knights of the thimble,* who continued more vociferous than ever. At length the managers sent a message to Mr. Graham, the magistrate at Bow Street, who speedily arrived, with some officers; and, having sworn in several extra constables, proceeded to the galleries, and, instantly seizing on the rioters, took ten or twelve of the principal ringleaders into custody. They were next day held to bail. The performance of "The Tailors" did, however, take place, in despite of the sensitiveness of the professors of that useful art. When the curtain drew up, and discovered on the stage *three tailors seated on a board,* the rage of the malcontents broke forth again, until the Bow-Street officers made their appearance a second time, and dragged some of the offenders out: order was then restored. In the meanwhile a mob assembled outside the theatre; but a detachment of the horse-guards, which had been despatched in aid, kept the street quiet, whilst constables, stationed in different parts of the house, checked any fresh disposition to riot. Had this spirited example been followed at the commencement of the O. P. row, the managers of Covent-Garden theatre would have been spared much expense and annoyance; the respectable portion of the audience, the interruption of their rational amusement; and the public, the shame and scandal of such proceedings.

Both houses commenced the season in September with strong companies. At Covent-Garden, where Mr. Kemble was installed acting manager, a difference having ensued between that gentleman and Mr. Braham, Braham and Signora Storace removed to the other house. The Covent-Garden managers, much to their shame, attempted to bring forward a bold child, of the name of Mudie—a female Roscius, only seven years of age—in the character of Peggy, in "The Country Girl;" but the good sense of the public was beginning to return, and, after evincing great marks of disapprobation throughout the piece, the audience stopped her performance at the commencement of the fifth act. Mr. Kemble was compelled to undergo, in his capacity of stage-manager, the humiliation of soliciting permission for Miss Mudie to finish the character; which was refused amidst a storm of hisses.

Dec. 25th, Mr. Hargreave, receiving the same illiberal treatment during the performance of Barbarossa that he experienced on the first night of Master Betty's appearance in the previous season, quietly retired to his dressing-room, and, disrobing himself of his theatrical costume, quitted the theatre. As we before stated, Mr. Hargreave had not embraced the profession of the stage for its emoluments; he, therefore, made no appeal, and gave no explanation; but at once resolved to quit for ever a scene where he was subject to insult. He had the satisfaction, if he sought it, of knowing that the audience had, by their own act, spoiled their evening's entertainment, for his part was obliged to be *read* by Mr. Chapman.

Another gentleman, whom the *liberal* audience chose to hiss, was Mr. Claremont, who had been before them for years, and was most useful to the theatre, being what is called a good study. He had played almost every thing, and could supply the place of a superior performer in cases of illness or emergency, without the awkwardness of reading the part, whilst his retentive memory enabled him to study any new part at the shortest possible notice. But the usual sphere of his acting was third-rate characters. A kind, and well-meant commendation of Mrs. Siddons, that he was a good level speaker, made him excessively vain. Many are the stories told of his vanity. On returning from the country after the vacation, Mr. Harris, who really had a regard for him, for want of something to say, inquired, "Well! Claremont, what have you been playing in the country?"

"Richard once, sir; and Hamlet twice."

"What, *twice!* Mr. Claremont?" was the manager's reply.

Munden, walking once with his son in the streets of Margate, met Claremont, whom he accosted with the inquiry whether he came down there to act?

"No, sir," said Claremont, "I came here to be amused, not to amuse!"

King George the Third, who was fond of chatting with the actors, stopped Fawcett, walking with Claremont on the terrace of Windsor Castle; and eyeing Claremont through his glass, said,

"Eh, Fawcett!—eh! eh! who is that with you?"

"Mr. Claremont, please your majesty."

Claremont bowed to the ground.

"Claremont!—Claremont!—oh! I recollect!—bad actor!—bad actor!"

Claremont, who was a good-looking man, was a great lady-killer, and is reported to have done much execution in that pleasant warfare. When the O. P. row took place, some of the ruffians who figured in it, attempted to drive this respectable actor from the stage, by hissing him whenever he appeared. Mr. Harris, with laudable firmness, resisted the base attempt to deprive a deserving man of his bread. This really harmless gentleman remained for many years afterwards in the Covent-Garden company, and is, probably, still living.

Munden, at this time, had one of those attacks of the gout, which afterwards became so frequent. His illness stopped Colman's farce of "We fly by night" during the progress of its representation. He was sufficiently recovered in April to play in Dibdin's musical romance of "The White Plume."

After "The Birth-day," was performed at Covent Garden the Christmas pantomime of "Harlequin and Mother Goose." Who has not heard of the fame of Mother Goose (Simmons), and of Joe Grimaldi, the clown? All former pantomimes were eclipsed by this masterpiece of fun, as all former clowns were by Joe. It is impossible to describe what he did. A thousand masks would not portray the grotesque contortions of his countenance, and his humorous and lively action drew shouts of merriment both from "children who are young, and children who are old." "Mother Goose" proved a goose with golden eggs to the theatre. It was the joint composition of Tom Dibdin and Farley, and their memory deserves to be immortalised for hatching such a production. The

predecessors of Grimaldi, as the clown in pantomimes, were his father, and Follett, who depended entirely on their feats of agility. Munden once played the clown during the indisposition of Follett, and endeavoured to make the interest rest upon humorous expression and knavish dexterity, which was more ably accomplished by Joe Grimaldi, who added to the perfection of these qualities the agile leaps and tumbling of his progenitor. The comedy of "The Birth-Day" seems to have been popular this season, as it was played again a few nights afterwards. Munden performed, also, Sir Bashful Constant, in Murphy's "Way to keep him"; upon which we find these remarks: — "It has been questioned whether this drama is improved by the admission of this strange character; but that it is so, in the highest degree, none would doubt who had seen the *Sir Bashful* of Mr. Munden. A more rich and humorous piece of acting is not to be found in all his performances; and that is saying much."

Munden being again attacked with gout, Mr. Liston played Polonius in his stead. Liston very properly endeavoured to restrain his wonderful powers of humour; but, in the attempt to look grave, his countenance was so irresistibly droll, that Mr. Kemble could hardly pronounce the injunction: "Good, my lord; will you see the players well bestowed?"

March 10th, Morton brought forward his "Town and Country." Trot, which was intended for Munden, was, in consequence of his illness, played by Blanchard. Reuben Glenroy was an attempt to write another Penruddock for Mr. Kemble, but with far inferior ability. We learn from Mrs. Inchbald that Cumberland took the idea of "The Wheel of Fortune" from reading in a foreign newspaper the plot of "The Stranger." He conceived the notion of altering the character of the deceived husband into that of a disappointed lover, and by that means getting rid of the indelicacy of the Stranger's reconciliation with his adulterous wife. So skilfully has he effected the alteration, that, as Mrs. Inchbald remarks, the two plays may be performed on successive nights, and nobody, unaware of the fact, would suspect that one was borrowed from the other. If this was what Mr. Sheridan meant by plagiarism, it does not accord with his simile of "gypsies disfiguring other people's children to make them pass for their own." No doubt Mr. Cumberland, in sketching the character of Penruddock, had Kemble in his eye; and, never did that great actor—no, not even in the higher parts of Macbeth and Hamlet, appear to such advantage. His dignified demeanour displayed the qualities of a polished gentleman shining through the coarse garb of a rustic. His energy in the scenes with Young Woodville,* and the faltering tone in which he uttered the remark, "You bear a strong resemblance to your mother;" the subdued tenderness of his manner towards Mrs. Woodville; his polite bow, after the classical compliment, "True, madam; but the sons of Cornelia did not disgrace their mother!" and the summoned firmness with which, when preparing for his last interview with Woodville, he delivered the words, "Such meetings should be private," never have been equaled and could not be surpassed. The part was played in succession by Mr. Cooke, Mr. Young, and the elder Kean; by the latter with indifferent success. But, as a coun-

* Young Woodville, by Charles Kemble, and Mrs. Woodville, by Mrs. Powell, were acted to perfection.

terpoise to this failure, Mr. Kean played Reuben Glenroy very finely; the latter part is, nevertheless, a poor copy of the former. The misanthropy of Penruddock arises from a natural cause; but the moodiness (for that seems the term) of Reuben Glenroy, can only be traced to envy of his elder brother. It has been observed of "The Terence of England," that in his two best plays, "The Wheel of Fortune," and "The West Indian," he portrays young ladies making love to the young gentlemen.

April 3rd, Munden played in "The School for Reform," for the first time after his illness, and was warmly greeted by the audience. On the 10th, he appeared in "The Birth-day."

Mr. Young, from the Manchester Theatre, was engaged in the summer season at the Haymarket, and came out in Hamlet. It is surprising that an actor, possessing even at that time such extraordinary excellence, had not before reached the metropolis. His merit was at once appreciated and acknowledged. Mr. Young declined, after the Haymarket closed, engaging at Drury Lane, where Elliston was the indifferent representative of tragedy, and returned into the country, leaving an established reputation behind him.

Munden played at the opening of the Manchester theatre, recently rebuilt, and under the management of his friend, Macready, who had taken a lease of it.

Sept. 1807, Covent Garden opened, but without Mr. Cooke, who was missing. Munden performed Sir Francis Wronghead ("Provoked Husband") to Kemble's Lord Townley, Miss Brunton's Lady Townley, and Miss Bolton's Lady Grace. Both these ladies became peeresses *in earnest;* Miss Brunton espousing the Earl of Craven, and Miss Bolton, Lord Thurlow. Lady Craven (dowager) is aunt to that clever actress, Mrs. Yates. October 9th presented Mr. Richard Jones to a London audience in Goldfinch. Mr. Jones, though not equal to Lewis, was, perhaps, the nearest approach to him. He had more mercurial spirits, but less humour than Elliston. This gentleman has now quitted the stage. It will be a long time before an actor such as Lewis was will again be seen. He truly seemed to consider the audience as "the fourth wall of a room;" and ran upon the stage, tossing his hat and gloves upon the table, as much at ease as in his own drawing-room. The freedom of his movements formed a striking contrast to the stiff management of the limbs which some otherwise good actors can never overcome. Such was his extraordinary vivacity that it was rather dangerous to play with him in a part of excitement. In one scene he threw a chair at Munden, who was constantly on the stage with him, and narrowly escaped doing him an injury. On another occasion he forgot he was *pretending* to horsewhip, and laid the whip in earnest on his shoulders: but they were the best of friends, and acted together father and son, *con amore.* Like all first-rate actors, he played equally well to the last. He performed, as we have seen Mr. Smith did, youthful characters when on the verge of sixty; and his buoyancy of spirits kept up the delusion. He was, however, obliged to *make up* a little. He wore false teeth, false whiskers, and false calves. It was not an unusual thing to see a whisker, half loosened, sticking up in the air. As he was standing once by the side-scenes, a waggish actress employed herself in sticking pins into one of his false calves. When she had satisfied her whim, much to the amusement of the bye-standers, she tapped him on the

shoulder, and said, "Why, Lewis, somebody has been making a pincushion of your leg!"

Though the lady had been occupied some minutes in this pastime, Lewis affected to draw up his leg in agony, and swore he felt the pain. Mr. Lewis was, for many years, stage-manager at Covent-Garden theatre, and was much respected by his fellow-performers, towards whom he was indulgent and courteous. He had a son, who played at Liverpool, and was engaged for a short time in London, and who strongly resembled him in person, and in his style of acting. In private life Mr. Lewis was an upright man, and polite gentleman. He acquired, as before stated, an ample fortune by his last speculation.

March 10, 1808. Mr. Cooke, who had been in Appleby gaol for debt, made his bow again to a London audience as Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, with the usual overwhelming applause. 12th, Munden played Launcelot Gobbo to his Shylock, and the house continued to overflow, in consequence of the reappearance of this favourite of the town. April 25th, he made a little free in Richard; but the audience, far from assigning the true cause, discovered in each lapse of memory a studied pause, and in every stagger a new point. April 21st, Mr. Kemble revived "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," in which Munden played Launce, greatly to the satisfaction of the public, barring some gross allusions, which should have been expunged, and were properly hissed. The actor brought with him on the stage his Newfoundland dog, Cæsar, who also misbehaved himself in various ways. In the scene where the dog is roughly handled, the animal, not understanding *making belief* in such matters, seized his assailant by the leg.

Our comedian had now a fit of the gout, which laid him up for the remainder of the season. This malady, though not the cause of his death, became his frequent companion ever after. He was attended, as a friend, by Dr. Pearson, Dr. Hooper, Sir Matthew Tierney, and Sir Charles Scudamore; but those eminent physicians could not eradicate the pre-disposition to this painful disorder. Once, at Liverpool, he took of his own accord, the *Eau medicinale d'Husson*. This violent remedy enabled him to rise from his bed, and return to town; but he suffered for his rashness by a confinement of several months, not occasioned by gout, but by an entire prostration of strength. The late Earl of Essex, with whom he was on friendly terms, and who was an equal sufferer, persuaded him to try Dr. Wilson's Tincture, and he derived benefit from it; but latterly, as the fits became less acute, he abstained from all gout medicines, and merely had recourse to quiet and repose.

THE SNAIL.

"Travelling by tardy stages,
Carrying thy house with ease,
Like the wisest of the sages,
Excellent Diogenes!
Snail, I greet thee—why so gloomy?
Tell me where thy sorrow lies:
Thou hast mansion snug and roomy,
That a naked slug would prize.

Dost thou creep to herbage shady,
  Badger'd by a scolding spouse?
Art thou jealous that thy lady
  Occupies another house?"—
"Stranger, I have cause to cavil,
  Reason good to grieve, alack!
I am doom'd for life to travel
  With a load upon my back.
O'er my journey slowly creeping,
  (Watch me as I wander near,)
It is water'd by my weeping,
  Moisten'd by a slimy tear!
Even Sinbad, on my credit,
  Suffer'd less than hapless me,
His adventure—have you read it?—
  With 'the Old Man of the Sea.'
After making efforts many,
  Vainly toiling night and day,
Sinbad made him drunk, and then he
  Shook him off, and—walk'd away.
Gladly would I burthens barter
  With thee, Sinbad,—honest Jack!
Tho' thy rider proved 'a Tartar,'
  Wondrous fond of 'pick-a-back.'
Marvel not at my depression—
  I can never respite have,
Victim to my indiscretion,
  Sadly sinking to the grave.
This abode has dwindled greatly;
  Yes, believe it, if you can,
It was once a mansion stately,
  I was once a handsome man.
Mothers in a thousand quarters
  Calculated on my pelf:
While their less-designing daughters
  Loved me for my humble self.
Flatter'd by their kind advances,
  I was giddy with delight;
Going out to balls and dances,
  Turning morning into night.
Early hours thus despising,
  You may well suppose that I
Never slept, till, Phœbus rising,
  Warn'd me in the eastern sky.
All the morning friends unnumber'd
  To my dwelling used to come,
And my servant (whilst I slumber'd)
  Told them I was not at home.
Conscience sometimes made me suffer,
  But that quickly pass'd away;
It became a great deal tougher,
  And I lied from day to day.
Anger'd by this conduct shocking,
  Death advanced with hasty stride:
At my habitation knocking,
  And *he* would not be denied.
Warning take, and wisely ponder—
  Ponder for the time to come;
I (for ever doom'd to wander)
  Now am always found 'at home!'"

L.

THE FATAL PICTURE.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

At the age of twenty-two, Fritz Bartholm returned to his father's house, after having finally completed his education at the university of Heidelberg. During the whole period of his residence there he had studied with that depth and enthusiasm that appears to be almost peculiar to Germany. The only relaxation he allowed himself from his mathematical and other abstruse labours was in running over the legendary lore of German superstition, now dipping into an obsolete work upon astrology or magic, and then returning to the lighter and more amusing accounts of the "Wild Horseman of the Black Forest," or similar goblin tales. Of the world that surrounded him he knew nothing, he cared nothing; and, except that he received from it the necessaries of life, he had little connection with mere earthly and corporeal matters.

When he did walk out, it was not to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine, or even for wholesome exercise; but, after he had crammed his head so full of some difficult subject that it would hold no more, he found he could more easily arrange the ideas with which he had filled his brain by walking than by sitting still. When he was seen strolling along the public streets, with his lips moving, but his eyes observing nothing, he seemed like one walking in his sleep. Even though he had arrived at that susceptible age when youth has ripened into manhood, he never knew what love was. But this was not from want of susceptibility. The mind—the mind was gradually consuming the body. From his books, indeed, he had occasionally received some impressions of female beauty,—vague, fantastic ideas of angelic princesses, and of fair virgins, in whom the quintessence of every beauty and every virtue was included. These occasionally visited him in his dreams, and even had been known to intrude themselves upon his thoughts during the hours of study; but, strange as it may appear, it never occurred to him to open his eyes, and look around him, and satisfy himself whether female beauty really did exist in this everyday world.

Well, Fritz, the student, returned to his father's house. Old Bartholm was a dry, sarcastic, business-like man; but, notwithstanding their total difference of character, their meeting was cordial. The room where they met was the old gentleman's small private room, in which he generally sat when alone. It contained no books, for Bartholm was no reader; but there were hung up round the walls an old rusty rifle and a game-bag, which he used to carry when he was younger; his meerschaum and tobacco-pouch; and, standing upright upon a table, was the picture of a beautiful young lady, apparently about eighteen years of age. The colours of the painting were so fresh, that it appeared to have been newly painted, or, at any rate, newly varnished. The colour of the cheek was redolent of youth and happiness, which, with the modest, downcast eye, appeared to be blushing at the consciousness of her own beauty.

The conversation soon flagged; for, between two such opposite

characters, it may be well supposed that there were not many ideas in common.

After a pause, old Bartholm turned to his son and said, "Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that—such a heavenly painting of such a beautiful face?"

Fritz looked at the picture, and, for the first time in his life, he appeared to feel the tender influence of female beauty.

While he was gazing intently at the picture, his father asked him whether he could trace any likeness between the portrait and any of his acquaintance?

Fritz, without being able to take his eye from the canvass, replied in the negative.

"Do you trace any likeness between that lady and old Baron von Grunfeld?—for it is one of his family."

Fritz appeared almost to shrink back at the very idea of the relationship; for the Baron was what might be termed a most grotesque-looking man. The profile of his face might be described as a perpendicular straight line, with a large triangular nose projecting from the centre of it. Every part of his features and of his figure was composed of straight lines and sharp angles; in short, his form was as far removed from the lines of beauty as could well be imagined; add to which, his manner was as stiff and formal as his personal appearance.

"Related to the Baron von Grunfeld!" said Fritz, in astonishment.

"Yes, so he says," dryly remarked old Bartholm, taking a pinch of snuff.

Why, I do not know, but taking a pinch of snuff at the end of a sentence, adds considerably to the dryness of a remark; and in the present instance it effectually deterred Fritz from making any farther inquiries respecting the beautiful form before him. Presently old Bartholm quitted the room, and left his son alone to his reflections.

"Old Baron von Grunfeld's daughter!—impossible! He might, however, have been united to a beautiful wife," (for he had been a widower for many years;) "and what woman, with anything short of the virtue of an angel, could have remained constant to such a caricature of a man?" His father's remark, and the dry way in which he uttered it, appeared to favour such a suspicion. "*So he says!*" To be sure, no man can ever be positively sure of his own offspring. Neighbours will sometimes have their doubts, and so, apparently, it was with his father; but could such a heavenly form really have been a child of sin, the offspring of the iniquity of her parents, and she such a perfect incarnation of innocence and purity? Impossible! He paused, and stood revelling, as it were, in the beauty before him. Such elegance of attitude! — that soft, gently-blushing cheek, that appeared almost to shrink from the caresses of her own auburn tresses, that hung in negligent profusion down her neck!—the daughter of Baron von Grunfeld!

"Forbid it, oh ye gods!" he exclaimed, and then walked up and down the room several times in great agitation. "And is it true that such heavenly creatures really do walk the earth, and are not solely the invention of poets and painters? It must be so—it must be so,"

thought he, reasoning to himself. How can a painter draw what he has never seen? How can a poet describe what he has never felt?"

Thus he continued agitating himself with his fluctuating thoughts; but every moment the beauty of the image before him was impressing itself more deeply and indelibly in his heart. At length the student became so much excited, that he lit his pipe, and sallied forth to try the soothing effects of tobacco, and the influence of the fresh air. He could not refrain from inquiring the residence of the Baron, who was only a temporary resident in the neighbourhood, but without any settled intention of calling upon him. His excitement was indeed such that he scarcely knew what he was about. Several times he passed the door, without making up his mind whether he should visit him or not. Their acquaintance, indeed, was but slight, and they had not met for many years; still there would have been nothing embarrassing in calling upon the old gentleman, had it not been for the intense agitation occasioned by everything in any way connected with the object of his adoration.

A person hackneyed in the ways of the world will not, perhaps, be able to appreciate these feelings, nor understand the trifles that will stir up emotions in the mind of a youth so long secluded from the ordinary intercourse of mankind, and whose mind had been for a length of time feeding, as it were, upon his own imaginings. He did not know how, but it was possible that his visit might turn out to be injurious to his hopes. Again, he might meet *her* there, standing before him in all her bewitching loveliness. This thought, the dearest object of his wishes, was also an object of his dread. There is no intense love without a certain fear and tremor in the presence of the object beloved; and in a mind constituted like Fritz's, all these feelings would be increased a hundred fold. In the state of agitation he was then in, thought he, he might not be likely to make a favourable impression upon her. He let go the door-bell, that he then actually held in his hand, and took another turn; but the further he retired from the door the higher his courage mounted, and the more his desire to see with his own eyes this angel upon earth increased. Again, as he approached the door, his courage fell, and he passed it by. Again and again his mind went through the same process, and with the same result. At length, ashamed of his own cowardice, he made a vow that, when next he passed the door, whatever his state of mind might be, he would ring, and ask admittance. He did so; the Baron was at home. He received Fritz with extreme kindness and civility, such as is often shown by dull, prosy old gentlemen, who begin to find themselves laid upon the shelf as bores, when they are visited by a man many years their junior. Fritz inquired after his health. He ducked, and bowed, and jerked, and returned the compliment in due form. Fritz then, with a wonderful effort, mustered up courage to hope that his family were quite well.

"All quite well, with many thanks," was the sweeping, and yet unsatisfactory, reply.

They talked of the weather, they talked of the crops, they talked of the wars; but nothing was elicited that bore any reference to the object of Fritz's adoration.

Had he a daughter?—was he quite sure of that? thought Fritz to himself, as he left the house. He made inquiries among the neigh-

bours; for he was too much afraid of the sarcastic humour of his father to inquire of him.

He had a daughter.

About what age?—Eighteen.

Fritz's heart leaped within him, and bumped, and bumped, as if it would have knocked out one or two of his ribs. Little did he sleep that night, and the next day his father found him a very uncongenial companion. Should he call upon the Baron again? It did not appear likely that such a course would advance his hopes. It might do him harm. Besides, the Baron's formal, priggish manner acted like a wet blanket to his romantic day-dreams.

He passed the day in wandering about by himself, seldom, however, going out of sight of the Baron's door. Hour after hour passed, and no female foot crossed the threshold, except one middle-aged woman, who had the appearance of being a servant. As, however, the dusk of evening began to close in, the Baron's door was gently opened, and a slender female form glided forth. There appeared to be a kind of bashful timidity in her manner as she came forth into the street. Her waist was slender and exquisitely turned, and all her movements were graceful; but her features—alas! alas! the darkest, thickest, closest veil concealed her countenance. Fritz felt confident that it was the lady of the picture. Who else could it be? —so graceful, so elegant, so bashful! An attentive listener might have heard his heart beat at the other side of the street!

Should he venture to address her? Alas! his nerves were in such a state of agitation, that the attempt would have been impossible; besides, how alarmed the timid girl would have been to be thus accosted! She would, doubtless, have shrieked, and rushed back into her father's house for protection. He ground his teeth together in a kind of despair, to think that he should be so near the object of his adoration, and yet make no effort to advance his suit. The lady, however, appeared not to notice her admirer, who was standing under the shadow of a wall; but tripped across the street, and disappeared in a shop. Fritz contrived to be near the door when she came out. The dark veil, however, still concealed every feature of her face; but, happily, one ringlet, —one long, slender, auburn ringlet had escaped from its confinement, and waved gracefully its spiral form as she glided by.

Fritz clasped his hands, and squeezed them violently together, in the ecstasy of his feelings. The lady soon re-entered her father's door; and Fritz returned unwillingly home to his sarcastic and matter-of-fact father. The next day Fritz strolled about, as the day before, keeping as much in the neighbourhood of the Baron's as he could do without exciting observation. In the dusk of the evening the Baron's door opened, and the same elegant, slender-waisted female emerged into the street. But the same dark, close veil still shrouded every feature of her countenance. She did not cross over to the shop this time, but walked to nearly the end of the street, and then turned down another, as if she was going some distance.

Fritz followed her a little apart, taking care not to attract her attention. What his object was in following her he could hardly tell, for he felt that he could not muster up courage to address her.

What should he say to her? He had never addressed a lady in his life without a formal introduction: and then the lady generally began the conversation. But, then, it was possible that some sort of adventure might arise. She might be attacked by robbers, and he might rush in to her rescue; or some prince in disguise might attempt to seize upon her, and carry her off, with no virtuous intentions.

Fritz's studies in the old German romances told him that such things used to be of frequent occurrence; and Fritz was better acquainted with German romances than with real life. The lady, however, without molestation, passed up two or three streets, and at length knocked at a door, which was opened by an elderly female, whom she followed in.

What was to be done now? Should he wait till she came out; and follow her back again in hopes of some adventure turning up? Although, in the romances that he read, a young lady seldom left the portal of her father's castle by herself without some attack being made upon her, particularly when her own true knight was near enough to her to come to her rescue; still, he could not recollect any instance of such things happening in real life. And, if such an adventure did not occur, the occasion so opportune for making an acquaintance with his beloved one might be lost—for ever lost.

At length it struck him that he might accost her, and tell her the risk she ran in exposing herself, thus unprotected, to every danger, and assure her that he would be near her in case of danger. He clapped his hands together in delight at the idea. The only difficulty was the mustering up courage sufficient to accost her.

The lady came forth again, to return to her father's dwelling; but Fritz felt his trembling again come over him. He pinched himself to give him courage—a curious expedient!—but which appeared, in the present instance, to be successful. He did accost her: he told her that numerous robberies had been committed of late; but that he would continue to be near her to afford her protection in case of need. She started, and seemed frightened at being spoken to by a strange man in that lonely spot; for the streets were beginning to be deserted.

Fritz's courage, it must be confessed, rather to his own surprise, rose with the exigency. He begged her not to be afraid of him; that he was the son of the Count von Bartholm, an old friend of her father's. That, if she wished it, he would follow her upon the other side of the street, and still keep his protecting eye over her. The lady expressed herself highly indebted to him for his kindness in thinking of her, and thanked him fervently for his offer of seeing her safe home.

Fritz continued to walk close by her side; but not a word could he muster to ingratiate himself with his fair one: indeed, so great was his agitation, that his tongue absolutely clave to the roof of his mouth. At length they came to a crossing, which was dirty, and impeded by heaps of rubbish. Fritz offered his arm; it was accepted: but, when they had passed the difficulty, he did not withdraw it.

Presently a drunken man came reeling down one of the side-streets; the lady seemed to be frightened, and pressed closer to him for protection. Fritz at that moment felt the thrilling joy of perfect happiness. He squeezed her arm closer in his, to re-assure her. He

felt his courage rise within him. He told her how he had seen her go into the house, and how he had waited for her that she might not be obliged to return home unprotected.

She expressed her gratitude by a gentle pressure of the arm, which Fritz gallantly returned with a slight squeeze; and in this manner they returned to the Baron's dwelling. She again thanked him for his attentions, and retired. During the whole of this walk with Fritz her veil was never, for a single moment, raised, or allowed to fall the least on one side. Not a feature of her countenance had her admirer been allowed to see! "What could be her object," thought Fritz, "in keeping herself always so closely veiled?" There was a mystery attending her that he in vain attempted to dive into. But this very mystery made her tenfold dearer to the romantic German student.

The next evening Fritz contrived to fall in with her during her evening walk. The third evening he was not contented with protecting her home, but he walked out with her also. This continued evening after evening. Sometimes they even walked for a mile or two into the country together. But, notwithstanding all this growing kindness between them, the veil was never for an instant removed.

At length, emboldened by this constant intercourse with his fair one, he ventured an attempt to persuade her to lay aside her veil. "Why will you," he said, "always keep yourself veiled? you, who are so far more beautiful than the rest of your sex?" No sooner had he uttered the word "beautiful," than the lady stopped short in her walk, snatched her hand suddenly from his arm, and apparently was going to say something in anger to Fritz. He, however, prevented her by begging a thousand pardons for his conduct, protesting that he had not the slightest intention of giving her the smallest offence. In the midst of his protestations she extended her hand to him, saying, "I see you did not intend it,—let us forget it."

He took her arm again, and they walked on together. The lady heaved a deep sigh, that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart; and, after walking on for some little time in silence, Fritz heard a half-suppressed sob,—another,—and another! At length a tear fell upon his hand. They reached her home. She pressed his hand at parting, and retired into the house, without speaking another word. Fritz returned to his father's house, pondering in his mind the present curious position of affairs. No sooner does he tell his mistress that she is beautiful, than she, the meekest of the meek, draws herself up, as if she had received an insult. But, no sooner does he beg pardon, than she cries all the rest of the way home. Neither his knowledge of the world, nor his reading of romance, taught him to expect such results as these. The mystery that hung over the lady appeared to be deeper than ever.

Little did Fritz sleep that night; but lay awake, thinking of his mysterious love. But, the more he considered the matter, the less could he understand it. The next evening they walked together as usual; but the lady appeared to be very melancholy. Sometimes he thought he heard a suppressed sob. She spoke but little; and their walk was much shorter than usual. When they had returned to her father's door, she pressed his hand as she wished him

good-night; and then added, with a deep sigh, "If we should not meet again on this side of Eternity, think sometimes of the unfortunate daughter of the Baron von Grunfeld!"

Fritz returned home very sorrowful. Long did he lay awake that night; and at length—for the truth must be told—he sobbed himself to sleep. The ominous, foreboding words, and the deep sigh, had sunk deep into his heart. But what could be her meaning? What did her words forebode? He knew no more than the dead. In the morning he went into his father's little room to take one more look at the picture, as of an object that he might never — never see again. The picture was gone. When he met his father, he asked him what had become of it. His father said that it had been packed up to be sent to the Baron's country-house; it had only been left with him to get cleaned and new-varnished.

"And was it really," asked Fritz, "the portrait of his daughter?"

"The portrait of his daughter!" said old Bartholm, diving to the very bottom of his snuff-box, and then, heaping up a small pyramid of snuff upon his thumb, he crammed it up his nostrils, and then, sniffing it up with a long-drawn breath, as if he was enjoying it amazingly, he repeated, "The portrait of his daughter! it is a picture by Titian, more than two centuries old! a portrait of the Baron's great-great-grandmother — at least, so he says! By the way, did you ever hear the account of his unfortunate daughter?"

Fritz shook his head; his heart was too full to reply.

"Well! his daughter was rather an amiable, agreeable girl; and, considering who was her father, she had rather a pretty figure than otherwise. But her face, unfortunately, was the very image of the Baron's,—the same rectangular features, the same carroty hair."

Fritz twisted about uneasily. But old Bartholm, who was looking at the lid of his snuff-box, did not perceive it.

"Well," continued he, "this was not misfortune enough; for, last year, she was attacked by small-pox, which destroyed one eye, and scarified her face to a dreadful extent: now this, added to an erysipelas, or some eruptive complaint, has made her appearance so horrible that she never appears before strangers; and seldom walks out before dusk, and then closely veiled. But the queerest part of the story is to come. I received a letter from the Baron just now, stating that they left this place at five o'clock this morning, and that his daughter is going to take the veil; and has made him solemnly promise never to tell where the convent is situated, or even the direction in which they are now travelling. Why, she does not really suppose that any one is likely to fall in love, and try to run away with her!"

Here he broke out into a chuckling laugh, and finished with another long-drawn pinch of snuff. Here old Bartholm left the room. Fritz struck his hand against his forehead, staggered, and then fell senseless to the ground.

How dreadful were his sensations when he came to himself! The object of his intense adoration, the only object that he had ever loved, was, as it were, split into two parts. The beautiful features he had almost worshiped belonged to one who had died more than two centuries ago! The gentle mind and elegant figure of his be-

loved were immured in a convent nobody knew where! He could not mourn over the remains of her whom he had loved; for there were no remains to mourn over. The very dust of one portion of his beloved must long ago have been resolved into the elements, even if the place of her sepulture was still remembered. The other half, not having died, had left no remains at all. Her, that is, the more recent half of his beloved, he could not even follow, had he so desired; for the place of her retirement was unknown. Nor had he that relief common to all the rest of the afflicted, of telling his grief, without becoming an object of ridicule. He allowed the sense of his unheard-of misfortune to prey inwardly upon his mind. A fortnight passed; and from the steeple of St. Peter's tolled the knell of death. The miserable student was no more. His mind had destroyed his body.

Let his fate be a warning to all young men never to fall in love with the beauty of a lady before they have seen her face.

THE SIREN AND THE FRIAR.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"Good friar! good friar! thy skiff turn aside,
There 's danger alone on the moonlit tide.
Chill are the night-winds, but colder the wave:
Yon billow will meet thee, and sound o'er thy grave.
Come hither with me,
'Neath the bounding sea,
And merry and blithe our wedding shall be!"

"Maiden! whose glance is unearthly bright,
And whose brow is fair as a vision of light,
I fear not the tempest, nor heed its swell;
But my soul seems link'd to thy mystic spell.
I cannot with thee,
'Neath the bounding sea,
For the dying hath sent to be shrived by me!"

"Good friar! good friar! now say thou 'rt mine,
And the wealth of the ocean shall all be thine."—
"Maiden! I dread thee, but charm'd is my heart;
I come to thy bosom, though life depart,
And follow with thee,
'Neath the bounding sea,
Where merry and blithe our wedding shall be!"

NOVEL REVENGE.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

A curious feeling with regard to retaliation, or rather revenge, exists among the tribes in India. These people believe that it is a far more severe punishment to the person who has injured them to ruin their fate hereafter, than to inflict any evil on them in this world. I will here give a short sketch of a scene, for the truth of which I can vouch. Major Tomlinson was an officer of high reputation in the army, and also an acting magistrate in the district where he was quartered. Like many others in the "good old times," he held a military and civil commission together, not temporarily but continually; indeed, to a stranger arriving in India, unaware of the habit being general, it seemed most strange indeed to see alternate gazettes, announcing his military promotions and civil changes. But, as the service was never carried on better, or the offices discharged with more zeal than at the period I allude to, it was rather a matter of opinion than regret.

Major Tomlinson was appointed collector not a hundred miles from Poonah. He was selected for the post as an active and zealous young man, who would carry the orders of Government into instant effect; and, as these orders strictly enjoined him to be unremitting in his endeavours to bring the defaulter, whose arrears had been long accumulating to instant settlement, it may be confidently asserted that the situation in which he was placed was anything but a bed of roses.

Taking a tour round his district, he personally inquired into each case, and, amongst others, ordered a native, named Jesserie Synd, instantly to pay up the debt he owed to Government. Jesserie of course pleaded poverty, declared his total inability to liquidate the debt, and threw himself on the compassion and mercy of the collector. A young hand would have been deceived by the apparent despair of the supplicant. Tomlinson, however, was too old a soldier to be thus duped; so he ordered the man either to surrender himself as a prisoner, or instantly to pay down the money. The wily Indian saw that the European was not to be deceived; so, with a look of foiled hypocrisy and malice he instantly counted down the number of rupees required, and, with many a salaam, followed the collector to the end of his village, whence, as soon as he was out of hearing, he poured out on him a volley of maledictions, beyond the power of an Englishman's pen to transcribe.

The following year Major Tomlinson held a court, to which the natives were desired to come, in order to receive (as far as I can recollect) some Government order, or it might have been to pay their dues. The fact is of little consequence; suffice it to say, they were ordered to attend, and they did so accordingly.

The collector was sitting in his verandah, his secretary and assistant with several of his household around him, when, amongst those who presented themselves before him, Jesserie Synd appeared, bearing his infant child in his arms. The major had wholly forgotten him, and the manner in which he had been compelled to en-

force the payment of his arrears; nor would he now have recognised him, had he not boldly advanced to the foot of the stone steps, at the top of which the collector was sitting, as I before stated, hearing and adjudging the several cases that came before him.

"Do you remember me, sahib?" demanded the native, salaaming to the ground. "Does the great Englishman remember the poor Indian who last year was made to pay the long arrears?"

"Surely," replied Tomlinson.

"I am he, worthy collector, I am he, who had his every *pice*" (a small coin) "taken from him, when the child which he now bears in his arms and his old father were almost starving. I am he, who at that moment made a vow to the gods of his fathers that he would live to be revenged on the destroyer of his fortune and his happiness, and thus I accomplish my oath."

The collector started up, fancying the man was about to assault him. He, on the other hand, calmly stepping one pace back, suddenly raised his child high above his head, and, seizing it by its ankle, in the next instant dashed out its brains on the step before which he was standing. Then, turning to the horrified magistrate, he calmly added, "Behold my act of retaliation! The child that lies dead before you was my only one, my adored one. I have destroyed it—I have sacrificed it to the god of vengeance, and its precious blood be on *your* head! *You* are its murderer; I have killed it in *your* name. It is even now in the valley of death, calling for revenge on *you*, who are its real assassin. Had I possessed anything more dear, I would have sacrificed it in the same way, to secure the punishments which *must* await you. My revenge is now complete."

The wretched fanatic was instantly seized, and shortly afterwards tried. Far from attempting to palliate his offence, he loudly gloried in it; far from speaking of it as a rash act, committed in a moment of temporary insanity, he not only admitted the fact, but coolly argued on the justice of it; adding that, if he escaped from his present doom, he would immolate other victims, to secure a future vengeance on his enemy. The man was consequently tried, convicted, and executed.

A few days after this, a person called at the collector's office to claim his fee as executioner, for having carried the late sentence of the law into effect. The money was paid him, and he was about to depart, when Major Tomlinson happened, as a mere matter of curiosity, to ask his name. Imagine his surprise when he found it the same as that of the malefactor himself. The coincidence struck him as strange.

"Are you any relation of the deceased?"

"I am his father, sahib."

"And you hanged your own son?"

"What could I do, sahib? It was my son's fate. Had I not performed the last duties towards him, some one else would; and, as we were already poor, it would have been a pity that any one else should have profited by our misfortune."

"And did you feel no compunction, no sorrow about the act?"

"Sahib, it was my child's fate; he was born to it. He has fulfilled it; why, then, should his father repent?" And with a low salaam, and many thanks for his fee, the executioner of his own son contentedly left the presence of the astonished collector.

THE DUELLISTS.

BY GEORGE SOANE.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

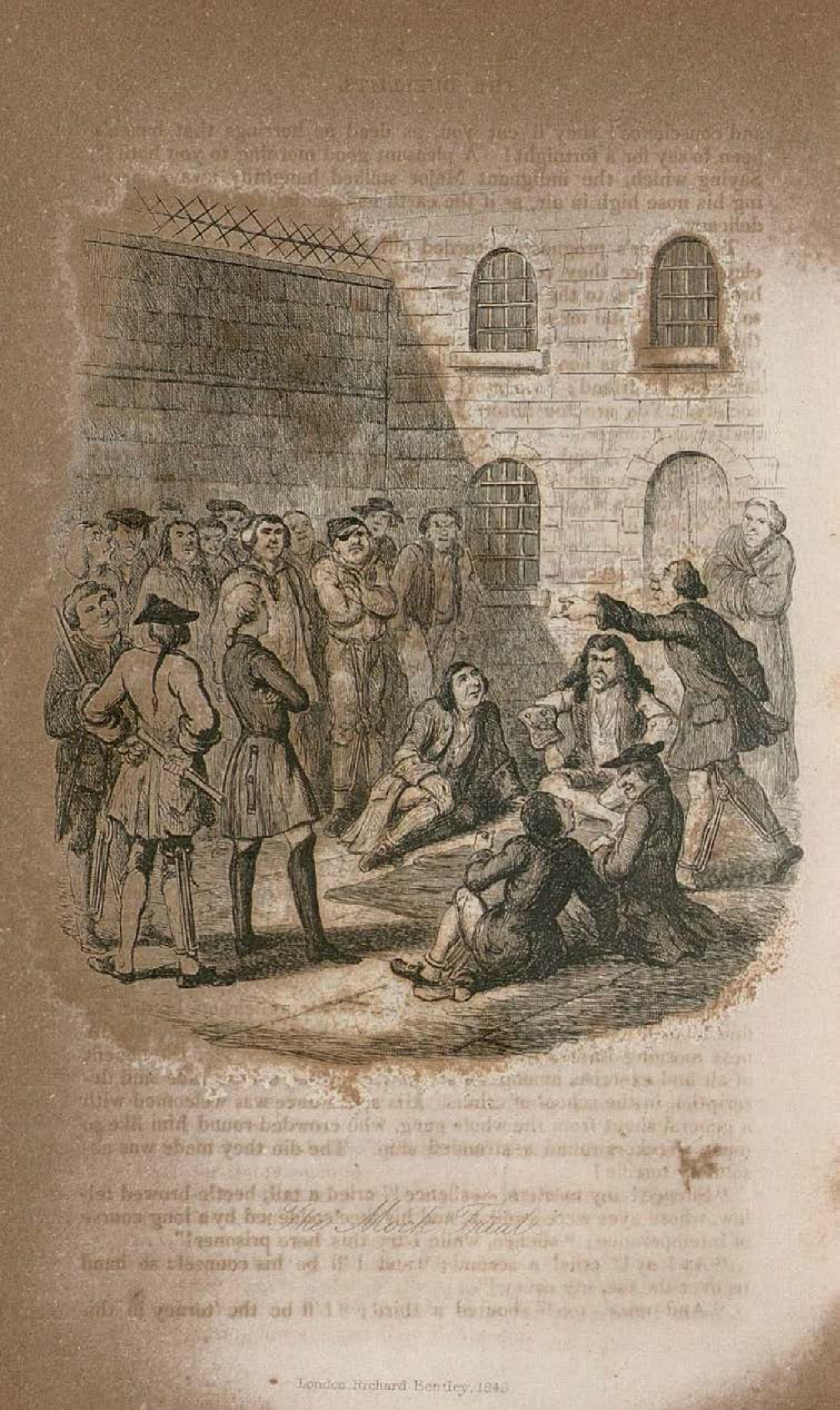
In the reign of William the Third duelling had become as prevalent, and well-nigh as fatal, as the plague, much to the dissatisfaction of the monarch, who publicly threatened to let the law take its own course with the next offender. Amongst the most renowned of these followers of Caranza were Frank Raedale and Edward Torrington, who were intimate friends, but of widely-different tempers,—the one being as fiery as he was dissolute, while the other was of a calm and sober disposition. Still further to cement their union, Edward was the accepted lover of his friend's sister. Such was the state of things between them, when once a respectable-looking female came to Edward with a piteous tale of her daughter's seduction by Frank, and besought his mediation in obtaining the only reparation left to her child, by marriage. Equality of birth and education alike warranting the appeal, Edward, after some hesitation, undertook the office proposed to him.

The scorn with which Frank received his grave remonstrances taxed even his patient temper beyond all bearing. One word produced another; till, stung into momentary forgetfulness of himself, he called Frank a scoundrel. To this the latter replied by a blow which sent him reeling on the greensward of the park. But no sooner was the blow given than it was heartily repented of, and Frank hastened to make every atonement that words could make for such an insult. Any other than the brother of his intended, Edward most assuredly would not have forgiven; but, allowing this circumstance to prevail with him above the usual considerations, he accepted the hand held out to him in reconciliation. There the matter would have ended, had not a certain Major O'Connor, unnoticed by the disputants, been a witness to the whole transaction. This fire-eating personage now came forward from the trees that had concealed him, and began to take the young men to task in the tone of a father rebuking his children.

"By my soul, then! but it 's myself that is sorry for you, lads! seeing you shaking hands there, and the dirt of that same blow sticking to his face! Och! wasn't it all your own good luck, and the blessing of St. Patrick to boot, that I happened to be at your elbow, like the divel looking over St. Dunstan's shoulder? To be sure it was! And won't I be after putting you in the right way? To be sure I will, my jewels!"

"Much obliged to you, Major, for your kindness," said Edward; "but we neither of us see any occasion for this affair going any further."

"Then it 's mighty blind you both are," replied the Major. "Arrah! now, what do you think the lads of the regiment will say when they get scent of this purty piece of business? On my honour



The Mock Trial

London. Richard Bentley, 1843

and conscience! they'll cut you, as dead as herrings that haven't been to say for a fortnight! A pleasant good morning to you both!" Saying which, the indignant Major stalked haughtily away, carrying his nose high in air, as if the earth had something offensive to its delicacy.

The Major's prognostics turned out too true. Only a few hours elapsed before they received a cold, cutting message from their brother-officers, to the effect that they could no longer be admitted to the regimental mess; and this was soon followed by a letter from the Colonel, recommending them both, and particularly Edward, to quit the army as soon as possible. "This will never do!" said the latter to his friend; "we must go out, or become outcasts from all society. You are too notorious as a swordsman for me to shun this matter any longer."

In vain did Frank endeavour to combat this resolution; Edward continued firm; and the result was a visit to Major Trevannion. No sooner had this warlike personage snuffed the scent of blood, than his face, which on Edward's first entrance had been all frost, relaxed into smiles and sunshine; and he replied to the request that he would be his second, "With all the pleasure in life, my dear boy. By my soul! then, but it's myself that is pleased intirely to hear you talk once more like a real gintleman, though it's rather of the latest. But, never bother yourself, my darling: anyhow, it's better late than niver; as ould Dan said when he married a young wife, and he siventy!"

In such hands an affair of this kind was not likely to hang fire. Had it been his own case, the Major could not have shown more promptitude; so that, on the evening of the same day, the friends found themselves opposed to each other on the greensward with crossed swords. Each at first was visibly anxious to spare the other; but, as they went on, their blood got heated, and, after a few slight wounds given and taken, it was plain that both were becoming more and more in earnest. At this juncture Frank stumbled, and received his adversary's sword in his bosom, when the latter stood transfixed with horror, as if something of the kind were not precisely the result to be expected. The consequence was, that in a few hours Edward found himself in Newgate, with a fair prospect of being speedily hanged.

Dreary as was the night that followed his apprehension, he did not find himself half so wretched in the solitude of his cell as when the next morning he was turned out into the prison-yard, for the benefit of air and exercise, amongst a set of ruffians of every grade and description in the school of crime. His appearance was welcomed with a general shout from the whole gang, who crowded round him like so many wreckers round a stranded ship. The din they made was absolutely terrific!

"Silence! my masters, — silence!" cried a tall, beetle-browed fellow, whose eyes were swollen, and his face soddened by a long course of intemperance; "silence, while I try this here prisoner!"

"Ay! ay!" cried a second; "and I'll be his counsel: so hand us over the fee, my covey!"

"And mine, too!" shouted a third; "I'll be the 'torney in this

same cause: so post the coal, my fine fellow! Down with the Spanish!"

"If it's money you want," said Edward, holding out a handful of silver, "here it is for you; but leave me in quiet!"

"Silence, there!" cried another—the punchinello of the gang; "the gent. wants to say his prayers before he's turned off!"

"Amen!" squeaked a fifth, snatching the hat from Edward's head, and sticking it on his own; an act which Edward was about to requite by knocking him down, when his hand was in good time stayed by the man who had claimed the office of judge.

"Better not!" said he, his tone and manner expressing more sympathy than could have been expected from his appearance; "better not! The lads will have their rig out, whether or no; and, what's the good of your running contrary? We always tries every new-comer that has a whole coat to his back; and, let me tell you, besides, you may learn a secret worth knowing by it. If we acquit you, I'll bet a pot of half-and-half the jury does; and if we says 'guilty,' I'm blest if you won't be scragged, or my name's not Tim Martin!"

Edward thought it best to give way to the torrent, which, indeed, he had no means of resisting; and the mock trial began with all due solemnity. The judge sat down on the pavement, spreading out before him an old piece of green baize, to give the appearance of a table; on either side of which ranged the counsel and attorneys; beyond, on the right, twelve ragged fellows formed a jury; and in front stood the prisoner, guarded by two pseudo-jailors, who looked and acted their parts to a nicety. The case was now opened with infinite unction by the punchinello already spoken of.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "the case—ahem!—is a case — ahem! — that I sha'n't make much bother about. The prisoner what stands at the bar — at the bar, I say! — is accused of murder; and a cruel ugly job it is, gentlemen of the jury!—a hanging matter, as you all knows wery well, and no mistake—ahem! And when does he do this here murder? Vy, not in the night, like a cove that knows what's what, but in the broad daylight, proving as plain as the nose on your face that he don't care two damns for judge or jury! But you, gentlemen of the jury, will put him up to a wrinkle; you'll l'arn him that an independent English jury an't by no means to be boxed up for nothing, going without their natural wittles for I don't know how long! You'll show him—"

Here the opposite counsel bounced up, exclaiming,

"Blow me tight, my lud! if there's any case to go before the jury; there an't no *corpus delicti*—as we gentlemen of the law calls it; they can't show the body of the man what they wants to gammon your ludship was murdered."

"Is it so, brother Tadpole?" asked the learned judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution.

"Vy, as to the matter of the body, my lud, we have been looking high and low for it, and can't find it nowhere."

"Then, —— you! hold your tongue!" said the judge. "Prisoner at the bar! you may go about your business; that is, when you have paid your fees, — a pint of stingo to each man round, and a pot to your learned judge for his trouble in trying you; and I'm blest if that an't getting law cheaper than I ever did."

"I axes pardon, my lud!" exclaimed the defendant's counsel; "but I'm instructed by my client to say as how he's quite agreeable to stand a pot all round, and a gallon to your ludship."

This, by-the-bye, was a suggestion proceeding from the orator's own fertile imagination.

"Why, then, your client's a trump!" cried the judge, "a rig'lar out-and-outer, and no mistake!"

Disgusted as Edward was with his companions, still he could not help feeling his hopes revive at the verdict of this mock jury; and, strange enough, the plea which was thus brought forward in jest by the acute vagabond, turned out to be real. Before the day was over, he received a visit from the little surgeon, who brought him the singular but glad tidings of the body having most mysteriously disappeared, no one knew how, when, or where; a fact which incensed the family of the deceased more and more against him, inasmuch as they attributed it, if not to his immediate agency, at least to that of his friends. Their increase of wrath, however, signified but little, since the absence of the corpse left no case to go before a jury; and, when the day of trial came, the prisoner was of course acquitted.

When the first burst of joy was over at being thus freed from the consequences of his fatal duel, he began to be more painfully alive to his altered situation in regard to Emma. To all the letters he had sent her during his late imprisonment he had received but one reply, and that was brief enough, informing him that the proposed connexion between them must now positively be considered as broken off. Not a word of sympathy was expressed for his probable fate, though an acute observer might, perhaps, have detected traces of suppressed feeling in the tremulous character of the writing: it had, evidently, been penned by no firm hand; and, from several blotted letters, it might have been inferred, without much imputation of self-flattery, that tears, however unwillingly, had been dropped upon the paper. Nor had these more favourable signs altogether escaped the notice of Edward; they encouraged him to hope, notwithstanding her determined silence; and, hour after hour, day after day, he might be seen pacing up and down before her cottage — a lone building, in the neighbourhood of Edmonton. But, all to no purpose.

It must not be supposed the lady was at ease all this time. On the contrary, she still loved Edward as warmly as ever; her harshness being assumed only from a sense of duty, and in compliance with the incessant admonitions of her mother, and a numerous cabinet of aunts and cousins. But passion, though it may be silenced awhile, is, generally, in the long-run, more than a match for the sage monitor who is said by physiologists to take up his dwelling in the brain. And now a new ally came into the field, in the person of her favourite Abigail; who, under the influence of a handsome bribe in hand, and the promise of remuneration in future, if she succeeded, undertook Edward's cause; and so well did she manage matters, that the lady, pleased to be so persuaded, in a short time consented to receive a letter from him. The next thing was to prevail upon her to reply—no very difficult point after the Rubicon had been past. Under the pretence, therefore, of a slight headache, she retired at an earlier hour than usual, to set about what was indeed a labour of love, but which proved a much more troublesome task than she had expected. Letter

after letter was begun and flung aside unfinished; and, when the clock of the village-church had chimed three-quarters after eleven, she was no further advanced than at first.

"It is impossible," she exclaimed, as she listened to the deep vibrations, — "utterly impossible! I can say nothing that will not lower me in my own eyes, and, perhaps too, in his!"

Scarcely had these words escaped her lips, than a hollow voice, that to her startled fancy sounded like a summons from the dead, exclaimed, "Emma!"

The colour fled her cheeks, and every limb shook as she gasped forth, "Gracious Heaven! 'tis Frank's voice!"

At the same time, her eyes being accidentally directed to the mirror on the wall in front of her, she saw passing over it the shadowy semblance of her dead brother, much the same as he had been in life, except that the face was paler and thinner. At the sight of this apparition she gave one piercing shriek, and dropped senseless from her chair; in which state we must leave her awhile, to see what has become of the desponding lover.

This day had been spent by him, like those of the previous three months, in keeping close watch upon the cottage, and it was not till the village-clock had struck twelve that he reluctantly thought of going homewards. The night was dark, and the way was lonely; for in those days London was far from having made its present strides into the country; and as, moreover, there were no lamps beyond the suburbs, the road to Edmonton was peculiarly favourable to gentlemen who were in the habit of levying black-mail upon the traveller. But Edward paced on, in blissful forgetfulness of everything, except the one affair nearest to his heart, when he was suddenly roused from these waking dreams by the sharp ring of two pistols, fired in rapid succession. In the next moment there was a loud cry for help; upon which Edward lost no time in hurrying to the spot thus indicated, and, upon rounding the turn of the road, he could plainly see, dark as the night was, a man standing by the side of his fallen horse, and defending himself with difficulty against two footpads. As Edward neared the scene of contention, one of the ruffians called out to him, with a loud oath, to take himself off; a piece of advice which he instantly repaid by a knock on the head which laid the fellow sprawling. Though the remaining footpad held his ground desperately for a minute or so, yet a few sound raps from Edward's trusty cudgel, while he was employed in warding off the cuts and thrusts of his first adversary, convinced him that he had nothing to gain by continuing the fight, and, leaping the hedge, he disappeared in the darkness of the copse behind it. Edward, whose blood was now up, would have followed him, had he not been kept back by the more prudent traveller, who, as he laid his hand upon his arm, hastily exclaimed,

"Not a step that way, for the worth of Lombard Street! Who knows how many more there may be of these gentry? Besides, the wood beyond is full of pits and holes. No, no; safe we are, and safe we'll be, if you'll take my advice."

"And what," said Edward, "are we to do with the fellow that lies bleeding and snorting on the ground here?"

"E'en let him lie, as my poor roan must do — a plague upon the

knave that shot her! I trust to Heaven you have given him a knock that won't let him forget to-night in a hurry!"

"Pretty well for that, I fancy. Egad! his head rang like a pewter platter!"

Leaving the horse and the stunned robber to whatever fate daybreak might bring them, the new friends made the best of their way to London, and in little more than two hours they stood at the door of the silversmith, for such the traveller proved to be. Here Edward would have left him; but the kind-hearted, though somewhat unpolished, citizen would not listen to anything of the kind.

"Coznouns! man," he exclaimed, "you have just saved my purse, and my life too, for aught I know; and, if we part so, my name's not Gould — old Jasper Gould, silversmith and citizen. What! — you must be both tired and hungry; I'm sure I am: so we'll have a snack of cold meat, a glass of hot punch afterwards, and then 'to bed, to bed,' as the woman in the play says. To-morrow, at breakfast, you shall tell me all about yourself; who you are, what you are, and how the deuce you came to be prowling about the Edmonton road at such an hour."

Edward suffered himself to be persuaded by the humorous old man, who, it was evident, loved to have his own way, and, moreover, was in the habit of having it. The remains of a pigeon-pie of formidable dimensions, with cold fowl and ham, and what his host called "the liquor conformable," furnished out an excellent supper, the said conformity of fluid being enough to send both the weary travellers off to bed, if not actually intoxicated, at least in something very nearly approaching that blissful state.

The next morning the citizen was as good as his word, and scarcely had they sat down to breakfast than he entered upon his promised inquiries. "You must not mind," said he, "the bluntness of an old cit, who is more used to deal in fine silver than fine words. Who and what are you?"

"I am a soldier, and my name is Edward Torrington," replied the guest, hardly knowing whether to be amused or offended at his host's oddity.

"I have heard that name before. And how are you off in the world? No great funds, I dare say, in hand, and perhaps not much more in expectation, eh?"

"You must excuse me, sir, if—"

"No, sir, I shan't excuse you. It's a maxim of mine to be in no man's debt a moment longer than I can help it. I owe you a round sum for last night, and it isn't any nonsensical pride of yours that shall keep me from paying it."

"Really, my good sir, you are not at all in my debt; nor can I allow the trifling service I had the good fortune to render you—"

"Trifling!" interrupted the citizen, with some heat; "why, you saved my life, and do you call that a trifle? I know not what you may think; but, coznouns! man, I reckon old Jasper Gould of more value in the city than that comes to."

"You misunderstand me, sir. I only meant to say, that I am happy if I have been of service to you, but cannot allow it to be made a money-matter between us."

"Now that, I suppose, s what you fine gentlemen call honour. All moonshine in the water! A dram of common honesty is worth tons of such nonsense; and that you 'll learn one day, when you 've grown a little older, and, may be, a little wiser.

But Edward could by no means be brought to understand this debtor and creditor way of viewing the matter; and his well-disposed but truly business-like host was beginning to wax warm, when suddenly a thought seemed to strike him.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "you must be the young man who killed Mr. Francis Raedale in a duel the other day!"

"I deeply regret to say I had that misfortune."

"Bad enough, to be sure; but it would have been ten times worse if he had killed you. In that case, where should I have been last night? Besides, I have taken a liking to you; and, coznouns, man! whether you will or not, I 'm determined to make your fortune. And who knows what may happen? I have neither chick nor child, nor, to say the truth, is there any one that I much care about; and you know I must leave my money to somebody. I can't take it with me when I die."

There was something so frank, so warm-hearted, in the old man's manner, while, at the same time, his curiosity was of so searching a nature, that Edward was led, almost in his own despite, to communicate to him the whole progress and mystery of his love-affairs. To these revelations did he, in the language of Othello, "seriously incline;" but no sooner did he learn that Emma had broken off the intended union in consequence of the duel, and chiefly at her mother's instigation, than he burst out in exceeding wrath.

"Now, plague take them for a parcel of fools, or hypocrites! But I 'll tame them! I 'll put a bit in their mouths! Let them refuse me if they dare! I 'll show them that one honest man living is worth a score of dead rogues. There 's my hand on it; you shall marry the girl before you 're ten days older,—that is, if you don't alter your mind in the meanwhile."

After much hesitation on the part of Edward, who had sore misgivings as to the intended proceedings, the secret of which his host resolutely refused to impart, it was at length agreed that they should go together to Edmonton, where one was to remain at the village-inn, while the other went on to the Raedales. Delay of any kind was seldom allowed by the old man to interfere with a resolution once adopted; and, accordingly, in as little time as the distance admitted, he was knocking at the cottage-door, which was opened by a simple country girl, who had not yet learnt the necessary art of lying with discretion. Her negative to the demand "if her mistress was at home?" could not for a moment deceive the shrewd inquirer.

In his usual blunt manner he exclaimed, "What 's your name, child?"

"Lucy, sir," replied the girl, simpering, and colouring up to the eyes.

"Well, then, Lucy, I tell you that your mistress is at home; so you 'll go and tell her that I am here—Jasper Gould, silversmith and citizen of London. Do you hear, child? And, in the meantime, show me into some room, where I may sit down; for it 's not seemly that

a man of my years and character should be kicking his heels in the passage."

Lucy, half laughing, but whole confounded, escorted him into the dining-room, and away she scuttled, with more haste than ceremony, to astonish the lady of the mansion with the obstinate determination of the stranger that she should be at home, all assurances to the contrary notwithstanding.

The first impulse of the old lady was to order the instant and absolute expulsion of the intruder; the next was a strong access of female curiosity to learn what could have brought to her dwelling Jasper Gould, silversmith and citizen of London, whose name she had never heard before; and, yielding to the latter feeling, she descended to the dining-room, as stiff and starched as offended dignity and six yards of goodly black velvet could by possibility make her. But the dignity and the velvet were alike thrown away upon her visitant; and when she demanded, in a tone meant to freeze him, "What is your pleasure, sir?" he replied,

"*My* pleasure? — humph! I rather think I 've come for *your* pleasure—that is, if you 're a reasonable woman; and you ought to be, for you 're old enough."

"Sir!" said the lady.

"Why, sure you 're not fool enough to be affronted?" said the unabashed visitor. "A dog, you know, must bark, or be dumb; and we citizens are a blunt generation, who must talk in our own fashion, if we are to talk at all."

"To the purpose, sir, if you please."

"Right, ma'am; that 's speaking like a sensible woman; and so, not to stand shilly-shally, Mr. Edward Torrington loves your daughter; *per contra*, Miss Emma loves my young friend. I call him my friend, though it 's scant four-and-twenty hours that I have known anything of him, except by name. But what then? He has done me a service that I shan't forget in a hurry; and, as he bears an excellent character in the world, I have a mind to make a man of him."

"On this subject, sir, I have nothing to reply. I wish you good morning."

And the old lady, who had scrupulously avoided either sitting down herself, or inviting him to a seat, was marching with a stately step to ring the bell, when he caught her arm.

"Don't be in such a hurry, ma'am! Slow and sure go farthest in a bargain. You had a son—"

"Sir, I must request that you will leave my house."

"You had a son," repeated the pertinacious visitant, "who committed forgery, and upon me, too! —me! Jasper Gould, silversmith and citizen of London!"

The old lady turned deadly pale.

"Ay, you may stare; but seeing is believing. Here is the forged bill, with the documents that prove his roguery. Lucky for him that he got himself killed as he did; for I had made up my mind to hang him."

"Thanks!" exclaimed the old lady, "he is removed beyond the reach of human malice!"

"Malice!" replied the citizen, with sudden warmth; "d—n it,

ma'am—Heaven forgive me for swearing!—do you call it malice to hang a rascal who commits forgery? If he were my own son, he should swing for it! But, pshaw! what an old ass am I to be talking in this way! The poor rogue 's dead—lucky for him; and so, if you 'll give your daughter to Master Edward, I 'll stand a couple of thousands, prompt payment, just to set the young folks going. What 's better, I 'll fling these papers into the fire;—they 're an ugly epitaph for him that 's gone, and no particular credit to his family that 's living."

This was indeed touching a tender point; and, after some discussion, the old lady was fain to give her consent to her daughter's marriage; whereupon the citizen, with great glee, tossed all the documents into the fire. The papers had only just begun to blaze, when a loud "hurrah!" was shouted from the next room, and in rushed a young man in a military cloak.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the old lady, "the spirit of my son!"

"The devil a bit!" replied the citizen; "never saw more solid bone and muscle in all my born days."

A few words now sufficed to explain the whole mystery. On the morning of the duel he had been carried from the field by a friend, who had sought him out to warn him that the officers of justice were close upon his heels for the forgery; and, finding that life still remained in the bleeding body, he lost no time in adopting the necessary measures for his safety on the one hand, and his restoration on the other. On his recovery, Frank not only felt the prudence of his friend's precautions at the time, but resolved still to favour the report of his own death; and in this cautious plan he persisted, till, weary of a life of such constant restraint and anxiety, he determined to see his sister in private, and consult her on the best means of pacifying the angry silversmith. For this purpose, he had stolen in at the window when the house seemed quiet and there was no light abroad to betray him, and ensconced himself snugly in her chamber. Here, with his usual propensity to mischief, a sudden whim took him to play the part of his own ghost, the consequences of which went far beyond what he had intended. Emma, as we have already seen, fainted at the sound of his voice, but not before her cries had alarmed the house, so that he was fain to make a rapid retreat to prevent discovery.

Need we say that the old lady forgave her son as a matter of course? — that, equally as a matter of course, the silversmith was never heartily reconciled to Master Frank till he heard of his being killed by a thrust from a French bayonet in one of King William's continental campaigns? Or is it necessary to tell our sagacious readers that Emma and Edward were married, and enjoyed his especial favour; but still not so much so as their eldest-born, who was christened after him, and at his death was found to have inherited the greater part of his very handsome fortune?

THE PEDLAR POET.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"Doubtless, the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat."—BUTLER.

PREPARING to quit the agreeable village of Ryde, for Gosport, there to meet, for the last time, my friend C., before his departure for India, and having some twenty minutes yet at my disposal, I turned into the public room of the Pier Inn, where the boatman had already deposited my small portmanteau. The "coffee-room," so termed, was a small, dirty, ill-furnished apartment; yet evidently much in request, from the multitude of coats, capes, packages, umbrellas, and all the paraphernalia incidental to travelling, which occupied the four chairs, about as many pegs, and precisely as many corners, which the parlour contained. It was, perhaps, a place of refuge rather than refreshment; visitors using it, as I myself had done, merely for the accommodation of embarking; though "Good entertainment and neat wines" was the inscription over the door — as money-lenders advertise "Honour and secrecy." Here was apparel sufficient to equip a whole parish; to "stuff out the vacant garments with their forms," would have been to raise no contemptible body of special-constables: but, there they hung, like the garments in Prospero's cell, and in a place, to me, almost as deserted.

No one, in fact, was present, but an elderly gentleman, seated near the window, intently bending over certain papers scattered before him in Sibylline confusion. Though glowing with the fervid nature of his study, which betrayed itself in the full veins of his temples, yet, at the shortest possible intervals, he raised his sharp, penetrating eyes so full upon me, that, but for the more absolute demands on his attention, I felt he would have addressed me.

If he had any interest in me, it was faint indeed to the curiosity I felt respecting him; and, taking up an eggy, obsolete newspaper, I retired to an opposite part of the room, where, under the masked battery of "Petty Sessions," I could make my observations more leisurely: but a certain elevation of eyebrow, accompanied by a smile which would have humanized a Gorgon, assured me "there was not the least reason in the world for all that ceremony." He was an expansive, full-blown man, of about sixty years of age, whose grape-stained cheeks threatened as many fountains of wine as played upon Ludgate Hill at the coronation of Edward IV. With the exception of a small grey curl which drooped over each ear, his head was perfectly bald, the highly-polished hue of which might have been an invaluable sign in a druggist's window, or advertised the nocturnal accoucheur to the dimmest eyesight.

He was clad in entire black; but, like a bronze figure, his edges and protuberances bore a rusty tint, harmonizing unquestionably with the antique. His neckcloth, of feather-bed dimensions, might have served an ordinary body for repose; under which a capacious, but coarse frill, like the pasteboard wings of a pantomime deity, flapped, expanded, and collapsed. One moment he would turn over his mystic leaves with the rapid finger of a banker's clerk, and at another fix his eye on

some feature of his work with the stedfast penetration of a clock-maker. By the magic of his quill the paper was now enfeoffed with some rich fancy, whilst he patted his forehead, in token of approbation at the effort of his brain. What could this man be? An attorney? No! here was no cold routine — no heartless technicality. His eye implied something more aërial than settlements; more lively than wills; and much more unusual than writs. A divine? No! Far more of the Epicurean was he than the Stoic; dealing more in the metaphysical than the revealed. *His* discourse was neither fashioned to order, nor cut to time; no tithe irritation corrugated *his* brow; and *his* preferment was far above all danger of sequestration.

It suddenly occurred to me he might be one of those trading patriots whom the new political atmosphere had at this time engendered, like the stercorant flight of ladybirds, which occasionally incrust whole acres with vermilion. Perhaps, thought I, he is plunged into one of those sloughs which, Voltaire remarks, soon send your Englishman raving. "He no sooner gets a twist in the head," says he, "than he falls to studying the Apocalypse; and the fruits of his labour usually are, either a learned treatise to prove the Pope is Antichrist, or else an epistle to the King, offering himself as prime minister."

But it was now quite clear that within the space of one minute he would address me; when, laying his hands with benedictory pressure on his words, more golden than those of Pythagoras, he said, in a tone milder than a moonbeam, "Beautiful weather, sir!"

To which I immediately responded, "Most beautiful!"

"It is gorgeous weather!" continued he, at the same time consigning two lines to utter annihilation by a most unequivocal dash of his damnatory quill. "It is heliochrysus!"

"It is indeed, just—what you have said," again I answered.

"It is an Aganippedean day!" continued he; which latter Hellenism he most strikingly enforced by throwing himself back with considerable violence in his chair, and elevating each arm at a right-angle to his body; the one hand retaining a trembling manuscript, and the other a large, untrimmed goose-quill. "Sir! it is poetry itself!"

Delighted to have met, at last, a word I somewhat comprehended, I immediately replied,

"And yet, a true poetic spirit is equally enamoured of the elemental strife!"

During the fleeting interval I was speaking, I perceived his eyeballs, like those in the mask of a pantomime, dancing and shifting after the wildest fashion, and, seizing my hand, he exclaimed,

"Sir, you have a soul—you have a soul! Poetry is the only divination we have of the empyrean state! it is a blessed revelation of a spiritual existence. Science has its laws, philosophy its limits, and there is a boundary-wall to the bold march of metaphysics; but poetry is lawless, illimitable, and unfathomable,—a world without end.

'Clowns for posterity may cark and care,
They cannot outlive death but in an heir;
By more than wealth we propagate our name,
Trust no successions, but our only fame!'"

He ended; but, to my poor thinking, far more from want of breath than words; and, casting his body on the chair, and his eyes on the ceiling, he sat for some time motionless and possessed.

For myself, "*obstupui.*" I gazed with the full wonder of What next? and stared at the apparition before me with the same sensations that a child does on the magic of a harlequinade. His features somewhat loosened from their tragic tension, and his lips once again irradiated in one of those witching smiles that first charmed me, as he gently murmured,

"You will think me, sir, an enthusiast; be it so. Most men are rabiate on some subject; but the sentence of poetry, like love, is a seraphic malady. Poetry is the madness of angels; and the discord of Heaven is more dulcet than the order of earth. By the favour of Heaven, all poets are madmen; and we may say, with a slight mutation, 'Quem Deus vult inspirare priùs dementat.'"

There could be no doubt my friend was one of Heaven's special favourites, and I now ventured to observe to him,

"Recollecting, good sir, what you lately noticed, that most men were mad on some subject, and that madness is symptomatic of inspiration, I am inevitably brought to a conclusion that mankind is, in fact, a race of poets."

At these words he started up, like a black monk from a toy snuff-box, and folding his arms as a true denizen of Bedlam, or, in other words, a poet, ejaculated,

"Ho! ho! then you are he who would handle this matter analytically, philologically, corollarylistically. Poetry, sir, abhors reason as Nature a vacuum, and shrinks from a syllogistic approach as at the touch of a torpedo. Poetry is an empyrenean catachresis."

Yet, spite this ebullition, in which he had bespattered me with such disdain, he had too much of the milk of human kindness to cast me off entirely; in sooth, his nature bathed and sported in emollients, and, taking my hand affectionately, he said,

"Bear with me, my friend! believe me, sir, the sentiments you have expressed on this religion of my soul I truly venerate. I see, sir, you will be gathered, at last, amongst the children of the Muse."

After a short pause, which he occupied by playfully poising his mysterious papers, he said, as though at the sharp spur of the moment, "What may be your impression on the genius of *Menander*?"

This was, indeed, a blow! For me, who in school-days had been whipped to the alternate feet of strophe and antistrophe, in the Greek chorus of my own howling, and at last pronounced but a dull boy, to be challenged on the genius of Menander by this citizen of ether, was indeed staggering. But, to my great relief, raising his eyes with the timidity of a dryad, he said,

"Perhaps I may meet your forgiveness should I unfold to you the sudden impression which has this moment seized me on my accidental proposition? Menander, and, if I bear my recollection freshly, Philemo, Diphilus, Apollodorus, Philippedes, were lights which blazed amidst the latest illuminations of expiring Athens!—but, ah! the divine fragments of Menander! Terence, you know, avowedly appropriated him; the everlasting poet was born at Athens—no matter; educated in the school of Theophrastus—but let that pass. By the way, as I have named Theophrastus the Peripatetic, I should mention he was not an Athenian, as vulgarly supposed; and this was singularly discovered by his pedantic adherence to the Attic dialect; but no matter. Menander's muse endeared him to the starry Glycera, his mistress.

Pliny calls him, you are aware, 'Omnis luxuriæ interpres;' and even Plutarch is candid enough to admit it. But alas! alas! sir, his untimely death!—Ovid, you will recollect, alludes to it in his Ibis—drowned in the Piræan harbour, 'Comicus ut liquidus periit dum nabat in undis.'"

If only so lately I had been staggered by a burst of enthusiasm, I was now positively capsized by this explosion of learning. I gazed on him as the breathing lore of all the Platonists, nor held him less than the brazen head which responded the decrees of Fate to Friar Bacon.

The giant was in repose; and I had opportunity for a moment's reflection. Menander!—the divine Menander! Still, I confess, there appeared a kind of *à propos de rien* in so direct a challenge as Menander's muse; but then he talked of his sudden impressions and playful recollections. Perhaps the "Leander," then at anchor in the Channel, might have suggested this "first-rate" in the Castalian stream. To one conclusion, however, I was brought; namely, that while he was a poet as well as a madman, he was, unquestionably, a scholar as well as a poet.

I now ventured to observe, "Truly, as you have said, sir, Pliny styles the bard 'Omnis luxuriæ interpres,' and a pretty sentiment it is. Does it not remind you of the address to Titus, 'Deliciæ humani generis?' Which, think you, is the happier of the two?"

I had no sooner uttered these words, than another of those sudden suggestions appeared to have laid hold of him; for he turned immediately to his papers, and, resuming his pen, complaisantly shook his head, as though he would have said, "Another time we will resume this most interesting debate." But, on a second attempt at pressing my question, up he jumped, as though at a sudden cry of "Fire!" and thrusting his head through the open window, remained for a few minutes in communion only with the stars. As I could view him in no way but with admiration, I could take, consequently, no objection to the strange position he had just assumed respecting myself; but anon seating himself again at the table—

"As I have observed," said he, "you will deem me an enthusiast—I am so. We cannot greatly admire, without some slight promptings to imitate. I have here endeavoured," he continued, carelessly tossing and shuffling his mass of manuscripts, "to show my devotion to the Muse by lisping her numbers. To say the truth, I have before me a little poetic garland, woven from my summer-dreams, which I intend presently to offer to the world, illustrated by a delicate vignette, which I entitle '*Anthophoros*,' and which I think you will allow tasteful. But, between ourselves, sir, the degenerate '*Row*' is a melancholy truth in the eternal history of literature. Your Dodsleys, Lintots, Tonsons, where are they now? Alas! not with us. Who occupy their places? —a corrupt and servile crew, pandering to the unhealthy appetite of the day; and the world, sir, coarsely feeding, as Mr. Fielding remarks, on bullock's liver and Oldmixon, has lost its relish for turtle and Swift. For the future," continued he, in a still more confidential manner, "my intention will be to publish by subscription. I have already a list of noble names, more striking than the catalogue of Homer's ships, and longer than the roll of Juan's mistresses. Look, sir,—behold!" opening, at the same time, a greasy red leather manual,

wherein was inscribed a string of dukes, earls, bishops, and esquires, which would have done supreme honour to a birthday at St. James's. "As to the price of the publication," pursued he, in a tone which was now nearly subdued to a whisper, "half the sum to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the other half on delivery of the volume. The whole sum will be but five shillings, so that two and sixpence is the small amount payable at the present moment." Saying which, he gently conducted his full-feathered quill between my fingers, and placing the said red book right before me, "There—there!" added he, "just a place for your name between the marquis and the Dutch ambassador!"

An irresistible impulse guided my pen, and, "ere I was ware," I had written my name in the cleft assigned me, and felt, like Frankenstein, I was his for ever!

Casting a bland smile upon the letters yet undry, he repeated complaisantly, "Mr. Stephen Tomtom."

"And now, Mr. Tomtom," continued he, "there is but one thing more."

"Alas! I fear so," said I. "We must part; I perceive my boat is ready."

"But you will surely bear in mind," interrupted he, as he placed himself between me and the door, "the little business on which we have been speaking?"

"Indeed I shall," I replied. "Frequently shall I recur to your animated discourse, your honest zeal—"

"Pooh! pooh!" again interposed he, while the perspiration trickled over his expanse of face, and was finally lost in his capacious neckcloth, "that 's not at all to the point. Am I to consider Mr. Tomtom one of my subscribers?"

"—And amongst your warmest admirers."

"Then, sir, it 's as well to be regular,"—which last observation was accompanied by an asperity of manner that positively startled me. "But perhaps, sir, you have not half-a-crown about you?"

I was seized, I confess it, with confusion, and a sense of shilly-shallyism crept over me, which the schoolboy can so well appreciate. Pelf dishonours the lips as much as obscenity; and to offer two and sixpence to this first-born of Apollo was positively impossible. I would willingly have compromised the effort by the loss of a guinea.

Perceiving I was not over nimble with my money, and mistaking, no doubt, that roseate delicacy which had overspread me for some grosser passion, my companion now elevated his voice, and, in a tone much resembling that of Dr. Cantwell on casting his visor aside, exclaimed,

"When, sir, I was negotiating with you, I did imagine I was dealing with a gentleman. You have just inserted your name in my list of subscribers, and I expect you will pay me the money before you quit the room!"

Here was, indeed, a matter of fact, which brought me at once to my senses, a complete febrifuge to my scarlatina confusion, exhibiting this son of Apollo as one who had indulged in no flights but from bailiffs, and no more the heir of immortality than a tailor!

Taking three shillings from my pocket, I placed the burning money in his grasp, at the sense of which his countenance, as though touched

by a lucifer-match, blazed into good humour, and the silver tones of Admetus' shepherd again vibrated in my ears.

"Pardon my bluntness, Mr. Stephen Tomtom," whispered he ; "I am your debtor one sixpence, I perceive, on the first account."

At this moment, noticing the boatman making signals to me from the jetty, he gathered hastily together his disordered manuscripts, and, thrusting the greasy manual into his capacious waistcoat, up he jumped, as briskly as his "too, too solid flesh" would permit, and, panting like a stranded cod-fish, seized my portmanteau, and insisted upon attending me to the place of embarkation.

I had by this time recovered all my shocks ; otherwise, to see this denizen of ether "groan and sweat under a heavy load," and sinking beneath the coarse chattels of so mean a being as myself, would cruelly have distressed me. Covering himself with a capacious straw-hat, like those worn by task-masters in a sugar-plantation, away he trudged, as perfect a picture of Dr. Cheyne as imagination or recollection could have formed.

Having now reached the extremity of the jetty, I was preparing to step into the boat, and make my last farewell to my companion. The portrait before me set at defiance all gravity,—

"His doublet all unbraced, his stockings all foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;"

disabled as a turtle thrown upon its back on the floor of the London Tavern, he laboriously murmured in my ear,

"You have already paid three shillings, Mr. Tomtom, on our first settlement ; one other shilling, further, you would probably have allowed for porterage," (dropping the portmanteau on the ground,) "so that there remains but a single twelvepenny on the whole sum of five shillings, which will be *really* due next month, on delivery of my '*Anthophoros.*' Perhaps, Mr. Tomtom," continued he, with all the celerity he was able, —"perhaps — *perhaps* you would have no objection to complete the entire purchase in advance. 'Tis but a trifle—light as air ;—

'By more than wealth we propagate our name,
Trust no successions, but our only fame!'"

Could I resist an appeal at once so touching and grotesque ?—impossible! Casting two extra shillings into the oven of his extended gripe, I left him rejoicing like the fire-king in the midst of a broil, which would inevitably have consumed him, but for the defence which Nature herself had provided in the copious moisture that trickled at every pore. The boat had already quitted the pier, and, as I marked him still obsequiously bowing on the lowest plank, I could not deny that, whatever cause I might have had for a smile, yet the laugh was incontestably all on his side.

THE MYSTERIOUS MANSION.

BY HENRY CURLING.

In the reign of Bluff King Harry the Eighth there was a capital messuage in Chelsea, called Chelsea Hall. The monarch had caused it to be built, intending to make it a nursery for his children, and made Sir Francis Bryan keeper of it for life.* Now these are facts, and we merely mention them, in case any one should doubt all or any part of what we shall hereafter assert about Chelsea in this veritable story. Nay more, this old manor-house, as it was afterwards called, stood near the church, and was in architecture exactly like St. James's palace. After the monarch's death, it became the residence of Queen Katherine Parr, his widow, who was afterwards the wife of Lord Sudley.

At this period there was but one passable road in the village, which was a private one, and it led directly to this sombre-looking royal mansion across the open fields. In traversing this road at this time, the passenger necessarily crossed a foot-bridge, called Blandel Bridge in old days, although, from the many murders committed in its vicinity by highwaymen, the name became vulgarized, and it hath ever since been called Bloody Bridge.

Across this dangerous structure, then, on a somewhat dark and tempestuous night in the aforesaid year of our Lord 1547, a tall figure was passing;—the night, I have already said, was dark, and the wind rather high, consequently the wayfarer had plucked his bonnet over his brow, and held his head rather down than up: not that he was altogether either a stranger to the evil repute of the neighbourhood, or careless of danger, since he wore his furred cloak more over the left arm than the right, as was customary in those days; for, as there were then neither gas-lamps nor New Police in fashion, your traveller knew no protection but the cross of the sword. The personage we have mentioned had but barely passed the bridge, when, in his haste, he ran full butt against a cavalier, who was advancing from the opposite direction; and so perfectly had both been absorbed in thought, that the collision was none of the softest.

To be run against, in the dark, in those days was generally a prelude to being run through; and, accordingly, in a twinkling two blades leaped from their scabbards, as the wearers stepped a pace or two back, and clashed across each other on the defensive.

"How mean ye by that, ruffian?" said the personage we have first mentioned; "you have knocked all the breath out of my body."

"Nay, fair sir," replied the other, "I may inquire the same of you, since I also have received as rude a buffet."

* Anne of Cleves died in this manor-house, or palace. Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign, granted it to the widowed Duchess of Somerset. Lord Cheyne afterwards lived in the palace, having become lord of the manor in the seventeenth century, whence the ground on which it stood derived its present name of Cheynè Row; not from the china-works, as vulgarly supposed. The old palace was finally purchased, and pulled down by Sir Hans Sloane. The walls of the royal garden were still entire when Faulkner's "History of Chelsea" was written. The little stone-basins, used as fish-ponds, in the Queen's pleasure-grounds, and the walls (some portion) yet remain.

"Heard ye not," continued the first traveller, "that I was crossing the bridge? A murrain take ye! are ye drunk, or some thief in the dark?"

"Again I may inquire the same of you, since I am equally as ignorant of your purpose as you of mine?"

During this short colloquy both speakers had worn round, as the nautical saying is, towards that point of the compass in which their destination lay. They had made neither thrust nor parry; but each lightly touched his adversary's blade, as a sort of feeler in the murky night to keep the foe at bay.

"Is it peace or war with us, then?" continued the first speaker, drawing gradually off.

"Whichever you will," returned the other. "I am a soldier, and have nothing to lose. Peace would be most welcome to me in this dismal neighbourhood; but war 's my trade. An' you will cut my windpipe, you must fight for 't, that 's all."

"You mistake, good soldier," said the other, dropping his point. "I am a passenger like yourself, and rather pressed for time. Farewell! and a safe passage across these fields."

Just at this moment the moon, shining from behind a cloud, discovered the faces of the speakers, and both uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What! Gaspar Peyton!" cried the first wayfarer, "is it thou? Why, what make you here?"

"My Lord of Sudley," said the other, "I cry you mercy! My hand should have been hacked off at the wrist ere I drew upon my benefactor, had I known him!"

"'Tis better where it is, brave Peyton," said the noble, stepping up and shaking his friend heartily by the offending member. "When did you arrive in England? I marvel you came not to me soon as you landed."

"Nay, my good lord, I came but yesternight to Chelsea. My company are billeted here upon the inhabitants of this and the neighbouring town of Battersea. 'Twas my intent to have sought ye out this night."

Whilst the conversation we have recorded was taking place between the Lord Sudley and his companion, they had been progressing onwards in the direction of the building we have before mentioned, Chelsea Hall. A lone house loomed directly before them; in their progress they must necessarily pass it, since the path they traversed lay close to its buttressed walls.

"Our roads to-night," said the noble, "gallant Peyton, as through life, lie in different directions. I must to my business at Chelsea Hall, you to your quarters and charge of foot. To-morrow, then, I shall expect your coming. Farewell!—you shall find me at Whitehall."

Just as the friends were about to part, their steps were arrested, and their attention drawn towards the building whose flanking wall they stood beside. The house was a large and somewhat gloomy-looking edifice, such as might at that day have pertained to some wealthy merchant. It stood upon that identical spot of ground where the sixth house now stands from what is at present called Don Saltero's Coffeehouse. It was dismal-looking, fortress-like, and ominous in appearance. Untenanted, too, it seemed at first sight, since not a particle of light was to be observed through the crevices of its care-

fully closed-up windows. It was surrounded by a low, thick, buttressed wall; and its fore-court was choked up with weeds, and its garden in rear overgrown with chickweed, darnel, hemlock, and wild parsley.

"What, in the name of the fiend, is that?" said Peyton, stopping just as he had turned, after bidding his friend farewell. "Heard ye those sounds from yonder mansion? Hark again!—the baying of hounds too!"

"What house *is* this?" said Sudley. "Hark! that sound again! And *now* listen. The noise is somewhat of the oddest—'tis as if a water-mill was working."

Lord Sudley and his friend turned the corner of the inclosure, and approached along the front of the building; not a light was to be seen. They advanced, and tried the outer gate—it was locked. Across the road, not many yards in front, flowed what poets call the Silver Thames, now agitated by the furious blast of a January night, and thick as pitch. A row of tall trees then, as now, grew along its margin; and the wind, roaring through their branches, sounded like the rush of a mighty cataract.

"How strange!" said Sudley. "Those wailing cries and that measured beat are singularly horrible in the night-winds. Methought I saw a figure gliding amongst yonder trees. By heavens! it stands there now, beside the river's margin. I'll cross it." So saying, the Lord Sudley advanced with a quick step, followed by his friend, towards the river's bank. The moon now again did them the favour to dismiss some of the dark fleeting clouds which had veiled her gracious visage, and the Lord Sudley found he had not been mistaken: a man stood quietly leaning against the trunk of one of the tall elms we have mentioned. "How now, friend?" said he; "you keep quiet guard there. What's your business at this dead hour of the night? and who and what are you?"

"Who are *you?*" returned the figure, "and what's *your* business at this time o' the night, since you come to that?"

"Suffice it, sirrah!" returned Sudley, "that I am of sufficient authority to make you render an account of yourself. Come forwards, sir, lest I assail you where you stand, and pin you to the tree."

"It shall not need," said the figure, stepping from beside the elm. "Since you say you are authorized to ask the question, I'll answer it briefly. Know, then, that I am Peter Uppermost Huffkin, head-bailiff of Battersea bone-house, and supervisor of Chelsea Reach."

"And your business here?" said Sudley.

"Watching that house yonder."

"What house is *that*, and who lives there?"

"Nay, I would you could tell me that: *I* think it's haunted. It's an outrage and a nuisance upon the whole neighbourhood, that house. It'll scare all the respectable folks away from the town, it will. There's not a person would pass within a quarter of a mile of its walls after sun-down for a whole cap-full of bezants. I saw you dodging about it, and I stopped to watch *you*."

"Strange!" said Sudley. "Let us try and gain admittance."

"I wish you may," said Peter Huffkin. "Do try an' if you will, so you don't ask me in too. It's the Devil's headquarters, I think, that house.—Hear to 'em now!—there's a pretty concert for you!"

"Perhaps 'tis a mill at work," said Sudley, once more crossing over to the front of the mansion, followed by the others.

"We see no lights at any of the windows," said Peyton; "it can't be that. Stay, I hear a noise at the main entrance. Hark! — some one is surely unbarring the fore-door. See, it slowly opens—no light yet."

"Slink by, and note them," said Sudley, stealing along towards the angle of the wall. "There is some infernal business going on here, some deed of shame, take my word for 't."

The wall in front of this mysterious mansion was somewhat lower than on the back and sides, and was garnished at the top with short iron rails. Lord Sudley and his friends, therefore, posted themselves at the right-hand angle, and, popping their heads just above the parapet, watched the event in breathless impatience and painful expectation.

"Wear your rapier bare," whispered Peyton to his friend. "If we see necessity, we'll strike in."

"Silence!" said the noble; "the door is still open, but no one appears. Suppose we scale the wall, leap the railing, and make in? Hark! —now the portal is open. What an awful beating! It seems deep below the foundation of the house. And hear their cries! — 'tis like some perturbed spirit in Pandemonium. I'll hear no more, but in to the rescue: follow or not, as you will."

"Stay," returned Peyton, holding his friend back; "behold yon tall shadowy figure even now descending the steps! — mark how it glowers around, to see that no one is near. Be cautious!—crouch beneath the parapet."

"Quoit that gaping Huffkin down!" said Sudley, who had stooped; "do you alone watch, Peyton. What seest thou?"

"The figure beckons, my lord," said Peyton, "and some half-dozen men, carrying either coffins or sacks upon their shoulders, have emerged. They approach the gate—the tall figure shuts and locks up the house-door—they are now passing the outer gate. Silent as the grave. They have taken the way towards the Thames."

Meanwhile the noise of the wheel, or whatever else it might be, was stilled, and the mansion was wrapped in silence.

"Now for it," said Huffkin, leaping up; "let's scale the parapet, and storm the house ere those beings return. Laden as they are, we can overtake them afterwards. Come on!"

No sooner said than done. They, however, made no discovery. The windows of the house were all boarded up, and painted red; and although the sounds, when close before it, were even more mysterious and horrible than at a distance, the door, which was strong enough to have belonged to a Scotch tolbooth, being locked, resisted all their efforts to gain an entrance. Once more, therefore, regaining the outside of the walls, they followed in search of the figures Peyton had seen pass the gates.

"Follow," said Huffkin. "Excuse me, sirs; I'll be the great-toe in this chase, and go foremost. These fellows made for the river's bank."

"I fear we are too late," said Peyton: "I hear the sound of oars. They have taken boat."

It was even so; they arrived at the water-side just time enough to see the dark outline of a boat disappear in the gloom, whilst the vigor-

ous pull of the rowers against wind and tide sounded less and less as the distance increased.

"Now, the red plague rot them!" said Huffkin; "they 've given me the slip again. Hillo! ho! ho!—boat there! We want to come aboard."

"Spare your breath, Mister Deputy Supervisor," said Peyton. "We've fairly lost the scent."

"Hark!" said Sudley; "as I live, the boat has turned!—Listen! I hear the stroke of oars, nearer and more near. Now, gentlemen, be firm, and we have them. Retire behind this tree."

The boat was evidently approaching. Presently its prow was driven deep into the slimy bank, and a man instantly leaped ashore.

"Now, my hearties!" said he, hitching up his slops, "fasten the boat, and come along."

"I arrest you in the King's name!" said Sudley, stepping forwards, and laying his hand upon the stranger.

"I *say*, belay there, will you?" said the boatman. "What! three upon one! Here, Greyhounds, to the rescue! Some d—d lawyers are clapper-clawing me! bats and clubs, men!—bats and clubs!"

Half-a-dozen stout seamen upon this leaped ashore in a twinkling, and, assailing Sudley, Peyton, and Huffkin with thick oaken towels, which they opposed to their rapiers, a desperate and noisy encounter instantly took place.

Two to one is great odds; and our three friends were fain to give ground, with difficulty keeping their assailants at bay. The spit-like and tremendous rapier of Harry the Eighth's reign, however, was a murderous weapon in the hands of a good sworder; consequently, if the boatmen failed in surrounding the trio, it was not so hard to keep them off. My Lord Sudley, however, being opposed to the man who first leapt on shore, and who had also drawn a sword, had more to contend against than his fellows.

"Hold!" he said, after a few rounds, in which he had wounded both his opponents with his long spit. "There is some mistake here. These are not the persons we seek. A truce, my masters. What men are you?"

"John Grice I," said the foremost, "captain of the ship of war called the 'Greyhound.'* What the h— do you take us for, you lubberly landsharks? and what for do you pink us when we come ashore after a long voyage?"

"We took you for some villains," said Huffkin, who have made themselves pestiferous in the noses of the community, and become an unpleasant savour to the inhabitants of this town."

"Do you board men like this," said the sailor, "because they are not perfumed with civet and ambergris, you stupid barber-mongers! Why, here 's my coxswain smells of pitch and tar. Tom Turly here reeks of salt junk and oakum, and we all on 's smell more of the hold of the Greyhound than of the perfume of some curious glover. Shiver my topsails! I 've half a mind to teach you respect for the service. Here, Greyhounds, give it 'em again!"

"Hold!" said Sudley, "I am the Lord High Admiral; I forbid the combat. You know me now, Captain Grice."

* The Greyhound, Captain J. Grice, submitted to bloody Queen Mary when she was in Framlingham, and she immediately ordered all the ordnance and shot to be brought to Framlingham, for her defence.

"My Lord of Sudley," said the captain of the Greyhound, "I ask your pardon. There is, indeed, some mistake, I see."

"Mass, I think there be!" said Huffkin: "these are not our men, then, after all? Did you meet a boat, or hear a boat, or see a boat, Captain Greyhound, as you pulled ashore?"

"Grice, messmate! Grice!" said the captain, sheathing his sword. "Why, yes; I did hail a lubberly-looking craft a few minutes ago. We nearly ran aboard her. They were busy, apparently, heaving something overboard, and didn't keep a look-out."

"Strange!" said Sudley. "Do you think we could come up with them, captain, if we gave chase in your boat?"

"Nay, the chances are they 're t'other side by this time. However, my lord, I 'm at your service. We 'll try."

"All hands on board, then," said the noble.

The captain steered right across the stream; when near the middle, "This," said he, "is about the spot where we fell in with the boat you seek. We 'd best pull straight across, and look out for the craft on the other side." They did so; but, although the dawn was now breaking, and, consequently, they were enabled to see along the shore for some distance, no boat was to be observed.

"My word for 't," said Huffkin, "they 've pulled further up the stream, landed, and gone to Battersea. That 's our only chance. Land us here, captain, and let us follow them." The Lord High Admiral making no objection, Mr. Uppermost Huffkins' order was obeyed; and, leaving the boat's crew in waiting, our three friends, accompanied by Captain Grice, proceeded across the open meadows, and entered the town of Battersea. The town was still partially wrapped in slumber, when the *quartette* entered the first hostel they found open, and, walking straight into the kitchen, where glowed a most comfortable sea-coal fire, they felt so comforted by its genial influence that they almost forgot their errand.

"Drop all titles here," said Sudley, aside to his companions. "Now, host, we 're cold and hungry, give us wherewith to break our fast, and a flasket of muscadine to begin with. Your health, sirs! Host, your liquor is good—excellent!"

"Ay, bullies," returned the host; "it 's of the right vintage, that liquor; it 's superlative, neither more nor less. I 'm reckoned to draw the best draught in Battersea. Repeat the dose, my masters, as the leech hath it."

"You 've had guests somewhat of the earliest, landlord, this morning," said Sudley. "It 's the early bird that picks up the worm, eh?"

"Perhaps 'tis—p'raps t'arnt," said the other, growing sulky on the sudden. "How know ye I 've had guests here?"

"Suffice it I *do* know, landlord," said Sudley. "Who and what are they?"

"La! you there, now," returned the host, "an' ye know of my guests, ye peradventure know of their calling. If I were to cross-examine every ill-favoured customer that comes to the Chequers, I might in time grow as knowing as yourself. Did I ask *your* name and business when you entered, bully, eh?"

"You are somewhat round with us," said Sudley. "I speak as having authority. I am in the commission, sirrah! Answer without prevaricating (for I see you are cognoscent of the matter), who *is* the pre-

sent owner of the house at Chelsea from which your guests came this morning, and what's his trade or profession?"

"Nay, fair sir!" returned the host, "ye ask me more than I am able to answer. All I know is, that the foreign Almanzo is the present occupier of the house you hint at."

"And who may the foreign Almanzo be?" inquired Sudley.

"That I cannot pretend to say, either," returned the host. "Some think he's an astrologer; others aver that he's a magician; whilst others, again, think him neither more nor less than a spy of the Spaniard."

"What made his people here this morning, landlord?"

"They merely took their morning-draught, and wended onwards."

"Whither bound, messmate?" said Captain Grice. "Come—come, you know 'em well enough, an' ye list. A taste of the rope's end on board the Greyhound would soon smarten your knowledge, I dare be sworn."

"An' ye had me at the gangway for a century, ye couldn't make me say more than I know, comrade," returned the host. "The men ye ask for come hither in their route every week on this blessed day. They *come* to wet their throats; they *go* to cut other people's, for aught I know to the contrary."

"Where went they, knave?" said Sudley, drawing his rapier, and threatening the host. "Speak, caitiff! or I'll slit thy prevaricating tongue as they cut a jackdaw's."

"Hold, sir! for God's sake, hold your hand!" said the host. "I rather think they went either back to Chelsea, or else to Fulham."

"Let's follow without delay," said Huffkin, starting up from the chimney-corner.

Lord Sudley agreeing, they arrested the landlord, and, taking him with them, left the Chequers, returned once more to the river, again embarked on board Captain Grice's boat, and pulled for the other side.

Lord Sudley resolved to storm the mysterious mansion without further delay. It was still so early that few of the inhabitants of Chelsea were astir when they arrived. They therefore arranged their plan of attack, and proceeded to action without a moment's delay.

Captain Grice, with the aid of his men, unshipped the tall mast from an anchoring barque, which lay tossing near the bridge, and manning it like a battering-ram, one rush sent in the outer gate. They then dashed at one of the boarded-up windows, and, sword in hand, leaped through the opening, and entered the mysterious mansion. Contrary to their expectation, they met with no opposition; all was darkness and emptiness in the vast apartment they got into.

Huffkin had possessed himself of a lanthorn, and, with rapiers bare, they carefully examined each apartment on the ground-floor. All were unfurnished, damp-looking, and dilapidated. Mine host, whom Sudley had kept a tight grasp upon, and who had evidently a manifest reluctance to enter the house, now attempted to dissuade the party from further search. They, however, were resolved on making discovery of the use the mansion had been lately put to, and proceeded to grope their way up to the second-floor.

Finding no one, however, to question in the upper apartments, they resolved to descend, and search the offices and vaults below. Mine host, who evidently was in some way mixed up with the transactions

of the party they were in search of, now showed so much disinclination, and even terror, at descending the stairs leading to the lower regions, that Captain Peyton, who had him in charge, and held him firmly by the collar of his doublet, found some difficulty in dragging him down. Grice, however, assisted him in the descent with an occasional prick of his ship's cutlass, and the whole party made for the spot where the furious barking of several mastiffs showed that at least there was something of life within the walls. They found these animals were blood-hounds, and the kennels to which they were fastened were so disposed that they most effectually guarded a low door, which led into the vaults of the mansion from the servants' offices.

With some difficulty they managed to beat them back, and gain access to the doorway, and Huffkin, who was ever in the van, cautiously entered the place.

No sooner had he done so, than mine host, with a cry of alarm, took advantage of Captain Peyton's relaxing his hold in his eagerness to see into the interior, and, turning upon his heel, fled along the passage they had traversed, up the stairs, and out at the door. He stayed not till he had jumped into Captain Grice's boat, unmoored it, and pulled vigorously for the middle of the stream.

Meanwhile the party with caution proceeded into the vault, from which issued so intolerable a stench of villanous drugs that for the first minute or two they felt as if about to fall reeling to the earth; in fact, Peyton, Sudley, and Grice, unable to proceed, returned gasping to the entrance, and were fain to pause for several minutes before they could gain breath for another effort. Not so Huffkin: he groped his way upon hands and knees, and traversing round a sort of frame which stood before the door, and had evidently been the machine whose beat had sounded so oddly without the walls the night before, he looked forth into the further recesses of the vault.

It was fitted up like a laboratory; a small fire glowed at the further end, and a human figure, "with age and envy grown into a hoop," bent over it. Huffkin at once surmised his occupation. He was an alchemist; his beard, which was white as snow, nearly swept the floor upon which he stood. He wore a high-crowned cap upon his head, and a long fur-lined gown upon his body. As he pored over the hot coals before him, and busily mixed the drugs which in smell so oppressed Huffkin's sense of breathing, the latter saw that the operator wore a glass mask over his face, as a guard against the infernal fumes of the hell-broth he was mixing. He was, evidently, perfectly deaf; for, although Huffkin in his carelessness threw down more than one huge bottle of elixir vitæ in his approach towards him, he turned not at the sound of the breaking glass.

At first Huffkin determined to spring up, and seize this living skeleton; but his eye caught sight of half-a-dozen barrels placed in a row behind his chair, and which he instantly perceived contained gunpowder. The sight turned him sick; he felt he was kneeling upon a mine; and his knowledge of the jealousy of these extraordinary chemists, which had more than once led them to involve themselves and those who pryed into their mysteries in one common ruin, rather than their imaginary secret should transpire, made him as anxious to retire unseen as to hinder his companions from re-entering, and alarming the dangerous old man. He therefore cautiously drew back; and reaching the instrument before the door, jumped up, and rushed

forth, though not before the alchemist had caught a glimpse of his figure as he retired, seized upon a red-hot bar of iron, and approached the powder-barrels.

Rushing headlong amongst his companions, with eyes starting from their sockets, in two words he informed them of their danger; and, shrieking out the word gunpowder as he ran, dashed along the passage, and made for the fore-door of the mysterious mansion.

The rest of the party took the hint without further ceremony, and made after him with might and main; the one word "gunpowder" lending them wings in their upward flight. Just as they gained the exterior of the mansion a low rumbling sound was heard, and then a dreadful explosion: the entire left wing of the building seemed to slide and settle quietly down; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the coping-stones and walls were scattered about the fore-court and garden in rear; and the whole party, pale with fear, escaped to the water's edge.

Such is all that was ever known of the history of the mysterious mansion; the foreigners who had carried on business there, and who were supposed to be creatures of the person mine host described as the foreign Almanzo, were surmised to have been coiners. They never were again heard of; and the landlord, who also was missing from that hour, was supposed to have been in league with them, and, in fear of being obliged to make further disclosures, escaped in their company beyond sea.

THE POULTRY COUNTER;

OR, REWARD AND INFORMATION.

A RECENT FACT.

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

"Un malheur ne vient jamais seul."

THROUGHOUT the various orders of society
How multigenerous are the modes
Of gaining bread! How many roads
Lead to the envied goal of notoriety!

Some, to secure an entrance at the door
Of Fortune's fane,
Murder and maim
Their hapless fellow-creatures by the score;
While others gain
An equal name
By healing all the bleeding wounds of such as
'Scape with existence from the former's clutches.

This man professes an incessant care,
By dentifrice and lotion,
To keep his neighbours' teeth in good repair,
And save them from corrosion,
Thereby aspiring to renown;
While *that* devotes
His talent (and with like success)
To study how, with best address,
He may contrive to knock them down
The wearers' throats.

One man, by teaching virtue and morality,
Obtains the glorious meed of immortality;
Another spends in villany his days,
And, when o'erta'en by Justice' hand, essays,
In Fame's polluted temple, to secure
A niche,
By boastful publishing his deeds impure,
To teach
The hopeful rising generation
The safest modes of depredation.

An hundred more I could adduce
Cross-roads to eminence—but truce!
I have an anecdote to tell:
If you 're disposed to read it—well.

My hardy, hoary, hapless hero's name
Was once emblazon'd on the scroll of Fame;
For, know ye, he was one of those
Who soar to rank by dint of blows,
Who bud, and bloom, and bask awhile
Beneath capricious Fortune's smile,
Then, in obscure retirement, ripe and rot,
"The world forgetting—by the world forgot."

He once had flourish'd *at a court:*
Not in the palace of a king or queen,
(Though titled courtiers here are ofttimes seen
To swell the throng), but the resort
Of that notorious, nervy number,
Large, lazy, lumps of living lumber,
Yclept, in fancy annals, "*Sons of Sport*,"
Knights of that squaring, squand'ring, squabbling squad,
Who one day bear the palm—the next the hod:
Bold, boist'rous, bull-dog-bred athletæ,
Who, when assail'd by contradiction,
Converse in arguments so weighty,
They 're almost sure to bring conviction:
Fellows whose arms, and ribs, and jowls,
(Like skittles, cricket-balls, and bowls,)
Are made the implements of mirth
By those who choose for cash to start 'em,
And, while the clods of servile earth
Can wag, are thumpt *secundum artem.*

In this said court, London's Gymnasium,
You may (whene'er you choose to pay) see 'em
Meet, and shake hands, and treat each others' blocks
With the kind interchange of friendly knocks;
While anxious amateurs compare their skill,
And match their men for the unmuffled *mill.*
Here had our hero shone, for many a year,
The favourite toy of many a pickle peer.

How oft the crushing crowd hath seen him fling
His *kiddy caster* in the anxious ring,
And *doff his toggery* for the arduous tustle:
Hath watch'd, with eager eye, his *peeling*,
His brawny, bony bust revealing,
And dwelt with admiration on each muscle:
Hath view'd with ecstacy his skilful blows
And *stops;*
The bloody havoc of his rival's nose
And chops;

Who, like a tortured Indian, firmly bore
The pain of bruises and the loss of gore,
Till pugilistic *pluck* could *take* no more.
Then how the victor's backers rent the air,
Lauding his *bottom* stanch and talent rare;
Lord, knight, squire, groom and butcher—man and boy,
Elate with conquest, bellow'd forth their joy
In loud huzzas;
While carmen, dustmen, scavengers, and sweeps
Swore ribald oaths, or stretch'd their smutty lips
And grinn'd applause.

Nor did he less attention draw,
Or wield his *fives* with less *éclat*,
When, at the art's emporium, he set to,
In mimic strife, 'gainst Christian, Moor, and Jew;
Bolting, between each amicable spar,
A *flash of lightning* at some neighb'ring bar;
Thus, in alternate recreation,
Mingling the sweet reciprocation
Of knocks and noggins
With every sinewy, scientific fist
Whose name adorns the *Boxiana* list,
From giant Crib, the champion of the host,
To that invulnerable human post,
Jack Scroggins.

But envious clouds oft suddenly o'erspread
The mid-day sun,
And fickle Fate oft clips her golden thread
As soon as spun:
So, in the zenith of our bruiser's days,
Urged by the triple power of fame, and gold,
And native game, to meet an overmatch,
(Oh, sad reverse!)
A dire defeat eclipsed his glory's blaze,
His laurels cropt, and doom'd him to behold,
With half-closed eyes, his adversary snatch
The conqueror's purse;
When, fired with grief, remorse, and indignation,
He fled the court, and cut the avocation.
But having, from his boyhood, been a
Labourer on the prize arena,
He could not, for his soul, entirely quit
The fancy crew;
So he withdrew
To a retired suburban cottage, fit,
By sort, and size, and site, to be
A sort of *game menagerie*.
With *primest varment* soon 'twas amply stock'd,
Cocks, bull-dogs, terriers, bears, and badgers:
When all his former *patrons* round him flock'd:
Bull-hanking nobles, titled bruisers,
Pickpocket winners, dandy losers,
Scavengers, poachers, thieves and *cadgers*.

Again he soar'd to eminence;
Again enjoy'd their praise and pence.
At terrier fight, or bait of bull,
From morn till night his hands were full:
At cocking-main, or badger-worrying bout
He shone the leader;
While amateurs declar'd him, *out and out,*
A first-rate breeder!

Thus toil'd he on until his youth forsook him,
And premature decrepitude o'ertook him:
When, quitting quadruped and biped strife,
He seem'd resolved to lead a peaceful life.
Bears, dogs, and badgers, young and old,
To the best bidder straight he sold;
Nor aught retain'd of all his *stocks*,
Save his choice brood of *hens and cocks*,
On which (for shape and courage noted)
Throughout his warring life he'd doted.
These he resolved to keep, nor even deign'd
To listen to the tempting offers
Of keen contenders, though they would have drain'd
(To gain the precious birds) their coffers:
A sovereign; two, three, four, five, six,
Were tender'd for a pair of chicks!
Five guineas; six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
For an old cock, or laying hen!
But no! the owner bade them cease their clamour,
Nor would submit his poultry to the hammer:
Nay, he was so tenacious that he swore
He'd rather beg
A scanty, mouldy crust from door to door,
Than, for their utmost proffer'd pelf,
A single egg
Should leave his matchless pullet's nest
(While hatchable) to be possest
By any mortal save himself.
In fact, no nunnery could boast
A more devoted rigid guard
Than did our hero's poultry-roost:
'T was double-bolted, lock'd, and barr'd:
And every eve and every morn,
From his own hand they ate their corn;
While he, with jealous eye, survey'd
The young they'd rear'd—the eggs they'd laid:
Counted their numbers o'er and o'er;
Kept strictest reck'ning of his store,
And view'd them with such pride egregious,
He almost deem'd it sacrilegious
To kill a chick or pullet for his dinner.
At length, one winter morn, the hoary sinner,
With bag of corn suspended from his wrist,
And massy key clench'd in his bony fist,
Trudged from his room, in cheerful mood,
To give his birds their daily food;
But, when he op'd the hen-roost door, oh! murther!
Who shall describe his rage and consternation?
Fixt to the spot, he could advance no further;
For all his chickens, pullets, hens, and cocks,
Had fallen a prey (spite of his bars and locks)
To some bold thief's nocturnal depredation.
No Mussulman, when fated to behold
His harem rifled of his hundred wives:
No captur'd thief, laden with purloin'd gold,
Changing his booty for a pair of gyves:
No Irish fish-fag, viewing, on her knees,
Her load of sprats capsiz'd into the mud:
No disappointed sportsman, when he sees
The glanders ravaging his hunting stud,
Could make a more infernal bobbery
Than did our hero at his robbery.

However, when his rage had vent,
And Reason had resumed her sway,
He thought 'twould be the better way
To issue an advertisement.
Almost as soon as said 't was done;
An hundred placards were prepar'd,
Which were directed *thus* to run,
"GAME COCKS AND HENS! FIVE POUNDS REWARD!
Stolen, from the late menagerie,
Game fowls, in number twenty-three.
The sum of money aforesaid,
On application, will be paid,
Without reserve or hesitation,
To any person who can glean
And furnish *any information*
Concerning them. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

Now, buoy'd by hope, he whiled away the day,
And, in the evening, made his usual sally
Forth to a neighb'ring inn; when, on his way,
A tall, robust, athletic man
O'ertook him, passing through a lone, dark alley,
And to accost him thus began:
"Excuse me, sir: Pray is it true
You had a hen-roost robb'd last night?"—
"Yes!" quoth the other, big with expectation.—
"Then, sir," pursued the first, "if you
My kind intention will requite,
I can afford you *certain information*
Concerning your unlucky stock:
I 've seen them—every hen and cock!"—
"What! seen them?" quoth the man despoil'd,
Whose blood with indignation boil'd;
"Come; shew me where, and, as I live,"
(Here he drew forth his purse,) "I 'll give
Three times their value—but—'od's curse!
I 've but one sovereign in my purse."—
"Hold, neighbour!" quoth th' informant, "hold!
Shew them I can't ('twixt me and you);
But, while you have in hand your gold,
In brief, I 'll tell you what I 'll do:
Five Pounds you offer, in your posting-bill,
To him who can give *any information*
Touching your stolen fowls; now, if you will
Give me that sovereign, as remuneration,
Some information I 'll impart
About them.—But, no shuffling art!
I 'll have the money in my pocket first;
Or, if I ope my mouth, may I be curst!"—

The querist, though 'twas somewhat 'gainst his will,
Concurr'd;
When thus began the stranger to fulfil
His word:

This (to acquaint you in few words)
Is what I know about your birds:
Now mark me! (for its truth I 'll pledge my life to,)
THEY WERE THE TOUGHEST THAT I E'ER PUT KNIFE
TO!"

These words pronounced, th' informant started;
And out of sight, like lightning, darted.



THE CRUSTY.

INTRODUCTION.

"Emily, my love," said Mrs. Foresight, "it is essentially necessary to our interests that you should be very circumspect in the presence of my uncle, the pleasure of whose company to dinner we expect to-day. We have named six o'clock, and, depend on it, he will be here punctually to a minute; therefore I beg you will be ready to receive him. Put on your plain muslin, and wear no ornaments; and dress your hair in ringlets, instead of *à la reine*,—for he is so particular."

"Really, mamma," said Emily, a pretty *blonde* of nineteen, "I cannot see the necessity of conforming so strictly to the ridiculous whims of this gentleman. I am sure Pa is independent enough in some things: I wonder that he can submit to have the whole house put out of order to gratify this humorist."

"Hush, my dear!" said Mrs. Foresight; "remember 'walls have ears,'—and be satisfied we have an object in our submission. You have no reason to fear any remarks from any of the party; for I have only invited Mr. and Mrs. Dumps, and their daughters, and our cousin Snooks—a set that we must be bored with now and then, you know; and they are good sort of people in their way, although we cannot ask them to meet our numerous *distingué* acquaintances."

"Very well, mamma, as you please," replied Emily, not at all convinced by the political arguments of her fashionable parent.

The Foresights tenanted a respectable house on the borders of the aristocratic part of the town, and succeeded so well in pushing themselves into good society, that they were really considered "somebody."

"The Court Guide," "The Book of Etiquette," and "Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," were the chief "study" of the parents; and, although all letters were generally addressed to Frederick Fore-

sight, *Esquire*, some people were censorious enough to assert that he was only a *principal* — *clerk* in some Manchester warehouse; that he assumed a standing in society to which he was by no means entitled, and that he sacrificed many real comforts to the vapid folly of "keeping up appearances."

Be this as it may, they were very agreeable people, and managed admirably; and certain it is that Mrs. Foresight's uncle was a rich man, lately returned from the East Indies, and they were both very zealous to turn him to account, and make "much of him!" Unfortunately, they had to struggle with many difficulties; for Frank Flint was a crusty, tetchy, straightforward, plain-speaking old bachelor, who hated all fashionable "fal-lals and nonsense," and spake so bluntly on every occasion, and had so many peculiar notions and ways of his own, that he was considered by his modish nephew and niece "quite unpresentable to the cream of their circle."

A DIALOGUE.

"Do you spend much time in thrumming and squalling?" said old Flint, laying his hand upon a handsome upright piano, which stood "showing its teeth," and supporting a music-book, opened at an Italian *scena*, which was quite the "rage."

"Sir?" said Emily, colouring to the very eyes; and then, recovering her self-possession, she continued, "I play and sing a little."

"Expensive and useless," remarked Flint, "a trap set to catch beaux — get married, and then forgotten. Ask a wife to sing or play, and it 's always, 'Really 'tis so long since I touched the instrument.'—Pah!"

Emily smiled.

"Can you make a pudding, cook, and carve a fowl,—darn stockings, scrub a floor, or sew a button on your husband's wristband?"

"I dare say I could, sir, if I were to try, and there were a necessity for it," replied Emily.

"Learn," shortly added Flint, "useful first, ornamental afterwards. Education is now commenced at the wrong end. Can you dance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good exercise—promotes health. I could foot it a little, hands across, down the middle, and up again. What do you think of me for a partner in a good old country-dance?"

"I should prefer a quadrille, and—"

"A younger partner," said Flint, "no doubt. I don't like quadrilles:—they 're French—a lifeless dawdling—no vigour—fit only for gouty gentlemen and old dowagers, when they stand up to make fools of themselves."

Emily laughed.

"There 's a good girl," said Flint,—"the first laugh from a young lady since I 've been in England: a simper or a smile is all you get from them. It is not 'fashionable,' I believe, to laugh outright; yet cooking and laughter are the two distinguishing characteristics of the animal—man!"

The old man paused, and Emily was half afraid to break the silence.

"You don't like me," continued he abruptly. "Accustomed to the smoothness of flattery, truth appears, in comparison, rude and offensive."

"Nay, sir, I do not dislike you; and I do like truth," replied Emily boldly.

"Then tell me what you think of old Flint."

Emily blushed deeply as she summoned up courage to reply: "I think him, sir, a very sincere gentleman, with very odd notions."

"Very good!"

"And I think he is rather unreasonable in requiring other people to conform to his peculiar ideas of what is right."

"Proceed."

"He wears a costume which *was* fashionable fifty years ago, and is singular, because not one in ten thousand of the present day exhibits in it."

"Exhibits!" said the old man emphatically.

"He wears his hair tied in a *queue*, when everybody else is cropped; and, because young ladies do not dress like their grandmothers, calls them ridiculous, and—"

"Hold! I'm quite satisfied," said Flint, smiling; and, taking her hand, added, "Emily, you and I shall probably be very good friends after a while. Let us continue to scold each other, and find fault, and the chances are that the wordy war will end in a mutual good understanding."

AN INDEPENDENT MAN.

Mrs. Foresight was the daughter of Frank Flint's sister. He had also a nephew, (the son of his elder brother,) a married man, with six children, who held a situation, and lived comfortably on his limited income, not being ambitious, like his cousin and her husband, of keeping up appearances above his means.

In many respects he resembled the old humorist. When Frank Flint called upon him, he welcomed him heartily; but when, in the course of conversation, the Anglo-Indian expressed his opinion that he "must be put to it" to support so numerous a family, and thought that, before entering into matrimonial engagements, it was prudent for a man to calculate his means of maintaining the "heirs of his loins," Mr. Stephen Flint replied shortly:

"I did calculate, uncle; and, as a proof that I was not out in my reckoning, I have, thank Heaven! been able to support myself and family decently. I have given them all a good plain education, that will enable them to provide for themselves, as their father has done before them. I owe no man a penny, and I ask no patronage from the rich; and, so long as I possess the blessing of health, they will never want. I'm yet in the prime of life, and hope, in the course of nature, to see them all respectably settled."

"I'll dine with you to-morrow," said Flint.

"Sunday is the only day that I can receive a visitor," replied Stephen; "and it is not everybody that I allow to sit at my table, humble as it is; but, as you are a relation, I shall be glad to receive you. If we agree, well and good; if we don't hit our horses, the shorter the acquaintance the better. We dine at one o'clock."

"Make it two, and I'm your man," said Flint.

"If you were my master, I would not," replied Stephen; "'twould derange the economy of my household. Besides, report says you're a wealthy man, and a compliance with your wishes would appear like flattery; and I never flatter anybody, and I'm no legacy-hunter."

Old Flint seemed for once to have met with his match. He hesitated for a moment, muttered a few unintelligible words, and finally, clapping his broad-brimmed white hat, turned up with green, upon his head, he said,

"I'll be with you, nephew, punctually," and took his leave without further ceremony.

"Jane," remarked Stephen to his spouse, "I really think the old boy wishes to turn the house out of windows,—but he shan't. This house is my castle, old girl, and, by the living Jingo! no man, rich or poor, shall rule the roast here. Remember, I'll have no display; —beef, pudding, and ale. I'll not stoop to the whims of any man. What! because he happens to be rich, shall I be ridiculous?"

The "old boy," however, did come, and made himself so very agreeable, and related so many anecdotes of elephant and tiger hunts, and other Indian sports and pastimes, making the time steal away so rapidly, that it was rather a late hour before he lighted his last cheroot, and took his departure.

"What a nice gentleman he is!—how amusing!" observed Jane.

"That's just like you women," replied Stephen; "it takes time to know a man. The old fox is, after all, perhaps only playing a game. But he shan't govern me or mine. This time two years, if the acquaintance should last so long, I'll tell you more about him. At present there's too much of the nabob peeping out now and then to please me exactly. We'll see."

Stephen Flint, however, did unconsciously like his uncle, and was much gratified by the amusement and information he enjoyed in his society.

A DOWNFALL.

"My dear," said Mr. Foresight to his wife, "I have some very disagreeable tidings to impart. The rich uncle who has put us to so much inconvenience, and whose favour we have cultivated at such a cost of patience, is a ruined man. I passed his house this morning, and there was actually a carpet at the door, with a catalogue tacked to it! I was so shocked that I could not enter the place; I however, to make sure, sent Smithers (cautioning him to be very circumspect and quiet in his inquiries) to glean what information he could. And what do you think the foolish, headstrong old man has been doing?—investing all his hard-earned money in a bubble mining company, and he is ruined—ruined past redemption. There is no such mine as the West Waggabon Tin and Copper Company, and the Board of Directors are nobodies!"

Mrs. Foresight held up her delicate hands and wept: Emily retired to her own room to shed her tears unseen; for, strange to say, there had lately arisen a mutual understanding and esteem between her and old Flint, which had actually ripened into a confidential friendship, and her grief at his downfall was caused by feelings very distinct from those of her worldly parents. Mr. and Mrs. Foresight thought the most prudent step they could take, under the afflicting circumstances, was to deny themselves, and be not at home whenever the old gentleman called; for they sympathised so deeply in his misfortunes, that they could not bear to see him, knowing that they had not the means of offering him any pecuniary aid—at least this was their excuse.

In a few days the old man did call.

"Not at home!" said he, surprised, for he had invariably found them at that hour; and, before the servant could utter a syllable, the unwelcome visitor had hung up his hat on the usual peg in the "hall," or *passage*, as he always persisted in calling it.

"Not at home!" he replied.

"No, sir."

"Humph!—and pray is Emily at home?" said he.

"Miss Emily, sir?" said the man, who had not been instructed on this point. "Really, sir, I don't know but she may be. Perhaps—"

"Perhaps, as you have some doubts on the subject, you 'll make some inquiry, and satisfy yourself, and don't keep me standing here. Open the parlour-door, and give me a chair."

Confused, and half afraid, the man did his bidding, and immediately sent the maid to inquire (of Miss Emily!) if Miss Emily *was* at home.

Emily, who was only half spoiled, and was naturally a good-natured girl, answered the old man's inquiry in her own person.

"Father and mother both out, ey?" asked Flint, taking her hand.

"Did the servant say so?" said she, blushing at her attempt at evading the awkward query.

"Say no more, my dear," said Flint; "I 'm not at all disappointed, —not at all, I assure you, my little friend. Tell them, will you, that the old uncle is obliged to decline the honour of visiting great people,—that it is too expensive,—and that his relations need not fear his importunities for broken victuals and left-off clothes,—that he has lived, and can live, upon fifty pounds a-year, and that he has still a little more than that left to support him. If I should ever want a trifle, I will condescend to ask my friend Emily for it."

"Uncle," said Emily, bursting into tears, "I pity you, and I love you better than ever I did; and, if all the pocket-money my Pa allows me will be of service to you, you shall have it;" and, as she spoke, she pressed his hard right hand in hers with so much fervour and sincerity that it seemed to hurt the old man, for the tears started in his eyes.

"Don't play the fool, girl," said he, kissing her forehead, and, lowering his grey and shaggy brows, abruptly quitted the house.

THE MINISTER.

Among the "set" selected to meet the rich uncle at Mr. Foresight's table was Mr. Selwyn, the minister who officiated at the church where the family rented a pew. He was a young man, about eight-and-twenty, polished in his manners, and very studious, with a stipend of three hundred pounds a-year.

Among his other attainments, he was a first-rate chess-player; and, notwithstanding the boast of the old Indian, he invariably beat him, although he confessed it was a contest in which the conquered reaped almost as much honour as the victor.

Frank Flint called one evening upon the "parson," as he called him, and he was at home! He was ushered into a small room, dignified by the name of a study, where the youth was busily occupied with his books and papers.

"Don't interrupt business, I hope?" said the old man.

"Not at all, sir," replied Mr. Selwyn, rising, and handing him a chair. "I am really pleased to see you."

"Are you? humph! Then you hav'n't heard the story about those" (he would have put in a strong adjective here, but in his good sense he gulped it, in respect to the "cloth,")—" those mines?"

"I have, sir; but I would not have been so impertinent as to allude to it, especially on the first visit you have done me the honour to pay me," said Mr. Selwyn.

"You wouldn't?"

Mr. Selwyn merely bowed, saying, "Shall we resume the last game, sir? If you have time, I shall be happy to give you an opportunity of having your *revanche*."

"I'm your man," said Flint, folding up his gloves, and throwing them into his hat.

"But you will take some wine?" said Mr. Selwyn.

"A rummer of sherry and water, and a cheroot," replied Flint.

The materials being ordered, Mr. Selwyn brought forth his chessboard and men, and insisting on his visitor's taking the library-chair, he drew the table to the fire, and they commenced smoking and playing in silence, the old man alternately placing his feet on the fender, and against the jambs of the fire-place. After a contest of two hours, and the consumption of about twelve cheroots on the part of Frank Flint, for Mr. Selwyn only "whiffed" to keep his visitor in countenance, the game was concluded in favour, for the first time, of his eccentric guest.

The old man rubbed his hands delighted.

"Are you a married man?" demanded he.

"No, sir."

"I'm glad of it," replied Flint.

"Wherefore, sir?"

"I should have entertained a very bad opinion of you."

"Have you an objection to the 'holy' state?" asked Mr. Selwyn.

"No, sir," replied Flint; "but I have noticed something in your conduct, which, if you had been a married man, would have been contemptible."

"Indeed, sir; in what respect?"

"You made yourself too agreeable to a young lady of my acquaintance, for whom I entertain the highest esteem."

The blood mantled on Mr. Selwyn's pale brow as he falteringly demanded the lady's name.

"Nonsense!" said Flint. "You know who I mean, well enough —(give me a light)—Emily—Emily Foresight—"

"—I hope, sir, you have never observed anything in my conduct that could be misconstrued."

"Not at all, Mister Parson," said Flint, pitching his cheroot into the fire, for it would not "draw," and supplying himself with another. "I'll tell you what; I've seen a little of the world, and know a hawk from a handsaw as well as any man, and I'm as positive you've a sneaking kindness after that girl, as she thinks about you; and that's not a little."

"I hope, sir, you will exonerate me from any attempt to win the affections of the daughter of a gentleman who does me the honour to invite me in confidence to his table."

"Honour? — fiddle-de-dee! — a gentleman! A gentleman, although he doesn't chance to have a rap in his pocket, is fit company for a lord. If you like the girl, why don't you 'pop'?"

"My dear sir, I will not conceal from you that I esteem the young lady you have named."

"You can't; so don't make a merit of it."

"But I have too much respect for her, and am not quite so selfish as to sacrifice her prospects to my passion, even had I the hope of accomplishing such an unworthy desire."

"Nonsense!" said Flint. "I 'll tell you what it is, Mister Parson. Foresight spends too much money in keeping up appearances to be able to give the girl a portion. Men with money won't jump at a bait now-a-days, unless it be double-gilt; if she were my daughter, I would give her to you, and thank you into the bargain!"

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for your favourable opinion; but, whatever my inclination may be, I hope I shall never be induced to forfeit it, even though Miss Foresight should be the tempting bribe."

"More nice than wise, Mister Parson. Now, if I were a young man, with only one hundred pounds a year clear income, I 'd carry her off; ay, and make her happy, too. I tell you what, young man, Emily has plenty of common sense and good feeling, too. She 's the best of the whole bunch! and—"

"Say no more, sir, I beg, or you 'll make me miserable," said Mr. Selwyn.

"Well, good night!" said Flint; "I shall drop in upon you again soon."

A DISINTERESTED FRIEND.

"Oh! you are 'at home,' I see," said old Flint, entering the parlour of his nephew Stephen."

"I fear no duns, uncle, and I never deny myself," replied Stephen; "when a visit is not welcome, I always save the visitor the trouble of a second call by telling him at once I prefer his room to his company. Sit down. So, I hear you 've been making a fool of yourself, dabbling in what does not concern you, and burnt your fingers."

"Well?" said Flint.

"What do you mean to do now?"

"Live upon my means, to be sure. I don't come to beg. I 've enough to live on. What do you think of me for a lodger?"

"On what terms?"

"Sixty pounds a-year; feed with the family, play with the children, and make myself at home."

"I 'll give you an answer to-morrow," said Stephen.

The following day Frank Flint became a member of the family, and really made himself so agreeable that not one of the parties concerned regretted the arrangement.

Dinner was served at *two* o'clock.

"Thought you invariably dined at one?" remarked Flint.

"So we did," replied Stephen; "but, as you have come to live with us now, we wish to make everything agreeable to you as far as we can. When you were 'up in the world,' you commanded; now you must know, uncle, I can be led to anything, but never like to be driven. Make yourself comfortable."

The old man made no observation, but he appeared to be lost in a very pleasant reverie.

The days passed very smoothly and happily, and the "crusty" seemed quite content in his reverses, although his old suit, which was not renewed, began to exhibit strong symptoms of decay.

Two months, however, had scarcely elapsed, when Stephen returned home earlier than usual; he was closeted some time with his wife; and, when he returned, her eyes were red with weeping, and Stephen was evidently depressed in spirits.

"Uncle," said he, "the firm with whom I have been for twenty years has failed; and I 've got to seek a new employ,—at my time of life, too! We must part; for I cannot afford to keep up the house as I have done."

"What of that?" said old Flint. "Throw my sixty pounds into the lump, and let's jog on together till better times. I like my quarters too well; besides, do you think I'll leave my little playfellows? Why, I should founder at once—no, no! Say no more on that head. Tell me your views; and, perhaps, a fool's advice may be of service to you."

Stephen's large family prevented him from getting the fore-horse by the head; but he was out of debt, and possessed a small sum in ready money to meet his present exigencies.

For the space of a month Stephen spent his whole time in seeking a situation among the extensive connexion of the bankrupt firm, by whom he was well known and esteemed; but there was no vacancy, at least for one of his standing and experience, although they all declared that, should an opportunity occur, they would gladly accept his services.

One day, returning home rather dispirited at his want of success, he was startled by some one bawling out his name; and, turning round, he beheld old Flint, with his body thrust half out of a hackney-chariot.

"Jump in!" cried the old man, seizing hold of his nephew's collar,—"jump in! Now, sirrah! drive me back again as fast as you can go. I was just going home, nephew. How lucky to have stumbled over you! I 've got the place."

"What place?"

"Why, the place I 've been hunting after the last month," replied Flint. "D' ye think I 've been walking about whistling all this time? What salary did you receive in your last situation?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Humph! this will do, then, as far as the money is concerned."

"But, the duties?"

"Any fool can perform them," replied Flint; "and—but here we are! come along!" and, quitting the vehicle, they entered a splendid house in one of the fashionable squares at the West-End."

"Is his lordship at home?"

"Yes, sir," replied the footman, and immediately ushered the eccentric old man and his nephew into the presence of the great man.

"My nephew, my lord. Sorry to bore your lordship; but I am anxious to have this affair settled."

"Not more than I am, Mr. Flint, I assure you," replied his lordship graciously, and shaking the astonished Stephen by the hand, he wished him health to enjoy his new situation, and trusted that it would not be long before he obtained promotion. "And here, Mr.

Flint, is the letter of introduction to the principal, who will induct your nephew."

"And here, my lord, is the letter to my steward, with full instructions to canvass the electors. There will be no difficulty. I know their sentiments. A Tory master, and Tory tenants, every man John of them. A saucy, independent, well-fed set, who do pretty well as they like with me; and all staunch Church and State men."

* * * * *

Happy was the family of Stephen Flint as they sat round the family board, with old Crusty at their head. Such weeping, and laughter, and rejoicing.

The fact was, old Flint's "break up" was a mere farce. It is true, he had sold up his town residence, with the intention of retiring to his large estates in the country, when the idea of trying his friends entered his head, and he carried the joke out, as we have seen.

Having settled his nephew in a Government situation of five hundred pounds per annum, and seen them all established in a house more in accordance with their altered circumstances, he departed to look after his tenantry, and celebrate the return of his lordship's son.

A few weeks afterwards a living in his gift became vacant, and he wrote the following short epistle to Mr. Selwyn.

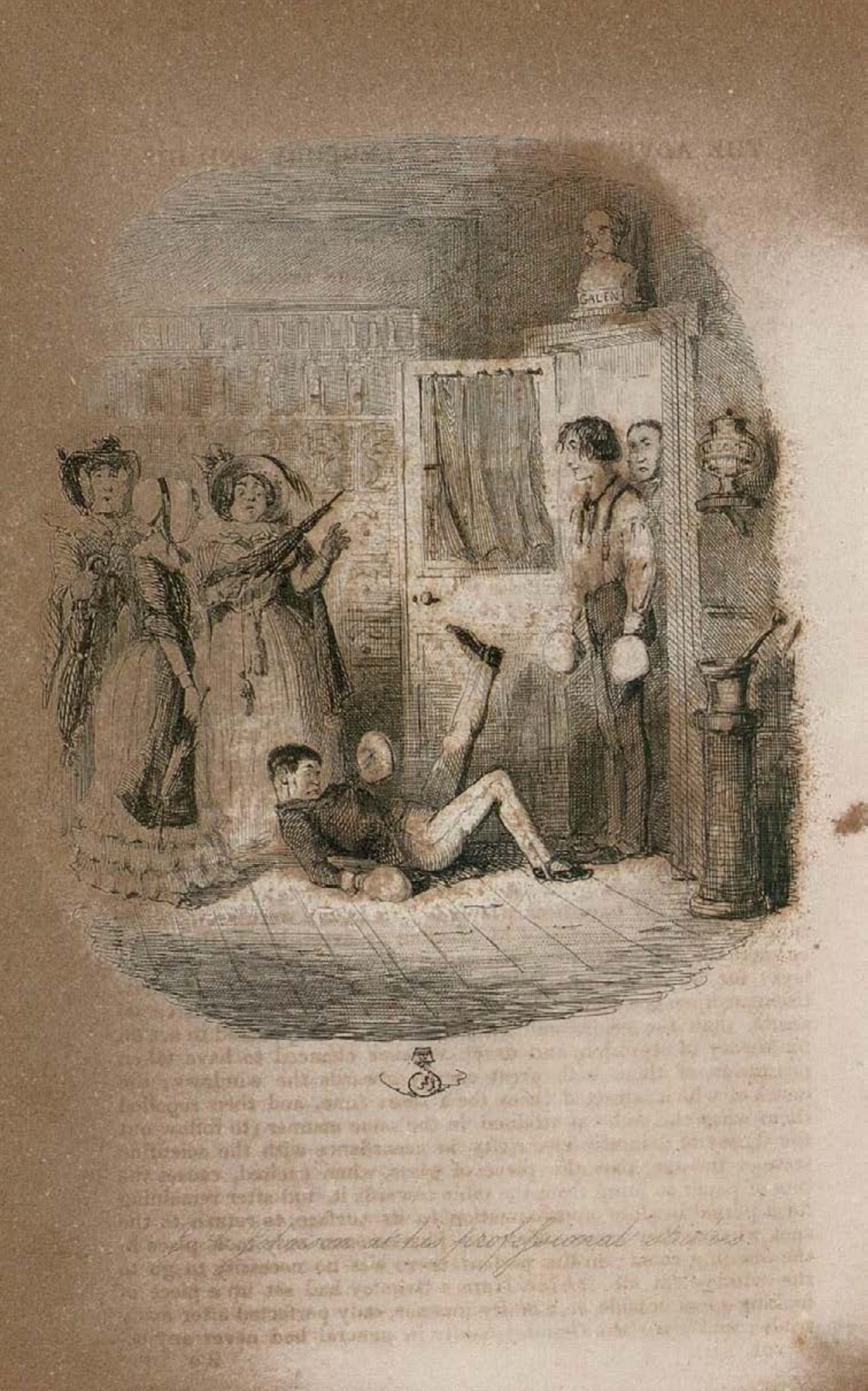
"My dear Sir,

"The living of F—— is vacant. It is worth eight hundred to a thousand a year. It is in my gift; but I intend to bestow it only on a *married* man. So, if you'll pop the question to Emily, it's yours,

"I am, &c. Frank Flint."

The short-sighted Foresights saw the error into which their desire to keep up appearances had led them. They were, however, gratified in being able to write "such an affectionate letter" to their "dear uncle," expressing their gratitude for his patronage of their eldest daughter, whom, of course, they willingly bestowed on the object of her affections, quite proud of the alliance.





Jack Johnson at his professional duties.

London, Richard Bentley

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which Mr. Ledbury takes his sister into the country; their progress and arrival.

There are few families residing in the more private streets of the metropolis and its suburbs, where the tide of population is not very great, and commercial bustle is equally trifling, insensible to the social annoyance of having neighbours, who, without any visible attraction in the street—in the perfect absence of Punch's shows, broken down cabs, or ingenious demonstrators of every use to which a chair can be applied in supporting the human body, except as a seat—without one of those temporary spectacles, we repeat, are continually looking out of window. No sooner does any daring individual, of great moral courage, and more than ordinary nerve, disturb the wonted tranquillity of the neighbourhood by a double knock of unusual energy at one of the doors, than the adjacent windows opposite and contiguous become frames for a series of living portraits, whose eyes are all turned towards the intrepid stranger. The flapping of the beaver's tail does not produce more restless vigilance amongst the other inhabitants of his colony, than do the concussions of the lion's head in the economy of those who reside within ear-shot of its thunder.

Any person of moderate capabilities, who had been in the habit of seeing the little ships blown up, or the visitors startled by placing their hands upon the galvanic columns, at the Polytechnic Institution, might easily have been persuaded that there were secret wires running from the knocker of Mr. Ledbury's street-door to the different articles of furniture in the drawing-room pertaining to the Grimleys; for no sooner did the aforesaid knocker inflict rapid chastisement upon the metal nut placed there to bear its convulsive assaults, than the chairs and ottomans next door appeared to act on the theory of repulsion, and drove whoever chanced to have taken possession of them with great energy towards the windows; the panes of which attracted them for a short time, and then repelled them when the end was attained, in the same manner (to follow out the theory of domestic electricity in accordance with the scientific taste of the age) that the piece of glass, when excited, causes the bits of paper to jump from the table towards it, and after remaining for a period in close approximation to its surface, to return to the spot whence they came. But this phenomenon only took place in the drawing-room; in the parlour there was no necessity to go to the windows at all, for Mr. Horace Grimley had set up a piece of looking-glass outside, in a crafty manner, only perfected after many trials; and then the Grimley family in general had never any oc-

casion to move from where they were stationed, because, by a cunning optical illusion, upon looking at this mirror, all the Ledburys' visitors appeared to be walking quietly through their own wire-blinds, and into the window-shutters, where they were finally lost.

One fine morning, however, a few days after the events of the last chapter, the Grimleys were looking out at a comparatively early hour, and constantly peeping between the hyacinths that bloomed in the window, towards next door; although their attention had not been summarily attracted by any knock of unwonted assurance, nor did the house of Ledbury present any unusual appearance of bustle. But still there was enough to put them upon the alert, for the night before, old Mrs. Hoddle's maid had been to the flyman to ask about the price of a conveyance to Hornsey on a particular evening, in anticipation, and there she had learnt that a fly had been ordered to be at Mr. Ledbury's punctually at nine o'clock the next morning, to go to the South Western Railway. Of course Mrs. Hoddle's maid immediately conveyed this important piece of local intelligence to her mistress, and by that medium the Grimleys also became acquainted with it. For dear Miss Grimley had gone in on that very evening, so pleasant and kind as she always was, to take tea with Mrs. Hoddle, and learn how to make frizzled spills of coloured paper for the mantelpiece, which her brother, with his coarse ideas, always termed fancy pipe-lights, to her very great horror and disgust; and during this visit they had talked over everything they knew about everybody, and a great deal more that they did not, until their stock of subjects was almost exhausted, so that this new bit of information came in most opportunely, although they could not conceive what the fly could possibly have been ordered for. It was certainly very strange, and the mystery was not at all cleared up by a chance visit of the washerwoman, who stated that she had been obliged to take most of the things home on Thursday night instead of Saturday, because they were wanted particularly. Mrs. Hoddle and her visitor went over every probable solution of the enigma, with long comments upon each; and at last came to the conclusion that Emma Ledbury was going to elope the next morning with Mr. Johnson, aided and abetted by her papa and mamma, to save expense, and avoid creating a sensation. And this idea was the more strengthened because they had not seen Mr. Johnson go there a great deal lately, which was meant, they were assured, as a blind, to deceive all those neighbours who took an interest in the proceedings; which class may be reasonably assumed to comprise everybody who lived in the street upon both sides of the way, including the family at the end, who called their house $\frac{A}{50}$ from a belief that this thoroughfare was more respectable than the one which ran at right-angles to it, and implied by their address that they lived therein, although the street-door, from which the locality of a house is generally ascertained, was round the corner.

As Miss Grimley conveyed the news home with her that night, we can understand the cause of the vigilance in the family the next morning, and the active lookout that was kept as the time approached. At last, a few minutes after nine, the fly drew up to the door, and presently the new page appeared, with a square box sewed up in a canvass, which obstinately refused to go inside at either of the

doors, or in any direction, but was finally placed upon the driving-seat, giving rise to a curious temporary surmise in inquiring minds as to where it was possible for the flyman to perch himself when it had been put there. Next Foster appeared with an umbrella, a parasol, and a Berlin-wool frame, taken to pieces, enveloped in a shawl, and tied round with string, which were collectively deposited within the carriage; and directly afterwards Master Walter Ledbury, in a dirty pinafore, and ancient buff slippers—the *débris* of a pair purchased last year in the Isle of Thanet—rushed from the house in a paroxysm of excitement, and having executed a wild dance of triumph round the fly, concluded his performance by hugging the muddy hind-wheel and trying to creep between its spokes, from which perilous situation he was forcibly snatched away by Foster, and carried back to the parlour in violent convulsions. Then came more parcels and bandboxes, containing, as the Grimleys supposed, the wedding-clothes; and, finally, Titus and Emma entered the fly, waving their hands to the inmates of the parlour, and nodding to one or two little heads at the nursery-window, until the glasses were drawn up, and the vehicle moved off. The Grimleys immediately came to the conclusion that Emma was going to be married, that Titus was to give her away, and that Mr. Johnson was waiting for them at some unknown church, in a brown coat, dead gold buttons, and white gloves; upon which point having set their minds perfectly at rest, Miss Grimley ran in with the intelligence to Mrs. Hoddle; and the other branches of the family resumed their breakfast, to canvass over the strange manner in which the Ledburys did everything. And here we will leave them, and return to the occupants of the fly.

Emma was in anything but good spirits; and, so far the expression of her countenance bore out the reality of the position in which the Grimleys supposed her to be placed; it being proper and customary for brides to look exceedingly miserable on their wedding-morn, that the mirth of the laughing girls by whom they are surrounded may be repressed, and a mild warning given to them not to be too precipitate in committing a like indiscretion. The events of the last fortnight had caused her great uneasiness. She had been much hurt at the sudden manner in which Johnson had been desired to discontinue his attentions by her father; indeed, she was scarcely aware to what an extent she had allowed her feelings of attachment to go, until the object of them was no longer allowed to visit at her home. Still she heard of him from her brother nearly everyday, and knew that the pursuits in which he was engaged had her happiness and comfort for their ultimate end: but now she was about to leave town, and at comparatively so short a notice as to convince her that her father and mother were anxious to break off at once all chance of the attachment being renewed. At any other time, Emma would have looked forward to her visit with extreme happiness, for she was strongly inclined to the country and its tranquil pleasures; much more so, from her gentle nature, than to the false society and noisy excitement of the metropolis. But now, although spring was coming on, and every wild bud that the sunshine unfolded in the hedges appeared to pay joyous homage to the passer-by by its odour and colours, she would rather have remained in

suburban Islington, with all its dusty foliage and struggling attempts at rusticity.

Titus was, however, in great glee at the trip. Deeming it compulsatively incumbent upon every one who visited the country for a short period to do nothing but try to fish all day long, he had laid in a store of rods, hooks, landing-nets, and split shot, that was marvellous to behold ; and the imaginary jack which he caught the entire way from Islington to the terminus, would have supplied all Billingsgate. Not but what, at the same time, he was most attentive to his sister, trying to cheer her with his remarks upon anything worth notice which they chanced to pass, or conjuring up anticipations of forthcoming rural delight. So that the diagonal section of London, which they made from their house to Vauxhall, did not seem so very long, in spite of the infinity of small streets, whose labyrinths they threaded—little back-thoroughfares, where the existence of traffic and animal life is a perfect wonder, and which are only found to have names of their own when anybody takes an ideal walk, in company with a pin, over a map of London, with the intention of discovering short cuts from one spot to another. At last they arrived at Nine Elms, amidst a number of other travellers just shot out from the different cabs and omnibuses about the doors of the terminus ; and then Mr. Ledbury, having procured the requisite passports, exhibited them to the policeman at the inner gate, and reached the train, in company with his sister and his luggage—the former under his own care, and the latter in the custody of one of those attendants whom courteous travellers are never perfectly decided whether to call guards or policemen.

More travellers arrived ; wicker wheelbarrows of gigantic growth rolled down the platform, with cargoes of fish-baskets and carpet-bags, which being wanted again at early stages of the journey, were forthwith interred in the lowest depths of the luggage van, or compressed with herculean violence into the extreme recesses of inaccessible lockers. Clamorous bells rang, for no other reason that could be conceived than to afford a little calisthenic exercise to the clerks in pulling them, since nothing took place upon the alarum ; newspaper boys, of impish ubiquity, rushed about all the carriages at once, in the frantic agony of several unsold copies ; and, amidst all the confusion, the engine approached to be attached to the train, snorting, and sneezing, and wheezing, in a manner that left no doubt in the minds of the passengers of its being an ever-so-many-horse-power one ; or that, moreover, the quadrupeds whose united efforts composed its force, were all equally broken-winded, and suffering from severe colds. But the noise which the engine made was an important noise, as if it had been fully impressed with the arduous nature of the labours it was expected to perform ; and far different in its meaning to the idle vapouring of other engines close at hand, who were screaming at different parts of the yard in an indolent and devil-may-care manner, without any perceptible end beyond their own amusement, or the desire of promoting a little conviviality in their own line amongst an admiring circle of tenders, luggage-trucks, pig-cages, and broken tram-wheels, by which they were surrounded.

At last the signal was made for starting. The "SAM SLICK" gave a pull at the tender, and the tender made a tough tug, for a tender,

at the large rattling box upon wheels, full of human "fenders" of the second class, there placed to act as buffers, and take the shock of any collision or explosion from the inmates of the close carriages; and then the whole train got into motion. As the morning was fine, and the distance not very great, Titus and Emma had gone in one of the second cars, and if they had not been aware themselves that they had actually started, would soon have received the information by every other passenger saying "Off she goes!"—the term *she* being collectively applied to the whole string of trucks, vans, and carriages now in motion, which feminine appellation proved that it was not a male train. At least so observed a jolly gentleman in a dirty macintosh to Mr. Ledbury, at which he smiled approvingly; and that gave rise to a few more jokes about sitting with their backs to the horses, stopping for the engine to bait, giving it a feed of coke and water, with other jests of infinite humour, which any one appears at liberty to make in similar circumstances, without the least personal risk, or the slightest chance of instant annihilation for his temerity.

On went the train—first through the precincts of the terminus, keeping its course amidst twenty different lines of rail, which crossed and interlaced until they dazzled you to look at them. Then the houses of poor and noisome neighbourhoods came up to the very boundaries of the road, from which squalid children ran out and huzzaed, and smoke-dried artizans in back garrets looked up for an instant from their work as the train passed; and then a few patches of blackened grass, together with small bits of ground, inclosed by green and mouldering rails, producing nothing but dead stumps and oyster-shells. Anon some tall chimney of a contiguous manufactory belched out its dense volumes of smoke, which tumbled over one another in clumsy gambols, and then sailed off to pollute the air of London; this was succeeded by a few dingy gardens, and unenclosed drying-grounds, from which every blade of verdure had been long since shuffled away; then came more houses, but not so crowded or so poverty-stricken in appearance as the others, although still in rows; these gave way to detached mansions, and large open fields, with high roads running through the middle of them; and, finally, nothing appeared on either side but the hedges, meadows, and occasional cottages and farm-houses of the country.

On went the train—screaming, gasping, and roaring, now rattling under an archway, or between two lofty slopes of furze and brushwood, in many parts scorched away by the burning cinders which it flung off in its career; and now flying along the ridge of an embankment, scaring away the cattle from the pastures below, whilome undisturbed and sequestered. Passengers got out, fresh ones took their places; and at length, with a squeal that a giant's infant might be expected to utter upon having a tooth out or burning its fingers, the engine slackened its pace, and finally producing the same pleasant sensations that arise from grinding a knife, setting a saw, or writing with a perpendicular slate-pencil, the whole of the carriages drew up at the station where Titus and Emma were to alight.

Too confiding individuals, not much accustomed to travelling, are apt to imagine that the names of the various stations are so given, on account of the contiguity of the towns whose appellations they bear,—in fact, that the line of road, in all probability, runs up the

High Street, through the churchyard, and under the market-place; but nothing can be more delusive than this theory, and therefore Mr. Ledbury and his sister had still some two or three miles to go across the country before arriving at their ultimate destination. In order to do this, they availed themselves of a rustic conveyance in attendance,—a carriage peculiar to the district, somewhat resembling an old coach, whose hinder portion had been blown clean away by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in the boot, and which left the village at all sorts of curious and out-of-the-way hours to meet the trains, never starting at the same time two weeks together, and making a point of being three minutes too late every other morning. So curiously unsafe and rickety was this vehicle, which Mr. Ledbury at the first glance imagined to be constructed of card-board, pack-thread, and sealing-wax, that he was somewhat in doubt about availing himself of its accommodation; more especially when he heard one of the natives, who was idling upon the bridge over the line, call it a flying bandbox. But at length he was prevailed upon to enter, together with Emma, and the curious machine started, after the driver had announced his intention to the public in general of so doing, by blowing a few wild notes upon an ancient horn, and a barrel of oysters had broken through the roof, for which misbehaviour it was immediately consigned to the care of the "guard,"—an unwashed urchin, in the costume of a ploughboy of the western division of Surrey. And in about three quarters of an hour they arrived at the end of their journey without further accident, the "guard" contentedly riding upon the spikes behind, apparently to his great joy and satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of the diverting manner in which the Grimleys were introduced to Mr. Rawkins.

Very little time elapsed before Jack Johnson, with his happy tact for accommodating himself to all society into which he might be thrown, was quite as much at his ease in the establishment of Mr. Rawkins as he had been in his own lodging; and, indeed, between that gentleman, Mr. Prodgers, and himself, there arose such good fellowship, that, if the personator of Hercules had not been so much the senior, any one might have involved his ideas in a maze of the most abstruse reasoning before he found out which was the master; for, in moments of conviviality, they would slap the head of the house upon the back, and call him plain "Rawkins,"—nay, once Mr. Prodgers went so far as to say "old chap" to him; but this was very late one night, after the glasses had sparkled on the board some time, and they had each expressed their opinion, lyrically and unanimously, that the cock would crow and the day would dawn before the last of them should fall beside his chair.

Mr. Rawkins, as we have stated, was not a great deal at home; and on fine afternoons, during his absence, Mr. Prodgers and Jack would leave the surgery in charge of Bob, and ascend to the pigeon-trap, in order, as Mr. Prodgers would observe, "to taste the pleasures of the pewter amongst the chimney pots." And then he would beguile the time by various professional anecdotes, and snatches of

melody, occasionally varying the diversions by puffing tobacco-smoke into the pigeon-holes where the birds were sitting, or making them giddy by putting their heads under their wings, and swinging them round. There was also an inflated old rabbit, to whom he was in the habit of giving strong liquors, until its behaviour became exceedingly eccentric; and, having once detected the favourite cat pertaining to Mrs. Pim, who lived next door, in a predatory visit to the poultry, he had painted her face in imitation of an *al fresco* portrait of the late Mr. Grimaldi, opposite Sadler's Wells theatre, and then, before it could be wiped off, had attached various tassels of gay-coloured paper to her tail, together with a few old ferret-bells, and sent her back, with the compliments of the old gentleman who lived over the way tied round her neck. During the fore part of the day, however, Mr. Prodgers was generally at lecture, or rather gave out to the world that such was his occupation; and then Jack remained in the surgery, attending to the patients, and conversing with Bob, at least when Bob was not idiotic. For as that small assistant led a species of chameleon life, apparently living upon air, and never closing his eyes, his brain at times became perturbed and wandering, and at these seasons Mr. Prodgers generally gave him two pills and a thrashing, which had always the effect of bringing him round again. And then his intellect usually came out in great force, more especially in the deliverance of moral maxims, which he had picked up during his education at the charity-school. For he had been brought up on the Chinese plan, which consists, upon the authority of the collection at Hyde Park Corner, in hanging sage precepts about the apartments, to be ingrafted in the early minds of youth; and having once learned a great quantity of them by heart, for which he was rewarded with the medal of superior deportment, he had a great notion of their value, and was constantly employing them. But Mr. Prodgers, observing this propensity, had laboured indefatigably to confound his notions of these proverbs; so that eventually Bob made glorious confusion of them whenever he spoke, to the great delight of bystanders in general.

Although the work which Bob got through in the establishment of Mr. Rawkins was supposed, upon a moderate computation, to be equal to that of five different servants in a large family, he contrived to snatch two or three minutes now and then from his labours, for his own diversion. And he usually employed these joyous moments in singing popular negro melodies to the poultry in the back-yard, practising violent gestures to accompany them, or playing *extempore* airs upon his Clerkenwell castanets, which were composed of pieces of slate, surreptitiously procured from the roof of the dust-bin. He was also an admirable chin-melodist, could dance a hornpipe on his head, derived a small income from the redemption of shuttlecocks and peg-tops which came down the area, whistled louder than anybody else when he went twice a-year to the gallery of Sadler's Wells, and could play part of "God save the Queen" in various keys at once, by blowing into a series of empty phials; so that altogether, when his faculties were active, he was considered accomplished. His usual companions were the various living things comprising Mr. Rawkins's menagerie, between all of whom and himself there appeared to exist some curious affinity; but his especial favourite was a superannuated pet leech, that he kept in a pickle-

bottle full of water under his knife-board, to whom he was in the habit of addressing most of his snatches of melody and ebullitions of jocosity: for the shed inclosing the knife-board might be considered as his own peculiar *boudoir*, being the only part of the house whose general arrangements he had the sole right of controlling, and within its limits most of his domestic labours were accomplished.

One fine morning Mr. Prodgers did not go to lecture at his usual hour, but remained loitering about the surgery, from which it was evident that there was some attraction in anticipation to keep him at home. Jack Johnson was amusing himself by cutting up old day-books into powder-papers for the poor people, and enveloping small portions of Epsom salts, ground to powder and coloured pink, in each; and boy Bob had been furnished with a mass of uninviting composition, about the size of a Bath-bun, which was to be rolled out into pills without delay, for the same class of patients, and then deposited in the jar appropriated to the PIL. HUM. Mr. Prodgers himself was not working particularly hard, but had seated himself upon the counter, with his feet resting in the cork-drawer, and was now watching the operations of his companions.

"Is it possible you mean that for a pill, sir?" he exclaimed, gazing at Bob with a stern expression, and taking up a small triangular morsel of "hum," which the small assistant had just cut off. "Now you eat that, sir, directly."

"That 's four you 've made me eat this morning," said Bob, looking very surly.

"What of that, sir?" demanded Mr. Prodgers, so sharply, that Bob gave a leap into the air. "If you don't eat that pill this instant, Mr. Johnson shall draw one of your double teeth. I am sure your sight must be bad to make such pills as that. I shall have to take out your eyes, after all, and wash them in soap-suds."

The last threat had such an effect upon Bob, that he directly bolted the offending composition, but with an expression of intense dislike.

"Don't make that face, sir," said Jack Johnson, following up his fellow apprentice. "Recollect, there are many poor children in the street would be glad of such nice pills."

"And remember," added Prodgers, with suitable gravity, "that evil communications is the mother of invention, and that a pin a-day —what did I tell you about a pin a-day?"

"A pin a-day is not to be caught with chaff," replied Bob, in extreme terror.

"Of course not," continued Prodgers. "How often am I to din that into your stupid ears? Now go and stand upon your head in the corner until I tell you to get down, or all your brains will run down into your heels. You 'll be a perfect fool before long."

The hapless Bob had no course but to comply with the orders of his superior, and immediately turned himself over into the commanded position, from which he was not released until he had gone through "Jim along Josey" topsy-turvy, and danced an accompanying hornpipe upside down; towards the end of which, however, he was interrupted by Mr. Prodgers, who suddenly knocked him over, kicked him into the back-room, and followed after him, exclaiming to Johnson, as he closed the door,

"Here 's Mrs. Stokes coming in. I leave you to enjoy the pleasure of her company."

The female who approached was one of Mr. Rawkins's chief private patients, to whom he was at all times most obsequious and attentive, for she was the wife of his baker; and, as he took out all his bills in half-quartern loaves, it was greatly to his interest to send in as much medicine as he could. She was a very woe-begone woman, of forty or thereabouts, with a white face a red nose, a rusty, faded mourning-bonnet, and a large, untidy mob-cap, with her hair constantly in papers, as if awaiting some grand occasion for full dress, which never came. Suffering under the combined effects of missionaries and dram-drinking, she was never perfectly well, and, what with continual attacks of indigestion, and occasional gentle fits of *delirium tremens*, the whole establishment of Mr. Rawkins was indirectly indebted to her for its daily bread.

"Well, Mrs. Stokes," said Jack, with great politeness, as the lady entered the surgery, "how are you to-day?"

"Very bad," replied the patient, after much wheezing, and laborious efforts to speak; "it 's all them nasty cramps and the colds I catches in Mr. Knock's chapel."

"We will feel the pulse, ma'am," observed Johnson, fixing his face to a professional expression. "Ah—I see—not quite right; and now let us look at the tongue—not so good as I could wish. How 's the appetite?"

"Law! you know, Mr. Johnson, last Christmas twelvemonth—"

"Yes, I am aware of that," replied Jack; "but I wished to know how it was at present."

"A hinfant's, Mr. Johnson—a unborn babe's is more. But Mr. Knock says I require spirituous consolation. I have put my trust in peppermint and salvation."

"You have done quite right, ma'am," replied Jack; "and *we* will do the rest. You find the red draughts agree with you?"

"They are blessed balm," answered Mrs. Stokes, "and their effects is peace."

Talented analytical chemists might possibly have pronounced them gin-and-water coloured with tincture of cardamums.

"You shall have four more this afternoon," continued Johnson. "The others must be gone by this time."

"Do not send them," returned the lady; "what I says is, that temptation must not be thrown out to servants, for maids-of-all-work is weak, and the draughts is grateful. I will call for them."

"You will find them ready," said Jack, opening the door for the lady, and politely bowing her out: striving very hard to keep his countenance as he caught sight of Mr. Prodgers making unearthly grimaces through the glass-door of the back-room. And as soon as she had departed, that gentleman returned to the surgery.

"I couldn't stand her again," observed Mr. Prodgers upon entering. "The last time she came she nailed me for a penny to endow a chapel with somewhere in the South Seas. It was not much, to be sure, if that sum was all they wanted for the purpose; but she 's always up to dodges of the same kind."

"Do you think she makes it answer?" asked Jack.

"Rather," returned the other. "If ever I should have a house of

my own, the first article of furniture I established should be a box for missionary penny-pieces. I 'd warrant it to pay the taxes. Here 's Rawkins coming. Now for the lunch."

The cause of Mr. Prodger's choosing to remain at home on this particular morning, instead of going to lecture, may now be divulged.

The respected head of the establishment, from his love of athletic exercises, had been led into making a wager with some *habitué* of the neighbouring tavern, that he would run a given space in a certain time; but as he was not in first-rate condition for such an undertaking, he had devoted certain periods of the morning to training, under the direction of a professor of self-defence. Mr. Prodgers, whose friends resided in the country, had received a day or two before a goodly hamper of pork-pies, fowls, and black-puddings, from the agricultural districts; and in consequence had requested Mr. Rawkins to bring back the trainer to lunch with him, when their diurnal task was concluded. The medical Hercules immediately fell into the views of his assistant, — even going so far as to promise some champagne, which he could procure from the landlady, to whom he was paying his addresses, at the lowest possible rate, and begging that Hoppy, the bird-fancier, might be included in the invitation, he being regarded somewhat in the light of a link between the live-stock and human inhabitants of the establishment.

Although the day was somewhat close and oppressive, Mr. Rawkins entered his surgery enveloped in an enormous great-coat of a shaggy, white fabric, similar to those formerly worn by watchmen; with a variety of comforters twined round his neck, of several colours and fashions, nearly concealing his face, so that he looked somewhat as if he was about to sit on the box of a cab all day long, in a heavy rain.

The gentleman of the ring, who accompanied him, was a thick-set fellow, with small eyes, high cheek-bones, thick lips, and cropped hair, of especially slang appearance, dressed in a coarse, cut-away coat, and drab-gaiters. He had evidently met with an accident similar to that of Juliet when she was young, for his features were as flattened as if he had fallen down upon his face very violently—with so much force, indeed, that they had never recovered their proper outline. The trio was completed by Hoppy, limping after them as fast as his lameness would allow, with a live rabbit of a peculiar "lop" in each of his shooting-coat pockets, whose increasing struggles and convulsions were the occasion of much marvel, and more compliments from such little boys as were passing at the time.

"Well, Prodgers," said Mr. Rawkins, as soon as he had disencumbered himself of sufficient clothing to allow him to speak; "well, Prodgers, what has happened — any good accident—fracture —eh?"

"Nothing particular, sir," was the reply.

"Um! I suppose so. Hang the children! I can't tell what 's come to them; they never tumble into the fires, or under the cabs, or down the stairs, as they used to do; one should think they didn't do it on purpose."

The parish paid extra for casualties, which accounted for Mr. Rawkin's discontent.

"Mrs. Stokes has been here," said Johnson. "She wants four more draughts of the 'Spiritus Juniperi Comp:' and will call for them by and by."

"Very good!" replied Mr. Rawkins. "Suppose you make it six. The bread-bill will be heavy this week, and I shall want some ground-bait on Friday. The extra three shillings will cover it."

"Bob!" shouted Mr. Prodgers, in a voice that immediately commanded the presence of the attendant, "where are the clean phials?"

"There ain't none," answered Bob; "I hadn't time to shot 'em."

"Then you ought to have had," continued Prodgers; "you should get up early, and take time by the padlock. Remember, the early bird never boils, and procrastination is the soul of business."

"We can send a mixture instead," said Johnson; "I can wash out this Reading-sauce bottle in a minute."

"No, no—by no means," returned Rawkins; "don't put her up to it. The minute people find that a three-shilling mixture holds more than four eighteen-penny phials, they put the kibosh on the draughts; wait for the little bottles."

And having delivered himself of this elegant speech, Mr. Rawkins inducted his friends into the back surgery, whilst Johnson and Prodgers put up the medicine, directed it, and finally kicked Bob from one to the other for five minutes, upon wringing from him a confession that he had given away a bottle to a man at the door, in exchange for three yards of new and popular compositions in verse, adapted for music; the particular lyric which had tempted him to this act of dishonesty being the account of an individual, with a peculiarly tremulous name, whose powers of absorbing caloric were exceedingly limited.

These things being concluded, Jack and his associate joined the company in the consulting-room; and the cloth having been laid by the housemaid, Mr. Rawkins brought forth the champagne. Hoppy was accommodated with his accustomed seat near the fire, and a pot of porter, which he affirmed to be superior "to any champagnes as ever was bred;" and Mr. Chorkey Dags, professor of self-defence, being looked upon by Mr. Rawkins as a superior member of society, was allowed the tooth-drawing chair, by way of distinction.

For the first ten minutes of the repast there was very little conversation, for everybody was better engaged; but when their appetites had been somewhat satisfied, the company gradually became exceedingly noisy,—the professor of self-defence chiefly entertaining them with various gladiatorial reminiscences, which it is not worth while here to chronicle. And then, from the conversational style of amusement, they came to the enigmatical, in which Mr. Dags was a remarkable proficient. He broke tobacco-pipes into small pieces, and with the fragments thereof worked out deep problems of foxes going over rivers, with geese and pecks of oats, in boats of deficient capacity; and then he conjured with the bowls of the pipes, and a calomel pill, that had been made a long time, in the manner of the pea and thimble; and getting more confidential, exposed the different methods made use of by dishonest people to insure success in tossing up a coin, and speculating upon its obverse and reverse as it descends; together with many other crafty manœuvres, which came under his category of "dodges," all to the

great delight of the company, especially Bob, who looked upon him as a great magician, and could not take his eyes from him.

"What are you about, sir?" cried Mr. Prodgers, breaking his glass by accident, and immediately boxing Bob's ears for doing it, to divert attention.

"Where are you driving to now?" exclaimed Johnson, giving him a *contre-coup*, which drove him in a different direction.

"You are always breaking something or another," said Mr. Rawkins, dealing the devoted Bob a third blow, which knocked him into a tea-chest rabbit-hutch, wherein he remain firmly wedged.

"You are too good to him, Rawkins," said Mr. Prodgers, getting slightly familiar, from the juice of the grape, or gooseberry, as the case might have been. "He knows right reckonings corrupt good manners, and imposes upon it. Get up, sir!"

But this Bob was perfectly unable to do; and so, as he was quite out of everybody's way, they left him, and went on with their entertainment. Mr. Rawkins, who always led the conversation round to muscular activity, and feats of strength, began to show his power in squeezing the top of a pewter-pot into an ellipse with his hand, and defying others to open his fist when he had closed it. Then he took off his dressing-gown, and commenced a display of gymnastics with the aid of the staples and hooks driven into the walls and ceiling; and whilst he was doing this, Mr. Dags persuaded Johnson to put on a pair of boxing-gloves, and have a spar with him. Mr. Prodgers and Hoppy took their places on each side of the fire-place, with a couple of pipes, and the beer on the hob; so that altogether the room presented as singular a spectacle for the house of a medical man as any one could well conceive. But Mr. Rawkins stood alone in the profession for peculiarity.

On this very day, and at this particular time, Mrs. Grimley and her daughter were wending their way from the heights of Islington towards the street in which Mr. Rawkins had pitched his dwelling, or, rather, the roof of his pigeonries. Their business was a mission of charity; for Miss Grimley, finding that offers became scarcer every day, and that marrying young men appeared, in her opinion at least, to be gradually disappearing from the face of the earth, had taken up tracts and canary-birds as a last resource, stedfastly refusing all invitations, even of the mildest kind, in Passion-week, and making great numbers of list tippets and worsted mits for inferior children. She had also joined a district society for visiting poor people at their own houses, and seeing what they wanted, which, as the wants were never supplied, was an amusing occupation, at a small outlay; and she kept a circulating-library of serious pamphlets, which she was good enough to lend to any of her flock who would keep them clean, and bring them back again. So that she was pronounced an amiable young woman by the senior ladies of Islington, as well as an estimable young person, and a girl of great sense. On the morning in question she had started with her mother to make one of her usual rounds, calling upon the baker's wife, Mrs. Stokes, for some local information; for she felt a great veneration towards the house of Stokes, and dealt with it for bread, although the shop was some distance from their abode; because Mr. Stokes, acting under the wishes of his wife, only displayed religious announcements in his window, to the exclusion of all play-bills, and

other unseemly placards, which proceeding met with the highest encouragement from the Grimleys, albeit they had whilome inclined to private theatricals. But, as the religion of display and the religion of the heart are two sentiments entirely opposed to each other, this apparent paradox is not to be wondered at.

We have stated that Mr. Rawkins was always remarkably polite and subdued towards Mrs. Stokes, seeing that she was a good patient, and the bread of the household depended upon her indisposition; and consequently Mrs. Stokes held the medical man in high estimation, she being comparatively blind to his eccentricities, and always recommended him whenever it lay in her power; so that, being unable upon the present occasion to give the Grimleys all the information they desired, she volunteered to conduct and introduce them to Mr. Rawkins, who being the parish doctor, would most probably know all about it; at the same time hinting, that should they ever think of changing their present medical attendant, she knew of no one more eligible than her favourite, whose excellent treatment of her indigestions she lauded to the highest point.

Mrs. and Miss Grimley accepted her offer, as it would introduce them to a practitioner whose mind was properly regulated; and they set off together towards his house. No one was in the shop when they entered; but sounds of mirth proceeded from the back-surgery, as well as occasional cries, which they at first imagined to arise from the consecutive extraction of teeth from many patients. But Mrs. Grimley, finding no notice taken of the signal made by tapping her parasol upon the counter, was about to advance and repeat it rather louder, when a sudden scuffle was heard, the door appeared to be burst open with some violence, and Mr. Chorkey Dags threw a back somersault into the shop, finally plumping down on the floor at the feet of the terror-stricken visitors, whither he had been driven by a sudden and well-planted blow from Jack Johnson, who now stood in the doorway, without his coat, and wearing the gloves, his face flushed, and his hair disordered, from the amicable contest he had been engaged in. Mr. Prodgers and Hoppy were still sitting on either side of the fire-place, watching the scientific displays of the two *athletæ;* and Bob, whom nobody had thought fit to release from the private box which he had taken all to himself, was very contentedly looking on from the rabbit-hutch, and surreptitiously devouring part of a pork-pie in the confusion.

But where was Mr. Rawkins?—for as the eyes of the scared visitors had first been directed by circumstances to the ground, they did not at once perceive him; and when they did, they were more bewildered than ever. Half way up the side of the room, grasping two large staples, and with his body thrown out by powerful muscular force, at right angles from the wall, in the manner of those remarkable individuals who enact monkeys and strong men at the minor theatres, was Mr. Rawkins, in a position which would have qualified him to assume the name of a Persian Impossible, a Caoutchouc Convolutionist, an Egyptian Brother, or any other title he might have chosen to adopt.

To this rapid action succeeded a perfect immovability of all parties, from the combined influences of terror, surprise, and want of breath, forming an *extempore tableau vivant* of the most original composition, which those who delight in such dull and wearisome en-

actments would have been much gratified at beholding. Mr. Rawkins was the only exception to the statue-like deportment of the others; for, not being aware of the presence of strangers, and above all, of the pious Mrs. Stokes, he was still posturing in his elevated position, flinging his legs about to display the flexibility and power of his joints, and just upon the point of requesting Mr. Prodgers to hang a fourteen-pound weight upon his calves; but, as soon as he perceived Mrs. Stokes and two other ladies, he dropped from his laborious attitude as if he had been shot, and scuffling on his dressing-gown, advanced towards them.

"Ha! Mrs. Stokes, I am glad to see you," he exclaimed, with most ready assurance. "Ladies—pray be under no alarm—you have called at the hour of our professional studies. I fear we have somewhat startled you."

There was certainly very just ground for the alarm of Mr. Rawkins. The visitors had not yet recovered themselves sufficiently to speak.

"We demonstrate, each day, at one," continued Mr. Rawkins, "the power of the animal fibre in the muscular *fasciculi*. Such practical examples are worth an age of lectures. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Prodgers—gentlemen—we will close the class for this morning."

And gently urging the professor of self-defence into the back-surgery, he closed the door, shutting all the rest in with him, and begged to know to what circumstance he was indebted for the honour of this visit. This was soon stated, when the ladies had recovered themselves sufficiently to speak, which, however, was not for some minutes, whilst Mr. Rawkins was equally breathless from his late exertions. At length, when they had gained the necessary information, after the head of the establishment had consulted his assistant, to whom the care of the parochial patients was principally entrusted, they took their departure, leaving Mrs. Stokes to get her medicine, and detail some fresh ailments to Mr. Rawkins.

"What an extraordinary scene, my love," said Mrs. Grimley, feeling a little reassured at being once more in the street.

"Very, mamma," replied her daughter. "Do you think they were all tipsy, or really studying?"

"I am sure I can't tell, my dear," returned Mrs. Grimley; "but I am glad we have found out how that Mr. Johnson employs his time. He appeared ashamed to speak to us."

This was in reality not the case; for Jack had not recognised the ladies in the bustle of the moment.

"How angry the Ledburys will be, if they know we have discovered where their favourite lives,—for I suppose he lives there," said Miss Grimley.

"And what news it will be for Mrs. Hoddle! You must go in this evening, Jane, and tell her all about it."

"Emma Ledbury need not plume herself so upon her conquest," said Miss Grimley, with a toss of her head. "She does not appear to have got any such great catch, after all."

"I think not," said Mrs. Grimley; "but I always said I thought him a very wild young man. Mrs. Ledbury is such a thorough manœuvrer, it will serve them right if it all turns out very badly, and I shall not be sorry if it does."

And having delivered themselves of these friendly sentiments,

which contained their own creed of their duty towards their neighbour, Mrs. and Miss Grimley proceeded on their mission of religion and charity; no doubt thanking Providence that *their* minds at least were actuated by pure and disinterested motives.

CHAPTER XXX.

Which treats of the country connexions of the Ledburys.

The village of Clumpley, to which Titus had escorted his sister, was pleasantly situated upon the banks of the Thames, about a score of miles from London, and during the summer formed a great place of resort for numbers of gentlemen, who thought the extreme of earthly happiness was obtained by sitting in a punt all day long, and watching a bit of painted cork float along the water. It was a picturesque, quiet place; not on any high road from any town of importance to any other, so that its commercial interests were chiefly confined to its own limits, as well as the ideas of its inhabitants, in the casual fashion of small country towns. But, whilst places of greater pretensions in the neighbourhood had become bankrupt, from the decline of coaches on their line, and increase of railways, Clumpley flourished from those very circumstances; for the neighbouring station opened a very ready communication with the metropolis, and brought visiters down from town, who were not previously aware that there was such a place in existence.

The chief feature in the topography of Clumpley was certainly the High Street; for in this thoroughfare most of the traffic of the community took place, and within its boundaries were comprised all the public buildings of the village, the most important, next to the church, being the Literary and Scientific Institution, which frowned with classic severity upon the public house opposite, silently reproaching the frequenters. Most of the professions, too, resided in High Street, the law taking precedence in point of wealth, and medicine standing first as regarded numbers; and as there were four medical men in the village, which was of reasonable size, and none of them spoke to the other, each had his own followers, and the society was thus divided into as many sets, whose transactions furnished constant amusement for each other. Of course there was not an inhabitant whose income and expenditure were not generally known and canvassed; and when strangers entered the village they caused much excitement, for people ran to their doors to see them pass, and afterwards collected into little knots to discuss the probable cause of their arrival. On fair and market-days, however, strange faces did not cause any very great excitement; for then burly men in top-boots entered the village in numbers from the wild adjacent districts, only known to the doctors' assistants and relieving officers. Some rode large-boned horses, and came alone; others drove portions of their family in sturdy chaise-carts, and these were left in long rows in front of the inn, to the great joy and diversion of the little boys, who climbed into all of them by turns, and drove imaginary horses, until scared away by the ostler. There was a branch stage-coach that ran through Clumpley to some unimportant place, which appeared to have been overlooked in the general exter-

mination of such vehicles, and its arrival to change horses was a great epoch in the transactions of the day. The passengers which it carried—seldom more than two or three—were regarded by the inhabitants as daring travellers of peculiar enterprise; and if a parcel was left at the inn for any one in the village, it served those who were not lucky enough to see the address to talk about all day long, as to who it could be for, what it contained, and where it came from.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, above alluded to, might be considered as the Bourse, or Exchange of Clumpley, — not in a mercantile point of view, but as a spot where the inhabitants were accustomed to meet from various parts of the village, and sometimes from the adjacent hamlets. The museum attached to this establishment was highly interesting, and filled with curiosities, which sometimes included the visitors. Everybody in the neighbourhood had been requested to contribute something when it was first started; and accordingly, those whose houses were limited for space looked upon it as a safety-valve to get rid of all superfluous rubbish. First of all came, as a matter of course, models of canoes, and bows and arrows, with spears and paddles, from the South Seas, presented by the old captain who lived out on the Green. Then arrived some stuffed birds and plaster busts, with three volumes of the Poor Law Reports, and a clothes-basket full of minerals and fossils, that nobody understood. But when these various things came to be admired, and small labels attached to them blazoned forth the names of the donors, the inhabitants began endeavouring to outvie each other in the value of their presents, and poured their choicest curiosities into the museum with lavish generosity, not always without occasional wishes, when the enthusiasm was over, that they had them back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer, at whose house Emma was about to stay upon her country-visit, were connexions of Mrs. Ledbury—worthy and comfortable people, with two children, a son and a daughter, about the same ages as Titus and his sister. The old folks did not often go to town, no persuasions having up to the present time ever proved sufficient to get Mrs. Wilmer upon the railway, the train of which, she imagined, was a species of enormous rocket, that went off with a *whisk!* and shot the passengers from one station to another. Mr. Wilmer occasionally paid a visit to the metropolis at regular intervals, to look after his dividends, and was now and then seen at Mark Lane; but this was the extent of his peregrinations. Neither were the visits to town of his son, Mr. John Wilmer, more frequent, for he was a sportsman, and found few pleasures in London accordant with his own tastes; but the daughter, Fanny, was in the habit of going to stay every year with the Ledburys,—an excursion she always looked forward to with the greatest delight. And, indeed, upon these occasions her parents always had very great trouble in getting her back again, for when a day was fixed upon for her return, some party or excursion always arose, that rendered it necessary for her to stay some few days longer. And upon these occasions Fanny Wilmer was accustomed to be in a great flurry about her dress,—what she should wear, and which mode was most in vogue,—always prevailing upon Emma to go shopping with her, as she did not like to trust to her own taste in London, although at

Clumpley she usually set the fashion. Altogether, indeed, she had a great opinion of Emma's acquirements, and usual looked to her for instructions in carriage and demeanour, all of which she carefully followed; so that Jack Johnson, who had now and then met her at Ledbury's, said she was not altogether so rustic in her manners as some of the provincial beauties he had occasionally met, seeing that she knew how to waltz, and could sit down properly. For Jack observed, in confidence, to Titus, that he could usually tell the country-girls when they entered a room; they generally settled down upon a seat at once, as soon as they had been received, and appeared glad of the refuge the chair afforded; whereas, the London young ladies always looked calmly about them, and spread their dress out very carefully before they sank gently upon the rout-seats, in order that it might possess no unseemly creases upon rising. Fanny Wilmer had, moreover, a shade of blue in her composition, for which she was indebted to the lectures at the scientific institution above-mentioned. But the azure tint was like the same colour upon one of the dissolving-views — very transparent, and never obtrusive; indeed, she sometimes used to wish that the Ledburys had taken her more to the opera, and less to the Polytechnic Institution, that she might have been able to talk to her partners about Giselle and the Puritani as well as the other young ladies. Nevertheless, she always spent a very pleasant evening, and the description of the supper, and the party in general, used to serve her to talk about for weeks after she ultimately got home. And when she had talked the subject out to her own family, she recapitulated it all to the Mrs. Hoddle of the neighbourhood — for there is a Mrs. Hoddle residing in all country towns, who collects and retails all the news, and, despite the quarrels of medical men, and the bickerings of the small gentilities, is on friendly terms of visiting with everybody.

As the peculiar carriage before-mentioned drew up at the gate of Mr. Wilmer's house, the old gentleman came out to welcome his visitors, and the ladies remained at the windows, perpetrating a series of smiles and nods, that would have done honour to a mandarin —Fanny being at one, and Mrs. Wilmer at the other, in a cap so beautiful, that you would scarcely have thought it possible to group so many artificial flowers upon so small a space of net and wire. When the two servants, assisted by the driver, and the guard who had ridden upon the spikes behind, had got all the luggage from the fly, Mr. Wilmer escorted his visitors to the parlour, where a hearty welcome burst from the family assembled; indeed, Mr. John Wilmer seized Titus's hand with a grasp that numbed his fingers for ten minutes afterwards. And then, after the first greetings, and particular inquiries after the health of everybody, and punctual delivery of the kind loves and regards which had been sent, Emma withdrew with Fanny to divest herself of her travelling costume, and have a long conversation of secrets, after the manner of young ladies in general; and the old gentleman drew Titus into the garden, to show him the great improvements that had taken place in the disposition of the cucumber-beds since last year; of which, as Titus had not the least recollection how they were placed before, he, of course, expressed much admiration at their altered state. And next John showed him the old mare, who was being blistered, and the new cow, and the wheelbarrow he had built himself, and the tame phea-

sant with the poultry, all of which objects elicited Mr. Ledbury's warmest approbation. But when he heard that at the ensuing races there was a chance of Miss Seymour, the *contadina* of the "Antediluvians," being asked to stay at Mr. Wilmer's, with whom he was aware she was acquainted, and that he also would be expected, his gratification was most unbounded; for the valentine and the ball had formed an epoch in Mr. Ledbury's life—the establishment of a lock and weir in the river of his thoughts, turning their stream into another channel, and causing much commotion.

It was not long before dinner re-assembled the family, and then, for the first time, Mr. Wilmer informed Titus of the treat in store for that evening. It appeared that the Clumpley Institution possessed a library,—that is to say, an extensive series of book-shelves; but as the funds of the establishment, in company with other scientific societies, were not very flourishing, there was no money to buy books. In consequence of this circumstance, the committee had put forth an appeal to the world, which had been answered by various learned gentlemen volunteering to lecture for nothing,—at least upon their mere expenses being paid them,—in order that the receipts might be applied to the purchase of books; and the first meeting was to take place that evening, when the lecture-room would be once more opened, after having remained in undisturbed tranquillity for some time. There were to be experiments with the gases, and chemical transformations; tricks with the air-pump, and dissolving views; electrotype, and galvanic batteries,—in fact, all sorts of entertaining sights; for the Institution possessed some very good apparatus, presented to it in one of the enthusiastic fits of generosity above alluded to, by a former inhabitant of the town,—although, unfortunately, nobody now knew how to use it. Mr. Wilmer was one of the committee, as also was Mr. John, and they had promised to use their endeavours to get up a large party, so that the arrival of Titus and his sister was most opportune, at the same time that the lecture provided some little amusement for their visitors.

After dinner, Emma was prevailed upon to play some new quadrilles upon the old-fashioned six-octave square piano, which had been an inhabitant of Clumpley for many years; and next she played the annual duet with Miss Wilmer, which they always performed when they were together, being a popular arrangement of "Cease your funning," with variations. After a great deal of pressing, they got Titus to sing, which with him was always a very rare occurrence, his talent in that line being very latent, and only fostered by the encouraging idea that he was in the country, where people were not so addicted to quizzing as in London. But, nevertheless, he succeeded tolerably well in the lyrical expression of the desire he felt to be a butterfly, which was one of the most modern songs they found in the music canterbury, although Miss Wilmer, who accompanied him, occasionally got a little before him, and did not rest sufficiently at the pauses to give it proper effect. Mr. Wilmer sat under the veranda, for it was a very fine afternoon, upon a most uncomfortable seat made of crooked boughs, smoking a pipe in company with his son, who, however, could not relish anything but cigars; and Mrs. Wilmer made tea, and thanked everybody for playing and singing, as soon as they had finished, and sometimes before, which was rather awkward. However, they were all very

happy, and the time passed pleasantly enough until the hour arrived for them to go the Institution, when they set off, Mr. John Wilmer most proud to have Emma Ledbury as his companion, more especially when he considered the sensation her new London spring-fashion bonnet would cause upon entering the lecture-room. And Mr. John himself was a fine young man, whom many match-making mammas looked at with anxious eyes as a most eligible suitor for their daughters. But Emma did not fully appreciate the enviable situation in which she was placed; for, as they sauntered along the village towards the Institution, breathing the sweet fresh air of the country, and looking at the green May foliage and the clear sky, we fear she was thinking more of Jack Johnson in the close, gloomy doctor's shop in Clerkenwell.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The opening of the Clumpley Literary and Scientific Institution.

It was a great day for Clumpley on which the gas was first introduced there by the enterprise of the townspeople. The whole place on that eventful evening was in one fever of excitement. Little boys followed the lamplighter with unceasing huzzas, and cheered louder than ever as each jet of light burst forth from the lamp; sober inhabitants left their houses, and walked about the streets as though they had been at Vauxhall; suppers were cooked by gas at the manufactory; and there was a report that the directors and contractors all feasted together inside the gasometer, which obtained universal credence, inasmuch as several of the guests were very much indisposed the next day, which they attributed solely to the noxious vapours of the hydrogen floating in their banquet-room. Previously to this eventful change, the only lights in the village had been two oil-lamps over the doors of the chief inns, and one at the establishment of the principal medical man; but, as the two first were always extinguished at eleven o'clock, and the last usually went out by itself about the same time, from the circumstance of the owner's persisting in using some new gimcrack invention, that was to give ten times the light of ordinary oil at a quarter the cost, which never answered, the streets were in darkness throughout the night. This, however, was of little consequence; for the Clumpleyites were an early people, usually retiring to bed about half-past ten, at which time any belated individual walking down the village might observe all the lights in the upper windows of the houses, now and then popping out very suddenly, as the inmate sought his French bed. And after this nobody was about, nor was any sound heard except the sheep-bells on the distant pastures, and the night-bells at the contiguous doctor's.

The excitement of the gas had not quite finished when Mr. Ledbury and Emma arrived at the village, and a demonstration of its nature and properties was to be one of the principal features of the evening's lecture. As they approached the Institution, they perceived a great throng of company wending their way towards it, most of whom were greeted by Mr. Wilmer and his family. First of all came up the young ladies from Theresa House Academy, on

the old London road, walking two and two, and admitted upon payment of sixpence each, when they displayed the most extraordinary diplomacy in getting as far away from the teachers as they could. Then arrived the preparatory school for young gentlemen from six to twelve, who entered somewhat less orderly, and divided the hour usually appointed to the lectures into ten minutes of attention, ten minutes of wriggling about, ten minutes of squabbling *sotto voce*, and the remaining half hour in sleep. The seats on the first row were reserved for the committee and their friends, most of whom were present, including the Wilmer detachment of spectators; and the body of the lecture-room was filled with those who were subscribers, as well as many other visitors, who were not. The museum and library had been brushed up, and set off to the best advantage by the indefatigable librarian who was now taking the tickets, to entice new supporters; and the table in the lecture-room was covered with a new green-baize, bound with yellow, and presented by the ladies of Clumpley, on which were displayed all the apparatus for the lecture, some of which was so singular in appearance, that the less-informed of the company were for a time divided in their opinions as to whether they had come to see an exhibition of conjuring or philosophy. And after these curious things, the chief objects of attention were Emma Ledbury and Titus; who, being strangers, were therefore capable of producing a great sensation in a country-place like Clumpley; not exceeded by the emotion caused when the Fitzfabrics—the great people of the village, who found scarcely anybody good enough to visit in the neighbourhood,—entered the room, and took their seats upon the benches, just like ordinary persons.

At length all the company had arrived, and at eight o'clock the secretary appeared at the table, and was received with much applause—the old gentlemen of the committee on the front seats agitating their gaiters, and using their umbrellas with much effect.

"Ladies and gentlemen," observed the secretary, who, not being habituated to oratorial display, was somewhat nervous at addressing so large an assembly,—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy in being able to announce the following donations to the library and museum. (*Hear! hear!*)

"Mr. Shumbanks—a bottle of Isle of Wight sand, with a view of the Needles; some cinders of bank-notes; and an oyster-shell from the Royal George."

These were interesting curiosities, and were welcomed accordingly.

"Mr. Jones — three volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1745; the second volume of an Encyclopædia, from CAP to OPS; a large bust, name unknown; and some pieces of granite.

"Mr. Gallett, Dr. Papworth's pupil—skeleton of a cat's head; thunderbolt found in a cow's heart; a tooth supposed to have belonged to Julius Cæsar; and a working model of the guillotine, with criminal to match."

Mr. Gallett was rather a favourite, having promised to give the society a lecture upon popular physiology, and therefore these presents elicited much applause. The secretary now appeared as if about to make a communication of extra importance.

"The young ladies of Theresa House," he continued—"Two transfer fire-screens for the library; some perforated card flower-baskets;

two book-marks, worked with '*souvenir*' and '*l'amitié*' in silk and gold; some worsted rugs for the curiosities; a butterfly pen-wiper, and a drawing of the Institution."

Hereat was a great sensation; the young gentlemen clapped their hands, and the young ladies blushed; whilst the governesses looked blandly round, but with a proper expression of pride, as much as to say, "See what can be done at our academy!"

These, with a few more similar bequests, completed the list of donations, and then the secretary begged to introduce the lecturer to the audience. Whereupon he dived into a back-room, and immediately returned, leading forth a gentleman in black, with his hair curled, and wristbands turned up, whom he marshalled into the room as Mr. Wilson, of London. Mr. Ledbury, who was on one of the front benches, directly thought he had seen him before. He mentioned this circumstance to Emma, whose memory of faces was somewhat remarkable, and to her was he indebted for the information, which he saw was correct as soon as it was given. There was no mistake at all about the matter—the gentleman who came forward to address the company was Mr. Roderick Doo! And of this he was furthermore convinced when that ubiquitous individual, upon advancing to the table, caught sight of Titus and his sister. For a moment he started; but then, recovering his placidity, bowed very graciously to them both, upon which the remainder of the audience immediately set Mr. Wilmer's visitors down as people of importance, from their being on such familiar terms with a London lecturer.

When the applause had subsided, after Mr. Doo had bent several turns very gracefully to the company, he commenced the lecture with an easy assurance, at which Mr. Ledbury was perfectly astonished.

After a short preliminary address, in which he spoke of the sun of knowledge dispelling the mists of ignorance, through the medium of institutions like the present, at which the committee looked very approvingly, as well as hinted at the proud star that Clumpley had become in the scientific hemisphere, since it had sent a representative to eat and drink at the British Association, and paralyze that learned body by his paper in section Q, upon "The totality of dependence in phrenology and fireworks upon metaphysical electricity," wherein such powerful arguments were adduced in support of the theory, that no one was able to refute them in the slightest manner. After this, he proceeded to state that he should divide the lecture into two parts: the first consisting of various experiments with the gases and other agents, and the second comprising the celebrated Dissolving Views. He also added, that as he should need some trifling assistance in the course of his experiments, he was happy to see in front of the table a talented gentleman of his acquaintance,—Professor Ledbury, of the learned societies,—whose valuable aid he should be too happy to secure. Mr. Ledbury started, and turned very red, when he first heard his name mentioned; but, calculating upon distinguishing himself, which was always a great point with him, he yielded to Mr. Doo's solicitations, and took his place at his side, amidst the applause of the audience, to whom he made an imposing obeisance. And indeed, as Emma remarked to Mrs. Wilmer, who felt much temporary gratification at their visitor

being so celebrated a person, with his spectacles, and mild expression of countenance, he looked very like a philosopher.

On the table in front of Mr. Doo was a large array of wide-mouthed stoppered bottles, apparently full of nothing, but which in reality contained various gases, that he had been preparing in the lecturers' room during the day, in a mysterious manner, and by the aid of sundry gun-barrels, wash-tubs, and bladders, to the intense bewilderment of the librarian, who could not conceive what they were intended for, but settled it at last by putting down Mr. Doo as the Wizard of the North getting ready the celebrated gun-delusion, of which he was more firmly convinced when that gentleman drew a union-jack handkerchief from his pocket, and asked the librarian if he could procure him a guinea-pig or small rabbit, all of which things, he was aware, were in great request with necromancers in general.

Oxygen—the universal sheet-anchor of all lecturers at scientific institutions—was the first element chosen by Mr. Doo for his experiments; and, to give proper effect to them, the lights were put half down by the librarian, who sat in the corner of the room, and turned a handle connected with the gas-metre. First of all, Mr. Doo lighted a match, which he blew out, and introduced into a bottle of gas, when it was immediately rekindled with a vivid flame. This was much applauded; but when he inserted a piece of incandescent charcoal into another bottle, which sparkled into a thousand corruscations, like a brilliant squib, the delight of the boys was so great that they could not contain their approbation, until sundry cuffs and boxes from the usher resounded through the semi-obscurity of the lecture-room. Upon this, order was once more restored, and they were again quiet, except Master Wheeler, an ill-conducted lad, who, having first imitated the ascent of a sky-rocket with his mouth, and next thrown a piece of chewed paper at Mr. Ledbury's spectacles, was finally discovered, and treated with several whacks of a cane across the shoulders, as a preliminary to farther punishment when he got home; which, however, did not prevent him from kissing his hand the next minute to the half-boarder at Theresa House, in which rude act he was detected by the English teacher, who immediately desired Miss Chapman, the half-boarder in question, to come and sit by her side, where she remained, in extreme *surveillance*, during the remainder of the lecture.

Hydrogen was next touched upon by Mr. Doo, who, with the assistance of Mr. Ledbury, inflated a small balloon over the gas-pipe, which ascended rapidly to the ceiling, and there kept stationary, and from which no looks nor intimidations could withdraw the eyes of the boys, who gazed at it unceasingly, to see what it would do next. This led to a short dissertation upon atmospheric voyages; and Mr. Doo drew the attention of the audience to a diagram somewhat resembling a flying wheelbarrow, which he said was a machine of his own invention for aërial travelling; and when he explained its manner of action, it appeared in every way worthy of Mr. Doo's peculiar talents, and perfectly convinced Mr. Ledbury, in his enthusiasm, that the ingenious projector, in spite of the many skilful and renowned people who bore his name, was the greatest Doo that had ever lived.

"It is impossible," said the supposed professor, "to form the least

idea of the triumphs in celestial science which this apparatus will achieve. The moon will become another portion of our boundless empire; and all the twinkling stars, which even from infancy, when our hopes and fears were to each other known, have attracted our attention, and made us wonder what they are, all above the heavens so high, like a diamond in the sky, will export their choicest products to our favoured isle."

The pathos, national pride, and domestic sympathy of this short address came home to the hearts of all present, and they cheered the lecturer warmly, two or three of the committee seriously dislocating their umbrellas in the excitement of their applause. And so much had the professor's speech warmed them up to the subject, that we firmly believe, if he had stated he was about to construct one of his machines in reality, and required innumerable shareholders to bring it to perfection, that several speculators then present would immediately have put down their names as part proprietors of the certain profits that would accrue from this wonderful invention. The whole affair was so plausible, so simple (in the diagram), and altogether, to a person of the smallest mechanical knowledge, so likely to succeed at the very first glance, that there was no doubt of the old-fashioned balloons being entirely superseded. And, indeed, Mr. Doo stated that a Mr. Green was one of his stanchest patrons,—which perfectly convinced the audience, conceiving it to be Mr. Green the celebrated aëronaut, of the importance of the invention. But on this point Mr. Ledbury alone was not quite so sanguine; for he knew that, from time immemorial, the Doos had always relied upon the Greens for their chief support.

"The next gas to which I shall direct your attention," said the professor, returning to his lecture, "is called carbonic acid: it is a very heavy gas, as you perceive."

But of this the audience were not so perfectly assured, as Mr. Doo merely appeared to be pouring an imaginary fluid from one empty ale-glass into another.

"It is destructive," he continued, "to flame and animal life, which, if the ladies wish, I will immediately demonstrate by stifling a rabbit in a vessel of it."

Of course the ladies did not desire this proof; and, as Mr. Doo had no rabbit, it was so far fortunate.

"Professor Ledbury will now assist me in showing the power of this gas over flame. You perceive I take this lighted taper, and you will see that, when I introduce it into this bottle of carbonic acid, it will be extinguished as suddenly as if it was plunged under water."

Mr. Ledbury, happy to distinguish himself, received the bottle of gas with an important air, and held it towards the lecturer, whilst Mr. Doo lighted a small piece of taper, and held it to the mouth of the bottle. But no sooner was the stopper removed than a bright flash of light, accompanied by a bang, which shook the building to its very foundation, scared the astounded audience. Mr. Doo leapt with convulsive energy to the other side of the table; Mr. Ledbury was knocked backwards into a large tub of water, which answered the purpose of a pneumatic trough; and the librarian, who directed the gas, turned it suddenly off in his fright, amidst the screams of the young ladies, the huzzas of the boys — who thought it was part of the experiment, and took advantage of the dark to kick up what

noise they liked, without fear of discovery,—and the general bewilderment of the whole assembly.

The greatest confusion ensued, and the professor for some time vainly endeavoured to make himself heard amidst the tumult. At length a light was obtained from a spirit-lamp that was burning upon the table, and gas was soon rekindled, when the company were somewhat re-assured to see Mr. Ledbury and the professor still alive, and not blown into small fragments, as they had anticipated, but in full possession of their energies,—the former gentleman wringing his coat-tails, and Mr. Doo preparing to address the assembly. A few words explained the accident, in which it appeared that the lecturer, instead of carbonic acid, had confided a bottle of oxy-hydrogen gas to Mr. Ledbury's care, which being highly explosive, had gone off so unexpectedly; but fortunately without any ill effects. The table was, however, thrown into so much confusion, that it was thought advisable to conclude the first portion of the lecture, and go on to the dissolving-views, the indulgence of the audience being claimed for ten minutes, in order to make the necessary preparations; and then the professor and his assistant retired into the lecturer's room, and the vice-president went to inquire about the health of the Fitzfabrics after the alarm.

"Well, Mr. Ledbury, and *how* are you?" asked Roderick, as they closed the door after them. "I was surprized to see you; you were equally surprised to see me in such a position, I have no doubt; but I am always happy to lend my poor abilities to the advancement of science."

"I certainly did not expect to meet you here," replied Titus.

"Of course not! how should you?—how should you? And the name, too,—ha! ha! Professor Wilson! it is at the wish of my family I adopt that *sobriquet*. Allow me the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you."

There was a bottle of sherry, and sixpennyworth of mixed biscuits on the table, provided by the liberality of the committee, and Mr. Doo poured out for Titus and himself, chiding Mr. Ledbury for not having been to see him, which, as he had never been informed by Roderick where he lived, could not be construed into a direct breach of politeness.

"All right!" said Mr. Doo, peeping out at the door. "The porter is hanging up the transparent screen, and this is the apparatus," pointing to two magic-lanterns standing side-by-side on a box, with a winch in front, that shut up the lens of one whilst it opened the other.

"The contrivance appears very simple," said Mr. Ledbury.

"All grand things are so," answered the professor; "look at my aërial ship. But I am rather in a dilemma, for I have lost the book of reference to the objects. However, we must begin, for the audience are shuffling their feet. Bring out the decanter with you: we can enjoy ourselves as we like behind the screen."

The lights were now gradually lowered, to prevent any new alarm, and when it was quite dark, Mr. Ledbury put in a slide, by Mr. Doo's direction, which turned out to be a portrait of Prince Albert as he would appear walking on his head. But this was immediately withdrawn as soon as the mistake was perceived, and another substituted.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Doo, in a low voice, of his assistant.

"A Turk who moves his eyes," replied Titus.

"That will do," said Roderick, speaking loud. "Portrait of Akbar Khan!"

This was received with great applause by all the audience, except a little child in front, who began to cry, and was immediately shaken into silence.

"The next is a sea-side place, with ships," said Ledbury, holding the slide between his eyes and the field of the lantern to see what was on it.

"The Harbour of Chusan!" cried Mr. Doo, as the Turk dissolved into the new object.

"I think it's meant for Margate," mildly hinted Mr. Ledbury; "yes, there are the windmills."

"Hush!" said Roderick, "it will do just as well. Now, what is the next?"

"It is a cottage and a tree. I can't make anything else out of it."

"Birthplace of Robert Bloomfield!" cried Mr. Doo.

"I don't think it is very like it," whispered Ledbury. "I have a view at home which is quite different."

"We can't be far out," returned Mr. Doo, in the same low tone. "All the poets of that class—Shenstone, Burns, Bloomfield, and Co. were born in the same kind of houses. I know them well. Little mud hovels, with two windows and a door. Go on."

"I can't see this one very plainly," said Ledbury. "It looks like some fortifications, and a tower."

"Push it in," replied Mr. Doo, finishing a clandestine glass of wine. "Citadel and ramparts of Ghuznee!" he continued aloud.

"That's Windsor Castle!" cried Master Wheeler in front, who lived at Datchet, and was perfectly acquainted with the view, proud of being able to set the lecturer right.

To this piece of gratuitous information succeeded a scuffle in the dark, between the usher and Master Wheeler, together with an extempore discussion upon the subject of academical discipline, as connected with the cane; one party demonstrating it practically, and the other objecting to it theoretically.

Order being restored, a few more scenes were exhibited, and Mr. Doo was just on the point of dissolving Milan Cathedral, which he had designated as the new Houses of Parliament, into a view of the Thames Tunnel, with a gentleman in a bright-blue coat walking up the centre, which could not very well be mistaken for anything else, when a fresh disturbance amongst the audience caused him to pause for an instant in his descriptions. The lights were suddenly turned on, and the librarian of the institution descended from the top bench of the theatre, and whispered something to the vice-president. And then the vice-president's face betrayed much astonishment, and he cast a severe and scrutinizing glance first at Mr. Ledbury, and then at Mr. Doo, who had pulled up the transparent screen to see what was the matter; after which he begged the patience of the audience for a few seconds, and left the lecture-room. All this was so very mysterious that the curiosity of the company was excited in a most singular manner; and this was not lessened when the vice-president re-appeared, ushering two policemen into the theatre—not common, rustic constables, but real London alphabetical policemen, with the

proper badges round their arms, and shiny tops to their hats. These individuals were at first presumed to have something to do with the entertainments of the evening by the majority of the spectators, who were, however, undeceived when the officers advanced towards Mr. Doo, and one of them said with much suavity,

"I must trouble you, sir, to come along with us."

The whole transaction was so rapid, that before Mr. Ledbury and the rest of the audience had recovered from their surprise, the policemen had conducted the thunder-stricken lecturer from the theatre. At the door of the institution a chaise was waiting to receive them, and in two hours from the last dissolving-view Mr. Roderick Doo was lodged in one of those secure apartments which the government, with its usual liberality, provides gratuitously for all who require them; and to which entrance may be obtained at all hours of the night, in the neighbourhood of Bow Street, being very centrically situated, and close to both the large theatres, and other places of public amusement.

THE MANIAC'S RHAPSODY.

The night-breeze is sighing round field and bower
With a dread and hollow tone,
And sadly o'er castle, and crag, and tower,
Resoundeth its dismal moan;
And—heard ye yon wild and wailing scream?
'Tis the shrieking of murdered men.
Oh merrily glanceth the knife's cold gleam,
In the depth of the raven's glen.

Dash on, thou deep, dark stream, dash on!
'Twixt banks of emerald green,
I love to list to your gurgling groan,
And gaze on your sparkling sheen,
And fain would I ride on your bonny blue wave
Adown to the wild, wild sea,
But the kelpie would bear me away to his cave,
His bride and his slave to be.

Aha! I see you, my maiden moon,
As you creep through yon ruin'd hall,
You cannot escape,—I will catch you full soon
In some chink of its ivied wall.
You are mine! you are mine, my damsel bright!
Ah, faithless! you 've stolen away,
To dance and to dally on meadow and height,
Or wanton 'mid woodland spray.

But, sooth, I love the stars better than you,
Far away in the cold clear skies,
Where they twinkle and gleam from their concave blue,
A cluster of angels' eyes;
And I think that a God beyond doth dwell,
And my heart beats quick and glad;
But a fiend holds my brain in his hideous spell,
And I know that I am mad!

Edinburgh. K. J.

LIFE IN HANOVER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CONCLUSION.

We met—we gazed ; I saw, and sigh'd ;
She did not speak, and yet replied.
Mazeppa.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the manner in which Denham was received by the Duke, or detail the congratulations offered by Von Hartig, and those who had backed him. His own thoughts turned towards the fair Armgart; and it was with much pleasure that he listened to the Duke's invitation to dine at the table appropriated for those of high rank, the military, &c., and at which strangers uninvited could not present themselves, although it was nominally a public one. Here he felt certain he should see her again, and possibly obtain an introduction ; if so, he might reckon upon engaging her to dance with him at the *bal champêtre,* which was to be held that night in the Blumenfeld gardens.

The last race being over, though scarcely more than two o'clock, the company were breaking up fast, and driving towards Celle; about half a mile from which the marquees were pitched for the numerous dinners now in readiness. Of course, the warmest to felicitate him on the result of the race were his English friends; and Templewell did so with an earnestness and hilarity which manifested very plainly that teetotalism formed no portion of his creed.

"Well!" exclaimed he, "where are we to dine? Shall it be at the inn, or amongst those tents?"

Denham explained how he was situated; at which Templewell at first shrugged his shoulders; then, turning to Saville and Sir Nicholas, said, "Well, *we* can be jolly, at any rate; let us go to the Wirthstafel, where the citizens are, with their wives and daughters: it will be quite as pleasant as among the grandees, — and we can meet again in the evening."

They did not, however, separate until they reached the marquees, when Denham, introduced by Von Hartig, who extended the invitation to Saville, entered the privileged arena. But Saville declined leaving Sir Nicholas and Templewell, and the three therefore wended their way to the *table-d'hôte* of their choice. When Denham entered the pavilion, which was very gaily decorated for the occasion with flags, and flowers, and appropriate devices, he looked about him eagerly, and was not long in perceiving *his colours* at the further extremity, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were clustered. Having ascertained from Von Hartig that he was acquainted with almost everybody there, he claimed the favour of certain introductions.

"Willingly," said the aide-de-camp; "to whom do you wish to be presented?"

"There is a tall, middle-aged lady, rather *embonpoint,* — I *think* her name is Von Bortfeld—and—and—her dau—the—the lady—the *young* lady that is with her."

"What! the Fräulein Armgart!—so!—oh! yes; with much plea-

sure; they are connexions of mine. You have a good eye; her mother is the most agreeable woman, and she is decidedly the prettiest girl, in the room." So saying, he led Denham to the spot where they were standing, and the usual formalities ensued. If Armgart blushed, and Denham felt slightly confused, it is scarcely to be wondered at.

"Ach, sare!" said Madame von Bortfeld; who, accustomed to the society of the English in Hanover, liked always to speak their tongue, though she was less successful in the attempt than the generality of her countrywomen, — "ach, sare! we must congratulate you; you shall race vary handsom. Mein Gott! you have make jomp your horse as one angel. He leap over de hordel like one cat. Aber poor Ludwig! he shall get his tombles. Where is your cousin, Armgart? have you saw him?"

"No; poor fellow!" replied her daughter, "not since he led his horse away; but he was not hurt; so we may fairly laugh at his mishap, especially as we gain so much by it. Adelaide, and Lottchen, and I, each win half-a-dozen pairs of gloves. The consequences would have been terrible if he had won."

Denham raised his eyes inquiringly.

"I hope," said he, "you did not bet him any very long odds. Though I am ignorant what they were, I feel very much tempted to ask to share the risk in any future speculations."

"You have quite earned the right to do so," returned Armgart, "from having ridden so well. Is it long since you left England?"

Denham was about to answer, when Madame von Bortfeld exclaimed, "Come; the Duke has arrived. We shall be happy if you join our party. Come you, too, Von Hartig. Poor Ludwig! I wonder where he been?"

It seemed to Denham that Armgart, as she took his proffered arm, did not share in her mother's solicitude.

Need we say that he felt himself as happy now as any young man similarly situated could possibly be. He had fallen deeply in love; was seated beside his mistress; and it was evident she did not look upon him with aversion. He did not lose his time; but whether he ate any dinner or not, for the life of him he could never afterwards remember. All he was conscious of was, that the two hours which he thus passed, though the briefest, seemed the happiest of his existence; and, when the party broke up, the only distinct impression he had of anything was, that Armgart had promised to dance with him at the Blumenfeld gardens that evening.

THE BALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"A battle and a ball resemble each other very closely."
Vide Duke of Wellington's Despatches.

When the dinner-party broke up, Denham made the best of his way to the marquee, where his English friends had agreed to dine. It was not far off; and the somewhat obstreperous mirth which broke from it easily directed his footsteps. The noise of song was loud; and, as he drew nearer, he recognised the familiar tones of the baronet chanting a stave, which, if not exactly like those of Hafiz, or Anacreon, in praise of wine, was certainly no less commendatory of the virtues of that "familiar creature" *strong* beer. Such of our

readers as may have received their education at the University of Cambridge, will at once recognise the verse, which, for unity of design, terseness of expression, and loyalty of sentiment, is unequalled in the annals of song. The chorus, which was admirably sustained by Messieurs Templewell and Saville, did honour to the strength of their lungs.

The scene which greeted Denham on entering the marquee was significant of the poetical effusion just adverted to. At a table apart from the rest of the company,—who, for the most part, were busily engaged in smoking,—sat the three worthies; and behind the chair of one of them, half-shrinking from the light, and yet unwilling to leave the spot, stood a female figure, whom Denham quickly recognised as the *conditorinn* of the Leine Strasse — the pretty Doretta. Along the table was ranged a long file of small black bottles, once filled with Dublin stout, but now empty; and every five minutes added another to the number. There were already upwards of thirty of these sturdy recipients of strong drink; and, from the manner in which the sentiments of the song was practically applauded, it appeared likely that the line would "stretch to the crack of doom," if the sitters could swallow till then. It would be superfluous to hint that perfect sobriety was not the order of the evening.

The approach of Denham was greeted by a loud shout from his friends, while consternation seemed to sit upon the countenances of the natives at beholding what they conceived to be the addition of another bass voice to the manly chorus, which so recently had made the welkin ring. Doretta looked imploringly, expressive of her anxiety that Templewell should drink no more; and Denham resolved to try and prevent him. But he might as well have tried to stop the current of a rapid river. Templewell was in that mood in which every suggestion for pursuing a particular line of conduct is invariably met by the adoption of an opposite course. The baronet's condition was no less equivocal; but the symptoms manifested themselves chiefly in hilarious expressions, and a proneness to cultivate the powers of his voice. Saville was, perhaps, the least affected of the party; but there was a gleam in his eye, and an occasional burst of eloquent objurgation against the sober world in general, and certain smoking individuals in particular, that showed all was not quiet within; and the prevalent tone of the three bacchanals under the influences which we have described, made the probability of a "row" in the course of the evening, by no means remote.

It was useless for Denham, under these circumstances, to ask for advice in the course he proposed to follow; and he clearly saw, that if he had any project in view, he must trust to himself for putting it in execution. He made no apology, therefore, for quitting the marquee; but quickly withdrew in the direction of the town of Celle. As he was passing by a small *gasthaus*, a half-opened door revealed to him the figure of Stumps, the Duke of Brunswick's jockey, amusing himself with a pipe, and laying down the law to a small circle of attentive listeners. "The very man," thought Denham, "for my purpose;" and, putting his head into the room, he beckoned to him to leave the house. Stumps speedily obeyed; and, leading him aside, a brief, but animated conversation ensued, in a low tone; at the conclusion of which, an attentive ear might have caught

the jingle of something very like gold, and an observant eye have marked the air of satisfaction with which Stumps buttoned up his breeches-pocket. Denham also appeared pleased, and moved away with an elastic step towards his hotel, to make some further arrangements there, and prepare for the ball.

The hour at length was come; and, beneath the glowing light of numberless lamps, with the bright stars alone shining above the scene, Denham found himself, with the lovely Armgart, wandering through the Blumenfeld gardens. He had danced with her; and his language, animated at first, had now become impassioned,—and insensibly, as they quitted the throng, Armgart listened, and replied with deepening interest. Denham spoke of the impression which she had made when first he saw her in the garden at Bella Vista; he told her how that feeling had increased when he beheld her before the race; he described to her the motive which prompted him to ride; and, finally, after dwelling at length upon his condition, his prospects, and his fortune, all of which gave encouragement to his hopes, he uttered the irrevocable words which form, when spoken, that era in life to which memory for ever recurs, as if existence till then had been a blank, or utterly unworthy of remembrance. What Armgart answered was never very distinctly known; but, as German love is rapid in its growth, and as she neither withdrew her hand nor averted her eyes in anger, it is only reasonable to conclude that his suit was not discouraged.

They were seated at one end of the garden, beneath the shadow of a broad-spreading chestnut; and Denham was discoursing most eloquent music to the fair Armgart, when a loud noise arose from the opposite extremity. He rose, and listened for a moment; and, fancying that he could distinguish English voices amidst the confusion, readily conjectured that his friends had made their *entrée* at the *fête*. Nor was he wrong; the three Englishmen were there, and the noise originated in a disposition on the part of the door-keepers to oppose their entrance, on the ground that the dress of the "wilder herr" — as they termed Templewell — was not suited to a ball. It must be admitted that there was some reason in the objection; for a rough pilot-coat, with an enormous stick projecting from one pocket, is not exactly the trim for dancing. Templewell was, however, determined to get in, and his friends being equally strenuous, his irregularity of costume was allowed to pass as one of the peculiarities of "the eccentric Englishman."

Denham was perplexed; he did not wish to give umbrage to his countrymen by appearing to avoid them; and yet, he feared that any recognition, in their present condition, would altogether mar the project he had formed.

He resolved, however, to be guided by circumstances, and trusted that the spirit of good fellowship, which he knew animated them, would predominate over their extravagant humour. Once more, then, lest their absence should be noted, he led Armgart to the dance; and when it was over he left her with her party, amongst whom was Von Stiremup, while he obeyed the signal, which had more than once been given him, to join the new-comers. They had formed a group at one end of the space allotted to the dancers, and more than divided attention with the latter.

Denham went round, and, taking Saville by the arm, withdrew him from the ring.

"Templewell," he said, "is in a fine way to-night; how came you to bring him here?"

"Oh! Heaven knows!" answered Saville; "he might have stayed where he was—but, here he comes!"

Denham turned his head, and saw Templewell approaching with the baronet.

"Well, old boy!" said the former; "you have done the trick nicely, hav'n't you? A pretty fellow you are, to leave us all in the lurch, and go philandering after the girls! But, I tell you what, you 've had enough of it for to-night. You shall come with us, and we 'll have a jolly good supper,—lots of champagne; and we 'll drink the health of the Fräu ——"

"For God's sake!" said Denham, "be quiet! you 'll spoil everything if you go on in this way."——"Why, what 's the matter?" rejoined the other. "Come, let us know what 's in the wind. Half-confidences, you know, are the greatest marplots."

There was truth in this; so, making a virtue of necessity, Denham replied, "Saville shall tell you. I want to say a few words to him."

He then put his arm through Saville's, and led him away, communicating openly in few words the fact that he had made arrangements for starting for Hamburgh that night, and that Armgart von Bortfeld had consented to accompany him.

"I expect the carriage here," he added, "in an hour's time, at the foot of the hill beneath the gardens. We shall travel all night; reach Hamburgh to-morrow; catch the steamer, I trust; and when we get to England we shall be married immediately."

"A very sensible and particularly well-digested scheme," said Saville. "I wish you success; pray who do you depend upon for the carriage in this matter? What German postmaster will supply you with horses fast enough for your purpose?"

"Oh! little Stumps is my ally," returned Denham. "I won his heart to-day by winning the race; and secured my conquest with some of old Cohen's "Friedrichs."* This is my secret; tell Templewell and Sir Nicholas, — if they *must* know it; but, beg them to keep aloof. By the way, what has become of Doretta? I saw her in the marquee."

"We left her crying her eyes out somewhere near the entrance to the gardens: she tried hard to keep Templewell from coming here."

"Poor thing!" said Denham, "I am sorry for her. But I must leave you now. If I don't meet you again, — good b'ye!" and they shook hands cordially.

"Oh! we 'll see you fairly off, in case of accidents," replied Saville,—"and so, *bis wiedersehen*."

It was a pity that this conversation did not take place *sotto voce*, or that the English language should be so well understood in Hanover. The garden was divided by numerous cut hedges; and Count Ludwig von Stiremup (who, for reasons of his own, had kept his eye upon Denham throughout the evening,) happened to be standing within a few feet of the speakers, and heard every syllable of the plan for the projected flight.

In a few moments, Denham had rejoined the circle in which he had left Armgart; and, after a lively interchange of compliment

* A gold coin, value five Prussian thalers.

with Madame von Bortfeld, he again claimed her daughter's hand for a mazourka. It was readily obtained; and once again they mingled together in the dance; the pressure of hands, and the significant expression of eyes proving the most eloquent interpreters of each other's thoughts. At length they paused in their circling flight, and Denham whispered a few brief words in Armgart's ear. She started; tears came into her eyes; she trembled; and Denham feared for an instant that she repented of the rash enterprise.

"There is no time, dearest, for deliberation; all will be well. You shall again be here, a happy bride, within a month. Come—come!" and with gentle force he drew her, unresisting, away with him. They reached the garden-gate, and hurried along a path that led round to the foot of the hill. Armgart trembled violently, and Denham almost carried her as he pressed rapidly onwards. Stumps had been true to his mission—the carriage was at the appointed spot, and the postilion in his saddle. Enveloping Armgart in a large cloak, Denham lifted her into the carriage, and his foot was raised upon the step to follow; he turned his head to say one word to Stumps,—for he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps,—and at that moment he received a violent blow from behind, which stretched him at full length on the ground, while the voice of Von Stiremup rang in his ears.

"Aha! mein fine jockey!—you have not win eva-ry race!—you been to-night as I was this morning!"

Denham lay stunned; Armgart shrieked and fainted; and a party of the *polizei* rushing on, the horses heads were seized; while two of their number laid violent hands upon the prostrate Englishman. The capture was not, however, effected so speedily as they had thought. A hasty trampling of feet, and the expressive war-cry of Saville, rejoicing in the accomplishment of a fray at last, embodying itself in the erstwhile popular phrase, "Go it, you cripples!" announced a rescue at hand; and before Von Stiremup could look round him, he found himself opposed hand to hand against that gentleman, while Templewell made play with the *polizei* who stood over Denham; and Sir Nicholas bestowed his attention upon those who detained the horses. But, alas! for British valour, the hue-and-cry had been given, the place was in alarm, and hundreds of persons rushing to the spot, after a long and manly struggle, the bold Englishmen were overpowered by numbers, and consigned to the tender mercies of a guard of soldiers. Armgart, who had swooned, still lay insensible in the carriage; and, when Denham recovered his senses, he found himself in the *gefängniss* (prison) of Celle, with Saville, Templewell, Sir Nicholas, and little Stumps, for his companions.

Here terminates this fytte of "Life in Hanover." All we are further at liberty to disclose is, that the travelling-carriage did not proceed to Hamburgh, but late on the following day was seen moving in the direction of the Hartz mountains, on the road to Gandersheim, where Madame von Bortfeld possessed a remarkably secluded country-house. It is satisfactory, however, to think that Ludwig von Stiremup was confined to his bed for six weeks, and only left it the day the Englishmen were released from prison, and escorted to the frontier.

THE GALANTEE-SHOW.

BY JACK GOSSAMER, RAILROAD PHILOSOPHER.

DRAWING FOR THE MILLION.

BEING A SUPPLEMENT TO MR. HOWARD'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DRAWING is one of the instincts of our nature, for as soon as we merge nothingness into somethingness, non-entity into entity, we are destined to *draw* the milk of nurture from our mamma, if she happens to suckle us. If not, we draw upon the wet-nurse, who has put her own babby upon tops and bottoms, baked flour, and prepared groats, for our accommodation. As we *draw* towards manhood, we *draw* both father and mother pretty handsomely, or there is no virtue in money. The same principle induces us afterwards to *draw* mankind. To *draw*, in short, is to fleece, to bamboozle, to humbug, and to cheat; it is the science of picking pockets.

The art of drawing is imperishably interwoven with that glory of the world, and admiration of surrounding nations, the constitution of our country; and indeed with all our institutions. It is to be found in the profundity of blindfold legislation, now somewhat on the wane; in the prolixity of national polity; and most especially in that divinest of all gifts, the gift of the gab; it embraces all arts, trades, and professions; it pervades the senate, the bar, and the gallipot. It is the all-in-all of all things, and the prime mover of that machinery called " wheels within wheels." Euclid said that he who knew not geometry was but half a man; but he who is ignorant of the art of drawing is less than nothing, being a perpetual *drawback* upon himself.

In beginning to learn to *draw*, it is first of all necessary to have something to *draw upon*, and as this treatise is intended to teach drawing in all its branches, a pretty considerable longitude and latitude of material is necessary. This is not paper exactly, nor canvass exactly, nor panel exactly; although a good *canvasser* at an election, and a stupid *panel* in a trial, are always excellent. But the substance to draw upon, in accordance with the universal principle of humbug, to use Exeter Hall phraseology, should extend " the length and breadth of the land." Now, the broadest, the smoothest, the most lasting, and the most inexhaustible material is *public credulity*. It is as extensive as universal space, and you may draw on it to all eternity. It is so soft and porous that it will take up all sorts of colouring, and so transparent that you may see to work on both sides of it—just as a well-practised barrister can take *either* side of a case; a popular writer *every* side of a *question;* or a parliamentary place-hunter, *any* side that suits him.

In " drawing upon public credulity " much study is necessary, and many preliminary matters must be considered, for this kind of drawing is not merely an art, but a science, embracing all other sciences.

PRELIMINARY OPERATIONS.

The first thing for the consideration of the artist, is a clear and strong determination on his part never to forget the important fact, *viz.* that an artist is a *designer*, and that his designs must be deeply laid. The first *point* is to get your subject *in a line*, for which it is necessary to have an *angle*.

The next matters for consideration are various items, without which a picture could not be made, such as *lights*, *shadows*, *depth of colouring*, *units*, *keeping relief*, *strong and weak points*, *breadth of colouring*, *foreshortening*, *perspective*, and *styles of execution*.

LIGHTS.—As cats are said to see best in the dark, because they eat lights, so will the human artist do well to study lights. He need not go to Candlewick Ward for his illumination, in the expectation of finding *lights* among the *livery;* but he may consult with great advantage to himself the various public oracles, who are burning and shining lights in the sphere of our stupidity.

SHADOWS.—To study shadows, the pupil must make himself familiar with the anti-flesh-eating societies, the temperance halls, and the poor-law *unions*. Depth of shadow is when a man is five feet in the grave, and one out; and *breadth* of shadow may be likened to a man lost between an eclipse, a London fog, and a dissertation on metaphysics.

CONTRAST.—Dark objects should be relieved by light, and light by dark, *i. e.* light against dark, and dark against light, as Cribb said when he fought with Molineux; or, as Lord B. said when he made the poor-law, and 'mancipated the niggers. So in the argument concerning the distresses of the people; the whites must be shown that they are badly off, because the blacks are well off. This also embodies the principle of relief, which is to relieve a mass of dark against a brilliant light. Hence the dinner of the Poor Law Commissioners affords an excellent relief to that new order of animals, a poor-law union vagrant *skinning flints* for a breakfast, or *drawing* water to mend the ways of men, which is the first step in "water drawing."

DEPTH OF COLOURING.—A "deep un" knows well how to colour deeply; but all colouring, from the coarse Irish *stencilling* called *blarney*, to the English *fresco* of *gammon*, done in soft sawder, should be laid on with a refined touch. All harshness should be avoided; and when it is necessary to make a pencil of the tongue, as in making a speech against an opposing candidate for parliamentary honours, the colouring may be made to "tell" by certain contrasts, artfully thrown in as follow:—"The honourable member who does me the honour to oppose me in this election, is one of the most amiable of men; but *politically* an evil-minded, squinting-souled, 'white-livered renegade.' I grant he is true and just in all his dealings; but he would sell his own father for the sake of a pension, and his own soul for a mess of political porridge, in the shape of an official situation. My opponent may be, and no doubt is, a man of very nice honour and honesty; but, as a legislator, he would basely betray his trust, for he is, where politics are concerned, a thorough *scoundrel*, a fierce, grasping, unprincipled class-legislator, whose maxim is to ride over the people rough-shod, to plunder them at his will, and sabre them if they complain. He is in *private* life a sincere friend, and faithful companion; but in *public* affairs as false as hell, and as treacherous and designing as a Kentucky alligator. The honourable gentleman is

a Christian of the most fervent piety; but, politically speaking, he is a devil-incarnate, with a heart as black as Pandemonium."—(Hear!)

Chiaroscuro.—To attempt the chiaroscuro, one of the best lessons will be found in a London fog, during the month of November. Then blacks are falling fast, though coals may be on the rise. Then the *reign* (rain) of clouds has begun, when the sun has *mizzled*. Then London lies like a flitch of bacon in a smoking-house. The churches take a tender farewell of each other. Gog and Magog, in Guildhall, see each other out of sight, and the rival shot-towers have had their parting glance. Then the bells are hoarse and husky, and croak like Dutch nightingales; and the pigeons of the Spitalfields' weavers are bothered. Then the unfortunates in Regent's Park group about in the thick and slab, hodge-podge, foggy air, and flounder and gasp in lethargic convulsions, like country members in a financial explanation. Such is the time and place to take lessons in the chiaroscuro; to measure the gigantic heights of the lamp-posts, take cognizance of smashed cabs, broken busses, bothered policemen, and hazy gin-palaces, which may be said to be "*clarione tenebres*," more bright from obscurity.

The palpable obscure.—Obscurity is, perhaps, one of the most important features in this art, and the tongue or the pen dipped in darkness and eclipse is irresistible. There are so many ways of "doing the obscure" that it is difficult to enumerate them. One of the finest and most comprehensive views of "darkness visible" is to be found in a cabinet dinner-speech, and the more indefinite and dark, the more hazy and mazy, the more foggy and misty it is, the better it will suit. The more misunderstood, the better it will be understood; and if not understood, so much the better.

In the lower house of parliament this mistification is of the utmost importance, particularly as regards financial statements. In a general way you may say with Dr. Boreing, "The question before the house *is* a question, *or* it is *not* a question, and if *not* a question, it is unquestionably not to be questioned. Therefore, the question being a question or not being a question, may or may not be a question of the highest importance to be questioned. It is, therefore, either synthetical or analytical; if synthetical, it is not analytical; and if analytical, it is not synthetical. Hence analysis and synthesis being combined, renders the question unquestionably not to be questioned; and therefore, it is *not* a question, or it *is* a question, for the consideration of this house."

The obscure may also be *done* in another way, as, for instance, in the speeches delivered at a *politico-pro-bono-publico* feed. In such cases, the fag-ends of sentences are always lost, (like the fag-ends of fustian or dowlass at the linen-drapers',) by reason of the applause and clamour of the company, who are disposed to give credit for anything or everything said or unsaid. A speech may be thus delivered by merely keeping on your tongue's end a few "clap-traps," leaving the company to carry out the ideas intended to be conveyed. Thus:

Gentlemen,—The toast is "Purity of Election," and I rise with the most glorious (hear! hear! and applause;) and an Englishman's birthright is (emotion, and clapping of hands)—'Tis like the air we breathe, and (bravo! bravo! and thunders of applause!) Mankind—not slaves—chains—(great sensation, and tumultuous cheers)—blood of the Russels—pure *pat-riot*-ism—Ireland—flower—(roars of laughter)—

—tythes are gentlemen — (intense commotion — row-de-dow) and church-rates the great — (fo-fi-fum !—applause of the most vehement kind, mingled with encore ! encore !)—aristocracy with its hundred heads would—(hear, hear !)—kings are—(waving of caps, hats, umbrellas,)—priests are all—(cock-a-doodle-do—uproar,)—but mankind are—(stupendous applause, which lasted for several minutes).

Having fully entered into these preliminary matters, the pupil may begin, before he *points* his pencil, to enter upon an exercise which embodies " the needful " in every operation, and which is both the beginning and the end of the art. He must learn to DRAW THE BLUNT.

The merest tyro in artistical skill knows that to commence without the blunt would not be very sharp; and the old veteran, at the extreme end of his career, is doubly assured of the same fact.

To *draw the blunt*, in the early stage of the profession, is a very difficult process; and before it can be done, it is often necessary to learn to *draw* a bill, for bills are as useful to naked as to feathered bipeds. The following is the *rough draft* of an artist's bill, and may be considered as the first lesson in the school of *Practical* DESIGN.

"One Million years after date I promise to pay to the Cock Lane Ghost, or to his order, the sum of Ten Thousand Dont-you-wish-you-may-get-its. JACK CRAYON."

" Ten Thousand."

" Accepted, NICK SATAN. Payable at the Bank, in Gammon Street."

DRAWING IT MILD. — It is essential in all our undertakings to " draw it mild " at first, or we shall never be able to " come it strong." And this mode of drawing is applicable not only to one condition of life, but to many; not to one profession, but to all. In the admixture of the requisite colours for this process, *soap* is considered to be a valuable ingredient, or a little oil or *varnish*, may be effectively employed. This kind of drawing resembles the laying on of the neutral tints, and includes all those soft speeches which tend to hoodwink observation, and those oily-tongued, smooth-faced plausibilities, which bamboozle the judgment. Soft words *do* butter parsnips, as the minister said, when he wanted to lay on a new tax. Waiters at taverns were formerly called *drawers*—the reason is obvious: how very mild they draw it, for the sake of the " wails," and cringe, and bow, and scrape, while the gentleman-traveller buys respect by the *pound*.

Drawing it VERY *mild*.—Should the student wish to practise lessons of a more extended, refined, or particular character, and intend to draw it exclusively, elegantly, and peculiarly *mild*, he must " make love"—*omnia vincit amor*. It is by no means necessary for him to fall in love. Cupid forbid us to realize Voltaire's distich :—

" Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être,"

which would be " fatal to all flummery;" so, instead of making love, it will be only proper to make—believe.

Before you can make love with " effect," a very important branch of the art of drawing must be exercised, namely, that of " drawing comparisons." Your lady-love must, of course, be incomparable, and therefore you can compare her:—her eyes may be like stars, or diamonds, or lightning, or dew-drops,—her bosom like snow-drops or

alabaster,—her cheeks like roses,—her neck must be of pearls,—her lips must be of coral,—her arms like twining ivy,—and her feet fawn-like.

STRENGTH. — This is an artistical term, which refers to boldness; and having, in the foregoing, shown your weakness, you are now to show your power. To do this properly, you may be in office: a dog is obeyed in office. Having learned to draw it mild, you may now "come it strong." Mild measures are but the point of the wedge, or the oil that lubricates the sides of it; but, as neither women nor fortifications are always to be taken on the simple suavity system, it is quite proper that you should not only learn to be a sneak but a bully, and be able to put on a heart of cast-iron and a face of brass, and look withal as fierce as a rat-catcher's dog at a sink-hole.

There are many kinds of this species of drawing to be found in this hard-hearted-cabbage sort of world, which are exemplified in the art of "brow-beating," the principal illustration of which may be seen in brow-beating a pauper, or brow-beating a witness.

The important artistical quality of *strength lies* not, however, in *words*, but in *deeds*. Soft words and hard words are but "musical flourishes" to the assault. The *argumentum ad hominem* and the *argumentum ad judicum* possess not the strength of the *argumentum faculinum*, which can give *ardentia verba* the cross-buttock, and either knock *up* the case or knock *down* the people; therefore, when the musketry of speech, the artillery of eloquence, the bayonetry of rhetoric, and the bludgeonery of bullying, shall fail, another mode of drawing must be resorted to, which leads to "French colouring," viz. the

"DRAWING OUT" of the "National Guard," and nothing shows a prettier picture,

"When they 're all in a row,
Row de dow,
They make then a very great show,
Row de dow;
But what they 're intended for
No one can know,
But row de dow, row de dow."

There they are all *mustered*, to be a-*salted*, and perhaps *peppered*. The tag-rag-and-bob-tail, the knock-kneed, bandy-legged, square-shouldered, round-shouldered, humped-backed, bible-backed, the one-eyed, the no-nosed, the splay-footed, the lame, the maimed, the halt, and the blind; the squinting, the bandy, the ricketty, the lop-sided, and the chicken-hearted.

"DRAWING THE SWORD."—In learning to draw the sword, the drawer must be especially careful not to cut his own fingers,—that is to say, paying through the nose for his commission. He must be also "particular" not to "cut his stick" when it is drawn. The successes of war depend upon luck; and if a would-be hero "cuts his stick" at the commencement of a campaign, by selling out, or drawing off, it is, of course, tantamount to "cutting his lucky." The use of the sword is to "draw the claret," therefore it is legitimately a drawing instrument; and, of all pictures that are painted, none possess so much "richness of tint," or "depth of colouring," or "breadth of shadow," as those drawn by the sword. It is the chief implement in the Devil's cookery, with which he hacks, cuts, and lops the limbs of men for his mince-

meat, as if the other world was a gigantic *Joint* Stock Sausage Factory, for which men should be fricaseed by massacre, and chopped to mummy in the way of trade. The following is a receipt by the aforesaid gentleman, for the preparation of the "chief ingredients" for

Drawing a Battle.

Take a hundred thousand "green uns," and convert them into *red* uns, by putting them into a *stew* of drill for a few days; let the staff-sergeant take out their brains with tales of glory; chop their wings, gouge out their eyes, and cut out their tongues by the articles of war. Next draw out their "bowels of mercy" by discipline, and stuff them with notions of plunder and prize-money, ball-cartridges, grenades, and rockets as forcemeat, which will cause them to swell; score or flay them with a cat-of-nine-tails, truss them with bayonets, and break their backs with knapsacks. Now soak their livers in beer and baccy, singe their nostrils with gunpowder, and let them simmer in barracks for a short time, and strain through a "black hole." Take off the scum with a court-martial, and you have an excellent "stock soup," ready to "*go to pot*" on the first *occasion.*

Such are the outlines of the divine art of Drawing.

THE DEATH OF THE POOR.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Pause ye awhile with reverent breath,
  Break not the stern repose,
A spirit loosed by the hand of death
  To its kindred skies hath rose!
The bolt hath fallen!—another frame
  Will soon lie low in dust.
What boots it now his rank or name,
  Where was his hope and trust?

Unbare the head!—ye stand within
  A consecrated spot.
Though frail and loose the covering
  That shields the poor man's cot,
Bright angels have been from above
  To soothe his fainting breast,
And they have spread their wings of love
  Upon his place of rest!

Earth, thou hast none to mourn him here,—
  The poor can have no friend
But He who hearkens to their pray'r,
  And their few wants doth tend!
The rich go to their trophied tomb,
  And gorgeous rites are given;
But wealth lights not sepulchral gloom,
  And pomp offends high heav'n!

The needy have no record here,
  A nameless heap doth show
There is one dweller more elsewhere,
  A mortal less below!
What matters it their bed is one
  Where countless millions lie?
Princes and serfs to us unknown,
  But register'd on high!

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

A TALE OF WRITER'S BUILDINGS.

We had drank deeply; Writers' Buildings re-echoed with our shouts of mirth; eleven o'clock sounded, yet not a word of parting had yet been pronounced. The *loll shrob* (claret) was excellent; the guests amusing; unlike orgies of a similar description in Europe, not an argument had arisen to dim the bright hilarity of the evening. A feeling of brotherhood exists amongst Englishmen in India, arising from the distance of their common home, that joins them in closer ties of friendship than those we enter into elsewhere, more particularly if you are "in the service." In our country a man may be in the army, navy, church, or law, and yet not feel that every one in his profession is, consequently, his intimate friend. In India, however, those who, as I said before, are "in the service," consider themselves as members of a fraternity which binds them together by links of the strongest friendship. It is true, the civilian is apt to think himself a much greater man than the soldier; yet, as this feeling is principally displayed by opening his house, and entertaining his less rich fellow-labourers, the military man has little to grumble at, and, consequently partakes of the sumptuous fare afforded him without murmur, as I did on the evening I have selected for this sketch.

Jack Thornton had lately arrived. He was the son of a director, and, perhaps, assumed a few airs and graces in consequence, which were willingly admitted; for in Bengal we look upon the lords of Leadenhall as something exceeding the Emperor of Russia in power, in riches beyond Crœsus, and (I must in common gratitude add) in kindness unequaled by any other rulers in the world. To come back, however, to my story.

The conversation had turned upon ghosts. Some boldly admitted their belief in such appearances; others half-doubted; while the third, and most numerous portion of the company loudly ridiculed the idea as being impossible, offering to undergo all kinds of tests in order to prove their scepticism. At the head of this party was young Thornton.

"It is really too ridiculous to talk of such things in the nineteenth century," cried he. "Ghosts, indeed! I should like to see one."

"So should I," chimed in Gravestock; "nothing would give me so much pleasure."

"Here's a health to all ghosts and goblins!" laughingly shouted Tom Baghott, a young cavalry-officer, and the toast was drank with great merriment.

"As an amendment, I vote that we go and drink it in the church-yard," said Thornton; "they'll hear us better there."

"Really I fear, my dear sir, you are going a little too far," said Mr. Martin, the clergyman of St. John's; "like yourself, I am no believer in such appearances as you describe; but I must confess that I am wholly opposed to such indecorous proceedings as those you propose. Invocations of the kind might, indeed, summon with anger the dead from their graves."

"Twaddle!" interrupted Gravestock.

"Egad! if they're to be had out of their very resting-places," said Thornton, "we'll have 'em. Here goes!" said he; and, assuming a very serious air and manner, in despite of the opposition of the clergyman, he pronounced in a solemn voice, "By all the powers of necromancy, past, present, and future, by every incantation, holy and unholy, by every adjuration, I hereby, if such a thing be possible, call upon the dead to appear!"

Baghott, who had left the room for a single instant, hearing this pompous conjuration, suddenly burst into the room with a loud "Bah!"

The effect was so sudden, so unexpected, that Thornton uttered a loud scream, and sprang from his chair. In an instant the general laugh recalled him to himself, when, smarting under the quiz, which being unanimously kept up at his expense, he wisely refrained from resenting, he reseated himself, determined, however, not only to be quits with Master Tom on a future occasion, but also to redeem his character from the braggadocio hue which now slightly tinged it. After much laughing, after a hundred other topics had been in turn discussed, Thornton suddenly turned round, and abruptly adverted to the conversation, which had already caused him so much pain:

"Gentlemen, I was taken by surprise just now; I was startled, I acknowledge, and overcome by sudden fear; but, as you have had your laugh at me, it is but fair, in my turn, I should have my revenge on some of you. I require but a slight one. A thousand rupees will compensate for the little affront that has been put upon me. Now, gents, who will bet me a thousand rupees that I do not go through any ordeal with respect to ghosts and goblins that may be assigned to me?"

"I will," replied the president; for he wished sincerely to make up for his apparent rudeness in having joined the laugh at Thornton's expense, even though he felt he should lose his money.

"Done!"

"Done!"

"Now, then, what am I to do?"

"It is nearly twelve o'clock. You shall go to the churchyard of St. John's, which is close by, and pick up a skull I saw lying there to-day, near old Halliday's tomb, and with a hammer and nail, which you can take with you, fasten the said skull to the wooden monument temporarily erected over the grave of poor Martin; come back, and finish the evening here.—I think I have let him off lightly," added the president in a whisper to his next neighbour.

"I only bargain for one thing, namely, that no practical jokes are played off on me. To insure this, promise me that no one stirs from this table till I return; I, on the other hand, am willing, on my return, to pledge my honour that I have accomplished the task, or pay the bet. You must, however, allow me two hours to perform it, as I must take the opportunity when the watch is off his beat."

These terms were agreed to, the required assurances given, and Thornton started off to his house to prepare himself for his undertaking, leaving the revellers to enjoy themselves till his return.

Once more at home, Thornton sent out a scout to see that the coast was clear; then changing his dress, and donning a large mili-

tary cloak, he armed himself with a hammer and nail, and started off for St. John's churchyard. The night was one of those beautiful specimens of oriental climates, which in some degree compensate for the violent heat of the day. The heavens presented a sheet of the very darkest blue, thickly studded with stars. No moon was visible, but the lesser luminaries gave sufficient light to distinguish imperfectly objects in the immediate neighbourhood. A gentle breeze fanned the earth, slightly sighing as it passed through the ornamental buildings of the city.

Arrived at this destination, without meeting with a single living being, Thornton boldly entered the churchyard, steadily resolved to accomplish the feat that had been proposed to him. It is true he felt a slight fluttering around the region of the heart, for which he could not account; a continual desire to swallow his saliva, which, though generally admitted to be an indication of fear, or strong emotion, could scarcely be so in the present instance; for the youth never stepped more firmly than when he entered the place of Christian sepulture.

Without much difficulty he found the skull; but as he picked it up, he could not help thinking he heard some one pronounce his name. As he raised himself, a shadow appeared to flit by him. Could he be deceived by his senses? Could the dead thus rise to reproach him? Well he knew, after the pledge that he had received, that none of his companions could have followed him. The man he had sent as scout had too well examined the place to believe that any one could lurk there. Whence, then, the sound which he had heard, as it were close to his ear? Already he began to feel that he was wrong in thus desecrating by his presence the place of tombs. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not return and give up the bet. The money was no object; but the tauntings which would attend such a result he could not bear; so, in spite of everything, he determined to complete his task.

He now strode across the burial-ground. He suddenly felt a jerk. He started, and uttered a low ejaculation. He looked round; it was merely his cloak, that had caught the corner of a tombstone. He hastily snatched it away, and proceeded. Presently he felt a blow on his leg. For a moment he was startled. In the next he smiled, as he perceived it was only against a prostrate iron rail that he had hit it. On coming close to Martin's place of rest, he stepped on some new earth, and sank ankle-deep into it. It was the new grave of a friend, a fellow-passenger, who had been interred that morning. He felt shocked; yet, determined on accomplishing his enterprise, he at length laid his hand on the wooden tablet, which, till the marble one should be completed, covered the remains of poor Martin, his brother writer, his late chum.

As he knelt down beside the monument, which consisted of a flat piece of board, resting on four brick walls, about eighteen inches from the ground, he felt more inclined to pray for the repose of his friend's soul, than thus to pollute the covering to his ashes by an unholy act. Again, however, the idea of the ridicule to which he would be exposed, shot across his mind, and he set about his task, being determined to do it as quietly as possible.

Having placed the skull upon the tablet, he was pulling his hammer from his pocket, when, in turning, his hat was suddenly knocked off. He rose, and with the boldness often inspired by fear,

looked around him. No one was near. He had, most likely, struck it against something, and so caused it to fall off. In groping around he grasped a human bone, which he threw away with a shudder. Again he felt about, and his hand touched a cold, slimy frog. Its icy, clammy chill reminded him of death, and he determined to finish his labour before he again sought his hat; so down he knelt, and earnestly commenced his task. With extreme agitation he began to fasten the skull to the tomb. As the nail ground through the bone, he fancied some one or other twitched him from behind; but, determined that nothing should now deter him, he gave one more stroke, and the dead man's head was firmly affixed to the monument of his friend.

He was about to rise, when he felt himself held down by the back of his neck. Here there could be no mistake. "Who is there?" loudly demanded Thornton. "By heaven! if you don't let me go, I'll strike you dead with this hammer!" No answer was given, and Thornton began to feel extremely agitated. "Who's there, I say? I'll not consider this a joke. Scoundrel, let me up!" And he strove to rise, but in vain; the same firm grasp held him by the nape of the neck. His horror now almost amounted to madness; for, by stretching out his leg, he had clearly ascertained that no one was behind him. "Living or dead, you shall not conquer me!" added he, in a paroxysm of fear and desperation; "you shall not hold me!"—and he attempted suddenly to spring up. In the next instant he was dashed down upon his face, perfectly insensible.

In the mean time the two hours demanded by the adventurous bettor had expired, and some of the party at the Writers' Buildings proposed to go and look after Thornton, and claim the bet, which was now clearly won. Supposing that his courage had failed him, and that he had quietly sneaked home, to avoid the sneers of the company, it was proposed they should one and all go to the young man's house, and have their laugh out at his expense.

The proposal was warmly approved of, and they sallied forth; but, alas! the bird was flown. From the servant's account, he had evidently gone forth to accomplish the task he had undertaken; so to the burying-place they joyously trudged. The gate was open; Thornton was evidently there. They shouted to him; no reply was given; so in they marched. Presently they came to Martin's grave, beside which lay their friend, perfectly motionless. In an instant the drunken party became sobered, and they felt too late that they had engaged in an affair likely to terminate in a disagreeable manner, and reproached themselves with having seriously frightened a good comrade and a valued friend. Those who were nearest immediately stepped forward to raise poor Thornton up. He was cold and insensible. A doctor, who was of the party, advanced; he looked alarmed, felt the pulse, put his hand upon the breast, then turning round, exclaimed, in a voice which struck terror to every heart around him, "*He is dead—quite dead!*"

The friends who supported him hoped he was deceived, and attempted to remove the body. It was attached to the tomb. In an instant the whole cause of his terror and death was apparent. His cloak had slipped in between the skull and the tablet—he had firmly nailed it to the monument, so that when he had endeavoured, poor fellow! to rise, he had been held down by the back of the collar,

and, striving with a jerk to free himself, had been naturally thrown down by it. The matter was hushed up. To this day the friends of the unhappy youth know not the cause of his death. From that moment none of the company have ever indulged in a practical joke. A brave, a good, and virtuous youth was thus immolated in attempting to prove his courage, where no such test was required.

May his example serve as a beacon to the foolhardy!

FREEMASONRY IN INDIA.

The glories of Calcutta are well ushered in by the charms of Garden-Reach, a spot so perfectly beautiful, that the newly-arrived Englishman, on passing this part of the river on his voyage from Diamond Harbour to the metropolis, at once begins to believe himself in Fairyland. The magnificent stream up which he is sailing is here wide and, comparatively speaking, clear. The banks on either side, sloping gently down to the water's edge, are covered with the only real verdure I ever saw in Bengal. Flowers and shrubs of every hue peep forth from amongst the foliage; while bungalows of the most refined taste stud the sides, and invite the traveller to land, and try a foretaste of Indian hospitality. There was a time, indeed, when every rural habitation of this kind was open to the new-comer, and bed, board, and hearty welcome were proffered to every Briton who here arrived. Even though the master of the cottage was away, the servants had, *then*, orders to receive and wait upon whoever might seek the shelter of these picturesque roofs. Those times have passed away; munificence and reckless expenditure have given place to economy and prudence. The style of persons who now seek the shores of Asia has also altered. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur ab illis.*" But Garden-Reach is still the same as regards its picturesque beauties; and, though every bungalow is not now open to the stranger and the wayfarer, the person who travels up by water from the place of anchorage to Calcutta will do well to stop here, and partake of the good fare which a very nice hotel proffers. It is to this house that many families go to meet their relatives arriving from England, and hence conduct them to the capital.

Never was I more delighted with the sight of any spot than I was with Garden-Reach. I eagerly gave orders to be set on shore, anxious at once to land on the lovely spot, and meet some friends who had written to Madras, telling me to expect them here. As I approached the neat little hotel, so different from our suburban smoking inns at Blackwall and Greenwich, I met a large party escorting an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who seemed to be his daughter, down to a budgerow, which was to convey them to a vessel lower down the river, only awaiting their arrival to sail for Europe. At the water's edge the parting took place, and a more affectionate one I never beheld. The departing friend had been long, apparently, endeared to them; he was evidently highly esteemed by them all. On some of their parchment cheeks I even saw a tear trickle down as they wrung his hand with earnest friendship, and a light drop glistened in many of their eyes, as they fervently pronounced "God bless you!" Bowed down more by ill health than years, their friend hid his face in his handkerchief, and, hurrying his daughter on board the boat, hastened

into the cabin to conceal the emotion he felt at thus parting,—parting, most likely for ever, from the companions of his youth, the friends of his middle age, to whom he felt endeared by every tie of affection and long acquaintance, about to return to a land which, though once his home, had become desolate to him from the loss of those he loved,—about to exchange the warm welcomings of friendship and regard for the cold and suspicious salutation of strangers,—about to visit the spot where he had left parents and kindred, now numbered with the dead, to recommence life, as it were, and recognise once familiar and dear objects, now the property of strangers, perhaps of enemies;—in a word, to rend every tie he had so happily woven, to burst asunder every link of friendship, and begin life again at an age when sanguine youth no longer lends its energies to overcome difficulties, or bear up against unkindness. Such was the fate of him who now left the shore. Though a stranger, I could not help joining in every wish for his future happiness. There was a look of mild resignation, of philanthropic feeling, beaming in his countenance, which at once engaged my best regards.

During tiffin I asked who he was, and found that his name was Robinson. He had been a resident in India during twenty years; but, unfortunately, having been more generous than prudent, he had managed to amass but little wealth. He was worth, perhaps, ten thousand pounds, certainly not more. With this he was now returning to Europe, the doctors having declared that a longer sojourn in Asia would endanger his life. Poor, but respected, he therefore left his friends, having taken home with him his fortune, invested in indigo, the exchange of the rupee being so low as to compel the Anglo-Indian, returning to his native country, to remit it in anything rather than in specie. Robinson had not insured his investment, as he was to sail in the same ship with it. I do not remember the name of the vessel, but we will style it "The Dover Castle."

On arriving at the hotel, which was one of the sweetest bungalows I ever entered, commanding a splendid view of the river, we found tiffin ready, and the acquaintances of Mr. Robinson waiting to join us in our meal. I soon learnt that these gentlemen were all Freemasons, who had come down thus far to do honour to their friend, who for many years had presided over the lodge in Calcutta; that he had been greatly instrumental in its foundation, and ever attended and benefited it during the twenty years he had spent in India. They not only deplored his departure as a friend, but as a bright and shining luminary in the order of Masonry.

They spoke so highly of their lodge, and were so pressing in their invitation to me, that I consented to dine with them on the following day, and assist in celebrating one of their greatest festivals. Being discovered to be a Mason, a thousand kind offers were made, and many a warm palm proffered to me.

The next evening I was just stepping into my hired palanquin, about to start for Chowringhee, where the lodge was held, when a *pune* (a messenger) suddenly arrived, and announced the dreadful intelligence that "The Dover Castle" had been totally wrecked on the dangerous sands near Diamond Harbour, and that, though all the crew and passengers were saved, everything in the shape of freight was utterly and irretrieveably lost. "Alas! poor Robinson!" involuntarily ejaculated I; "he is, then, completely ruined!" and, though personally

unknown to him, I jogged away to my destination with a heavy heart.

To describe the mysteries, to touch upon the interior of a Mason's *sanctum*, of course, is not my intention; suffice it to say, our labours were followed by the most splendid banquet I ever beheld, and every one seemed happy and elate. As a stranger, I had not supposed it necessary to tell the news I had heard. I naturally imagined they had also learnt the afflicting tidings. In this, however, I was wrong; for in the evening a *chit* (a note) was brought to the president, who, with unaffected emotion, read it out loud. It told in a few words the event I had already learnt, and confirmed the suspicion I had that poor Robinson was now pennyless, compelled to remain in India at the risk of his life, again to toil for the uncertain chance of living to amass a sufficient competency to return to Europe. A general gloom was evident on every countenance, and many a sigh spontaneously burst forth on hearing the dreadful tale. Presently the countenance of one, whom I dare not name, suddenly brightened up. A proposition was made, which instantly diffused general pleasure, and called forth long and unanimous applause.

In Europe the fact will seem almost incredible, yet it is strictly true, that within one month from the circumstance I have just mentioned, Robinson sailed with his daughter for England, bearing with him a fortune of *twelve thousand pounds*, the amount of a voluntary subscription created by his warmly-attached brother-Masons in Bengal.

INDIAN JEALOUSY.

"Your European news seems at once to surprise and please you," said a young native girl to her patron, an English gentleman, who had laid down his hookah after breakfast, and was reading with avidity a parcel of letters he had just received from his mother-country. "Tell me, Charles, what are they about?"

After a moment's pause, the Briton folded up the communication he had just been reading, and, with a sad expression, fixed his eyes on the female who addressed him.

"Alas! my love, they contain bad news for you."

The poor girl started up, and burst into tears, at the same time throwing her well-made arms round the neck of him to whom she was attached. To explain their relative positions would be unnecessary. It will be sufficient to say that she was one of the loveliest beings, if loveliness can lurk beneath a dingy skin, that ever was seen. Charles Temple was a married man, whose wife had left him some ten years before for Europe, in order to bring up her children. Blame him, if you will. To have formed such a connexion as that alluded to was palpably wrong; but, alas! the examples around, the absence of his wife during a series of years, the certainty that the *liaison* could, at most, be but temporary, pleaded with those about him as an excuse. Without, however, seeking to palliate an evidently criminal practice, I shall confine myself to the mere circumstances to which this unhappy connexion gave rise.

"Do tell me, what is the matter?" again and again intreated Mary, for, amongst other fancies, Charles had so christened the young Indian, "what do those letters say?"

"My wife is about to return to me."

A thunderbolt would not more suddenly, more fearfully, have stricken the inquirer. For a moment or two she seemed to endeavour to call up tears to her aid, but in vain. Anger and annoyance next swayed her beautiful form, as she swang backwards and forwards in mental agony.

"Yes," calmly resumed Temple, "yes, my wife will be here next week. She is already at Madras, and comes round by the first ship. I must instantly go and meet her at Calcutta."

"And what is to become of me?" passionately demanded the wretched woman, throwing herself at his feet, and convulsively seizing his hand.

"Mary, you shall be cared for. Every comfort and happiness which money can secure shall be yours. You shall have everything you want; but we must part."

"Part! — part! — to please a white face who loves you not? — to make way for one who has deserted you during ten long years!— Never!"

"My wife has only absented herself for the sake of our children. She now returns, and must be received into my house as the legitimate mistress of it."

"And you tell this coolly to me, who have only lived for you? No! send her away. I will be your slave; I will die for you. See! I am not in joke;" and the frantic girl snatched up a knife, which as instantly Temple wrenched from her.

To portray further this scene is unnecessary. It is only needed to add, that a more heart-rending one never was beheld. Charles, however, was firm, and the only boon he granted to Mary was, that she should live in a bungalow on the grounds; and that his wife should never know who she was. This seemed to pacify her, and Temple started off for Calcutta.

Some weeks after the foregoing scene, Mrs. Temple was strolling one evening through her grounds, once more domesticated, and perfectly happy in Bengal, when she chanced to pass a bungalow presenting a far neater appearance than the generality of such habitations usually exhibit. Having, without success, endeavoured to learn the name of its proprietor, she determined on entering it. She was welcomed by a beautiful young woman, whose agitation on beholding her Mrs. Temple naturally ascribed to Indian timidity. The girl was evidently taken by surprise, and felt the high honour done her; yet there was no servility in her manner, no awkwardness in the way in which she solicited her mistress (of course it was palpable to Mrs. Temple that she was of the household, connected, probably, with some of the male attendants) to sit down and refresh herself. Pleased with the spot and its beautiful owner, she determined on revisiting the bungalow, and expressed herself to that effect, stating that she would send down some fruit and other eatables, of which she would partake the following evening with Mr. Temple in this lovely cottage. The girl for a moment seemed startled; then, suddenly appealing to her, besought her not to tell her husband that she had been there, and declined most respectfully receiving him, as she had made a vow no male should ever enter beneath her roof.

"Well, then," rejoined Mrs. Temple, "as such is your determina-

tion, I will not bring him, nor even tell him of my discovery; but I suppose I may come myself?"

The girl eagerly acceded to the lady's wish, and they parted excellent friends.

Late on the following evening Mrs. Temple returned to her mansion, far from well, and hastened to seek her couch. Her husband was called from a party of friends to see her, since she hourly grew worse. The most racking pains began to assail her; she felt that she was dangerously ill. A surgeon was sent for, who declared the sufferer to be in imminent danger. She had, probably, swallowed some poisonous berry or root, for the symptoms were those of deadly poison. The lady heard this, and desired the chamber to be cleared. When alone with her husband, she was about to explain to him her visit of the evening. She had already begun her narrative, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and in rushed the lovely girl, in whom our readers will have already recognized Mary.

"I have come, Charles," cried the unfortunate female, "to see you suffer. Think you I could outlive your love, and see another possess that affection I once so fondly imagined my own? No! Such moderation was not in my power. I avoided the temptation to do ill, and shut myself up from the sight of every one. Fate, however, led your wife to my cottage. I would there have avoided her; but she forced herself upon me. Yes! impelled by her *nusseed*, she again sought me, and tempted me by an opportunity too palpably placed before me by the gods of my fathers to resist. I poisoned her. Nothing can now save her. In half-an-hour she will be a corpse. You may start, and seem to doubt me; but, by the Heaven of the Christians, it is true. And now you would menace me, I see; but your anger comes too late. I cannot survive your wife many moments. I do not cry, as the pale-faced one does. I do not groan; yet the same pains now tear my frame. The poisoned fruit she left I swallowed. Ah! ah! ah! You thought, because my complexion was dark, I could not feel. You cast me off to die in misery. Who triumphs now?"

I will not further dwell on the dreadful scene. Within one hour Temple sat between the corpses of his wife and his mistress. The matter was hushed up. Suspicion, it is true, directed her glance that way, yet the whole truth was never known. The wretched man, whose grey hairs, and precocious old age speak a youth of sorrow, point out to the passer-by the once gay and handsome Charles Temple.

TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT.

The Bundlecunds may justly be styled the wilderness of India. No human hand has ever endeavoured to recover the jungle-covered land from its primitive wildness, overgrown with closely-tangled brushwood. Its swampy soil is reckoned so unhealthy, that few wretches, however poor, have as yet been found hardy enough to settle here. Through this district, however, the military officer is sometimes compelled to pass to arrive at the head-quarters of his regiment. Such was the fate of Arthur Mactavish, who related to me the following adventure, which there befel him.

Mac, having grown dreadfully weary of his long confinement on

board the little boat in which he was slowly voyaging through the Bundlecunds, determined on landing near the first spot which should present to his eye the agreeable view of a human habitation. Aware that the whole country around him was swarming with ferocious wild animals, he wisely refrained from going on shore on many of the beautiful but solitary spots by which he passed. At length he came to a little knot of Indian hovels, which stood some half a mile from the banks. Arthur here desired his head *dandy* (boatman) to *lugow* (the act of fastening the boat to the shore), and instantly shouldering his Manton, started for the native village. On his approach being perceived, a couple of Indians, divested of every strip of clothes except their small *langoutes* (the very smallest rag which decency requires), hastened to meet him, and warn him of the many pitfalls around him. From these men he learnt that their only occupation was that of digging holes, resembling human graves, about eight feet deep, which they covered with small branches of trees and brushwood. By these means they ensnared the wild animals, who, unconscious of the trap thus artfully set, would often tread on the seeming firm ground, and in the next instant find themselves prisoners at the mercy of their captors, who instantly despatched them, selling the skins of some, and claiming from the authorities the price set upon every tiger's head. Of these animals they had captured above twenty during the preceding twelvemonths. Two of their party, it is true, had been destroyed by these ferocious beasts; but as the natives considered that it must have been their *nusseed* (pre-ordained fate), they appeared little affected by the circumstance. It was now late in the day; so, desiring them to go and fetch his sleeping mats, he determined on remaining in one of these huts for the night, as they promised him, in this case, that at break of day they would point out some splendid sport to him. To obtain what they described, he would willingly have gone half round the world, so he unhesitatingly accepted their offer, and determined on passing the night there.

After partaking of some rice and ghee, having cleaned his gun, (one barrel of which he always charged with ball, the other with shot,) and arranged his ammunition and shooting apparatus for the following morning, (in places where we have few companions to divert us, this is half the sport,) he laid himself down to rest, taking care, however, to bar the door as well as he could, for he rather disliked the manner of one of the villagers, and already began to repent that he had thus left himself so completely in their power. His servants, whom he now regretted not having brought with him, were full half a mile off. The few natives around him were strong, athletic men, accustomed to struggle with wild beasts, and almost as ferocious in their natures as the animals they were in the habit of hunting. At liberty to change from spot to spot, enabled in the fastnesses of the Bundlecunds to elude the most diligent search, proverbially avaricious, thinking little of the sacrifice of life, why should not these men fall on him, and murder him? He had foolishly displayed his purse to them, filled with rupees, and had vaunted the goodness of his gun, an object to them more precious than gold itself. What, then, was to prevent their making themselves masters of all these? Nothing. He felt this, and revolving it in his mind, fell into a light, uneasy slumber.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by hearing several voices conversing in suppressed tones close to the little window of the hut, which was ill-blocked up by a *cuskos tattic* (a blind or shutter made of dried grass). Mactavish stealthily crept towards it, and, to his utter consternation, heard them thus explain their bloodthirsty intentions.

"How long," demanded a strange voice, "is it since you got him in?"

"Just before nightfall."

"Have you since listened, to ascertain if he is stirring?"

"I have, and suspect he is fast asleep."

"Then this is the best time to fall on him. But as you say he is powerful, we had better go prudently to work. How do you propose to attack him?"

"I think," replied one of his entertainers, "the best way will be to fire at him through the crevices with poisoned arrows."

"But, suppose he bursts forth?"

"Oh! then we 'll despatch him with our knives."

"Have you got them with you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, then, be quick," said the apparent leader; "be off and fetch them, and we 'll get the job over as soon as possible. I 'll return in five minutes;" and Mactavish heard them suddenly go off in different directions.

With a panting heart Mac. listened as their footsteps died away; then, seizing his gun, he determined to endeavour to escape, or, at all events, to sell his life as dearly as possible in the open air, whence the report of his fowling-piece might be heard by those on board his budgerow. In another instant he was out of the door, and with the speed of lightning he started off in the direction (at least so he supposed) of the place of anchorage, where his boat was lying.

The moon was brightly shining as poor Arthur rushed along, heedless of any danger but that of being followed by the inhospitable murderers amongst whom he had thus unluckily fallen.

The cries of the jackal and the fayo, the roar of the larger animals, and the screams of wild birds, suddenly disturbed from their roosting-places, lent additional horrors to the scene as Arthur flew madly along. Presently a sudden bound was perceptible amongst the jungle. The crackling underwood was heard to yield beneath the pressure of some weighty beast of prey. A savage growl, accompanied with a peculiar cat-like, hissing noise, a pair of flashing eyes, gleaming brightly even through the darkness, at once told the unfortunate fugitive that a tiger was springing after him. Poor Mactavish gave himself up as lost. For about twenty yards he kept ahead of his fearful pursuer. Another bound, however, would place him in his power; he had no time even to offer up a prayer. He gave one spring in despairing energy, and, as he did so, he felt a violent shock; bright sparks of fire appeared to flash from his eyes; every joint seemed dislocated. Arthur had fallen into one of the pit-falls, over which, as he fell, the tiger leaped safely.

Relieved for the moment from his fears, Mactavish now ventured to look up. By the light of the moon, which shone brightly, he perceived the tiger crouching down at the edge of the pit, watching with savage wakefulness the wretched being, he evidently seemed

to think now within his power. His glaring eyes were steadily fixed on his victim, who crouched down as low as possible, to be out of the reach of the monster's destructive paw.

As Mactavish's eyesight began to get accustomed to the place, he perceived, to his horror, a long black snake attempting to crawl up the sides. Foiled in this, the serpent seemed to hesitate whether he would renew his endeavours to escape, or turn upon the intruder, who now sat trembling before him. At last it seemed to determine on the latter; for it suddenly began to rear itself, and fixing its eyes, which seemed to be of fire, upon poor Mac, prepared to spring. Arthur started up. As he did so, he suddenly felt the flesh torn from his shoulder, which he had unthinkingly exposed to the claws of the tiger by raising himself within reach of his outstretched limb. The animal, in making the movement, had disturbed the branches at the edge of the trap. The gun had dropped through, and now fell into the pit at the feet of Mactavish, who, bleeding and in agony, had yet sufficient presence of mind to catch it up, and instantly discharging it, destroyed the serpent as it kept moving about, preparatory to its final dart. The report seemed to render the tiger more ferocious, who now even attempted to creep down into the trap. Poor Arthur began seriously to consider whether it were not better to yield himself at once to the jaws of the animal, than remain to die a lingering death by starvation in this living grave. His head reeled; desperation seemed almost about to drive him to madnesss. Well he knew that the snake's mate would probably ere long return to its consort. Already the earth began to crumble down under the scraping paws of the impatient tiger. Human nature could last out little longer, when suddenly a dying roar is heard! the savage animal turns over in the agonies of death, transfixed by several poisoned arrows! In another moment poor Mactavish's late host and his friends appear, and lift him out of the pit. They shout with joy at again seeing him safe. They welcome him, and express their delight at saving him. What, then, could their previous conduct mean? The mystery was soon cleared up; as they conducted Arthur back to his budgerow, they explained to him that they had been engaged in destroying a leopard which had fallen into one of their pit-falls, and about which they were conversing when he overheard them. They were returning from this expedition when they heard the report of his gun, and, rushing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, had happily succeeded, as I have related, in saving him, and restoring him to the service, in which he has since risen to high rank and honours.

THE CENTIPEDE.

Perhaps the roughest sea that can be conceived is that which dances about the Bay of Bengal during eight months in every twelve. I more particularly allude to that portion called the Sandheads, a portion so dangerous that every ship is forced to take on board a commissioned pilot, in order to avoid the numerous shoals which surround the entrance to the river, up which the vessel must ascend to reach Calcutta.

The first land which greets the sight of the wearied voyager, is the island of Sangor, a green, fresh-looking spot, a sort of oasis in the desert of waters, serving to enchant the sight of him who has been boxed

up during several successive months on board a slow-sailing East Indiaman. Off this island ships frequently cast anchor. The "Dundee Castle" did so some years ago.

Amongst other cadets on board the vessel I have named, none was better liked than Jemmy Seabright. He was always ready to join in a "lark," or an act of charity, continually doing his best to chalk out amusement for his fellow-passengers, and ever ready to pay the expenses incurred on these occasions. No wonder, then, that he was generally liked.

When the "Dundee Castle" had let down her ponderous anchor, and furled her clumsy sails, Master Jemmy began to look about, in order to see how he should amuse himself till she again got under weigh, a period probably of twenty-four hours, at least. Jemmy had read in his youth the history of the unfortunate Munroe, whose head was taken off by a tiger on the very island close to which they were now lying; so he at once proposed to make up a party to visit the spot, taking care, however, to select as his companions young men of activity and courage. These, well armed at all points, jumped into the boat, and soon reached their destination.

The island, which had appeared such a lovely spot at a distance, proved on nearer inspection to be a low, swampy place, overgrown with brushwood. The very few natives who inhabited it described the woods to be full of tigers, the bushes alive with snakes and centipedes, and the air replete with noxious pestilence. Such a description was anything but prepossessing, yet the party were all young men; and, as they came for pleasure, pleasure they were determined to have, in spite of reptiles or disease. Taking care to keep as far from the edge of the jungle as possible, the happy group went on, occasionally bringing down a squirrel or a bird, till they reached the spot where poor Monroe met his death. Here they sat down, and actually partook of their morning meal, imitating in the closest manner the very positions which the hunter's party had taken up on that unfortunate day, shouting at the same time defiance to the wild beasts, calling on the most ferocious animals of the woods to come forth, and meet their fate.

During this foolish gasconade a sudden roar was heard. Every one started up. The echoes died away, but no tiger made his appearance; and perhaps it was very fortunate for the youths that he did not, for, to confess the honest truth, they were all so startled that many in their haste had forgotten to take up the guns which lay beside them. In the scramble poor Jemmy had severely sprained his ankle. This was indeed a misfortune. Two of his companions, however, good-naturedly raised him in their arms, and carried him down to the place where the boat lay waiting for them. There were two men in it; so under their care poor Seabright was left, lying upon a green bank close to the sea, while his associates continued their ramble through the island. Unchequered by a single event that might be construed into an adventure, the tired youngsters, after a stroll of a couple of hours, returned to the spot where they had left Jemmy Seabright. The sailors had quitted the boat, probably gone in search of refreshment; their companion, however, lay stretched at full length, fast asleep under the shade of a thick bush.

"Halt! on your lives stir not!" cried young Sinclair, who was a few paces in advance of the others; "see! look at his throat!"

The party stood aghast: a long black snake had coiled itself round the neck of the youth,—that is to say, had thrown its tail round his

throat, while its raised head kept playing about within an inch of the unfortunate boy's face.

Jemmy was either fast asleep or dead. For a moment the party hesitated in indecision between two opinions. If the snake had bitten the young man, it was more than probable he had expired on the instant, and now lay a corpse before them; if not, he was in a deep slumber, from which, if they suddenly awoke him, he would naturally move, and insure the fatal bite, which possibly might not yet have been inflicted. How to act was indeed a matter most difficult to decide. Presently Seabright stirred his hand. He only moved it in the slightest manner, yet it was enough to assure his friends that he was alive, and consequently brought on the question how they were to extricate him from his perilous situation.

A young guinea-pig (a midshipman of the first class on board an East Indiaman is so styled) proposed the only plan likely to succeed. It appeared, indeed, a wild scheme, and little likely to prove availing; but, as every instant of time seemed precious, as the danger of his awaking increased with each moment, the party consented to the proposition. In less time than the last five lines have occupied me in writing them down, the jolly reefer had stripped off his shoes, formed a running noose of some very fine whip-cord, and mounted the tree which overhung the sleeper. Here he perched himself immediately above the snake, and cautiously and gradually let down the string close to the head of the reptile. A serpent, like a kitten, is always ready to play with any strange object. The creature, on seeing the cord, began to rear its head higher, darting its forked tongue at the flaxen bait. Presently it threw itself forward: its neek was in the noose, which the reefer instantly jerked up. The quick pull alarmed the animal; the knot was not subtle enough to hold the slippery monster; but the sudden shock so terrified it, that in less than the twinkling of an eye the snake had disappeared. The shout the party simultaneously set up awoke poor Seabright, who, unable to rise from the pain in his ankle, sat upright, calling on us for an explanation. This we had begun to afford him, when he suddenly cried out, "No, no, you are deceived; the snake is still here. I feel it in my breast. Here, here it is;" and he thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt! In the next instant we were around him, imagining that his fear was the effect of fancy. He was not far wrong. A centipede, some fourteen inches long, had crept inside his waistcoat during his sleep. The cold feet, the crawling movement of the creature, had made him believe it was a snake. He had grasped at it; the alarmed reptile had buried its hundred feet into Seabright's flesh. To disengage it, we had to tear it from its venomous limbs, which remained inserted in the chest of our friend. Two days afterwards we reached Calcutta, where Jemmy obtained the best medical advice. It was, however, nearly three years before he thoroughly recovered from the effects. To this hour Jemmy Seabright almost swoons when he sees even a harmless European colsopendra, or English centipede.

THE SCOFFER'S FATE.

I WAS staying with my friend Mackinnon, the ex-resident at Delhi. He had an extensive bungalow in the vicinity of that city. Here he was wont to resort for the sake of the shooting in the neighbourhood. Myself, Martin, of the native infantry, and a Scotch

indigo planter, were his guests at the time I speak of. Determined to have some rare sport, we were here assembled, doing tremendous execution amongst the game at the period this sketch opens. Near the cottage of my friend was a very large piece of water. It did not exceed three feet in depth in any part of it, yet, from the vast extent of its surface, it was almost always covered with wild fowl. The rich treat of an early morning's sport led us to embark in the evening on board a small budgerow my friend kept upon it, determined to sit up all night, in order to have a shot at the birds at the first glimmering of daylight. Plenty of loll shrob, and other dainties, had been sent on board; so, after a few rubbers at whist, we sat down to supper. It may be as well, however, before I relate the incident which occurred, to give a slight portraiture of my three friends.

Mackinnon was one of those characters essentially oriental. I more particularly dwell on his qualities, as they are of an order unknown in Great Britain. On his arrival in Bengal as a writer, European and native bankers had alike flocked round him, offering him any sum or sums he might require. Prudence was never a virtue of poor Mac's; the temptation of unlimited credit to a youngster of eighteen would be too much for almost any one; it was certainly too much for Mackinnon.

He recklessly borrowed sums of money, which he determined on paying when he became rich. A few thousand pounds, he naturally considered, could easily be spared from the splendid salaries then paid to officers in the civil service, after they had served a few years in India. What, indeed, was six or seven thousand pounds a-year?—a mere bagatelle; at least so our friend argued, with apparent reason. Mac. was a good fellow, the bankers most liberal.

It is a fact worth recording, as a beacon to the unwary, that no individual who has thus commenced has been able subsequently to leave India. For the gratification of his early extravagances, he is bound as a prisoner to Asia; there he must live, there he must die. The *schroffs* (the native money-lenders) and the bankers commence charging interest, and compound interest, against the debtor, whom, fearful of awaking from his dream of bliss, they omit to call upon for the said interest, till the sum is so considerable that he is unable to repay it at once. They then tempt him with fresh loans, or rather get friends to do so, in order to pay the arrears of the original lenders, begin to insure his life, and so entangle him in the mazes of debt, that they are sure of him as their victim all the days of his life. The poor fellow soon obtains a better appointment. With it come fresh offers of money. Finding all hope of escape gone, he wilfully shuts his eyes, and lets matters take their course, striving by a round of pleasures to drown thought and reflection.

Such was the situation of poor Mackinnon, living like a prince, ever ready to lend to the needy, and to assist the struggling man. He had been the means of enabling many of his friends to accumulate fortunes. He had placed it in the power of several to return to Europe; yet for himself he could do nothing. He was far too deeply involved to hope for escape; so his only solace was to make those around him as happy as he could, himself a willing sacrifice at the altar of hospitality.

Sandy Frazer, the indigo planter, was the very reverse of the picture I have just drawn. Brought up by prudent parents, whom he had lost in early life, Sandy came to India with a strict deter-

mination "to make money." Far from attempting, by a sudden or great speculation, to enrich himself, he had toiled on, guilty of no extravagance, indulging in no excess. Year after year his moderate profits had accumulated till he had become a very rich man. There is an old line in Latin, which tells us that the love of money grows with the possession of it. Far from being contented with the thousands he had amassed, Frazer, used to the fatigues of business, so accustomed to them as almost to like them, still remained in India, remitting occasional sums to Europe, to purchase estates he was never likely to behold. In a word, Sandy was a prudent Scotchman—a term which in India signifies a rich one.

Tom Martin, of the native infantry, whom I have mentioned as making up our party, was one of those beings whom we occasionally meet with in every society. Interrupted in his studies by the receipt of a military commission, and consequently but superficially grounded in any one branch of education, he yet possessed a smattering of all. Anxious to be looked upon as a good fellow, he was ever ready to fight, to bet, to ride a race, or join a shooting-party. At cards he played higher than he could afford; at table he drank deeper than his senses warranted. Fond of excitement, careless as to results, without any fixed principles, he had left his home, and having heard a great deal about philosophy, and similar *stuff*, affected to be a philosopher, and, in order to prove the fact, at once plunged into open atheism, and, like most persons of this stamp, continually annoyed his friends, when a little elated by liquor, by pouring forth his horrible and blasphemous doctrines to the annoyance of those around him.

Such was the case on the evening I allude to. Cards and supper over, an animated conversation on sporting topics induced Martin to drink deep. He lost his better senses; and as we sat out on the open deck, smoking our hookahs, and sipping our loll shrob, he burst forth into one of his anti-Christian tirades. We endeavoured to check him. It was impossible. We tried to reason with him. He actually silenced us with his daring impieties. Our ideas of right and wrong, our beliefs in rewards and punishments, he laughed to scorn. At length, with an air of braggadocio, he thus concluded one of his speeches:—

"I'll tell you what it is, my friends. Your bigotry shall soon be upset. I will show you how I mock your foolish fears, and defy the powers you believe in. It is only a first and slight proof of my bitter scorn for the precepts which doating monks have instilled into us. Here goes, for Heaven or for Hell, if such places exist!" and he sprang at once into the water.

This disgusting boast, though it annoyed us, filled us with little alarm, since we knew there was not sufficient water to drown even a child, and the bottom was composed of a hard gravel. Besides which, Martin was a tip-top swimmer; so we only considered the act as an insensate proof of inebriety. Presently, however, we looked out for him. He had plunged beneath the surface, to which he did not rise again. We waited a minute or two; he still remained immersed. We called for torches, thinking he might have dived, and risen at some distance. We shouted to him; but all in vain. Some of our boatmen jumped into the lake at the same spot where Martin had just sprang in. The water was scarcely up to their middles. They waded about; but without success. We were

dreadfully alarmed; yet we still hoped he was playing us some trick. Morning broke, and we returned to our bungalow; but, alas! no tidings of Martin. The pond was well dragged, but the body could not be found, and we consequently set it down in our own minds that our companion had made for shore, in order to alarm us. Three days afterwards we again entered the boat, and were sitting on our open deck. The moon was shining brightly. Suddenly Mackinnon started up. He had seen dimly an object in the water. He called our attention. It was the body of Tom Martin floating on the surface. His face was deadly pale, and seemed to wear an expression of pain. His every feature, clearly defined by the bright lunar rays, seemed ghastly and terrifying beyond anything that can be imagined. We dragged the body on board. In silent grief we buried it next day. Some of our party were then wild, and perhaps too wild, in their beliefs. The warning, however, was not lost upon them.

POESY.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

SPIRIT! who rules o'er the realm of thought,
Whose home is the kindling brain,
Who comes with the sweetest of music fraught,
In the hour of joy and pain!
Whose sway is like the limitless wind,
Freed from the earth's control,
In the deepest cell of the human mind,
Or the boundless range of soul!

Spirit! who comes in the sunbeam's light,
Robed in its fiery gleam,
With the wings and brow of an angel bright,
Like those of whom we dream!
Whose flight across the fathomless sea
No ocean bird can track,
For in lands unknown thou wanderest free,
Till a spell invokes thee back!

Spirit! who walks in the tranquil even,
Beneath the moon's wan ray;
When hearts commune with the stars of heav'n,
And the knees are bent to pray:
Or by the side of the couch of death
Thou singest a hymn of love,
Wafting the soul on its holy breath
To the better land above!

Spirit! who stirreth the child's bright hair,
And the silvery locks of age,
Who is seen alike when nature is fair,
Or the storm doth fiercely rage!
From the craggy brow of the mountain height,
Gazing in lofty power,
Or amidst the sheaves of a corn-field bright,
Or the petal of a flower!

Spirit! who holdest the world in thrall,
Phœnix of hallowing flame!
Conqueror, binding the hearts of all,
And leader to proudest fame!
Idol of genius! mighty and strong!
Who worshippeth not thy shrine?
Oh! thou who bestowest such gifts of song
On man, that he seems divine!

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

June 21, 1808, Munden played for his benefit, "Laugh when you can," "The Portrait of Cervantes" (first time), and "The Turnpike Gate." The new farce was a translation from the French, by Mr. Grefulhe, the banker, who sent it to Munden, but desired his name not to be mentioned. On these occasions, and they were not a few, the bantling was laid to the charge of Mrs. Munden, who was known to amuse herself by dramatic composition. If the piece failed, she had all the demerit; if it succeeded, the vanity of the author let out the secret; in no case did she derive any of the profits. "The Portrait of Cervantes" was very successful, and Mr. Grefulhe politely begged Mrs. Munden's acceptance of a case of Constantia wine. He also liberally presented our actor with the sum of one hundred pounds, which the managers, in continuing the representation according to privilege, had paid to the author.

On the 20th of September Covent-Garden theatre was destroyed by fire. The loss of life that occurred in attempting to stop the progress of the flames was most deplorable. Amongst the property destroyed were the scenery and wardrobe, all the musicians' instruments (their own property), several dramatic pieces, and musical manuscripts, of which no copies remained, including the original scores of Handel, Arne, &c.; and Handel's famous organ, bequeathed by him to the theatre. The insurance did not amount to one-third of the loss. Munden again lost his wardrobe, which he valued at three hundred pounds; but the wags made merry at his expense, asserting, that when his trunk, recovered from the wreck off Ireland, to which he had assigned a similar value, was brought to him, and five guineas reward claimed, he flew into a passion, and swore it was not worth five shillings. The company found a temporary asylum at the King's Theatre, where they commenced performing so early as the 26th, with "Douglas," and "Rosina." Mr. Kemble addressed the audience on the rising of the curtain, in considerable agitation, alluding to the recent calamity, and assured them that the managers were already preparing to construct a new theatre. Mrs. Siddons played Lady Randolph; Mr. C. Kemble, Norval; and Mr. Barrymore, Glenalvon, in the absence of Mr. Cooke, who was gone to be married, and *could not come*. That gentleman, however, played Sir Pertinax on the 14th, and met with his usual flattering reception. Nov. 10th, Morton's opera of "The Exile," founded on the novel of Elizabeth, by Madame Cottin, was brought forward at this theatre: Daran, Mr. Young, who had at length engaged at a winter theatre, with a large salary; Count Ulric, Pope; Count Calmar, Incledon; Baron Altradoff, Liston; Servitz, Fawcett; the Governor, Munden; Catherine, Mrs. Dickons; Alexina, Mrs. H. Johnston. Munden had little to do; but Fawcett had a good part, and was encored in his comic song, "Young Lobski," written by Mr. Colman. Mr. Young played Daran in the most impressive manner. The vocalists

also were highly applauded. This piece had a very successful run. The Covent-Garden company now removed to the little theatre in the Haymarket, which was liberally offered to them by Mr. Colman, commencing with "The Mountaineers," and a new farce, entitled "A School for Authors," the production of the late Mr. Tobin, author of "The Honeymoon," whose singular fate it was to have all his pieces rejected during his lifetime, and eagerly sought for after his death. As in "The Honeymoon," he had imitated Shakspeare, so in the "School for Authors" he borrowed from Foote. Munden played the principal character, Diaper, the author, a kind of Sir Fretful Plagiary.

December 30th, 1808, the first stone of the new theatre in Covent Garden was laid by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. A covered platform was filled with spectators, who rose to welcome his Royal Highness, the band playing "God save the King!" The front seats were filled by ladies, amongst whom sat *"the observed of all observers,"* — Mrs. Siddons! His Royal Highness, sprinkling corn, wine, and oil on the stone, concluded the ceremony by returning the plan of the building to Mr. Smirke, the architect, and bowing to Messrs. Harris and Kemble, with the expression of a wish for the prosperity of the theatre — a wish that has not yet reached its accomplishment.

Two months after this event Drury Lane theatre was in flames. It was supposed by many at the time that these conflagrations were the work of incendiaries; but there seems no reason to doubt that both were the result of accident. Mr. Sheridan was in the House of Commons when the blaze of light illumined St. Stephen's Chapel. It was proposed, from sympathy in that gentleman's loss, to adjourn the debate, and he gained great credit for magnanimity for refusing to allow his private concerns to interfere with the business of the nation. All this was a solemn farce; the *real* sufferers were the actors, many of whose salaries had not been paid for a long time previously; and the renters, whose money lay buried in the ruins. The late Drury Lane theatre was said to have cost one hundred and twenty-nine thousand pounds, and was insured for thirty-five thousand pounds. The debts were estimated at three hundred thousand.

The Drury Lane company left with the *"good wishes"* of Mr. Sheridan, who, after parting with them, changed his mind, and desired, unavailingly, to encumber them again with his assistance,— obtained, with some difficulty, a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Taylor's permission to perform at the King's theatre for three nights gratuitously; and three more on paying a sum for rent; by which arrangement the families of the humbler adherents to the theatre were saved from starvation. They opened their performances at the King's theatre on the 16th March, 1809, and on the 11th April occupied the Lyceum.

In Easter term, the Haymarket theatre opened on a new site — the Court of Chancery. Sir Samuel Romilly moved the court, on behalf of Messrs. Morris, Winston, and others, to remove Mr. Colman from the chief management of the theatre, on the ground that he was unable to discharge the duties of his situation, being a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench. The answer to this objection on the part of the defendant's counsel (Mr. Hart) was, that, *being in*

the Bench, he was sure to be found at home. The Lord Chancellor intimated that the parties had better settle their differences by arbitration. The plaintiffs chose Mr. Crawford, a barrister, and the defendant, Mr. Harris, the rival manager; and each party objected to the arbitrator on the other side. The Lord Chancellor considered Mr. Harris "*a very unfit person for an arbitrator*" in such a case, and postponed his judgment. "I will not now," said his lordship emphatically, "attempt to insinuate what the decision will be, but I feel confident it will be *disagreeable to all the parties.*" This hint was taken, and the matter withdrawn for the time.

In announcing at this season the rumour that Drury Lane theatre was about to be rebuilt, a periodical* adds this stringent inquiry, "*Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando?*" Happy for the parties, *quibus auxiliis,* the theatre was ultimately rebuilt, if this rumour had only been a surmise!

June 10th. The Drury Lane company closed their season at the Lyceum, and Mr. Wroughton addressed the audience on the part of the performers, the chief of whom had been great losers by contributing to the distresses of their poorer brethren. The Covent Garden company finished at the Haymarket on the 31st May, and Mr. Young returned thanks on behalf of the proprietors, with the announcement that "their new theatre was covered in." Two days previously Mr. Lewis performed, for the last time, taking for his benefit "Rule a wife, and have a wife," in which he played the Copper Captain, and concluding with an address to a crowded audience, which he delivered with great feeling.

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

The stage lost also another of its treasures, Mrs. Mattocks. We are sorry to relate that after many years passed in this arduous profession, — for Mrs. Mattocks was nearly the oldest actress on the stage, — she was deprived of the fruits of her industrious exertion. When she retired she had amassed a sufficient fortune, which she placed in the hands of a near relative, in whom she had great confidence, and whom she supposed to be in good circumstances. This gentleman died suddenly some years after, and it was then discovered that he had been for a long time insolvent. Unfortunately, Mrs. Mattocks on her retirement had ceased to subscribe to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, to which she had been an early contributor, and thereby forfeited all claim to relief from that quarter. So universally, however, was she esteemed, that several of the performers subscribed among themselves, and purchased a small annuity for her support.

The new theatre in Covent Garden, which had been erected, as it were, by magic, within the short space of ten months, opened its portals to the public on the 18th September, 1809, with the prices of the boxes raised from six to seven shillings, and the pit from three shillings to four shillings, and an entire tier of boxes reserved for private accommodation. The excuse was, the expenditure of *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds,* "in order to render the theatre worthy of British spectators, and of the genius of their native poets." "Macbeth" was the opening piece. "All in the wrong" would

* The Monthly Mirror.

have been a more appropriate prelude: for difficult it is, even at this time of calm reflection, to assign to each party its adequate share of absurdity or ill-conduct. The aggregate merit must be divided between the proprietors of the theatre, the magistrates, the Lord Chamberlain, and the public.

When the old theatre was in ruins, Mr. Kemble was reported to have said, "Now we will have the finest theatre in Europe!" and in his speeches from the stage he termed his new edifice "the most beautiful theatre in the universe, for the reception of the inhabitants of the capital of the world:" a foolish boast, which was accomplished at the expense of public decency, and the loss of a fortune on the part of those who embarked in this futile speculation. No sounder truth can be expounded than that one and one do not in all cases make two, and the supposition that because a theatre, supported by good actors, is constantly filled, the same result would follow the construction of a building of double the size, is contradicted by all experience. The Haymarket theatre, under proper management, has always been productive, and never did the really good actors appear to such advantage as on its boards, because the audience could see and hear them. The huge mausoleum, beneath which was buried the greater part of Mr. Kemble's industrious and well-merited earnings, was wholly uncalled for; and the public resented, but not in a proper manner, the attempt to extract from their pockets a sacrifice to Mr. Kemble's hobby. The generality of stage-frequenters knew nothing, and cared still less, about the beautiful groups in low relief, and statues by Rossi and Flaxman, which decorate the exterior; but they desired, and not unreasonably, that as all theatrical performances of a high order were controlled by two patents, one of which was in abeyance, they should not be exorbitantly taxed, nor their families debarred from their usual recreation to gratify the whims, or fill the pockets of two gentlemen, who, when they planned their lofty scheme, had held no consultation with those who were to pay for it. Of all parties, Mr. Harris, the chief proprietor, was, perhaps, the most to be pitied. Mr. Harris, who had originally been a soap-boiler, purchased the patent and property for an amount not largely exceeding the sum at which, in its improved state, with the gradual accumulation of scenery and stage-properties, he sold to Mr. Kemble a one-sixth share. The increase of the value was, however, mainly owing to Mr. Harris's judicious management; watchful selection of eminent provincial actors, as their rising reputation brought them to his notice; liberality towards the performers; and the large prices which he cheerfully paid for the productions of such dramatists as Cumberland, Colman, Morton, Reynolds, O'Keefe, Dibdin, &c., who preferred the ready money of Covent Garden to the promissory notes of the rival house.

Mr. Harris had at the time of the destruction of the late Covent Garden theatre accumulated a large fortune; he died in moderate circumstances. Being aged and infirm, he seldom, latterly, quitted his residence at Uxbridge, intrusting the management of the concern to his son, Mr. Henry Harris, and Mr. John Kemble. That these gentlemen believed they were furthering his interests, as well as their own, when they entered into this extensive outlay, nobody who has ever heard of them can for a moment doubt; but they were mistaken. They began with a war on the public—that hydra-headed

monster, — and they conducted the war badly. The public did not care where they were lodged, and would have been contented with any secure building having four walls, and sufficient accommodation, provided the entertainments were such as they had been used to witness. But the proprietors were "cursed with a taste." They must needs take architecture and sculpture under their protection, and expected John Bull to pay for the arts, as well as the art of acting. Even the expedients they devised to fill their treasury were injudicious. They engaged Madame Catalani at an enormous salary, when the cry was for "native talent;" and they apportioned a whole tier to private boxes, when the most irritating subject was their monopoly. They expected the cooped-up spectator to pay an advanced price for his seat in the "pigeon-holes," whence he looked down on the favoured aristocracy, sitting at their ease, concealed by gilt lattices, and retiring at the termination of the acts to drawing-rooms behind the boxes, which gave rise to much unmerited scandal.

Having once engaged in the contest, the proprietors should have taken such steps as would have commanded success; but they hesitated, vacillated, and, like all persons who adopt middle measures, fell between two stools. They began by apologizing, and appealing; then hired pugilists, lamplighters, watermen, and Bow Street officers, to beat the spectators into submission; when it was discovered that this would not do, (for the *men of war* found that a pitched battle on the pit-benches, hemmed in by an enraged multitude, was a very different thing from one in the ring, with plenty of room for shifting and dropping,) Mr. Kemble had again recourse to apology and appeal. Messrs. Read and Nares, two of the Bow Street magistrates, came on the stage to *address* the audience, and were hissed off. If they had not power to read the riot-act, what business had they there?* The Lord Chamberlain sent a message to Mr. Harris, that the peace of the town must not be disturbed by these riotous proceedings, and that if the difference with the public could not be settled amicably, the theatre must be shut. Verily, the Lord Chamberlain held "a barren sceptre in his hand" if he could do no more than this; besides, it was unfair to both parties. The public did not want the theatre shut, but open at the old prices; and the proprietors ought not to have been held responsible for riots which were committed by others in their house, and which they could not control.

The details of these strange proceedings do not properly belong to the "Life of Munden," although he played every night, of course, in dumb show, as did his brother performers, during the O.P. war, so termed from being a war for the old prices. Munden attempted to address the assemblage on the first night of the disturbance, but was relieved by Mr. Kemble. The polite spectators (they scorned to be auditors) were very civil to the actors, with the exception of the Kemble family, male and female, whom they hooted without mercy.

One ruffian threw a bottle at Mrs. Charles Kemble, with a brutal exclamation, referring to her then delicate condition. Will it

* Mr. Kemble averred that they came of their own authority, and that he knew nothing of their coming, until he read of it next morning in the newspapers. The conduct of these guardians of the peace, on the very first night of the disturbance, was an indication of weakness, and encouraged the rioters to proceed.

be believed that English *ladies* could be induced to crowd the boxes night after night, surrounded by men in the garb of gentlemen, (striking each other down on the benches near them, for a difference of opinion,) and listening to the coarse harangues of barbers, bankers' clerks, and briefless barristers; witnessing without a shudder the frightful leaps from the boxes into the pit, as the Bow Street myrmidons rushed forward to make their captures, and hearing without a blush the most indelicate allusions to the presumed object of the private boxes? Alas! what will not fashion do when excitement is to be afforded!

The O.P. warriors, after baiting Mr. Kemble every time he made his appearance, calling upon him for explanations, and then interrupting him, marvelled that he lost his temper, and his brief question, "Ladies and gentlemen, *what is it that you want?*" when what they wanted was sufficiently apparent, was said to savour of that casuistry which is taught at the Roman Catholic College (Douay), where that gentleman had been educated. The only redeeming feature in this spectacle was an occasional bit of fun in some of the numerous placards which were exhibited in the boxes and pit, torn down by the boxers and officers, rescued and remounted with equal ardour to that which animates the ensign who adheres to his colours in the strife of mortal combat. The chief of them consisted of libels on Mr. Kemble; but the following *jeu d'esprit* is not a bad *resumen* of the general question:—

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"This is the house that Jack built.

"These are the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"These are the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is John Bull, with a *bugle-horn*, that hissed the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the *thieftaker* shaven and shorn, that took up John Bull, with his *bugle-horn*, who hissed the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the *manager* full of scorn, who raised the price to the people forlorn, and directed the *thieftaker*, shaven and shorn, to take up John Bull with his *bugle-horn*, who *hissed* the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

Bow wow!"

It is needless to add, that Catalani relinquished her engagement. She despaired of introducing notes of harmony into such a place of discord. Madame Catalani was to have had five thousand pounds for the season, and two benefits, and to have played and sung in English operas. It would have been a complete failure. She was taught with great difficulty to repeat the words of "God save the King!" and "Rule Britannia."

Having mentioned thus much of the first O. P. war, we may at once state the mode in which it was brought to a conclusion. Bills of indictment having been preferred against forty-one of the rioters at the Westminster Sessions, the grand jury, after a strong charge from the chairman, (Mr. Mainwaring,) in favour of the managers, found true bills against twelve, "those for hissing, hooting, barking, whistling, and speechifying, including one bill against Mary Austen, a female O. P., for springing a penny rattle, being all thrown out." Again were the rattles, bells, horns, and trumpets in motion. Mr. Clifford, a barrister, became the O. P. king, and being taken before the magistrates, was released, after observing, that "had he been a poor tailor, they would have held him to bail," as they had done others. Mr. Clifford thereupon brought an action for false imprisonment against Brandon, the box-keeper. Chief Justice Mansfield gave his opinion that "the public had no right to express their dissatisfaction at the new prices in the way they had done;" but the jury, after hearing the declaration of Mr. Serjeant Best, (Mr. Clifford's counsel,) that "he never saw a more harmless set of people in his life than these rioters," found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages —*five pounds!* Sir James Mansfield "expressed much regret at the verdict, from which he feared very ill consequences were likely to result!"

The Covent-Garden proprietors, who had declared that nothing should induce them to submit, now saw the necessity of bending before the storm. At a dinner given by the O. P.'s to commemorate their triumph, Mr. Clifford presiding, that gentleman announced Mr. Kemble's presence in the ante-room, and stating, that the managers had offered such concessions as in his (Mr. C.'s) opinion were reasonable, moved that he should be admitted, bespeaking for him an attentive hearing and polite reception. Mr. Kemble, accordingly, appeared in this novel and embarrassing situation, and, after some oratory, the following resolutions were agreed to:—

"1st. That the private boxes shall be reduced to the same state as they were in the year 1802.

"2nd. That the pit shall be 3*s.* 6*d.*, the boxes 7*s.*

"3rd. That an apology shall be made on the part of the proprietors to the public, and Mr. Brandon shall be dismissed.

"4th. That all prosecutions and actions on both sides shall be quashed."

A complimentary toast was then proposed, and Mr. Kemble withdrew to the theatre, where, from the stage, he read the resolutions to the audience. Some hesitation, however, being apparent with regard to the third, he was not allowed to proceed; but a placard was thrown on the stage with the words, "Discharge Brandon," which was taken up by Munden, dressed in his full-bottomed wig as King Arthur, in "Tom Thumb." It was remarked that in that costume he was a very fit messenger, meaning, we presume, that the two parties (the public and the proprietors) were Noodle and Doodle. Brandon came on the stage; but the audience refused to listen to him, unless *he went upon his knees*, and he fearlessly declined complying with so humiliating a command. Mr. Henry Harris came forward to intercede, but with no success.

The next night Mr. Kemble announced that Mr. Brandon had *withdrawn* from the theatre. The fact was, the circumstances

having been reported to old Mr. Harris, he recommended Brandon to retire for a while, promising that his salary should be paid to him for the remainder of his life; but adding that, if he had submitted to degrade himself as he had been required to do, he should have been dismissed without a farthing. No doubt Brandon's zeal for his employers had outstepped the bounds of discretion; but he was an old servant of the proprietors, and much of what he had done must have been done by their orders. Mr. Harris's determination was honourable to his feelings as a gentleman, and his unshaken courage as a man. Mr. Harris was then bedridden.

Among the sufferers by the late fire at Covent Garden who expected redress on the rebuilding, were the members of the Beef-steak Club, whose room in the Piazza Coffeehouse, partly on the premises of the theatre, had been burnt, and Mr. Solomon, the celebrated cook of that agreeable establishment, from whose domain, the kitchen, four feet were abstracted, to secure a private entrance to the theatre for no less a personage than his Majesty. Mr. Solomon was with difficulty persuaded to accord this boon; but his loyalty prevailed over the minor consideration of personal privation. Had he been unrelenting, royalty must have entered the theatre with the mob; for at the Piazza Coffeehouse Mr. Solomon had a voice "potential as the Duke's,"—ay, as the Duke of Norfolk, one of his chief patrons. This eminent *artiste* (as it is now the fashion to call his successors) was accustomed to stand, habited in the cap and white jacket, the badges of his honourable profession, at a door opening on the splendid coffee-room, and surveying his well-known admirers, who saluted him with many a nod, ponder what he should provide for their several tastes, for which he well knew how to cater. Nay, he would not always allow them to indulge in their *own* tastes; for he who pens these paragraphs well remembers that his dinner was once deprived of its chief *agrémens*, marrow-bones, which, for some *raison de cuisine*, the great cook would not introduce. After the conclusion of *his* performance, Mr. Solomon was in the habit of witnessing the performances at the theatre, dressed in his best attire, with ponderous gold watch and chain, and traversing the staircase from the piazzas with the stride of a person who knew his own value. Far be it from us to depreciate the sacrifice which we have recorded of Mr. Solomon; but certain it is that the proprietors complimented him with a free admission to the new theatre.

The Beef-steak Club, held at the Piazza Coffeehouse, had for its patron his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; for its president, the Duke of Norfolk, and its honorary secretary, Joseph Munden. The steaks were dressed in the room, and served up hot from the gridiron. The members presented to their secretary a silver goblet, with a suitable inscription, and the following lines from the pen of their poet-laureat, Tom Dibdin:—

"This token accept, and when from it you sip,
 Give a thought to those friends, who implore most sincerely
You may ne'er find deceit 'twixt the cup and the lip,
 But prove Fortune, like Munden, kind, honest, and cheerly."

The motto of the club was "*Esto perpetua ad libitum!*" and they obeyed its direction. Among the members were Mr. Maberly and Mr. Const. Some were late sitters. A gentleman, who is no more,

but who was a partner in a banking firm in Lombard Street, was wont to say, that "no man required more sleep than could be obtained in a hackney coach between Hyde Park and Lombard Street," and he exemplified his precept by his practice. He seldom departed until necessity forced him. It was his duty, as junior partner, to open the iron safe in the morning, and he calculated the time of his journey into the city exactly. On arriving at the banking-house, he took a glass of vinegar and water, gave the key to the confidential clerk, and repaired to bed for an hour or two.

The Duke of Norfolk, the chairman of The Beef-steak Club, sate as long as he could see; but when the fatal moment of oblivion arrived, his confidential servant wheeled his master's arm-chair into the next room, and put him to bed. The duke frequently dined alone in the coffee-room. He ate and drank enormously; and though the landlords (Messrs. Hodson and Gann) charged as much as they reasonably could, it is said they lost money by him. His mean apparel and vulgar appearance gave rise to various ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion he desired a new waiter, to whom his person was not familiar, to bring him a cucumber. The order not being immediately attended to, he called to the waiter, who respectfully intimated that, perhaps, he was not aware cucumbers were then very expensive.

"What are they?" said the Duke.

"A guinea a-piece, sir."

"Bring me *two*," was the reply.

The waiter went in dismay to the bar: "That shabby old man in the corner wants two cucumbers."

"Take him a hundred, if he asks for them," said Mr. Hodgson.

The Duke of Norfolk, being a great lover of the drama, was in the habit, after thus privately dining, of walking into Covent Garden theatre. He took his seat in the dress-boxes, and immediately fell asleep. At the close of the performance he rose much edified and amused, was assisted by the box-keeper in putting on his great-coat, and to his carriage by his servants, waiting in the lobby.

We have not attempted to describe the acting at Covent Garden theatre during a period when nobody was allowed to be heard The Lyceum, in the mean while, was growing into notice, under the successful management of Colonel Greville and Mr. Arnold, who made an arrangement with Mr. Sheridan, that active gentleman having contrived, as he expressed it, to "keep part of the Drury-Lane company together."

In the autumn (1809), three new provincial performers made their appearance at this theatre:—Mr. Wrench, who still continues on the stage; Mrs. Edwin, who has quitted it; and Mr. E. P. Knight, who is now deceased, but whose memory is held in kind remembrance by all who knew him,—by none more than the individual who makes this mention of his worth. It is unnecessary to say more of Mr. Wrench, than that he is one of the best light comedians extant; or of Mrs. Edwin, who played at Drury Lane until a late period, with great effect, in the line of Mrs. Jordan. By that kind-hearted woman she was highly complimented, with most disinterested feeling, on her first performance of Beatrice. The new actress was the widow of the son of the famous Edwin. The younger Edwin had been a great favourite at Bath, &c., but did not possess the extraor-

dinary talents of his father Mrs. Edwin was a very pretty woman, and displayed peculiar archness and vivacity. We trust she still lives in the enjoyment of health and happiness.

In mentioning his deceased friend, Mr. Knight, the writer cannot refrain from relating one of the many anecdotes which that very clever actor communicated so readily, regarding his earlier career, and which he told inimitably. Mr. Knight was apprenticed to an heraldic painter, either at Sheffield or Birmingham, which occupation he quitted for the stage. On his first appearance, he said, carrying a stick and bundle, he was seized with such alarm that he threw down both bundle and stick, and ran off the stage, to which he could not be persuaded to return. The manager addressed him gravely: "Mr. Knight, you will never be an actor; it is useless to persist; but, if you will be obstinate, find out the lowest stone in the country, and put your foot on it." This lowest stone was a strolling company somewhere in Wales, which performed in a room, a bedstead serving for the stage, and the two spaces on each side for the 'tiring-rooms of the respective ladies and gentlemen performers. These spaces were concealed from the audience by curtains. The actors ascended the stage by steps. Mr. Knight commenced with Acres, in "The Rivals," and was greeted with torrents of applause. He began to think he had reached the *acmè* of the art; but the applause so far exceeded the bounds of moderation, that he looked round to discover if any other cause existed to occasion it, and beheld the bare posterior of one of his fellow comedians, who had unconsciously protruded it through the curtain, whilst in the act of putting on his stockings. Stung with disappointed ambition, he struck the offender with his shoe on the intrusive part of his person, and quitted the scene. He afterwards joined other companies of higher rank, and finally engaged with Mr. Wilkinson, at York, to succeed Mr. Matthews. His humorous correspondence with Wilkinson is well known. The following letter from Tate, concluding the engagement, has not before been published:—

"Wakefield, Sept. 20th.

"Sir,

"Let me know when you wish to come, but let it be as soon as convenience and propriety will permit, as much success in a theatre is dependent upon lucky circumstances. Mr. Matthews was subject to fits; but the last year not to so very great a degree. The week before last he had a very dreadful one, but it was kept a profound secret from me; but on Friday night was so alarmingly ill, he was never expected to be in his senses again — could not finish Quotem, *nor act last night;* indeed, all day yesterday he was much deranged. Got better last night, and has been foolish enough to go on horseback twenty-two miles, to meet a party of friends to dinner. I fear to-morrow. It is observable that people who are so unfortunate to have fits won't have it supposed any dangerous accident has occurred, and rush into absurdity. He is a great favourite. I know your cast perfectly well. You shall play any two parts you like; but it is impossible to ascertain a cast. If Mr. Bennett goes, there will be plenty. If Mr. Matthews relapses, I shall want two comedians. Necessity will oblige me to keep you. As I wish you fame, and not to lose it, I will get up any two plays or any two farces *not* in

the *catalogue*. Your opening shall be appointed as you wish. I must drop the idea of journey; but Mansfield, one of your towns, would have been easy. Close here the 27th; open Doncaster the 28th. D. Salaries—York Summer Assizes, York races, Pontefract races, and Doncaster races,—*half* at Wakefield. York to Leeds, twenty-three miles! Wakefield nine miles from Leeds; nine from Wakefield to Pontefract; twenty from here to Doncaster. By water to Hull; thirty-eight from Hull to York. Hull and York,—and Hull; seasons from the beginning of November until the end of May. I am, sir, yours, &c. TATE WILKINSON.

"From York is certainly in favour at London, — so many have done greatly.

"Mr. Matthews did not go many miles; only a pleasant ride yesterday."

"Mr. Knight, Theatre, Oswestry,
Warwickshire."

Tate Wilkinson had acted under Garrick and Foote, and, if we are to believe his memoirs, acted tragedy and comedy with equal effect. The truth is, he was an indifferent actor, but a good mimic; and Foote encouraged him to annoy Garrick. Although a great master of the art of mimicry himself, Foote is said to have been outdone by Wilkinson; and was greatly piqued when Tate, after *showing up* other actors, began a fresh imitation, telling the audience that now "he was going to imitate Master Foote." But, in such a school, it is not extraordinary that Wilkinson should have been a perfect judge of acting.

OUNCE SHOOTING IN BRAZIL.

BY BEN BUNTING.

THE neighbourhood of one of the English establishments in Brazil had for some time been annoyed by the depredations committed by an old female ounce, and her two half-grown cubs. Cattle had been destroyed by them in considerable numbers, and although they had not been known to attack any person, the sudden disappearance of a negro, who had gone to a forest to collect wild honey, led to the surmise that he had fallen a prey to these ravenous brutes. The natives had frequently gone in large parties to kill them, but whether from cowardice, or from bad-shooting, they always returned empty-handed; I therefore proposed to a friend to try our luck at them during the moonlight nights, to which he readily assented; and having fixed the day, we prepared ourselves for a task which had daunted two dozen Brazilians. Our guns were soon cleaned, powder and liquor-flasks filled, bullets cast, besides all the little et ceteras provided which are requisite for a short but dangerous campaign.

Having dined early, I laid down for a nap, in order that I should not feel sleepy during the night, and was awoke about seven o'clock in the evening with, "What! Ben, are you snoozing?" which words proceeded from the mouth of old Ned Walter (Long Tom Coffin we used to call him), who coolly rode into my room on horseback.

"Are ye snoozing? Why, man alive! your horse has been standing saddled at your door for the last half hour, and the boys have started with our guns and prog nearly an hour back. By Jove! if we don't hurry after them, the deuce a drop of fluid shall we get, except in the shape of rain or dew, for Edoardo will never carry a bottle of liquor for an hour without taking a smell at it; and should that not happen to displease him, you may be certain that he will declare that he tumbled down, broke the bottle, and spilled the liquor; so come along, my son, and leave your dogs at home, for they will only do harm."

Walter's speech soon put me on my feet, particularly as I knew that we ought to be at the place of appointment soon after seven, and we had four miles to ride. In a short time I was ready, and having stuck a brace of pistols and my long knife into my belt, and a case of cigars in my pocket, we started at a hand-gallop after the servants, on the good qualities of one of whom Walter had expatiated so well. On arriving at the spot which we intended to make the field of battle, we prepared a resting-place in a neighbouring tree *à la* Robinson Crusoe, and then examined our fire-arms. I always make a point of loading my own guns; Walter, on the contrary, frequently allowed his Edoardo to perform that task; and on his thrusting the ramrod down the barrel of a small duck gun he had brought in case of a long shot being required, he found his faithful servant had loaded it on the true negro principle of "more fillee, more killee," for he had put in about two ounces of powder, half a pound of buck-shots, sundry bullets, the heads of some old nails, and three black beans, the last being for luck, as Edoardo said. Having loaded the guns, we climbed up to our resting-place, and despatched the servants back with the horses, having first taken the precaution to chalk certain hieroglyphics on the saddle, to prevent the negroes from mounting them.

Knowing that our game would not make its appearance before midnight, we bit our weeds, and having fastened a jug of water in the tree, we took a glass of "cold without," and then waited patiently for the moon's rising. After killing a couple of hours, which to us appeared an eternity, we began to look out for a visit from our foes, when Walter, who could see and hear as well as any North American Indian, declared that the long grass in the distance was moved by something stirring in it. Presently I caught sight of it also, and, to say the truth, my heart began to beat rather faster than usual, for I had never seen a live ounce, except in Wombwell's menagerie, or in the Zoological Gardens. We were tolerably safe from any attack of the beast, by having made a species of platform of branches in the tree in which we were sitting; still I knew that one false step or rotten bough might send me head-foremost into the brute's mouth. But this time my fears were vain; for, instead of an ounce issuing from the bushes, a small deer trotted up, and suddenly dashed off. We would not fire at it, as the report might have warned our anxiously-expected foes of our presence. Another tedious

hour passed, when suddenly we were startled by the yell of an enormous brute leaping from behind a bush on to the carcass of a colt which it had killed the night before, and which we had removed to the foot of our tree.

My first impulse was to fire immediately; but Walter, who understood these matters well, whispered to me to remain quiet, as the animal now below us was the mother, and that her cubs would follow her quickly. These soon made their appearance; and beautiful creatures they were, perfectly resembling cats in shape and action, but standing as high as large bull-dogs. Instead of commencing to eat directly, they played with a leg of the poor colt for a little while, then frisked round their mother, and at last tumbled each other over, like a pair of kittens. Their worthy parent sat within twenty yards of us, purring in true Brobdignagian style, and advancing at last cautiously to the carcass, began gnawing a hind-leg, and cracking the bones with as much ease as a cat does those of a mouse. The cubs soon followed their mamma's example, and now was the time for us to commence hostilities. If we fired at the mother, the young ones would run away, whereas, if we could kill, or disable them first, the dam, instead of deserting them, would stand by them as long as life remained in her; Walter therefore told me to take a steady aim at the cub on the left hand, and, as soon as I should be ready, to give the word, and we would fire together, he being prepared for the other cub.

"Ready!" I whispered, and bang went a ball from each of the guns at our victims, both of which fell, one to rise no more, Walter's shot having gone through his skull. The other attempted to regain his legs, but tumbled over with a cry, which was answered by a roar from his mother which made the ground tremble, and in an instant she flew like a demon at our tree, when a shot from Walter's duck-gun smashed one of her paws, and she very unwillingly dropped, and, limping to her cubs, commenced licking their wounds, casting at the same time most atrocious looks at us. We now discharged our remaining two barrels at her, apparently with little effect. As one cub was dead, and the other badly wounded, we were not afraid of their leaving us; and as we knew the old one would not desert them, we began to load again. I kept the bullets for our guns in a bag in one of my pockets, and, just as I was handing them over to Walter, who was in a hurry, by some mishap I dropped the bag, and there we were with plenty of powder, but no shot. What was to be done? I felt through all my pockets, in the hopes of finding a stray bullet; but, unfortunately, my clothes were all linen, and had arrived from the washerwoman's but a few hours before, and the old woman had a strange propensity to empty all pockets before she consigned the clothes to the wash-tub; my search, therefore, was fruitless. I next thought of my pistols, — we might unscrew the barrels, and take the balls out. But here again I was at fault; in the hurry of starting from home I had forgotten the key, and the things were so tight, that we could not stir them; and to fire them at a distance of twenty yards would have been very foolish, particularly as it was possible the ounce might feel inclined to pay us a visit on our perch; and, as for descending to pick up the fallen bullets, it would have been perfect madness; for the tree was too thick for us to climb, without the help of some-

body below. Besides, there sat the ounce, licking her chops and her cubs alternately.

I now made up my mind to pass the remainder of the night in the tree; and having refreshed ourselves with a draught from the flask, we determined to take it as comfortably as we could, but feared much that the old devil might carry off one of her dead cubs.

By this time the remaining cub expired; and, as soon as the last struggle was over, the mother made another spring at us. She could climb but badly, on account of her wound; still she neared us, and, when within about fifteen feet from the branch on which we sat, I fired a pistol at her, which elicited a yell, but no more. She was now upon the lowest branch, and with a spring would have been upon us, when Walter, who had fastened his long knife to his gun with a handkerchief, stabbed her as she was crouching for a leap. This upset her, and she fell to the ground, much to our joy, as she was coming too near to be pleasant; but, although badly wounded, she did not appear to mind it much, her attention being chiefly directed to her dead cubs, which she endeavoured to drag into the bushes.

"This will never do, Ben," said Walter. "We must have 'em all three, or we shall be laughed at when we get home for dropping our shot."

In this I perfectly concurred; but wherewithal could we load our guns?

"I have it," said Walter. "Lend me your knife, and I'll soon pepper the old lady's hide." With this, he coolly cut all the metal buttons off his trousers, and rammed about a dozen of them into his duck-gun.

"These will never be enough, Ben; we must have some more."

I was sorry to find that my buttons were all of bone, for which Walter d—d them, the tailor for putting them on, and me for wearing them. Notwithstanding this reproach, I discovered something that would answer very well. My powder-flask being of what is called queen's metal, I emptied the contents into my hat, and with my large knife I cut the flask into several pieces, which we hammered into tolerable shape, and with them loaded our double-barrels. I took first shot, but did no great damage. Now came Walter, with his charge of buttons, which certainly verified his prophecy, of "peppering the old lady's hide;" for she jumped and roared most desperately. We had now only three charges left, and these we poured in together, and down fell the ounce; but, whether mortally wounded or not we could not say, for she endeavoured to rise several times. At length all was quiet, and, a thick cloud having obscured the moon, we could not distinguish her plainly enough; and, in order to be safe, before descending Walter proposed making an experiment to see if she were dead. He filled his small metal spirit-flask half full of powder, and making some touch-paper with some wet powder, and a strip of calico off his shirt, he lit the fuze, and threw it close to the old ounce. In less than a minute it exploded with an awful noise, a piece of flask striking the branch on which we were perched, which I considered rather sharp work for the eyes; but, as it had no effect on the "old lady," we slid down the tree, and went to examine our game, knife in hand. The two cubs were perfectly dead, and the mother very soon gave her last gasp. One of our last shots

had cut a large artery or vein, and another had broken her back-bone. We now made a fire, and re-loaded our guns, for fear of an attack from others, or the chance of a passing deer; but nothing came near us except a few bats.

In a couple of hours day dawned, and our servants arrived soon afterwards with our horses and some prog. Our nags were so frightened at the sight of their once so formidable foes, that we could not urge them to within twenty yards of the dead bodies; so we were soon on their backs, homeward bound.

We sent a bullock-cart to fetch our game, the three head together weighing above seven hundred pounds. The old one measured nearly eight feet from the snout to the tip of her tail, and was one of a tribe acknowledged to be the fiercest and most powerful of the ounce species. Walter and I tossed up for the skins, and I got the large one, which, after being tanned with the hair on, has served me for a bedside carpet. Walter converted his pair into the lining of a boating-cloak.

THE NOCTURNAL SUMMONS; OR, THE GOSSIP GHOST.

A FACT.

" Tuà quod nihil refert ne cures."

How vast the number of mankind who fail
T'obey the wholesome rule which I 've selected,
And, as a sign or frontispiece, erected,
To indicate the tenor of my tale.

Whate'er your sex; whate'er your state of life;
Bachelor, husband, widow, maid, or wife:
Whate'er your rank — peer, knight, esquire, or yeoman;
Duchess, your ladyship, or plain good woman:
Whether you move 'midst equipages garish,
Flattery and smiles,
Or barrows, slang, and grins: whether the name,
Ta'en from the Calendar to grace your parish,
Be James or Giles;
In one particular 'tis still the same:
Namely that, when ye congregate,
Whate'er the nature of your cheer;
Choice viands, serv'd on costly plate,
Tea and turn-out, or gin and beer;
No sooner have ye got together,
Saluted and abus'd the weather,
Than some curst babbler of the throng
Lets fly that venom'd shaft, her tongue,
And food for conversation lends
By spleen-fraught strictures on her friends.

If, in the first, 'tis "Countess, I suspect
That Lady Bridget is a bride elect."
Or, "Marquis, did you hear the strange report,
So widely whisper'd yesterday at Court?
It may be groundless, but ('tween you and me)
'Tis confidently said that Lady B.
Has, with her Lord's French valet been caught tripping;
And that the Earl, by way of *lex talionis*,
Has left her in the arms of her Adonis,
And ta'en her waiting-woman into keeping."
Or, "Bless my heart, that 's surely Lady Mary,

Who in the summer went
To prosecute her annual vagary
Upon the Continent!
Well, 'pon my honour, 'tis a curious whim;
For, judging from appearances, the air
Cannot, to her, be salutiferous there,
She goes so lusty, and returns so slim!"
While each succeeding slice of scandal bitter
Is welcom'd by an universal titter.
If, in the second, they take aim,
With the same bolt, at minor game:
As, "Did you see our neighbour, Mrs. Dray,
On board the Margate steam-yacht t'other day?
How she was dress'd! her head deck'd out with curls
As long and jetty as her gawky girl's;
When everybody knows her locks
Are red, by nature, as a fox;
And, now the progress of old Time has spread
Some parsnips 'mongst the carrots of her head,
'Tis speckled like an old cock-pheasant's feather,
Or salt and cayenne-pepper mix'd together:"

Or, "He! he! he!—I hear they 've had
A pretty fuss
Next door to us,
And, 'pon my soul, 'tis quite too bad.
There 's neighbour Dobson's servant wench
Has sworn a child
To Mr. Wild:
You know my husband 's on the bench,
And yesterday, as luck would have it,
Sat to receive her affidavit.
I thought 'twould be so; for if folks, you know,
Will hire such trulls, they must expect such things;
I told her mistress near a month ago,
The slut could scarcely tie her apron-strings."

If in the third, a sordid set
To pass a jolly night, are met;
To bolt their hot cow-heel and tripe,
And smoke, *en tour*, the smutty pipe;
Some beldams, still for censure ripe,
Enjoy no greater solace from their labours
Than dealing condemnation on their neighbours;
And every moment of cessation
From ribald singing and potation,
Is fill'd with boisterous oaths and jeering,
Upon their cronies out of hearing:
As, who fought booty in the milling ring;
And who was hang'd when who deserv'd to swing;
With many a volley of pestiferous stuff
And spite,
Which ink poetic is not black enough
To write.
Yet, to my cockney readers, be it known,
That not in the metropolis alone
Exists the inquisitorial emulation
For scrutinizing other folks' affairs;
No — every town and village in the nation
Boasts its arch gossip, whose domestic cares
Are half forgotten in the task
Of daily running forth to ask,
Of every human snake within her reach,
The morning's news, and to extort from each
Some rumour'd hint, or vague suspicion,
Already in its third edition,
Whose honey'd poison may regale
The gaping ears
Of such compeers
As may be strangers to the tale.
All this I own is mere assertion,
And dogmatism is my aversion;
Therefore, (as holders-forth extemporaneous
Say, when, from wandering to discourse extraneous,
They feel themselves perplext,
And cannot justly on their subject pop,
But hem and ha, and make an awkward stop,)
"Returning to my text!"

The theatre whereon the farce was play'd,
Which now demands the efforts of my muse,

Was a small village, in a fertile glade,
Near the romantic stream of northern Ouse.
At a crude guess,
There might be fifty houses in the cluster,
Few more or less;
Whose population, at its greatest muster,
Did but half fill the ivy-mantled church,
Shaded by stately trees of yew and birch,
Whither they every Sunday went;
Haply some pious few to vent
The fervent prayer; a greater number
To pass an hour in tranquil slumber;
Many to meet their sweethearts there,
And greet them with a loving stare,
Like hungry cats surveying lumps of butter,
To wink and smile
Across the aisle,
And *look* the passion which they dar'd not utter:
While others sat the service out
As culprits bear a flogging-bout,
So anxious were they for its end,
That they might meet, shake hands, and spend
An hour in chatter.
Amongst the latter,
Was Miss Griselda Wilhelmina Gaunt;
A waning fair, who could, with justice, vaunt
Of gentle breeding: all her youth had been
Wasted within a city's bustling scene.
But, as butchers, sometimes, with their delicate meat,
Resolv'd on a price far beyond its just merit,
Maintain their demand until, no longer sweet,
They 're compell'd to seek out some sly spot to inter it,
So, she 'd set such high price,
In the hey-day of life, on her precious virginity,
That no honorificabilitudinity
Or wealth could suffice
To content her, though many a suitor had tried
All the engines of courtship to make her his bride.
Till, finding her charms were no longer available,
Her cherish'd commodity grown quite unsaleable,
She sought, in our hamlet, a rural retreat,
And, in a small cottage, sequester'd and neat,
Adjoining the wall of the little churchyard,
O'er all the concerns of her neighbours kept guard:
For, in the village, not a pig could squeak,
Or cock could crow
But she would know
The cause, e'en though she sought it for a week:
No rustic urchin could play truant,
But in an hour or two she knew on't:
No fuddled churl could beat his wife,
But she would meddle in the strife:
No poor old mumbling dame could lose
An aching tooth,
But she would ferret out the news;
And, once appriz'd, the scent she 'd follow,
To know the truth,
And ask around,
Until she found
Who took it out, and if 't was sound or hollow:
No fight, or game of quarter-staff
Was hid from her; no foal, or calf,
Or brood of puppies could be born,
But she would know it ere next morn;
When she would, ceaselessly, inquire
Till she could reach
A perfect knowledge of the sire
And dam of each.
No villager, female or male,
Could drink an extra pint of ale,
Or pass an hour in rustic frolic:
No washer-wench could have the colic:
No lad could break a school-mate's head:
No woman could be brought to bed:
No load to market could be carried:
No clown be sent to gaol, or married:
No fishing-punt could be capsiz'd,
Treating its inmates with a ducking;
No peasant's brat could be baptiz'd,
Cut its first tooth, or leave off sucking;

Fall sick, or die;
But she would pry,
Until her craving sense auricular
Had been full-fed with each particular.

This penchant, and her tongue censorious,
Had made our heroine so notorious
Amongst the country rabble,
That, to prevent of breath the useless waste,
And make her epithet imply her taste,
They call'd her Grizzy Gabble,
Which neat appellative, so aptly suited
For brevity
And levity,
Had long time for her name been substituted.
E'en now I ventured to express,
That every hamlet doth possess
Some glib-mouth'd wench who rules the roast
In mag;
I also may make bold to state,
That every village, small or great,
'Mongst its inhabitants, can boast
Its wag!
Some witty bumpkin who delights in joke;
For feats of fun and mischief ever ripe;
Who, o'er his evening goblet, loves to smoke,
Alternately, his neighbour and his pipe:
And so could this—perhaps as queer a wight
As ever wrought by day, or drank by night.

He long had known that, when, perchance,
Miss Grizzy
Was busy,
And could not 'mongst her neighbours, prance
To chat, she most intently listen'd,
Hour after hour, to the church-steeple;
And, every time she heard a bell,
Whether for chime, or peal, or knell,
For some one married, dead, or christen'd;
That she might learn the news ere other people,
She made no pause,
However cold the day, for cloak or hat;
But darted off, as nimble as a cat,
To know the cause:
So that the sexton ne'er could ope
The belfry door, and pull a rope,
But, in an instant, Grizzy's clatter
Saluted him with "What's the matter?"

One autumn night, damp, chill, and dark,
Our mellow, laughter-loving spark
Betook him to the sexton's cot,
Just when the simple man had got
His solid supper spread upon the table,
And, looking as demure as he was able,
Turn'd up his eyes, and shook his head,
Saying, "Lord bless us, Master Sexton!
Heaven only knows who'll be the next un!
Would you believe it? Grizzy Gabble's dead!
And I was sent to you to tell
That you must go and toll the bell,
Late as it is, without delay!"
This said, th' informant walk'd away.

The knave of spades, astounded, left his fork
Stuck in a mound of fat, cold pickled pork;
Threw down his knife,
Gazed at his wife.
Utter'd a pious exclamation,
And hasten'd to his avocation;
Namely, to run ('twas but across the road)
To church, to toll
The fleeting soul
Of the dead gossip to its long abode.

Grizzy, although the sexton thought her dead
As Hecuba or Priam,
Was just that moment getting into bed,
In as good health as I am:
Her night-gown on—one foot just placed betwixt
The sheets, when straight, the bell's first sound
Striking her ear, she, doubtingly, look'd round,
And, for a moment, stood like one transfixt.
She listen'd, and another dong
Convinced her she had not been wrong;

When, such her speed and eagerness,
She huddled on scarce half her dress,
Lest, if delay'd, some neighbour should obtain
The news before her;
But, slipshod, seized upon the counterpane,
And threw it o'er her,
Then sallied forth, resolved to ask
The reason of the sexton's task.

Meantime, old "Dust to dust" pursued
His dreary work,
In pensive, melancholy mood;
Between each jerk,
In these sage terms soliloquizing:
"Well, Grizzy's sudden death 's surprising!
She wur a queer un! 'cod, if she wur living,
'Tis just the time
That she would climb
The belfry stairs! Her loss won't cause much grieving!
I 'm devilish glad her earthly prating 's o'er,
And I shall ne'er be pester'd by her more!"

While he the last, half utter'd word
Was speaking,
He dropt the rope, and thought he heard
A creaking;
When, turning promptly round,
He at his elbow found
His constant catechist, enrobed in white:
His blood ran cold, his hair stood bolt upright:
He bounded from the spot, and roar'd aloud,
"Oh, heavens! I 'm lost!
'Tis Grizzy's ghost,
Risen from the dead, and walking in her shroud!"
No answer to her loud demands he utter'd,
But ran and tumbled down the steeple stairs,
While, ever and anon, he faltering mutter'd
A mingled exorcism—half oaths, half prayers.

Grizzy, astonish'd at his flight,
Unconscious of his cause of fright,
Hotly pursued, her question bawling;
He, sometimes running, sometimes sprawling,
Had just arrived without the church,
When she appear'd beneath the porch:
Again her piercing voice, assailing
His tingling ears
Enhanced his fears:
Onward he ran the tomb-stone scaling,
Deaf to Miss Gabble's loud appeals,
Who closely follow'd at his heels.

An open grave lay in his way,
Dug by himself that very day,
But, in his fear, no longer recollected:
Thither, by chance, his footsteps were directed,
Just when the dreaded Grizzy's outstretch'd hand
Had seized his coat,
And her wide throat
Sent forth its shrillest tones to make him stand.

'Twas now too late her harpy hold to quit,
For down they fell,
Headlong, pell mell,
He hallooing,
She following,
O'er the loose earth, into the yawning pit.
Nor did their hap end thus: The spiteful Fates
So managed that their prone descending pates
Met, with such stunning contact, at the bottom,
That, if a score of grenadiers had shot 'em,
They scarcely could more motionless have laid them,
Than the rude shock (*pro tempore*) had made them.

Meantime, a straggling villager, by chance
Passing, half drunk,
The churchyard's bound,
Of Grizzy and the sexton caught a glance,
Just as they sunk
Into the ground.
Away he scamper'd, like a bedlamite,
Making a most outrageous knocking
At many a door,
On which, his friends around him flocking,
He roundly swore
He 'd seen two ghosts, one black and t'other white.

During this space, the wag who had convey'd
Of Grizzy's death the counterfeit narration,
Behind the churchyard wall had snugly laid,
To watch his wily project's consummation;
Now, creeping from his lurking-place,
He smooth'd his laughter-wrinkled face,
And, rushing in among
The terror-stricken throng,
Vow'd that the clown who gave th' alarm was wrong;
Declared that he had also been
Ocular witness of the scene,
And that, in lieu of apparitions,
Sent to confirm their superstitions,
The forms which met their neighbour's view,
(He 'd stake his life upon't) were two
Infernal *habeas corpus* knaves
Come down from town to rob the graves.
"So, if," said he, "you have the least regard
For all your dear relations' bones,
Prepare yourselves with sticks and stones,
And follow instantly to our churchyard!"

Away the crew,
Like lightning, flew,
Seizing such rustic arms as chance provided;
Sickles and flails,
And broken pales;
Then softly t'wards the cemetery glided.
Their chuckling leader pointed out
The well-mark'd grave, and made a stand,
Then whistled, and his little band
Press'd on, and compass'd it about,
Just as the vital spark, so long supprest,
Became rekindled in the gossip's breast,
And, starting from her hideous dream,
She utter'd a terrific scream,
Which half aroused the sexton's slumb'ring senses,
Who, still supposing that he lay
Beneath some spell, began to pray
Forgiveness for his manifold offences,
In such repentant, piteous terms,
That all the crowd, sans mercy or reflection,
Proclaim'd them ministers of resurrection,
Come to defraud the village-worms,
And swore, by all their fathers' graves around,
That, back to back, the culprits should be bound,
And lodged within the village cage
Without delay.—Just in this stage
The matter pended, when the peasants' wives,
Alarm'd by Grizzy's shriek,
And anxious for their darling hubbies' lives,
Resolved the truth to seek;
So, snatching each a lantern or a torch,
They moved, a flaring phalanx, t'wards the church;
Mix'd with the gaping group, and threw a light
Upon this strange adventure of the night.

Reader, imagine, if you can,
(For, if I should attempt to paint
The scene, the likeness would be faint,)
What wonder through the circle ran,
When, to their sober senses, 'twas made clear
That, 'stead of thieves, the pair they strove to seize
Were their old sexton, still half dead with fear,
And Grizzy Gabble in her night-chemise!

After some score of minutes spent
In explanation
And gratulation,
All parties to their pillows went;
But, from that moment Grizzy Gabble's face
Has ne'er been seen within the county's space!

JERRY JARVIS'S WIG.

A LEGEND OF THE WEALD OF KENT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"The wig 's the thing! the wig! the wig."—*Old Song.*

"JOE," said old Jarvis, looking out of his window,—it was his ground-floor back,—"Joe, you seem to be very hot, Joe, — and you have got no wig!"

"Yes, sir," quoth Joseph, pausing, and resting upon his spade, "it 's as hot a day as ever I *see;* but the celery must be got in, or there 'll be no autumn crop, and—"

"Well, but Joe, the sun 's so hot, and it shines so on your bald head, it makes one wink to look at it. You 'll have a *coup de soleil,* Joe."

"A *what,* sir?"

"No matter; it 's very hot working; and if you 'll step in doors, I 'll give you—"

"Thank ye, your honour, a drop of beer will be very acceptable."

Joe's countenance brightened amazingly.

"Joe, I 'll give you—my old wig!"

The countenance of Joseph fell, his grey eye had glistened as a blest vision of double X flitted athwart his fancy; its glance faded again into the old, filmy, gooseberry-coloured hue, as he growled in a minor key, "A wig, sir!"

"Yes, Joe, a wig! The man who does not study the comfort of his dependants is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old, worn-out wig."

"I hope, sir, you 'll give me a drop o' beer to drink your honour's health in,—it *is* very hot, and—"

"Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall give it you."

"Heaven bless your honour!" said honest Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and walking with more than usual alacrity towards the close-cut quickset hedge which separated Mr. Jarvis's garden from the high-road.

From the quickset hedge aforesaid he now raised, with all due delicacy, a well-worn and somewhat dilapidated jacket, of a stuff by drapers most pseudonymously termed "everlasting." Alack! alack! what is there to which *tempus edax rerum* will accord that epithet?—In its high and palmy days it had been all of a piece; but as its master's eye now fell upon it, the expression of his countenance seemed to say with Octavian,

"Those days are gone, Floranthe!"

It was now, from frequent patching, a coat not unlike that of the patriarch, one of many colours.

Joseph Washford inserted his wrists into the corresponding orifices of the tattered garment, and with a steadiness of circumgyration, to be acquired only by long and sufficient practice, swung it horizontally over his ears, and settled himself into it.

"Confound your old jacket!" cried a voice from the other side the hedge, "keep it down, you rascal! don't you see my horse is frightened at it?"

"Sensible beast!" apostrophized Joseph, "I've been frighten'd at it myself every day for the last two years!"

The gardener cast a rueful glance at its sleeve, and pursued his way to the door of the back-kitchen.

"Joe," said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty, "Joe, your master is but too good to you; he is always kind and considerate. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig."

"And the beer, Ma'am Witherspoon?" said Washford, taking the proffered caxon, and looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture;—"and the beer, ma'am?"

"The beer, you guzzling wretch!—what beer? Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has not he given you a wig?"

"Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon; but then, you see, his honour said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and—"

"Go to the pump, sot!" said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back-door in the face of the petitioner.

Mrs. Witherspoon was "of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion," and Honorary Assistant Secretary to the Appledore branch of the "Ladies' Grand Junction Water-working Temperance Society."

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental abstraction; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-stye, — his corruption rose, but he resisted the impulse; he got the better of Satan; the half-formed imprecration died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig; it had once been a comely jasey enough, of the colour of over-baked gingerbread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century by the name of a "brown George." The species, it is to be feared, is now extinct, but a few, a very few of the same description might, till very lately, be occasionally seen,—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,—the glorious relics of a bygone day, crowning the *cerebellum* of some venerated and venerable provost, or judge of assize; but Mr. Jarvis's wig had one peculiarity; unlike most of its fellows, it had a tail!—"cribbed and confined," indeed, by a shabby piece of faded shalloon.

Washford looked at it again; he shook his bald head; the wig had certainly seen its best days; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility,—it was "like ancient Rome, majestic in decay"—and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why—after all, an old wig was better than nothing!

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by act of parliament; one of that class of gentlemen who, disdaining the *bourgeois*-sounding name of "attorney-at-law," are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors. I say by a legal fiction, for surely the general tenor of the intimation received by such as enjoy the advantage of their correspondence, has little in common with the idea usually attached to the term "solicitation." "If you don't pay my bill, and costs, I'll send you to jail," is a very energetic *entreaty*. There are, it is true, etymologists who derive their style and title from

the Latin infinitive "*solicitare*," to "make anxious,"— in all probability they are right.

If this be the true etymology of his title, as it was the main end of his calling, then was Jeremiah Jervis, a worthy exemplar of the *genus* to which he belonged. Few persons in his time had created greater solicitude among his Majesty's lieges within the "Weald." He was rich, of course. The best house in a country-town is always the lawyer's, and it generally boasts a green door, stone steps, and a brass knocker. In neither of these appendages to opulence was Jeremiah deficient; but then, he was so *very* rich; his reputed wealth, indeed, passed all the common modes of accounting for its increase. True, he was so universal a favourite that every man whose will he made was sure to leave him a legacy; that he was a sort of general assignee to all the bankruptcies within twenty miles of Appledore; was clerk to half the "trusts;" and treasurer to most of the "rates," "funds," and "subscriptions," in that part of the country; that he was land-agent to Lord Mountrhino, and steward to the rich Miss Tabbytale of Smerrididdle Hall; that he had been guardian (?) to three young profligates, who all ran through their property, which, somehow or another, came at last into his hands, "at an equitable valuation." Still his possessions were so considerable as not to be altogether accounted for, in vulgar esteem, even by these and other honourable modes of accumulation; nor were there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain dark-coloured Gentleman, of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counsellor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That "old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil" was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in Appledore; — on this head, at least, there were few schismatics in the parish.

When the worthy "Solicitor" next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work — in his wig — the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman, whose leading-principle seems to have been self-appropriation, to make so magnificent a present, the answer is, that Mr. Jarvis might, perhaps, have thought an occasional act of benevolence necessary or politic; he is not the only person, who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, *pour l'amour de Dieu*,—perhaps he had other motives.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed; but truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of vigour or perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eye would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the contemplation of a natural philosopher. This was an apple-tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve, or any of her daughters; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and drooping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sun-streaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the

descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered at the pippins.

On the precise graft of the espalier of Eden "Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus," are undecided ; the best-informed Talmudists, however, have, if we are to believe Dr. Pinner's German Version, pronounced it a Ribstone pippin, and a Ribstone pippin-tree it was that now attracted the optics, and discomposed the inner man of the thirsty, patient, but perspiring gardener. The heat was still oppressive; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced "a slight and tickling sensation," such as we are assured is occasionally produced by an infinitesimal dose in homœopathy ; a still, small *voice*—it was as though a daddy long-legs were whispering in his *tympanum*—a small *voice* seemed to say, "Joe !—take an apple, Joe ! !"

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion; the rich crimson of his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun ; his very forehead was incarnadined. He raised his hand to scratch his ear,—the little tortuous tail had worked its way into it,—he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then cast his eye wistfully towards the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursed up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the celery bed.

Alack! alack! what a piece of work is man!—how short his triumphs!—how frail his resolutions!

From this fine and very original moral reflection we turn reluctantly to record the sequel. The celery-bed, alluded to as the main scene of Mr. Washford's operations, was drawn in a rectilinear direction, nearly across the whole breadth of the parallelogram that comprised the "kitchen garden." Its northern extremity abutted to the hedge before mentioned, its southern one—woe is me that it should have been so!—was in fearful vicinity to the Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burthen into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles.—"He's taking snuff, Joe," whispered the same small *voice* ;—the tail had twisted itself into its old position. "He is sneezing!—now, Joe!—now!" And, ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his hand!

"He! he! he!" shrilly laughed, or seemed to laugh, that accursed little pigtail.—Washford started at once to the perpendicular;—with an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and,with that in one hand, and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden!

* * * * *

All that night was the humble couch of the once happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was stealing apples,—he was robbing hen-roosts,—he was altering the chalks upon the milk-score,—he had purloined three *chemises* from a hedge,—and he awoke

in the very act of cutting the throat of one of Squire Hodges's sheep! A clammy dew stood upon his temples,—the cold perspiration burst from every pore,—he sprang in terror from the bed.

"Why, Joe, what ails thee, man?" cried the usually incurious Mrs. Washford; "what be the matter with thee? Thee hast done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What bees it, Joe?"

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer; his eye fell upon the bed. "How the devil came *that* here?" quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil; "who put that thing on my pillow?"

"Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould night-cap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cowld, so I clapt t' wig atop o' thee head."

And there it lay,—the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an infernal gnomon on a Satanic dial-plate—Larceny and Ovicide shone in every hair of it!

> "The dawn was overcast, the morning lower'd,
> And heavily in clouds brought on the day,"

when Joseph Washford once more repaired to the scene of his daily labours; a sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance, and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden-gate; for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows;—his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. "Pooh, pooh! 'twas but an apple, after all!" said Joseph. He pushed open the wicket, and found himself beneath the tempting tree.

But vain now were all its fascinations; like fairy gold seen by the morning light, its charms had faded into very nothingness. Worlds, to say nothing of apples, which in shape resemble them, would not have bought him to stretch forth an unhallowed hand again. He went steadily to his work.

The day continued cloudy, huge drops of rain fell at intervals, stamping his bald pate with spots as big as halfpence; but Joseph worked on. As the day advanced, showers fell thick and frequent; the fresh-turned earth was in itself fragrant as a *bouquet*.—Joseph worked on—and when at last *Jupiter Pluvius* descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of a dingy pudding, he put on his parti-coloured jacket, and strode towards his humble home, rejoicing in his renewed integrity. "'Twas but an apple, after all! Had it been an apple-pie, indeed!"—

"An apple-pie!"—the thought was a dangerous one—too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph's better Genius was at this time lord of the ascendant;—he dismissed it, and passed on.

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dudgeon; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drum-head; her voice, generally small and low,—"an excellent thing in woman,"—was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level; she was talking fast and furious. Something had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The "*cussed ould twoad* of a cat" had got into the dairy, and licked



Jonny Jarvis's Ivy

off the cream from the only pan their single cow had filled that morning! And there she now lay,—purring as in scorn,—Tib, heretofore the meekest of mousers, the honestest, the least "*scaddle*" of the feline race,—a cat that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish,—yes,—there was no denying it,—proofs were too strong against her, — yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers, and reposing quietly upon—what?—Jerry Jarvis's old wig!!

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded;—it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz—Joseph Washford lifted his hand—that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby, save to fondle and caress—it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous "dowse." Never was cat so astonished,—so enraged—all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back, and tail erected, as any ordinary Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under similar circumstances, she paused a moment,—drew back on her haunches,—all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring; a demoniac fire gleamed in her green and yellow eyeballs as, bounding upwards, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant's cheeks! —many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws—then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and — was seen no more.

"The Devil 's in the cat!" was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump.

Day after day, night after night, 'twas all the same—Joe Washford's life became a burthen to him; his naturally upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy; his frank, open, manly look, that blenched not from the gaze of the spectator, was no more; a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis had little of what the world calls "Taste," still less of Science—Ackerman would have called him a "Snob," and Buckland a "Nincompoop." Of the Horticultural Society, its *fêtes*, its fruits, and its fiddlings, he knew nothing. Little recked he of flowers—save cauliflowers—in these, indeed, he was a *connoisseur*—to their cultivation and cookery the respective talents of Joe and Madame Witherspoon had long been dedicated; but as for a *bouquet!*—Hardham's 37 was "the only one fit for a gentleman's nose." And yet, after all, Jerry Jarvis had a good-looking tulip-bed. A female friend of his had married a Dutch merchant; Jerry drew the settlements; the lady paid him by a cheque on "Child's," the gentleman by a present of a "box of roots." Jerry put the latter in his garden —he had rather they had been schalots.

Not so his neighbour, Jenkinson; he *was* a man of "Taste" and of "Science;" he was an F.R.C.E.B.S., which, as he told the vicar, implied "Fellow of the Royal Carthartico-Emetico-Botanical Society," and his autograph in Sir John Frostyface's album stood next to that of the Emperor of all the Russias. Neighbour Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of "neighbour Jarvis's" tulips. There were one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beauty,—the

"cups" so well formed,—the colours so defined.—To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then "Enough," says the philosopher, "always means a little more than a man has got."—Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never known to *bestow*,—his neighbour dared not offer to *purchase* from so wealthy a man; and, worse than all, Joe, the gardener was incorruptible—ay, but the Wig?

Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the midday sun; his head looked like a copper saucepan fresh from the brazier's.

"Why, where's your wig, Joseph?" said the voice of his master from the well-known window; "what have you done with your wig?" The question was embarrassing,—its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore; Joseph had put the wig in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient.—"Hark ye, Joseph Washford," said he, "either wear my wig, or let me have it again!"

There was no mistaking the meaning of his tones; they were resonant of indignation and disgust, of mingled grief and anger, the amalgamation of sentiment naturally produced by

"Friendship unreturn'd,
And unrequited Love."

Washford's heart smote him; he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. "It's here, your Honour," said he; "I had only taken it off because we have had a smartish shower; but the sky is brightening now." The wig was replaced, and the little tortuous pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed position.

At this moment neighbour Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

"Joe Washford!" said neighbour Jenkinson.

"Sir, to you," was the reply.

"How beautifully your tulips look after the rain!"

"Ah! sir, master sets no great store by them flowers!" returned the gardener.

"Indeed!—Then perhaps he would have no objection to part with a few?"

"Why, no!—I don't think master would like to *give* them,—or anything else,—away, sir;"—and Washford scratched his ear.

"Joe!!"—said Mr. Jenkinson—"Joe!!"

The Sublime, observes Longinus, is often embodied in a monosyllable—"Joe!!!"—Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shone from between his upraised fingers, and its "poor, poor dumb mouth" spoke for him.

How Joseph Washford's left ear *did* itch!—He looked to the ground-floor back—Mr. Jarvis had left the window!

Mr. Jenkinson's ground-plot boasted, at daybreak next morning, a splendid *Semper Augustus*,—"which was not so before,"—and Joseph Washford was led home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state of "civilation," from "The Three Jolly Potboys."

From that hour he was the Fiend's!!

* * * *

"*Facilis descensus Averni!*" says Virgil.—"It is only the first step

that is attended with any difficulty," says — somebody else, — when speaking of the decollated martyr, St. Dennis's walk with his head under his arm. "The First Step!"—Joseph Washford had taken that step!—he had taken two—three—four steps;—and now, from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread—an amble—a positive trot!—He took the family linen "to the wash:"—one of Madam Witherspoon's best Holland *chemises* was never seen after.

"Lost?—impossible! How *could* it be lost?—where *could* it be gone to?—who *could* have got it? It was her best—her *very* best! —she should know it among a hundred—among a thousand!—it was marked with a great W in the corner!—Lost?—impossible!—She "would *see!*"—Alas! she never *did* see—the *chemise—abiit, erupit, evasit!*—it was

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more!"

—but Joseph Washford's Sunday shirt *was* seen, finer and fairer than ever, the pride and *dulce decus* of the Meeting.

The Meeting?—ay, the Meeting.—Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent Meeting House, whether the service were in the morning or afternoon,—whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted, or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain.—Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed;—but other people missed—one missed an umbrella,—one a pair of clogs. Farmer Johnson missed his tobacco-box,—Farmer Jackson his greatcoat;—Miss Jackson missed her hymn-book, — a diamond edition, bound in maroon-coloured velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed — but Joe Washford; there *he* sat, grave, sedate, and motionless—all save that restless, troublesome, fidgetty little Pigtail attached to his wig, which nothing *could* keep quiet, or prevent from tickling and interfering with Miss Thompson's curls, as she sat, back to back with Joe, in the adjoining pew.—After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall Recruiting sergeant of the Connaught Rangers.

The summer passed away,—autumn came and went,—and Christmas, jolly Christmas, that period of which we are accustomed to utter the mournful truism, it "comes but *once* a-year," was at hand.—It was a fine bracing morning; the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-coloured ravine of Orlestone-hill, when a medical gentleman, returning to the quiet little village of Ham Street, that lies at its foot, from a farm-house at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity.

After several hours of patient attention, Mr. Moneypenny had succeeded in introducing to the notice of seven little expectant brothers and sisters a "remarkably fine child," and was now hurrying home, in the sweet hope of a comfortable "snooze" for a couple of hours before the announcement of tea and muffins should arouse him to fresh exertion. The road at this particular spot had, even then, been cut deep below the surface of the soil, for the purpose of diminishing the abruptness of the descent, and, as either side of the superincumbent banks was clothed with a thick mantle of tangled copsewood, the passage, even by day, was sufficiently obscure, the level beams of

the rising or setting sun, as they happened to enfilade the gorge, alone illuminating its recesses. A long stream of rosy light was just beginning to make its way through the vista, and Mr. Moneypenny's nose had scarcely caught and reflected its kindred ray, when the sturdiest and most active cob that ever rejoiced in the appellation of a "Suffolk punch," brought herself up in mid career upon her haunches, and that with a suddenness which had almost induced her rider to describe that beautiful mathematical figure, the *parabola*, between her ears. Peggy—her name was Peggy—stood stock-still, snorting like a stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle hints afforded her by hand and heel.

"Tch!—tch!—get along, Peggy!" half exclaimed, half whistled the equestrian.—If ever steed said in its heart, "I'll be shot if I do!" it was Peggy at that moment. She planted her forelegs deep in the sandy soil, raised her stump of a tail to an elevation approaching the horizontal, protruded her nose like a pointer at a covey, and with expanded nostril continued to snuffle most egregiously.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, the illustrious "Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice," tells us, in his far-famed treatise on the Art Equestrian, that the most embarrassing position in which a rider can be placed is, when *he* wishes to go one way, and his horse is determined to go another.—There is, to be sure, a *tertium quid*, which, though it "splits the difference," scarcely obviates the inconvenience; this is when the parties compromise the matter by not going any way at all — to this compromise Peggy, and her (*soi-disant*) master were now reduced; they had fairly joined issue. "Budge!" quoth the doctor.—"Budge not!" quoth the fiend,—for nothing short of a fiend could, of a surety, inspire Peggy at such a time with such unwonted obstinacy.—Moneypenny whipped and spurred—Peggy plunged, and reared, and kicked, and for several minutes to a superficial observer the termination of the contest might have appeared uncertain; but your profound thinker sees at a glance that, however the scales may appear to vibrate, when the question between the sexes is one of perseverance, it is quite a lost case for the masculine gender. Peggy beat the doctor "all to sticks," and when he was fairly tired of goading and thumping, maintained her position as firmly as ever.

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forwards nor backwards—so Mr. Moneypenny got off, and muttering curses *both* "loud" *and* "deep" between his chattering teeth, "progressed," as near as the utmost extremity of the extended bridle would allow him, to peep among the weeds and brushwood that flanked the road, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so exclusively attracted the instinctive attention of his Bucephalus.

His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced partially upon some object ruddier even than itself—it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas compotation, seemed to have selected for his "thrice driven bed of down" the thickest clump of the tallest and most-imposing nettles, thereon to doze away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneypenny's belief, or he would scarcely

have uttered, at the highest pitch of his *contralto*, "What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse!"—We have already hinted, if not absolutely asserted, that Peggy was a mare; but this was no time for verbal criticism.—"Get up, I say,—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!"—But the "scoundrel" and "drunken rascal" answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by significant explosions from a double-thonged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and a breathing man!

The clear, shrill tones of a ploughboy's whistle sounded at this moment from the bottom of the hill, where the broad and green expanse of Romney Marsh stretches away from its foot for many a mile, and now gleamed through the mists of morning, dotted and enamelled with its thousand flocks. In a few minutes his tiny figure was seen "slouching" up the ascent, casting a most disproportionate and ogre-like shadow before him.

"Come here, Jack," quoth the doctor,—"come here, boy, lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does not run away."

Peggy threw up her head, and snorted disdain of the insinuation, —she had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing.

Mr. Moneypenny meanwhile, disencumbered of his restive nag, proceeded by manual application to arouse the sleeper. Alas! the Seven of Ephesus might sooner have been awakened from their century of somnolency. His was that "dreamless sleep that knows no waking;" his cares in this world were over. Vainly did Moneypenny practice his own constant precept, "To be well shaken!"—there lay before him the lifeless body of a MURDERED MAN!

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprang up among the stumps of the half-grubbed underwood; the throat was fearfully lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood shewed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle; but as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface, and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased were turned out, and empty; a hat and heavy-loaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

"But what have we here?" quoth Doctor Moneypenny; "what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?"

That hand had manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp—IT WAS AN OLD WIG!!"

* * * * *

Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a Cinque Port court-house may possibly divine what that useful and most necessary edifice was some eighty years ago. Many of them seem to have undergone little alteration, and are in general of a composite order of architecture, a fanciful arrangement of brick and timber, with what Johnson would have styled "interstices, reticulated, and decussated between

intersections" of lath and plaster. Its less euphonous designation in the "Weald" is a "Noggin." One half the basement story is usually of the more solid material, the other, open to the street,—from which it is separated only by a row of dingy columns, supporting a portion of the superstructure,—is paved with tiles, and sometimes does duty as a market-place, while, in its centre, flanking the broad staircase that leads to the sessions-house above, stands an ominous-looking machine, of heavy perforated wood, clasped within whose stern embrace "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" off occasionally the drowsiness produced by convivial excess in a most undignified position, an inconvenience much increased at times by some mischievous urchin, who, after abstracting the shoes of the helpless *detenu,* amuses himself by tickling the soles of his feet.

It was in such a place, or rather in the Court-room above, that in the year 1761 a hale, robust man, somewhat past the middle age,—with a very bald pate,—save where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear, swelled out into a greyish-looking bush upon the occiput,—held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of Dymchurch jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offence most heinous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butchery of an unoffending, unprepared fellow-creature,—*homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo auscultante, clam perpetratur.*

The victim was one Humphry Bourne, a reputable grazier of Ivychurch, worthy and well to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market-day, when "a score of ewes" had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him longer than usual at an Ashford cattle-show; he had left the town late, and alone; early on the following morning his horse was found standing at his own stable-door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly, and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off, by our friend the pharmacopolist.

That poor Bourne had been robbed and murdered there could be no question.

Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed?—The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of—Joseph Washford.

Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent known by the name of "The Lath of Scraye." He had not sat two minutes on the body before he recognised his *quondam* property, and started at beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the death-struggle from the murderer's head, his own OLD WIG,—his own perky little pigtail, tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford's shoes,—broad pieces were found in Joe Washford's pockets,—Joe Washford had himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up, hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruning-knife red with the evidence of his crime—"the grey hairs yet stuck to the heft!"

For their humane administration of the laws, the lieges of this portion of the realm have long been celebrated. Here it was that merciful verdict was recorded in the case of the old lady accused of

larceny, "We find her Not Guilty, and hope she will never do so any more!" Here it was that the more experienced culprit, when called upon to plead with the customary, though somewhat superfluous, inquiry, as to "how he would be tried?" substituted for the usual reply "By God and my country," that of "By your worship and a Dymchurch Jury." Here it was—but enough!—not even a Dymchurch Jury could resist such evidence, even though the gallows (*i.e.* the expense of erecting one) stared them, as well as the criminal, in the face. The very pigtail alone!—ever at his ear!—a clearer case of *suadente Diabolo* never was made out. Had there been a doubt, its very conduct in the Court-house would have settled the question. The Rev. Joel Ingoldsby, umquhile chaplain to the Romney Bench, has left upon record that, when exhibited in evidence, together with the blood-stained knife, its twistings, its caperings, its gleeful evolutions quite "flabbergasted" the Jury, and threw all beholders into a consternation. It was remarked, too, by many in the Court, that the Forensic Wig of the Recorder himself was, on that trying occasion, palpably agitated, and that its three depending, learned-looking tails lost curl at once, and slunk beneath the obscurity of the powdered collar, just as the boldest dog recoils from a rabid animal of its own species, however small and insignificant.

Why prolong the painful scene?—Joe Washford was tried—Joe Washford was convicted—Joe Washford was hanged!!

The fearful black gibbet, on which his body clanked in its chains to the midnight winds, frowns no more upon Orlestone Hill; it has sunk beneath the encroaching hand of civilization; but there it might be seen late in the last century, an awful warning to all bald-pated gentlemen how they wear, or accept, the old wig of a Special Attorney,

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!"

Such gifts, as we have seen, may lead to a "Morbid Delusion, the climax of which is Murder!"

The fate of the Wig itself is somewhat doubtful; nobody seems to have recollected, with any degree of precision, what became of it. Mr. Ingoldsby "had heard" that, when thrown into the fire by the Court-keeper, after whizzing, and fizzling, and performing all sorts of supernatural antics and contortions, it at length whirled up the chimney with a bang that was taken for the explosion of one of the Feversham powder-mills, twenty miles off; while others insinuate that in the "Great Storm" which took place on the night when Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis went to his "long home,"—wherever that may happen to be,—and the whole of "The Marsh" appeared as one broad sheet of flame, something that looked very like a Fiery Wig—perhaps a miniature Comet—it had unquestionably a tail—was seen careering in the blaze, and seeming to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm!"

T. I.

Tappington,
April 24th, 1843.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR,

A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELECTION.

"The time will come when a few words spoken with meekness, and humility, and love, shall be more acceptable than volumes of controversy, which commonly destroy CHARITY, *the very best part of* TRUE RELIGION."

RICHARD HOOKER.

READY were the retorts, and frequent the interruptions, and loud the tones of a debate which was carried on for five mortal hours by one and twenty well-dressed gentlemen, in a large, comfortless-looking room of a most substantial building.

They formed "a deliberative assembly!"

The fact was obvious. It could not have escaped the notice of the most cursory observer. The quietude of their manner—the gravity of their mien, — and the self-possession displayed by the assembly generally, bespoke the triumph of mind over matter, and the sense which each speaker entertained of the importance of the question before him. They were all in morning costume; and the majority, from the appearance of their travel-stained habiliments, had ridden some distance. It was indubitably a moving question which had brought them together. One gentleman, a Mr. Wapshott, of bulky dimensions, and with a fierce frown, looked savage; another sulky; a third struck his boots repeatedly and pettishly with his riding-whip; a fourth, with flushed cheeks, and a shrill voice, protested against the entire proceeding as extravagant and uncalled for; while a fifth contented himself with consulting every ten minutes his repeater, and after each inspection exclaiming with redoubled earnestness, "Divide! divide!"

The sedatives to this party of effervescing gentlemen were the chairman, and a Sir Peter Pettinger. The former looked calmly on, perfectly unmoved by the hubbub around him; yet was every now and then betrayed into an involuntary smile by the gesticulations of some vivacious spokesman. The latter was a stalwart, florid-looking man, who, arrayed in a bright-green sporting-frock, and leaning on a polished thorn stick, seemed too complacent, easy, and good-humoured for any thing in this weary world to ruffle him. Close to Sir Peter,—who stood in a kind of recess, and evidently listening to him with painful attention, were three middle-aged members of the squirearchy; and every now and then, as the debate lulled in the centre of the hall, from Sir Peter's corner were heard, "Lord Althorpe"—"linseed cake"—"pig"—"oatmeal and boiled potatoes" "live and let live"—"short horns"—"Coke of Norfolk."

The oddity with which these colloquial fragments fell upon the ear was heightened by the deferential and assenting bows with which

Sir Peter's listeners evinced their perfect accordance in all his positions.

"The day wanes, gentlemen," said the chairman, addressing his brother magistrates; "we have discussed the matter at great length: the main question still remains undecided, the selection of a chaplain. That must be decided by vote."

"It is wholly unnecessary," said Mr. Wapshott sturdily. "I *do* contend, and will through life maintain it, that no chaplain is needed in *our* county gaol."

"We have no alternative," returned the chairman; "the Act is peremptory. An appointment *must* be made."

"How *can* such parties need a chaplain?" cried Mr. Watson Cumberstone, a wealthy slave-owner; "a chaplain can't reform them. Solitary confinement, and the treadmill may."

"They are your fellow-creatures," said the chairman pointedly.

"I hope, sir," said Mr. Cumberstone, with a flushed face and a quivering lip, "you don't mean to assert that the offscum of society contained within the walls of a county gaol — the burglar, the highwayman, the thief, the incendiary, are MY — MY fellow creatures?" and Mr. Watson Cumberstone looked furious as he finished his oration.

"I believe that is the relationship in which they stand to you," returned the chairman, in a still firmer and fuller tone, "as members of the same great family; subject to the same passions; and accountable to the same God."

"Mrs. Fry again!" said Mr. C. hysterically, to his next neighbour. "Now, mark me. The principles of that woman will eventually undermine the framework of society. I have said so for these last ten years; and it 's astonishing the few people I get to believe me!"

"But what has Mrs. Fry to do with the appointment of a gaol chaplain?" And the querist looked fairly puzzled.

"Everything!" cried Cumberstone passionately: "had she been content to let the question of prison discipline rest, we should never have heard of the necessity of gaol chaplains. But now the prevailing cry is 'Humanity! humanity!' I repeat it: the foundations of society are giving way. The whole nation is getting imbued with the Fry poison!"

"You don't say so!" said his listener, with an earnest and alarmed expression.

Cries of "Order! order! chair! chair!" were now heard; and amid the silence which followed, the presiding magistrate observed,

"The pretensions of the candidates are now before you. Three gentlemen have been selected whose testimonials appear of the highest order. These gentlemen are now present, if any magistrate wishes to put to them any question."

"Pigs, to have red necks, must be fed upon corn. Remember that. I have it from the best authority. A red-necked pig—"

A roar of laughter drowned the remaining portion of Sir Peter's agricultural lecture, which he had been quietly pursuing in his distant corner, much to the edification of his faithful listeners.

When gravity was once more restored, the chairman observed, "The reverend gentlemen will be pleased to withdraw;" and on their

retiring, continued: "I must again call for a vote on the question now before you."

There seemed at length a probability of the business of the day being concluded, Dr. Wilderspin was proposed and seconded. The chairman simply observing with reference to him, that Dr. W. was head-master of a free grammar school; minor canon in a cathedral church; rector of St. Martin's, Mimsbury; and therefore *must have ample leisure* for the discharge of the duties of gaol chaplain!"

Mr. Hilton's pretensions were those next adverted to.

"I have the highest respect for Mr. Hilton," said the gentleman who proposed him; "and I confidently recommend him to your suffrages. He is the very man for the office. Prisoners don't require long sermons; and I never heard one from Mr. H. that lasted above fifteen minutes. He is a great favourite of mine, for that very reason. Gentlemen, you can't do better. He is my parish-minister, and I will answer for him. Try him on *my* recommendation. I beg to propose Mr. Hilton."

The nomination was briefly seconded.

"And I have the pleasure to propose Mr. Cleaver," said a venerable magistrate, who had taken from the first no common interest in the success of this question; "because he holds, and purposes to hold, no other appointment save this, should your favour raise him to it; because he will devote his whole time and attention to the prisoners entrusted to him; and because I consider such an unreserved appropriation of time and effort to the case of these culprits essential to any chaplain's success.

"For these, and similar reasons, I second Mr. Cleaver's nomination," said the senior clerical magistrate.

"Mr. Cleaver! oh! ah! He 's touched with the Fry-*mania*, I 'm persuaded," groaned Mr. Watson Cumberstone; "these men would never so speak of him were he *sound*."

The first balloting took place, and at its close, Mr. Hilton's name being lowest on the poll, was withdrawn. A second ballot was called for. The numbers ran very even. It was difficult to say whether Dr. Wilderspin or myself would be the successful candidate. The chairman was called upon for his casting-vote.

"Sir Henry Pettinger's suffrage is still wanting," was his quick reply.

"Sir Henry," cried a dozen voices,—"Sir Henry, whom are you for?"

"*I?* Oh! *I'm* for peace and quietness, and protection to the agricultural interest!"

So spake the worthy landowner, who had just got to the subject of "Swedes."

"But the chaplain!—the chaplain!"

"Oh! oh! I 'm for the gentleman who spoke last. He has an audible voice. I like a clergyman with an audible voice. It keeps me to the point on a sultry afternoon. I hear well myself; but some of the prisoners may be old and dullish. Yes—yes; it 's well to have a chaplain with an audible voice. Mr. Cleaver has my vote."

The baronet's suffrage turned the scale. I was elected by a majority of *one*.

"Mrs. Fry again! That everlasting woman once more in the as-

cendant!" was the comment of Mr. Cumberstone, as, with a hurried step and frowning brow, he sought his carriage.

CHAPTER II.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

"Our opinions are the angel part of us: our acts the earthly."
BULWER.

I HELD that appointment many long—long years! Many were the sorrowful hours, the bitter disappointments linked with it. Nor was the savage repulse, and the scornful taunt, and the ungrateful farewell wanting. It was a perpetual exercise of faith and patience. To some, and those the most guilty, it was in vain that I addressed myself. Their hearts seemed steeled against all avowal of error, and entreaty for forgiveness. The massy walls which surrounded them were not more callous and impenetrable. With others—of whom I had begun to hope well — did I find that the seed had fallen on rocky ground! Oh! it was a depressing, disappointing, heart-wearying scene! One advantage it possessed—the frequent opportunities it afforded me of witnessing the labours of a body of men to whom England is so deeply indebted — THE BRITISH MAGISTRACY. Individual instances among them there may be of wayward temper, and eccentric views; but as a body, their diligent, devoted, and disinterested discharge of the trust reposed in them must be witnessed day by day to be duly appreciated. These, I fear, I shall offend by the statements I am about to make. But there are moments when even the claims of friendship must be forgotten; and even the favour of that powerful body to which I owe so much, must be sacrificed, if needs be, to a sense of individual duty, and a desire to befriend the fallen.

In the gaol of —— two punishments were in vogue, the treadmill and solitary confinement. The former was a specific freely prescribed by the visiting justices, and by no means reluctantly administered by the gaoler. As *a general punishment* I think it INHUMAN. I have watched its operation, and pronounce upon it this verdict. What is the object of punishment? *The moral reformation of those who undergo it.* And what species of punishment is most likely to be attended with such a result? Surely that which has a tendency to incline the prisoner to turn his thoughts inward upon himself, and to give birth to firm resolutions of future amendment.

To these coveted results, in no shape or form, is the treadmill auxiliary. It has the most baneful effect upon the mind of the prisoner. It indisposes him wholly to a thoughtful retrospect of his past life. It steels him against profiting by the warnings afforded by present privations. It renders him irritable, morose, sullen, vindictive. It is the foe of every feeling bordering on moral reformation. It is the fruitful parent of deception and falsehood. To avoid treadwheel labour every species of deceit will be resorted to. Sickness will be feigned; falsehoods without end will be uttered, and persisted in; every *ruse* which ingenuity can suggest will be practised on the doctor; and every pretext resorted to which may release them from the wheel. Moreover, as a punishment it is unjust. It presses unequally

upon different individuals. To the young strong man, it is nothing of the punishment which it proves to the aged, the feeble, or the failing. Prisoners are not slow to observe this. They see and reason upon its inequality; they complain of its injustice as a penalty on misconduct, and aver that the treadmill punishes the old and infirm far more than the young and robust, and tall men more than short men. Again, it is downright destruction to health. Many a constitution has it prostrated hopelessly and irredeemably. Instance after instance might be quoted where a man, after having worked ten hours at treadwheel labour, has, at the expiration of his sentence, found himself utterly unable, from debility, to maintain his wife and family.

Now, surely the intention of punishment is to reform, not destroy!

And if, in my humble judgment, so many and obvious are the objections to the treadmill as a punishment, still more abhorrent to the feelings is that of solitary confinement. Punish a man by privation—by degradation—by hard labour, if you will; but do not assail the mind. Do not tamper with that bright emanation of the divinity, which, once disordered, is beyond your power to restore. Pause long and deeply ere you add to any sentence "SOLITARY CONFINEMENT." There is connected with it an amount of torture and agony, which none but the sufferer himself can estimate, and which man should be slow, very slow, to inflict upon his fellow.

Has he under any circumstances the right so to do?

I leave this query for the consideration of the merciful, the thoughtful, the forgiving.

My own view is, and I state it with all humility, that that prison best answers its proposed end where the inmates are led to labour steadily in some useful branch of industry; where they are taught to look to labour as the great or only source of their enjoyment, and in which they are prepared for becoming useful members of society, on regaining their freedom. And that would appear to me a *model* prison, which the prisoners having entered without the least knowledge of any trade or business, left capable of earning their livelihood.

Of this I have long been persuaded,—punishment will not reclaim. It will irritate, and it will harden; but it will not reclaim. It will never suggest one contrite feeling. Kindness may: to its magic even the most sullen are not insensible.

I remember once a young lad upon whom punishment had been tried in vain. Turnkeys, monitors, gaoler, had successively undertaken him, and successively pronounced him irreclaimable.

I said to him one day, "Poor lad!"—he had come from the West Riding, and I tried to recollect, for association's sake, something of its phraseology,—"what is that old grey-haired man, thinkest thou, doing now?—he, I mean, who accompanied thee to this prison, and wept so long and so loudly at leaving thee? He has come over Trent, the work of the day is done, and he is sitting sadly by his turf-fire. He is thinking of thee, lad—ay, and praying for thee—ay, and hoping that, should he never see thee again on earth, thou mayest meet him in heaven. But will it be so?—ah! will it be so? And I—I could almost weep over thee, my lad, myself, now and bitterly, if I could but see thee touched and softened, penitent and humbled!"

He listened—the hard muscles began to work—the compressed

lips to quiver—the eyelids to moisten—and ere long a frightful and passionate flood of tears flowed from those large, stern eyes.

His disposition was changed, and for the better, ever after!

Here my moralizings must close, and I must pass from sentiment to action. A feeling of increasing sympathy for the hardships of the poor,—a zeal, daily widening and deepening, for their protection and improvement, is one of the most hopeful signs of the present age. To be sure, the doctrine has been lately broached, "Poverty almost invariably leads to crime;—such *is the law of nature,* although not the law of the land."*

His must be a strangely-constituted mind which could arrive at such a conclusion, and an intensely selfish spirit which could avow it!

"*Mais n'importe!*" It cannot check the tide of humanity which is rapidly rolling in,—from which the oppressed and the sorrow-stricken have so much to hope,—and to which such earnest heed is given by the good and wise of every class.

An hour will come when Lord Londonderry will regret that such a sentiment should ever have been traced by his pen. For its avowed purpose it is powerless. But the enemies of his order—the Chartists and Revolutionists of the day—point to it with triumph, as the creed held by a noble of England.

In this point of view it is mischievous and lamentable. But to my journal.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOLDIER ASSASSIN.

"Show me the life of which some portion is not shrouded in mystery."
DR. CHANNING'S *Discourses.*

A FEW weeks after my appointment to the chaplaincy, and before habit had rendered me a calm and suspicious listener to the sad recitals which were continually submitted to me, a committal took place, the particulars attending which riveted my attention then, and have often irritated my curiosity since.

The party was in the prime of life, agile, with a remarkably good address, and a keen, clear, quick eye. The magistrate who convicted him, himself a soldier, expressed his conviction that the prisoner had served in the ranks; and Philip Wingate's military air and martial step in some degree bore out the assertion. But the accused entered into no explanations. He avowed, indeed, to the bench, in firm but respectful terms, his entire innocence of the deed laid to his charge; but he set up no *alibi;* nor did he attempt any counter statement; nor would he, though invited by the committing magistrate, state where he had been on the night and hour when the alleged outrage took place.

The facts were these. A wealthy farmer, not of peculiarly sober habits, or of extremely retentive memory, was robbed on his return from Bottesbury fair. His assailants were three in number, and one of them, he swore most positively, was Wingate.

"One is grieved to commit such a fine fellow as that to a gaoler's

* Letter from the Marquis of Londonderry to Lord Ashley, M.P., page 89.

discipline," said the presiding magistrate, at the close of the examination; "but the prosecutor's statement is so decided, that he leaves us no alternative."

His brother magistrates assented, and Philip Wingate was led away.

"I never touched the man; have none of his money; never spoke to him in my life," the prisoner asseverated; and from this declaration he never varied.

The assizes came on; and the trial, from the habits of the prosecutor, and the large sum of money of which he had been robbed, excited considerable interest. Wingate was firm and self-possessed throughout. He cross-examined the prosecutor, Basham, with considerable skill; he elicited the material fact, that he had been drinking deeply during the morning of the day on which the robbery was effected; he drew from him an acknowledgment that the evening was far advanced when the scuffle took place; and that "it was neither dark nor light" when his pocket-book was snatched from him. Nay, more, he reminded the prosecuting counsel,—a rambling, desultory speaker,—that he was not *obliged* to tell the jury where he was on the day and hour when the robbery took place, and that his silence on this point was no proof of guilt; and further, that his being found, three hours after the occurrence, near the spot where Basham said he had been robbed, did not prove him to be a party to such robbery, supposing it to have taken place. He again asseverated his innocence. The tone, the temper, the tact with which these observations were made had a visible effect upon the judge; while the prisoner's martial bearing, manly voice, and cool, self-sustained deportment carried with him the sympathy of a crowded court. But he gave no explanation, called no witnesses; and the judge, having twice asked him if he had any further statement to make, and having received a respectful negative, proceeded to address the jury. His charge was clear and masterly, and, on the whole, favourable to the prisoner. He dwelt on the admitted intemperate habits of the prosecutor; on the fact that he had been drinking deeply the day he was robbed; on his admission that he had never seen the prisoner prior to the night named in the indictment; and that none of Basham's property had been found in Wingate's possession.

If ever judge was counsel for a prisoner, Baron Garrow was Wingate's counsel on that occasion.

But it availed not!

The jury was composed mainly of farmers, and they, having a wholesome dread of highwaymen, a reverential respect for their greasy pocket-books, and a fellow-feeling for a brother clod "overtaken by a little liquor," returned a verdict of "*guilty.*"

The judge was taken by surprise; but, after a pause, he remarked on the absence of all violence, and dwelt on the extenuating features of the case. Again he paused, as if scarcely reconciled in his own mind to the finding of the jury, and then passed a mitigated sentence of transportation for life.

Wingate left the dock as cool and self-possessed as if nothing had happened.

"I never counted on an acquittal," was his remark; "THE PAST *told me that.* But now to make the best of matters!"

And he moved away with as firm a step, and as bold a carriage, as if he had been going on parade.

There was a point, however, on which his nerve failed him, — the treadmill; he shook when he approached it!

"And yet," said the gaoler, in mentioning the fact, "it was no new acquaintance; it was merely the renewal of a former intimacy."

"How mean you?"

"I mean this, sir, that Wingate has been upon the mill many a time and oft before to-day."

"That must be mere conjecture."

"By no means. Three minutes make strange discoveries: they will suffice to show the awkwardness of a raw hand, and the ease and skill of an old practitioner. Wingate is the latter; the treadmill is familiar to him: he knows every manœuvre and trick respecting it."

"That surprises me. But he still asserts his innocence?"

"He does, sir, and, in my opinion, *truly*. I heard the trial—I watched the man closely before and since; and I verily believe he was neither principal nor accomplice in that affair. However, he will pay the penalty; for he starts for the hulks at Portsmouth at seven to-morrow."

That evening he sent for me; and, as a last and particular favour, begged that he might see me alone. His wish was acceded to. He began by thanking me for "the pains I had taken"— they were his own words—" to make him a better man and a better Christian;" and then expressed his "fears that I had thought him sullen and ungrateful," because he was not communicative.

"I could not," he continued, "clear myself in Basham's case without implicating others. I must have delivered up three associates to certain punishment had I said where I was and how employed, when that perjured coward was eased of his pocket-book. I disdained to be a traitor; and cheerfully submit, in preference, to my punishment. But to you, sir, I will make a clean breast. I never robbed that man: but I know who did. I was not far off, for I was poaching: and it was while searching for some game which I had hid, and, like a fool, could not readily find, that the constables apprehended me as the guilty party. But, I repeat, Basham was not molested by me. I never saw him till we met before the magistrate. Poaching has been my ruin—that, and nothing else! My poor father's prophecy is about to be fulfilled, that my gun would banish me from my country and my home for ever.

"My prospects, sir, were at one time good. My father was a small land-holder in Nottinghamshire under the Duke of ———. The Duke was partial to him: and proved it by many acts of well-timed assistance. His Grace had for years paid particular attention to agriculture; was himself a practical farmer; liked to see land *clean;* was no bad judge of a fallow; and could tell unerringly from the look of the crop whether labour, or manure, or both, had been stinted on the land. An occupier bent on the improvement of his farm was the Duke's delight. On all these points John Wingate was a tenant to his Grace's mind. But he had another, and still more powerful recommendation. The Duke strictly preserved the game. He liked a gun in none of his tenants' hands. Sporting, and a smock-frock, he held utterly irreconcileable. 'He shoots occasion-

ally,' was a sentence which sealed the dismissal of many a careless, but honest son of the soil. Here my father's claim to pre-eminence was indisputable. That being did not live who could say he had ever seen John Wingate carry a gun! The partridge might nestle among his turnips, and the hare nibble his young wheat, and the pheasant whirr from his thick plantations, fearless of molestation from him.

"Not so his only, and most unfortunate child! I was born a sportsman. From my very childhood I coveted the fame of a 'crack shot.' Chide me, beat me, deprive me of food or rest—and each and all these punishments have, in turn, been mine—nothing could wean me from field sports. 'It is thy bane, boy,' my poor father used to say; 'it will deprive thee of light and liberty, and all that thy soul holds dear.'

"Ah, sir! if the great were but sensible of the odium which the game laws entail on them; if they could guess the angry feelings, the bitter alienation which they create and keep up between the peasant and the proprietor; if they were aware with what a chafed and exasperated spirit a *land occupier* impresses on his family, that neither he nor any one of his sons can shoot with impunity a single head of that game which has been bred upon his own farm, and has thriven upon the produce of his own toils, they would exterminate the breed from their domain.

"For a time I was wary; but success rendered me incautious: and early one morning, when I had just flushed a covey, I was caught. The keepers were inflexible. They reported me to the Duke. I blame him not. He acted kindly and forbearingly. He sent for my father. He reminded him of the condition—implied, but fully understood, on which all his tenants held their farms. He asked me if I 'denied the charge?' I at once admitted it. He then said that my youth, and my father's worth, should quash the present accusation—he would forget that he had ever heard it: but he warned me of the consequences of any future transgressions. I left him, baffled, vexed, and mortified; but by no means convinced that I was the wrong doer. My father's distress was great, and it moved me. I mentally made a firm resolve: and for days—nay, weeks—I kept it. But the trial was severe. To hear in early morning the guns popping merrily around me; to catch the call of the partridge from the stubble; to rouse 'puss' from her form, and 'so-ho!' her as she scoured gaily down the hedge-row, and all the while within range; in this thicket to put up a pheasant; and in that turnip-field to stumble upon a glorious covey; and to feel all the time that my hands were tied, and my gun useless, and my dog idle—this, to a spirit like mine, was unendurable. Again I ventured: was detected, fined, surcharged, and—disowned by my timid and terror-stricken parent—committed!

"'Put him on the treadmill,' was the order of the visiting justice: 'nothing finer than the treadmill! brings a fellow at once to his senses: works a thorough cure: he rarely pays us a second visit who has been once on the treadmill!'

"These are remarks glibly uttered, but the conclusion they draw is not borne out by experience. Those who have undergone terms of 'imprisonment with hard labour,' have again and again been housed in their old quarters. Prison returns prove this. As to myself and the wheel, I hardly think I deserved it. One point was clear to me.

Magistrates who preserve game are apt to look at poaching through a magnifying glass. They find in it a combination of the seven deadly sins. Their own personal feelings are, unsuspected by themselves, at work on the question. Their thoughts dwell on it till at length they regard poaching as a much more heinous offence than it really is, or than the law views it.

"I was placed on the mill! Its punishment was to reform me. Reform me! It made me irritable, quarrelsome, sullen, savage! Reform me! It merged my thoughts in bodily fatigue and exhaustion. Instead of encouraging me by cheerful employment in prison to seek labour as the means of honest subsistence when I left it, it confirmed me in my hatred to labour by compelling me to submit to it in its most painful, irksome, and exhausting form. And yet there are those who have greater cause to complain of it than myself. If men, young and strong men, sink under its infliction, how can it be expected that women, weak and wretched women, can bear up against it? There are very few of them who can undergo such labour: there is the greatest difficulty in teaching them to be upon the wheel, and escape accident: and frequently have I known women bleed at the nose when first put to the wheel. How many have been caught in the wheel, and maimed by it for life! and yet there are humane and benevolent individuals who contend for it as a proper punishment for women upon prison diet! And the judges wonder, and gaolers complain, that prisoners—their period of confinement completed—leave the prison walls more sullen, callous, hardened, desperate characters than they entered them! The wonder would be if it were otherwise!

"My sentence fulfilled, I sought, for a few hours, my father's roof. He welcomed me with much kindness. No reproof, no taunt, no allusion to the past escaped him: I did not suffer him to remain long in ignorance of my intentions. "I will not remain at home: it would be your ruin. I cannot subdue this propensity, but it shall not be indulged at your expense. To you I will be burdensome no longer. I will earn my own bread: it shall be as a soldier. Entreaties, expostulations, tears, were not wanting to induce me to alter my resolution. I was firm, and enlisted. I was fortunate in my selection. The 4th was well officered, and it was not long before the education I had received told favourably for me. I could write quickly and legibly; had a thorough knowledge of accounts; some smattering of general information; and, above all, was free from that vice which ruins so many privates—drunkenness. *That*, through life, I have loathed. I was noticed by those above me; tried in various capacities, and found faithful. Confidence was placed in me, and a vacancy occurring, I was raised to the rank of corporal. Thus far all was well. But while I was congratulating myself on the prospect of an honest livelihood, and hoping that the future would retrieve the past, shame and ignominy were hanging over me. My character was about to receive a wound from which it never recovered.

I had been corporal three months, when a new ensign joined the corps. His name was Cattams. His father had been in business at Manchester, and was wealthy; and his only son, Curtius, was gazetted "ensign by purchase." I can, sir, but indifferently describe him. He might not be, intentionally, a malevolent or malicious man; but

never human being possessed more odious peculiarities. The good feeling of the regiment was gone from the very moment he joined it. He was a man of the most restless activity;—ill-directed, and spent on trifles. He had an eye quick at detecting defects, and a tongue singularly apt at exposing them. His temper was immoveable: no reply would silence him; no retort irritate him. His perseverance was remarkable. He would again and again return to the point, refer to the "Articles of War," quote "General Orders," and comment on them till the whole mess was roused. As to the men, no irregularity escaped him; and no excuse appeased him. Dress, accoutrements, attitude—all were severely scanned. Poor man! with him, an officer's main duty was to find fault! The results were unavoidable. Punishments became more frequent. The lash was brought more and more into requisition. The men became dispirited; and the officers disunited. The lieutenant-colonel, who had grown grey in his country's service, and had lost an arm in her cause, was heard to say—'Mr. Cattams, discipline in unskilful hands may become tyranny. 'Martinet' is an ugly addition to a man's name. You understand me.'

"But Mr. Cattams either did not or could not, understand him; for, a few days afterwards, a conversation took place at mess, where the commanding-officer is president, and supposed to be a check on all intemperate expressions—this conversation, in its tone somewhat animated and unguarded, Cattams contrived should reach the Horse Guards. An inquiry was made. Some correspondence took place. It issued in an admonition, couched in very gentle and measured terms, but addressed to the lieutenant-colonel. It was sufficient. 'If,' said he, 'a beardless boy can draw down reproof upon a white-headed and wounded veteran, it is a sign the service can do without him. The hint shall not be given twice.' He sold out immediately, and his retirement completed the discord of the regiment.

"But I am in advance of my own history. The day prior to our colonel's departure, I had the misfortune to attract the ensign's attention. I had some report—I forget its precise nature now—to make to him. It displeased him both in form and substance; and he settled on me his little, hateful, designing, deceitful-looking eyes. That glance, I knew well, portended mischief. After a pause, he said slowly, 'I have seen you, before, corporal, and that when you did not wear a red coat—I am sure of it, for I never forget features—where could it be?' I made no attempt to assist his memory, for I had a foreboding of evil, and cared not how soon the interview terminated.

"'I have it!' said he, after a pause, and with a look of malicious satisfaction that made my blood run riot in my veins. 'I saw you, sirrah, in —— county gaol: and watched you as you took your turn on the treadmill! Yes, yes: my recollection is perfect. I was sure I had seen you under other and disgraceful circumstances. To your duty—sir—to your duty.'

"I left him, a ruined man. I knew it. I felt it. The future was darkly and hopelessly overcast. And to add to the bitterness of my situation, I was *powerless*. Explanation, entreaty, expostulation, all would have been alike unavailing. Forbearance was a word my tormentor knew not. I was at his mercy; and I was sure he would degrade me. Ah, sir," continued Wingate, with visible emotion, "none

but those whose position has been so unfortunate can tell the disastrous influence of recognition in after-life, upon a criminal who, from a sense of guilt, has been led to heartfelt penitence and sincere resolutions of future amendment. If a man really repents, he may by steady perseverance and unflinching firmness succeed in gaining the character of an useful member of society; but he will live in constant apprehension of having his good name suddenly and irredeemably forfeited by the recognition of some abandoned fellow-prisoner, or some vain and heartless official. If the penitent's inclination to return to honest courses be not quite decided—if his virtuous resolutions be not thoroughly fixed—that recognition proves fatal. Past delinquencies are exposed; bitter, angry, and revengeful feelings are called up, which would otherwise have slept. The finger of scorn is pointed at him. He is discouraged in his course. References to the past float around him. The progress of reformation slackens: and after a while he ceases to struggle with the calumnies of the slanderous, and becomes vicious, drunken, brutal, reckless."

The wretched man paused from the violence of his feelings; and I could not but mentally acknowledge the truth of the picture he had drawn.

"That day," he resumed, "was a busy and a pleasant day for Ensign Cattams. Before nightfall few in my own division were ignorant of his 'happy discovery.' According to some, I had been tried for sheep-stealing; according to others, for burglary; but be my crime what it might, my influence was over. I was a damaged man. I had been seen on the treadmill—in a felon's dress—and in felons' company. That was sufficient. Name and fame were gone. My authority with the men was impaired. In vain I strove to regain it. My officers looked upon me coldly and suspiciously; and, on a slight instance of forgetfulness occurring—forgetfulness attended with no ill consequences, and trifling in its nature—forgetfulness, which in other days would have been visited only by a slight reproof—it was thought fit that '*marked notice* should be taken of it.' I was dismissed from my post of corporal, and reduced to the ranks. The blow did not surprise me. I expected it. But it crushed me to the earth. Thoughts, bitter, burning, and revengeful, took possession of me. Thoughts which the EVIL SPIRIT could alone suggest; and which, no dread of after-consequences ever subdued. . . . . . The discord in the 4th was now at its height, and had attracted the displeasure of the Horse Guards. We were ordered on foreign service; and told pretty plainly that our prospect of returning home was distant. We embarked, and reached our destination on the eve of a general engagement. How I rejoiced at the intelligence! How my heart leapt and my spirits rose at the thought of taking the field! How delightedly I hailed the confirmation of the report. I had reason: for I had long resolved that the very first engagement should rid me of my foe for ever! You start, sir! What, are you not aware that thus many a regimental tyrant closes his career? Is it new to you that the severe and cruel officer often perishes by the weapon of his own men? Think you that when a military superior is execrated by those whom he commands, and who are daily writhing under his rule, that such an opportunity will be lost? Oh no! They die—as the public records state—on the 'tented field;' at the head of their regiment; leading on their men; cheering them to victory; they

are praised in the commander-in-chief's despatch; and lamented in general orders; and their widows obtain pensions; and their memories a monument in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey; *but they fall by the rifles of their own men!*"

"Among red coats this is no secret. All officers are well aware of it. Ours were wide awake on the point. The senior captain was heard to say to his junior, 'There is, I am conscious, a very unpleasant feeling afloat in the regiment, and if we go into action the odds are fifty to one against the Manchester-man!' 'He has been warned,' was the cool reply, 'by myself and others; his tactics are peculiar; let him abide by them.' 'Never was there a man,' ran the rejoinder, 'so thoroughly master of the art of making himself detestable!'

"We went into action. Cattams fell early. I was not his only foe. He was pierced by three balls. The surgeon examined him; looked grave; but made no report. Never man fell less lamented. But from that moment I never knew rest. The curse of blood was on me; and He fought against me whom no subterfuge can deceive, and no deed of darkness escape. I had never a cheerful hour afterwards. I might have been happy, for my worldly circumstances improved. My aged father longed for the companionship of his only child, and to secure it, purchased my discharge. 'Come,' were his words, 'and cheer my solitude. Let me see thee before I die. God has prospered me. Come, I am feeble and failing; come to that homestead which will soon be thine.'

"He left me his all. But no blessing went with it. Loss after loss befel me. I knew the cause. The brand of Cain was upon me. 'Ere long I was again a homeless wanderer. I resumed my old pursuits. I took to poaching; and by it earned a fair and, to me, agreeable livelihood. Thus employed, I witnessed,—from a distance,—the spoiling of that drunkard, Basham; but I would betray no associate. There is a stern fidelity which binds those who own no other tie. Of the offence specially charged against me, I repeat, I am innocent; but I feel that I am a gross offender. Of that I am very sensible. I thank you, sir, heartily and respectfully, for having listened to me. It has been a great relief to me thus to unburden myself of the past. I am not hardened in crime. Oh, no! I constantly pray for pardon; for I feel mine has been no common sin."

What followed needs no mention here. I trust the advice I gave was sound: and I am sure the spirit in which it was received was humble. We parted,—and for ever.

Early the next morning the van started for Portsmouth. On its arrival there it was surrounded by a crowd, among which were several tall, bulky, women. These, as Wingate alighted, pressed around the turnkeys; pinioned one, hustled another, and felled a third; and in the *mêlée* Wingate escaped.

From the rapid and off-hand manner in which his rescue was effected, his deliverers must have been men disguised. I have often tried to trace him; and to discover whether his apparently sincere penitence issued in amendment. But in vain. The lapse of years has thrown no light upon his history.

That Ensign Cattams perished in the manner Wingate described, the surviving officers of his regiment seemed to entertain slight doubt.



THE HARD.

"A man severe he was."

Archibald Merton was the only son of an industrious and thriving merchant, who, originally poor, had, at first from necessity, and afterwards from habit, become a penurious man. Prosperous in all his undertakings, he believed that poverty was invariably the result of idleness, and, consequently, felt no sympathy in the wants of others, and was never known to extend his hand in charity to any.

Archibald had imbibed and acted upon the erroneous conclusions of his father.

Inheriting a handsome fortune at his death, sufficient for the independence of five men of his limited wants and views, he still continued plodding on, and increasing his store.

Two years after he had succeeded to the business, he married—not for love, for of that sentiment he possessed as little as he did of charity—no—it was merely a bargain,—and, like most of his bargains, settled upon "'Change."

A rich merchant, who had five daughters, offered him the choice, and a certain sum; and, when he had made his election, the transfer was made and accepted, with all the coldness and formality of a commercial transaction.

A daughter was the issue—the only issue; for the wife died three months afterwards, and was buried with "all the honours" usually paid to the wealthy.

Archibald grieved exceedingly that his better half had not lived to bring up the child,—as he was compelled to put it out to nurse!

Notwithstanding his indifference, however, the little Maria grew up; and, when she had attained the age of five, he began to take notice of his only child, and expressed himself rather pleased with her winning ways and artless prattle.

His business, however, engaged the larger portion of his time at the office, and occupied much of his thoughts at home, he, consequently, had little intercourse with the representative of his house.

Of late years, too, there rose a competition in mercantile affairs, which gradually assumed an air of speculation, that was very distasteful to the old-fashioned merchant; but he still persevered, although

he found he had not only much to contend with, but almost a new game to play, in which he not unfrequently found himself at fault.

Still, the reputation of his "firm" was high in the market, and he commanded, where others were obliged to solicit.

* * * * *

Time progressed, and Maria was eighteen,—a pretty, lively, intelligent girl, with more common sense than accomplishments; her great virtue, in the estimation of Archibald Merton, being, her strict obedience to his will.

He contemplated, however, putting it to the severest test to which a parent can submit his child.

Having no son to continue the business, he had "speculated" upon taking a junior partner, in the shape of a son-in-law; and, having compared "notes" with a brother merchant who had an only son, he proposed the affair,—upon conditions, &c.

After mature deliberation, the match was agreed upon, provided the young couple were ready and willing to ratify the agreement. Archibald, on his part, smiled at the idea of a demur on the part of his daughter; and the introduction took place, the father and son dining with Archibald.

Strange to say, the young couple appeared mutually pleased; for, stranger still, they had previously met "promiscuously" at the house of a mutual friend; on which occasion young Mr. Belton had been rather particular in his attections to Maria, who had been particularly pleased; for he was a very fine young fellow, and was quite the observed of all observers; and Maria had, it must be confessed, a little vanity in her composition, and felt rather gratified at "carrying him off," on that occasion, although she had never seen him since.

Of course she complied with her parent's request, that she should receive Mr. Belton as her affianced husband, without a murmur, although the little rogue did exhibit an apparent indifference on the occasion, which was naughty, perhaps, but pardonable.

Letters were exchanged by the merchants, setting forth an agreement that, "one month from the date hereof," ten thousand pounds should be advanced by each on the day of the marriage of Frederick Belton, Esq., junior, the son of Josiah Belton, Esq., to Maria, the daughter of Archibald Merton, Esq. &c. &c.

The young couple meanwhile passed a delightful time in the interchange of the tenderest sentiments, sanctioned by their parents; and, unalloyed by any pecuniary considerations, which they left entirely to the discussion of the original contractors, enjoyed a felicity that was truly enviable.

Mantua-makers and milliners were busily employed in preparing for the happy event, and Maria was in the anticipation of every earthly enjoyment, when, one week before the proposed nuptials, Archibald returned from "'Change" an hour before his accustomed time.

There was a cloud upon his brow, that checked the exuberant joy of his child, and chilled the blood in her veins.

"Girl!" said he, throwing his hat upon the sofa, "that old fool, Belton, has been speculating in hops; they have fallen in the market, and he is a ruined man—all gone!—found hanging in his warehouse!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Maria, dropping in a chair, and looking like a corpse at this sudden communication of ill-tidings, "poor gentleman!"

"Poor indeed!" exclaimed Archibald bitterly. "I hold a thousand pounds of his worthless paper, and his estate will not yield a farthing in the pound."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "let us go and comfort Frederick. What must his feelings be?"

"Frederick! comfort him! You do not think of your father, you ungrateful girl! Can he pay me my thousand pounds? He is a beggar; think no more of him."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "you are wealthy. This loss cannot, will not affect you. Bid me not forget him whom you have commanded me to love and receive as my husband."

"Peace, unfeeling girl!" cried Archibald, "nor dare to mention the son of the man who has robbed and plundered me. He is a beggar, and no match for the daughter of Archibald Merton. Never more shall he cross the threshold of my door. Forget him!"

Maria did not hear this last command, for she fell as if stricken by death upon the floor of the drawing-room. Archibald rang the bell, and summoning the servants, left the forlorn and hapless maid to their ministrations, and retreated to his accustomed coffee-house, to ascertain if there were any hope of a dividend from the estate of Belton.

Recovering from her swoon, and finding that her obdurate father had left the house, Maria, attended by her maid, with the boldness of despair, immediately sought her afflicted lover.

Her absence was unobserved; her obedience, indeed, was undoubted; but, surely, under the peculiar circumstances of her situation, her conduct could not be reprehended by the severest moralist, for the love Archibald had commanded could not be countermanded at will.

A correspondence between the lovers was the natural consequence; and at the end of six weeks Maria eloped, and married the husband of her father's choice.

Archibald's anger was deep and inflexible; he uttered no expression, but he felt and nourished an unnatural feeling of resentment against his daughter and her paramour, as he bitterly denominated the unfortunate, and perhaps what worldly people would call, thoughtless Frederick.

Months elapsed, and Archibald heard nothing of his disobedient child; and poor Maria, although married to the man of her father's and her own heart's election, was by no means perfectly happy; for she had been so accustomed to bow so religiously to his will in all things, that she consequently experienced many qualms of conscience at the step she had taken, which ever and anon passed like dark clouds across the sunshine of her existence. Frederick, too, was unable to obtain any employment, and the little money he possessed was fast dwindling away; and, to add to the misfortunes of the young couple, Maria promised shortly to become a mother.

Too proud and independent in spirit to sue for help where he considered it ought naturally to have been proffered, Frederick tried every means in his power to procure means elsewhere before he re-

sorted to solicit the assistance of his implacable father-in-law. Stern necessity at last compelled him to do that which he deemed a degradation.

"What is your business, sir?" demanded Archibald, with a chilling indifference, when, by a sort of stratagem, Frederick had obtained an interview.

"I have no business, Mr. Merton," replied Frederick; "and, indeed, no pleasure in the application I am about to make to you."

"Then the sooner our conference ends, the better."

"Not so, sir," replied Frederick indignantly, "and by heaven you must and shall hear me!" and, rising abruptly, he locked the door of the apartment.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded Archibald.

"Fear nothing, sir; you are Maria's father, and that is sufficient protection for you."

"I disclaim, and will disinherit the disobedient girl," said Archibald.

"Listen, sir," said Frederick. "You sanctioned my addresses to your daughter; you did all in your power to promote the match; and had it not been for my father's misfortunes, you would have gladly ratified the agreement into which you had entered."

"Well, sir; but he failed in his part, and I had every right to retract."

"You forget, sir, that this was not a mere contract of bargain and sale; the affections of the parties were involved. You are still a rich man, and Maria is your only child. I do not ask you to give her the handsome portion you promised on her wedding-day; but I do claim some assistance, which will enable me to enter into business, and recover at least a part of that connexion which my father had by his industry and integrity obtained. He was unfortunate, sir, but not guilty.

"Your daughter, too, is in a precarious state, and requires every comfort; and, if you possess the feelings of a parent, you will afford it her."

"You have married the girl, and you must be responsible for your own wilfulness. For my own part, I care not if she applies to the parish; for the shame will be upon your head for your rashness. Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frederick, "this charitable prayer, that when you are judged, may you meet with more mercy than you mete out to your own child."

Disgusted with the hard-hearted man, Frederick departed as much in anger as in sorrow at the fruitless issue of his interview.

Some months after this, Archibald Merton was gratified at hearing that Frederick had quitted London. He was comparatively happy, and once more pursued his avocations. Between 'Change and the coffeehouse he filled up the days of his existence, and increased his fortune.

There came, however, a "lull" in business, and he was miserable, for he required the excitement consequent upon money-making; and, like a gambler, becoming desperate, he made a "spec." and lost a considerable sum.

A change came o'er his golden dream, and he was induced by some

wealthy merchants to become a director in one of the bubble companies of the day. The company failed, and Merton being an opulent man, he became the mark of attack; the rest of the "board" proved men of straw. Action upon action followed, and he was mulcted in a large amount of damages in every case, until the old merchant found himself under the necessity of becoming a bankrupt, to save himself from a prison, and he did find one who struck a friendly docket. He obtained his certificate; but he was literally a beggar. He had no friends—not a soul on earth who cared for him, for he had in his prosperity cared for none; and he quitted London, and no one knew whither his steps were bent.

* * * * *

Twelve years had elapsed since the unfortunate marriage of Maria, —and old Merton had had no tidings of her fate, for Frederick was as proud as the old merchant was inflexible.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful day in May,—the hawthorn was in full bloom, and the birds were singing merrily and filling the air with their sweet melody. All nature smiled at the return of summer.

A beautiful fair-haired girl was playing with a pet lamb in a meadow adjoining a handsome farm-house, where the bailiff of the lord's estate resided.

A poor old man, with grey hair, and bent double with age and infirmity, walked slowly up to the stile which divided the meadow from the high road, and resting his arms upon the upper bar, regarded the child.

He was not long unobserved, and with all the elasticity and sprightliness of youth, the little creature bounded towards the mendicant.

"Poor old man," said she, "you look fatigued,—have you walked far? Shall I bring you a bowl of milk? Here, sit on this bank and take care of my lamb, will you. I shall be with you presently."

And away ran the joyous little creature to the farm-house, and quickly returned with a wooden bowl of milk and a slice of bread.

"Thank you—thank you," replied the old man, and heartily devoured the welcome meal, while the little girl toyed with her pet, and at last, weary and rosy with her exertion, seated herself at the beggar's feet—a beautiful picture of innocence!

"Who taught your heart charity towards the poor?" said the old man.

"What do you mean?" said the artless child.

"Why do you give me this bread and milk?"

"Because I thought you were tired and hungry, and poor," replied the child; "and father would be so angry if I had let you go on without offering you something. Oh! he is so good, and everybody loves him, and I love him and my mother better than all the world."

"And are they rich?" demanded the old man.

"Oh! no!—rich people ride in a carriage, you know, and are so proud; but we have everything we want, and can always give something away besides. Did you ever see anything like Jessy? look, how she butts at me. She is so naughty; and yet I feed her and wash her every day. Come here, do, you thing! and let me cuddle your little woolly neck."

And she entwined her little arm around the lamb's neck, and hugged it to her.

"Bless you, and thank you!" replied the old man, returning the bowl and taking up his staff.

"Don't hurry yourself. I am sure you are tired," replied the child: "and you may stay here as long as you like, and sleep in the barn, too, if you please."

"Sleep!" cried the old man, looking up wildly; and then, as if recollecting himself, he added, "If I may be permitted to rest my weary limbs till morning—"

"Indeed you may; and you have no occasion to be frightened, for we have no dogs, for father says they always bark at poor people; and mother does laugh so when he says they are faithful, but not charitable, for she is very fond of them. Shall I show you the barn? and, depend upon it, I shall be up by five in the morning, and I'll bring you such a nice mess of hot bread and milk; and some bread and meat, too, if you like it."

"Thank ye," murmured the old man as he arose, and the scalding tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks as he followed his pretty little prattling guide.

* * * * *

True to her promise, the little girl brought the weary wanderer his welcome meal at five o'clock in the morning, and seating herself on a truss of straw beside him, talked to him like sweet music.

He had scarcely finished, when a manly voice outside the barn, in a laughing tone, said, "Come, let us see the child's guest: the little rogue wants to engross all the merit to herself."

The door opened, and in walked the bailiff and his buxom wife.

"Well, gaffer," said the hearty young farmer, "I hope you have been well cared for?"

A shriek from his wife startled him, and frightened the child, who burst into tears, and rushed to her mother's side.

"Father! my poor father!" exclaimed Maria, and fell swooning in the arms of Frederick.

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The foreign gentleman executes an air upon the Grand Piano

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Ledbury, Johnson, and some friends patronise the illegitimate drama.

Some years back from the epoch of our story, at a period which brings us to the days when Mr. Ledbury went gipsying in a skeleton suit and lay-down collars,—when Mavor, Dilworth, and Vyse formed his library, or at least the most important part of it, and his only use for a pen was found in the production of sage maxims and high-sounding proper names, copied from the copperplate slips, and ranging from the imposing Archipelago of the large hand to the retiring *True content must flow from art and study* of the smaller text,—he possessed, in common with the rest of his class, a diverting book of miscellaneous selections, called a "Speaker." It consisted principally of moral reasonings in praise of virtue, and condemnation of vice, interspersed with articles of a lighter character, thrown in here and there, like the plums in his academic dumplings, to beguile him into swallowing the heavier matter. Amidst these latter papers there was one story particularly amusing, called, if our chronicle quotes aright, "Eyes and no eyes, or the Art of Seeing:" the title is hypothetically given; for the book long ago met with a violent end from the hands of Master Walter Ledbury. It treated of a walk in an undefined part of the country taken by a tutor,—an important personage in all instructive stories,—with a certain Tommy, and his acquaintance, Harry, two young gentlemen, who were represented as dressed in knee-breeches and cocked-hats; the former, possibly, being the same Tom who "fell in the pond,"—an accident so graphically described by monosyllabic words in another school-chronicle; and the latter, from his carelessness, was doubtless the identical Harry, who subsequently, according to Fenning, "became a prey to a wild beast." Well, then, in this walk, the tutor, whom Mr. Ledbury always imagined to be a near connexion of Mr. Barlow, in Sandford and Merton, wearing a little round hat, and very like the men in Noah's Ark, indulged in many pleasant observations upon things in general, and, when he returned home, questioned his two pupils as to what they had seen. Tommy, whose perceptive faculties appear to have been in high order, related various facts in natural history, philosophy, and the use of the globes, which different circumstances in the walk had given rise to; whilst Harry, like the man who saw nothing at all in the Falls of Niagara but ever-so-much water tumbling over a rock, did not find his mind particularly expanded by the promenade,—in fact, he appears to have regarded the excursion as exceedingly dull and commonplace. This is the abstract meaning of the story, however erroneous we may have been

in detail; its end and moral being to prove, not only that different people visiting the same locality will each be impressed with different sensations respecting its characteristics, but that, if we have our eyes about us, there is always something worth seeing even in places of the least promise. This feeling perpetually guided Mr. Ledbury in most of his excursions, balancing their occasional questionability with the comfortable assurance that he was seeing the world, studying mankind, and expanding his mind.

A few days after the opening of the Clumpley Literary and Scientific Institution, Mr. Ledbury left the village for Islington. He stayed a short time to fish, and take long walks, after the manner of most visitors to the country, and was even tempted one day by Mr. Wilmer to mount the old mare, being his first equestrian performance since the ride in the Bois de Boulogne, the morning after their ball in the Quartier Latin. But, being recalled to town by his father, who required his services, he left Clumpley, laden with fresh butter, new-laid eggs, and enormous nosegays,—Mrs. Wilmer being only sorry that she could not add two fore-quarters of lamb fed upon the estate,—and promising to return again for the race-week, when Miss Seymour was expected to join the family. During the few days, however, of his stay, he endeavoured, by his gentlemanly deportment and distinguished manners, to remove the disagreeable notion entertained by the villagers, that he was a fellow culprit with Mr. Roderick Doo, merely at liberty upon bail. And this was not effected without some trouble; for when country folks once form an idea that any individual is not exactly what he ought to be, it is a task of exceeding difficulty to disabuse them. And so it was in this case, but more especially with the medical men who did not attend Mr. Wilmer's family.

The train returned him and his cargo to the great metropolis, as safely as it had taken him down, except in the case of the eggs, which he had been heedless enough to carry in his carpet-bag, thereby causing the vital principle in many of them to escape from the shell before its time. On his arrival, his first care was to visit Jack Johnson, and tell him all the news which he thought would be likely to interest him, and he fortunately found his friend at home, and alone,—Mr. Rawkins having been putting his powers of endurance into action at a bad case, ever since eleven o'clock the previous night; and Mr. Prodgers being at what he was facetiously pleased to call his anatomical lecture, which, as far as it involved the discussion of various chops at a tavern contiguous to the University, certainly came more closely under that category of medical science than any other, if we except the physiologies of deglutition and digestion.

"Well, Jack, and how have you been?" inquired Titus, when the first greetings had subsided.

"Oh, much as usual," returned his friend, in a tone that was slightly desponding. "This is not very lively work, after the life I have led, as you may imagine; but I hope it will all be for the best."

"You deserve great credit for your exertions," said Ledbury; "and, I am sure Emma thinks the same."

"Does she?" asked Jack eagerly; "and what does she say?"

"Oh, a great deal—more than I can recollect."

"But you must remember something that she said," continued Jack, wondering how Ledbury could ever forget such precious words, and not taking into consideration that she was only his sister. "Come now, Leddy, try and think."

"Well," responded Titus, with provoking hesitation, "let me see. She has said several times that you would be sure to succeed in whatever you undertook."

"Yes," replied Jack, his countenance somewhat brightening. "Go on."

"And Fanny Wilmer asked me one day if you were not a brick—"

"A brick!"

"No, no,—you know what I mean,—a very nice fellow. I suppose Emma had been slightly committing herself in talking about you to her," added Ledbury, with a smile. "Fanny Wilmer is not such an odd sort of girl as you would suppose, after all."

"Never mind Fanny Wilmer," interrupted Jack; "tell me some more about Emma."

"I can't exactly call to mind what she said; but she talked about you to me a great deal, and told me to be sure to come and see you as soon as I got back to town."

"And did she say, now, that I should succeed in whatever I tried to do?"

"Well, have I not just told you so?" answered Ledbury, smiling. "Perhaps you would like to hear it all over again?"

"No, no,—but it has put me in very good spirits."

"I am very glad of it," returned Titus. "Depend upon it, Jack, everything will turn out for the best. I wish I was the governor: you should never hear a word about that bothering money."

"I should not mind being troubled with a little," observed Johnson. "However, your news, and the sight of your old face again, has somewhat cheered me; for I was beginning to get very gloomy."

And, in proof of the sudden amelioration of his spirits, Jack tucked the skirts of his blue check dressing-gown round his waist, and vaulted over the backs of several chairs, one after another, to give vent to his glee; for, from constantly associating with Mr. Rawkins, he had already imbibed a great love for furniture-gymnastics of all kinds.

At length, when a deficiency of breath put a stop to his muscular exertions, they once more returned to sober conversation, and were discussing the practicability of going somewhere that evening, as it was so long since they had been out together, when Mr. Rawkins returned in great good humour, his joy at having got over his case to his entire satisfaction being somewhat heightened by a glass of brandy-and-water that he had imbibed at his accustomed tavern, on his way home. He was especially polite in his address to Titus also, because old Mr. Ledbury was a person possessing great interest in all parochial affairs, and he had ascertained from Jack Johnson, since their first meeting, that Titus was his son.

"A surgeon's life is not a bed of *Rosæ Fol:* Mr. Ledbury," said the Herculean doctor. "Nobody who could be a chimney-sweep, with good prospects and a genteel connexion, would be a medical man. Bob, bring my slippers."

The last sentence was delivered in stentorian accents, in the direction of the kitchen staircase.

"My frame enables me to support the fatigue. That is all pure muscle,—feel it," continued Mr. Rawkins, bending his elbow, and calling Mr. Ledbury's attention to a concomitant swelling, half as big as a cocoa-nut, and apparently twice as hard, that rose upon his upper arm. "Tough as a cable," he added, regarding the limb with admiration. "I should think Damien's horses would have been puzzled to stretch that!"

And, with this allusion to the would-have-been assassin of Louis the Fifteenth, and his punishment, which forms a stock-anecdote with anatomical professors, whenever the question relates to the contractile power of the muscles, Mr. Rawkins allowed the limb to sink once more to repose, and, approaching the door, once more vociferated,

"Bob, where are my slippers?"

A pause succeeded, and then Bob slowly came up stairs, mistrustfully carrying one slipper in his hand, and saying, in great tremor,

"Please, sir, Tiny 's pulled the other one all to pieces."

After which he flinched away, in the belief that Mr. Rawkins was about to exhibit the force of muscular power again with his ears, in view towards a more proper demonstration of the same. But Mr. Rawkins was that day inclined to the "quality of mercy," which, on the authority of Shakspeare, he compared to tincture of aloes, inasmuch as it was not strained, but dropped (through a filter) into the bottle beneath, and was of benefit both to him who gave it (the doctor), and him that took it (the patient). So he merely asked,

"And why did you suffer Tiny to pull the other to pieces, sir?"

"'Cause I was mending the hutch where the guinea-pigs had gnawed their way out."

The answer proving satisfactory, Bob was dismissed, and returned to his occupation, which was repairing one of his shoes with a bit of tin and some small tacks. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Prodgers came in from lecture, accompanied by his friend Tweak, and replying to Mr. Rawkins' inquiry as to whether he would have anything to eat, by affirming that he had but just before, to use his own expression, "walked into two chutton-mops and a stint of pout."

"I suppose you have come home for good?" asked Mr. Prodgers of the head of the establishment.

"It is all over," replied Mr. Rawkins, "and I shall remain in all the evening. You can go wherever you please."

Whereat Mr. Prodgers immediately suggested that they should go to the "Falcon," and finish the evening there; into which view both Mr. Ledbury and Jack Johnson immediately fell; and, as their toilet was never particularly *soignée*, in a few minutes they started off, leaving Mr. Rawkins to the full enjoyment of his muscular power and zoological companions.

Half a century ago,—when the sober citizens of London were accustomed to set forth on fine afternoons, and take their tea in Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields, "in a style of pleasing rusticity," as they say in the advertisements of the Margate *Shallows*,—half a century ago, as they listened to the bells of old St. Mary's church, in "merry Islington," ringing over the green meadows and wooded

lanes which surrounded that agreeable village, they little dreamt in how comparatively short a space of time population would sit in triumph over the destruction of their favourite localities, and the songs of the birds be exchanged for the vocal and instrumental efforts of real musicians. Yet so has it come to pass: the huge metropolis, which stretches out its arms in all directions, like some vast polypus of bricks and mortar, each limb becoming the centre of a new organization, has already overrun the pastures just alluded to; and Rossini and refreshment tickets, Auber and alcohol, Bellini and bottled beer, have supplanted the minstrelsy of nature, whilst clouds of smoke from cheap cheroots form an appropriate atmosphere.

We are not quite certain whether the number of musical taverns which, within the last few years, have formed a prominent feature in the amusements of the inferior metropolitan classes, originated in minor attempts to imitate the concerts of Vauxhall, or the dramatic *cafés* of the Continent, in which *vaudevilles* are played whilst the company are taking their refreshment. We may instance the Café du Spectacle, on the Boulevard des Bonnes Nouvelles, at Paris, as the highest specimen of this kind of entertainment, and the Café des Aveugles, in the cellars of the Palais Royale, as the lowest, approaching nearer in its style and company to the public-house concerts of London. What their effect is upon the community in a moral or musical point of view we leave to be determined by graver economists than ourselves; but we may be allowed to add, that in these days, when "the decline of the drama" is so much talked about, their greatest mischief is possibly in the direct injury which they do to the regular theatres, wherein the audiences of these tavern-concerts might perchance seek a more legitimate amusement if the musical assemblies were not in existence. But, as it is, they prefer the free and easy manner in which the whole affair is conducted; nor do we think this state of things can be changed, until the harmonic saloons be more restricted in their style of entertainments, or pipes and gin-and-water be allowed in the pit and galleries of the patent theatres.

As Mr. Prodgers had suggested the diversion of the evening, it was left to his knowledge of the localities to conduct his friends to the Falcon; and during their progress he beguiled the journey by an infinity of verbal encounters with such little boys as came in his way, whose sallies in return caused much amusement to the party, for no class is so ready at impertinent replies as the little boys. We incline especially to those miniature men of nine years old, who never appear to have known what a jacket was, but prefer walking abroad in great thoroughfares, with their shirt-sleeves tucked up; who wear their caps very forward on their closely-cropped heads, and who constantly indulge in *al fresco* cavatinas, which no popular reproof or remonstrance can interrupt, except the chance of pulling that curiously-useless machine, the parish-engine, to some rumoured fire, or going beyond Confucius, and composing a tune of one note upon the directing-pipe thereof.

Perhaps they did not get on so well with Mr. Prodgers in their small annoyances as with other less-experienced people; for he had studied their economy with some care, and usually took the replies

which he expected they would make out of their mouths by saying them first.

"Is it much further?" asked Mr. Tweak, as they turned from some hitherto-unknown back streets, into the City Road.

"Not much," responded Prodgers; "are you tired?"

"No," returned Mr. Tweak, "not at all; only, if I wished to come again by myself, I do not think that I should recollect the way."

"That is very possible," said Jack. "Your best plan will generally be, to lose yourself in the far-west of Hoxton, and then wander about until you come by accident upon the object of your travels."

In about twenty minutes from their leaving the abode of Rawkins the party arrived at the portico of the Falcon; and upon payment of a shilling each they were permitted to enter, as well as presented with a check, entitling them to sixpenny-worth of refreshment. Traversing the gardens, which appeared to produce statues and tea-tables in high perfection, with a few inclosed beds for the cultivation of lamp-posts, they passed a species of bar, and entered the very large room which formed the theatre. As soon as their eyes got accustomed to the clouds of tobacco-smoke, they perceived a capacious *salle*, with a regular stage at one end of it; boxes upstairs going round the sides, and the area of the floor fitted up with seats, bearing no very inapt resemblance to pews, except that the ledges in front were intended for tumblers of grog instead of books.

Although this establishment was not a great distance from Mr. Ledbury's boyhood's home, yet he had never been there before; and not expecting to see such a large place, was somewhat overcome upon entering. But as soon as he had recovered from his first surprise, he saluted the company, which was his habit at public places ever since he had been on the Continent, and then looking doubly benignant at the young lady in pink muslin, who was singing a song from the same piece of music that had served for the whole of the *artistes*, was inducted into a seat by Jack Johnson, who appeared perfectly conversant with the usages of the place, as indeed he was wherever he went. Mr. Prodgers and his friend took their places at their side, and then they ordered some "refreshment," which was a polite term for grog, discovering at the same time that the sum to which they were entitled was ingeniously contrived so as to be just insufficient to procure anything above bottled stout—draught beer being far too plebeian a beverage for the concert. And then, delivering themselves up entirely to the *abandon* of the meeting, Johnson, Prodgers, and Tweak bought some pastry and shrimps, — the former comestible being carried round by an *attaché* to the concern, who balanced his tray in a perilous manner upon one hand; and the latter *crustacea* being vended by a privileged dealer, who was allowed the admission.

Mr. Ledbury, whose ideas were naturally mildly refined, was some little time before he could be brought to join his companions at the banquet; but at length, by a great mental effort, he complied with their requests that when he visited an ancient Italian city, he should assume a deportment in common with those who were already domiciled there. And until he made the essay he never could have imagined that shrimps and Sonnambula would go so well together,

unheeding the retiring request of the young lady, who, in the character of Amina, had walked the plank, and kicked down the pantiles, in her night-gown, that the company generally would refrain from mingling one human feeling with other more blissful rhapsodies.

The second piece was evidently the great attraction. It was called "The Blazing Demon of the Haunted Gorge," and contained "combats of six," "incidental ballets," and "terrific dénouements," besides incidents so very mysterious that they were in some places almost incomprehensible. However, Mr. Ledbury, who watched the progress of the piece with some degree of interest, so much so that at times he quite forgot his shrimps, discovered that there was a persecuted princess in the custody of a dreadful knight in a terrific breastplate, who looked as if he had not only despoiled the adjacent country, but had even robbed all the bed-posts of their brass roundabouts to make his armour. But the princess had another lover, in whom Jack Johnson recognised the gentleman who had made some vocal allusions to his friend and pitcher in the previous concert; and this was the favoured sweetheart, as, by established rule, all tenors ought to be. The "demon," who was a species of impish petrel, always hovering about when mischief was afloat, was dressed in a tight red costume, looking as Zamiel might be supposed to appear when about to bathe; and, somehow or other he lured the Princess into a cavern, where six other imps had taken up their quarters, being the peasants of the first act, in black gaberdines, with double red-worsted comforters cut in half, and pulled over their heads to look horrible; and pitchforks, tipped with tow and spirits of wine, in their hands. And when two of them sat down in front of the stage, Mr. Prodgers, who was near the orchestra, begged the favour of a light for his cigar from the demon's trident, which led to some warm words, as, of course, coming from a demon, they ought to be, in which the imp implied his disbelief in any opinion tending to prove that Mr. Prodgers was a gentleman, and Mr. Prodgers, in return, begged to know, from the demon's own mouth, what would be the probable expense of his nose without the green tinsel, and in all likelihood this argument would have ended in a combat of two, not expressed in the bills of the day, had not the business of the piece called the demon to a remote corner of the stage.

This end of the dispute was not altogether unpleasant to Mr. Ledbury, as he entertained a great dislike of all disturbances; and, moreover, perceiving by the bills that innocence was to be triumphant, was curious to see in what manner this consummation would be represented. It commenced by the appearance of four young ladies, with surpassingly-alabaster complexions, and clear muslin dresses, of scanty length, but *bien bouffée*, so that they somewhat resembled plaster busts put upon mushrooms. Having gone through various slow manœuvres, they danced a *pas* indicative of joy, looking fondly at the area of tobacco-smoke before them; for, as to seeing anything of their audience beyond the three or four front rows, it was all imagination and gaslight. Then some red fire was let off behind the wings; and in the midst of the glare, the principal *danseuse* bounded on, amidst the applause of those fortunate spectators who could discern her, and who clapped their ungloved hands as vigorously as the kidded palms at the opera would have done —

perhaps more so—to reward the aërial gyrations of Fanny Ellsler or Cerito.

"I say, Jack!" cried Mr. Ledbury, with unusual animation, to his friend, whose mind during the last half hour had been much more occupied by his own reflections than the progress of the drama, "look at the face of the girl who is dancing. It is our old patient at the show."

Johnson started from his reverie, during which he had been vacantly gazing at the floating wreaths of smoke that rose from his cigar to dissolve into the general haze which filled the saloon, and turned his eyes to the stage. The dancer at the same moment, as if impelled by some magnetic attraction, looked towards him, and as she met his gaze, gave a start of surprise, which was perceptible to all the party.

"One of us has made a conquest," observed Mr. Prodgers, arranging his stock, and endeavouring to twist a most rebellious tuft of hair on the left side of his head into curl; after which he put his hat at a slight inclination to the axis of his ears, and displayed one glove. "Tweak, do you think I look the thing?"

"Immense!" replied his companion, graciously bowing to the dancer previously to exhibiting in pantomime that he was drinking her health—a compliment, however, which she did not appear to set a just value upon.

"You are the man, Mr. Ledbury!" observed Mr. Prodgers to their associate, who was following every *pose* of the ballet girl with a smile of almost unearthly serenity; "she sees what a wild young gallant you are."

"Who? what? I? oh! nonsense!" replied Mr. Ledbury, blushing very much, and then blowing his nose to turn it off. "She is an old acquaintance of Johnson's and mine, to be sure."

"Speak for yourself, Leddy," said Jack; "and do not make me answerable for all your gallantries. We know what a rake you have been."

"Now, Jack, really," replied Mr. Ledbury, much confused, and not knowing precisely how to finish his sentence. But to his relief the curtain fell at this moment, upon the conclusion of the performances, shutting out the triumph of innocence from the edified spectators, and veiling the *coryphées* from vulgar sight, whilst they fell into a *tableau*, expressive of fascination as connected with the difficulty of standing upon one leg. The principal dancer, however, in spite of the applause, and a small fasciculus of wall-flowers hurled at her by a young "gent." upstairs, kept her eyes fixed upon Johnson until the drop fell and terminated the temporary existence of the unfortunate criminals who had been engaged, up to that time, in murdering the drama.

Our *quartette* fell into the stream of people who were now leaving the saloon upon the close of the entertainment, and passed onwards to the outer entrance. But as they crossed the garden, a female, enveloped in a large common cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, emerged from a small door at the side of the principal building, and approaching Johnson, civilly requested permission to speak to him for an instant. There was so much anxiety in her manner, that Johnson told the others to proceed, and wait for him outside, in spite of the badinage which such a circumstance might

be supposed to give rise to; and then stepped on one side with the person who had accosted him, a little apart from the crowd that was still pouring from the concert-room.

"I hope, sir, you will pardon the liberty I am taking," said the female, who was the first to speak. "I believe I am addressing Mr. Johnson?"

"That is my name, certainly," replied Jack; "what do you wish to say to me?"

"It is about—Edward Morris," returned the other, with some hesitation; "you know now, perhaps, who I am."

And partly throwing open the cloak, which had been apparently put on in haste to catch Johnson as he left the saloon, she exhibited her ballet-dress underneath.

"Proceed," said Johnson earnestly, as he recognized the girl with whom the reader has before become acquainted: "what makes you wish to see me?"

"It is at his request," rejoined the other, "that I have taken this liberty; for it is long since he has heard of you, although he has been very anxious to do so. I went to your old lodgings; but they told me that you had left there some time."

"But how did you come to recognise me?" asked Johnson. "I do not think that I should have known you again if you had not been pointed out to me."

"I was not likely to forget you after your attention to one so fallen as myself; I have met with so little kindness," replied the girl in a faltering tone, as a tear stole down her cheek, leaving the track of its progress in the common rouge which was still upon her face. "But I have seen you often since then: at evening — in the surgery. I asked the boy your name, and then I found out that you were the same person Morris so wished to see."

"But why did you not come in to speak to me yourself, my good girl?" asked Johnson.

"I did not dare. I thought you would be angry at my even appearing to know you. And Morris would not trust to a letter."

"And what does he want?" inquired Johnson, inwardly suspecting the real cause of his cousin's anxiety to meet him again.

"I cannot say precisely; but I know it is something of importance. May I tell him that you will come?"

"You may," returned Johnson, after a minute's pause. And pencilling down the address which the girl gave him, he then bade her good-night, and hastily rejoined his friends, who were awaiting his arrival at the gates with much expectancy. But neither jokes nor persuasions could induce him to relate what had passed during the short interview; indeed, he appeared so uncomfortable when they pressed him too closely to tell them, that they gave up the attempt, and fell into their ordinary manner of conversation. But Jack was too thoughtful to add much to their hilarity; and on arriving at the end of the street leading to his present abode, he wished them good-night, and returned to Rawkins's, — a proceeding which much increased their curiosity.

Finding his friend thus disposed, Mr. Ledbury was about to go home also; but as neither of the others felt at all homeward-bound, he was prevailed upon to keep with them, and they finished the evening together. It has never been precisely handed down in what

manner this was done, except that their orgies terminated the next morning, at daybreak, in Covent-Garden, by their breaking their fast together at an early house, after Mr. Ledbury had insisted upon making the tour of the market and the piazzas in a basket, balanced upon the head of one of the stoutest porters; from which position he assured a crowd of market-people that at the next election he should be found at his post on the hustings in front of the church, pledged to support the agricultural interests, especially in relation to small salad and turfs for larks.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mrs. De Robinson holds a *conversazione* of talented people.

The season was now at its height, and the London world, awakened from its hybernal torpor, was all life and excitement. The leading thoroughfares of the West End presented a continuous whirl of dust and carriages; the shops unfolded all their most attractive treasures; concerts followed one another so rapidly that it became perfectly marvellous to consider where the singers found sufficient breath to pour out so many consecutive notes, and where the audiences discovered so many half-guineas to procure admission; foreign gentlemen, of fearful aspect, and fantastic apparel, re-appeared upon the pavements of Regent Street and Piccadilly, after a long sojourn in the occult second-floors of remote neighbourhoods, which they now strenuously eschewed, like the tinselled dragon-flies springing from the creeping things at the bottom of the pool, and then no longer able to exist in the element from which they sprang; and the summer theatres burst out into a blaze of talent and strength to attract their supporters, from the refined *habitués* of the Italian Opera, to the would-be-so's of the French plays, who went because they thought it compulsory to attend, and proved themselves better actors than those on the stage, in assuming an expression of knowing all about what was going on, and taking their cues for laughter from the general mass.

Nor did the turmoil cease at night; for then camelias, from eighteen-pence upwards, left the cool arcades of the flower-marts, for the heated drawing-rooms of goodness-knew-where, clinging to perfumed tresses, or sometimes falling down and kissing damask cheeks with their petals, in a manner ravishing to behold, which almost tempted youths of Byronic temperament to regret they were not camelias. And then, also, drawing-room windows were lighted up, and blinds became transparent, and shadowy forms flitted backwards and forwards upon their surface, plainly visible to common people in the street, by the liberality of the owners of the houses, who did not shut their shutters, in order that watchful neighbours might observe that they also had connexions of their own. Quadrille bands, too, poured forth indistinct sounds, in which the bass predominated, tantalising the ears of those who had not received invitations; and especially the young gentleman opposite, who knew a certain young lady was to be there, and so lay awake half the night, listening to the revelry, and tracing all the progress of the party by the echoes of the music that reached his bedroom; the orderly *ante-cœnal* quadrilles; the temporary pause during supper; and the

twenty minutes waltz afterwards, to tire all the guests into thinking about going home, just as the aforesaid young gentleman could make out the position of his plaster-cast of Taglioni, and the situation of his washhand-stand in the dim grey of morning. And then the human glow-worms, in wooden-shoes, whose lanterns had hovered about the steps and scrapers of the house of festival since nine o'clock the previous evening, called their last cab, received their last gratuity, stated their belief for the last time that they were blessed; boxed up their last guests, and clumped off to breakfast at the nearest perambulating coffee-stand that the corner of some street afforded.

It was at this pleasant season of the year, so humanely established to preserve intellectual and educated minds from becoming a prey to the *ennui* which a contemplation of Spring sunshine and foliage in the country, with its commonplace hedge-rows and vulgar primroses must necessarily induce,—that Mrs. De Robinson, of Eaton Place, sent out cards with initials stamped thereon, inclosed in envelopes of costly nature, and secured by "*pains à cacheter*," of coloured isinglass, bearing impress "LUNDI," "MARDI," or "MERCREDI," as the case might be, requesting that certain friends would gratify her with their company on a particular evening, about six weeks ahead in the columns of the almanack from the date thereof. The Grimleys received an invitation, and so did the Ledburys,—by post, of course; for the generality of the inhabitants of Eaton Place regard Islington as a remote district, to which no railroad has, as yet, been contemplated, but which is, for aught they know, celebrated for sea-bathing and volcanoes.

It was not long before Mrs. Hoddle, who knew everything, discovered that the anticipated *réunion* was to be musical and literary, rather than Terpsichorean, and that all sorts of great people in both these lines were expected, which secret she immediately imparted to Miss Grimley during one of that young lady's customary visits for the interchange of news with the old lady, in which a highly-coloured account had been given of the dissipated manner in which they had found "that Mr. Johnson" spending his time, and what a sad thing it would be for poor Miss Ledbury, if their acquaintance should terminate, after all, in a match,—how very sorry she should be. And so we think Miss Grimley would have been—very sorry indeed. No persuasions could induce either old Mr. Ledbury or Mr. Grimley to say they would go, when they perfectly understood the nature of the entertainment; so the Grimleys agreed to share the expense of the Hoxton fly with their neighbours, (since, Emma being in the country, only Titus and his mother were going,) for private bickerings in Islington always yield to mutual interest. They may possibly do the same in other places; but of this we are not certain.

The house belonging to the De Robinsons in Eaton Place was a perfect marvel of collected rarities, and looked somewhat like a curiosity-shop from the regions of Soho, that had made its fortune, and retired to the West End in affluent circumstances. People of average nerves were somewhat perplexed, upon first calling, as to how they could approach Mrs. De Robinson, after having been shown into the drawing-room, without committing serious damage in threading the various labyrinths of wonderful and costly things

which had been constructed with so much cunning and ingenuity about the apartment; and, if the mistress of the house did not happen to be in the room, they usually remained exactly where they were, without moving, and in extreme trepidation, until she came. But when they had been piloted to a seat upon whose trustworthiness they could rely, in contradistinction to the light, creaky, anatomical preparations of chairs disposed about the apartment, which might have been taken for doll's-house furniture that had outgrown its strength, they were enabled to summons up sufficient courage to look around them. The prevailing species of ornament about the room was the composite disorder, relieved in some of the furniture by the Pimlico-Gothic, or modern florid, especially as regarded the harp and piano, which presented combinations of the Louis Quatorze and early Christian styles. There were several very large looking-glasses, with marble slabs before them, covered with china shepherds, and books cut out of Pompey's pillar and the rock of Gibraltar, as well as two or three extraordinary clocks in Dresden alabaster, and or-molu cases, which would have been very useful in noting the mean time at various parts of the room, only, in common with all their species, they never went longer than ten minutes after they had been wound up. Then there were screens, and jars, and ottomans, and doves sitting round card-baskets, together with fragile models of leaning towers at Pisa, and bronze letter-weights of every form and device, besides tall cut bottles for scent, in which there never was any, and small tea-cups and saucers, pastile-burners, pearl paper-cutters, and taper candlesticks, that the only problem remaining to be solved was, where Mrs. De Robinson could possibly put anything else that she might take a fancy to.

The Grimleys and Ledburys did not arrive at the house until rather late upon the important evening in question; and when at last they got there, it was some time before they could make any way beyond the landing outside the door. At length they just contrived to get their heads inside the room, and there Mr. Ledbury immediately recognised the Bernards, whom he had dined with at the boarding-house on the Boulvart des Italiens, and who replied very graciously to his salute. Fighting his way to a corner of the apartment, every inch of ground being contested by the guests already assembled with the most unflinching valour, he contrived to find a spare six inches of rout-seat for his mother, and then wedged himself back again, until he stood side by side with young Bernard, from whom he derived a great deal of information about the company.

"This is something like a crowd, Mr. Ledbury," observed that gentleman, as he contrived, after many attempts, to get his handkerchief up to his face. "Phew!—how long have you been here?"

"I had but just arrived when I saw you," replied Titus.

"You are in luck, then," returned the other. "Our people came two hours ago, and I have never moved from this place since I entered the room. I would if I could, but I can't."

And as he uttered these words Mr. John Bernard cast a wistful glance towards a very pretty girl at the end of the room; but the passage of the Khyber Pass would have been nothing to the attempt to get near her, had he tried.

"Do you know many of the lions here to-night?" he continued.

"None," said Mr. Ledbury. "I shall be very thankful to you if you will point them out."

"Wait till all this is over, and then I will. Oh dear! I wish they would blow half the candles out, and open the windows."

A foreign gentleman, who wanted his hair cut very badly, with a name that nobody had, up to the present time, been able to pronounce, now took his seat at the piano, Mrs. De Robinson having prevailed upon him to oblige the company with a performance thereon. And this he did with a vengeance—it was only a wonder how the piano survived such a succession of violent assaults as were continued upon it for about twenty minutes. First the foreign gentleman arranged his hair to his satisfaction, turned up his cuffs and wristbands, and galloped his fingers at random over the keys, by way of symphony; whilst those immediately round the piano, compelled by their position to take an interest in the display, gave forth various intonations of the word "*ish-h-h*," to command silence. When this was procured, the *artiste* commenced his prelude, which might be likened to a continuous discharge of musical squibs, the occasional attack of the little finger of the left hand upon the extreme bass notes producing the bangs; and then there was that vague sort of instrumentation which a lively kitten might be expected to produce when shut up in the front part of an old-fashioned cabinet-piano, by running over the keys. At last all this came down to the popular air of "Auld Lang Syne," which was played throughout as people had been accustomed to hear it, previously to introducing the variations thereon. But these contained the grandest part of the foreign gentleman's performance, and were founded upon the principle of making the tune as unlike itself as could possibly be done. And there was a great deal of wily pleasantry in these variations, the leading joke appearing to be that of putting the original air to great personal inconvenience. First of all, the tune seemed stretched out to twice its length, while a quantity of small notes buzzed all about it, like tiresome flies; and then you thought you were going to hear it again, only you did not, but something quite different, through which, however, the tune kept starting up at certain intervals, to be immediately knocked on the head by some powerful chord for its audacity, until it was finally settled, and appeared no more until the finale. It took a great deal of beating, though, for all that, to get rid of it even for a time; and when, at last, you heard it in conclusion, it seemed to have become quite reckless from its captivity, and darted wildly about to all parts of the piano at once, with such a headstrong audacity, that you no longer wondered at the airs it had given itself in a previous part of the performance. Nor was the foreign gentleman less excited; for, being evidently under the influence of some invisible galvanic battery, he breathed hard and fast, and shrugged his shoulders, and twitched his face and elbows to such a degree, that nobody would have been at all surprised to have seen sparks fly off from him in all directions towards the nearest conductors, — the most proximate being the caoutchouc ear-cornet upon which a deaf old lady, in a rather terrific turban, was performing a solo near the pianist.

Great was the applause when he concluded by giving a final spring at all the keys together, and precipitately rushing from the instrument, as if he stood in extreme dread of the consequences likely to

result from so savage and unprovoked an attack. But everybody appeared extensively delighted, — whether at the wonderful performance, or because it was over, did not seem so clearly defined; although there was no doubt that, somehow or another, these firework harmonies created a sensation.

When this was over, the buz of conversation commenced again in full force, being chiefly confined to the *literati* who were present,— whilst the average every-day company sat and listened to them with great veneration, not unmixed with fear "that they should be shown up," which seems to be a prevalent superstition amongst the multitude whenever authors are present, no matter to what class of literature they belong, or however meagre may be the subjects for a sketch.

Mrs. De Robinson had contrived to bring together a great many whose names and writings were familiar to the public; and Mr. Ledbury, after these lions had been pointed out to him, found great interest in listening to their remarks. He was pleased to see, in common with all professions, how very warm-hearted was their attachment towards each other,—how sorry they were to find that poor Brown's comedy was not a hit, and how happy they appeared to learn that Jones's new work was going well. It is true these expressions of good feeling were generally accompanied by some qualifying remark; but that, of course, went for nothing. With all this, however, Mr. Ledbury was somewhat astonished to find what a little they thought of all those authors with whose names he was best acquainted,—in fact, how universal popularity was always in an inverse ratio to ability,—how totally distinct was talent from the power of generally pleasing. And when they spoke of another author, whose works had been so wonderfully relished,—who had even made those read who never read before,—whose characters were regarded as household and familiar friends, not only in perceptive London, but in many quiet and sequestered nooks and corners of the country,—who had alike provoked tears and laughter round so many firesides, and struck so many chords in unison with the hearts of millions, by his daguerrotypic fidelity in sketching every-day scenes and people,—when Mr. Ledbury heard all this, and heard them say, moreover, that the writer in question had no great mind, no sympathies, no acute knowledge of human nature, he began to consider himself fortunate in being thrown into the society of such wonderfully clever men, and having his judgment corrected by their superior intellectuality. And this led several of them to talk about the high style of literature,—that kind which should last long after the author himself had departed,—how preferable that was to the empty, ephemeral praise of the hour. This, of course, Mr. Ledbury thought perfectly unquestionable, as indeed it was; and at the same time, as he remarked, how very little these authors, who were talking about this high style, partook of passing popularity, or appeared to be generally read, he thought it but just that they should have a hope of posthumous remuneration to make up for the inattention.

The musical entertainments proceeded, to the great admiration of the audience,—the great object of the evening being a MS. ballad, the words by Miss De Robinson, and the music by an eminent professor then present, which several publishers of the first standing had pronounced as too good to be ever widely circulated. The

words were very pretty, not to say affecting, and the song itself was called "I 'll meet you in the willow glen," in reply to another celebrated ballad by a popular composer. The music was very cleverly arranged, and went to prove, as is frequently the case, what anticipatory plagiarists a great many of the previous composers had been. But everybody was in ecstasies when it came to an end, and it was unanimously *encored.*

"What do you think of that, Mr. Ledbury?" asked Mr. Bernard.

"A very pleasing composition," replied Titus, scarcely knowing what he was expected to say.

But this was all right; for Miss De Robinson had asked Mr. John Bernard's opinion of the words before anybody else's, having ascertained that he not only, twice in his lifetime, got a prize of six pocket-books for answering the riddles in poetry, but had also, after great labour and corrections, produced an "impromptu," upon seeing something or another, which ultimately found its way into a leading fashion-book.

"She has a very nice idea of poetry, that girl," continued Mr. Bernard, quite patronisingly. "Her song, 'The First Rose of Summer,' and 'The Blind Troubadour's Address to his Boots,' are two of the prettiest things you ever heard."

"Are they published?" asked Titus.

"Oh, no—no," answered Mr. Bernard; "privately circulated. It does not do, you know, to let these things get too common;—then, the interest attached to them is gone. Have you been on the river yet?"

Mr. Ledbury replied in the negative.

"I think I recollect your saying at Paris," resumed Mr. Bernard, "that you were not much on the water, except in the iron steam-boats, and that you knew none of the Leander men. By the way, how is that Mr. Johnson who was with you?"

"He is perfectly well," answered Titus. "I saw him a few days ago."

"He was rather a loose fish, I believe," said the other, who had not quite forgotten the trick with the hot wine. "At least," he continued, not meeting with any expression of acquiescence with his remark from Ledbury,—"at least, I believe that is the opinion of the Grimleys."

"He is my most intimate friend," said Mr. Ledbury gravely, "and one in whom I have the greatest confidence."

Mr. John Bernard saw he was upon the wrong tack, and immediately changed the conversation by reverting to the heated state of the rooms, and the probability of procuring any refreshment, for which the present seemed an eligible opportunity; since some musicians near the piano were evidently getting ready for action, as respected a conflict with the difficulties in a quartette of many pages. With no small pains they gained the door, and then, with apologies for disturbing a great many people who were sitting upon the stairs, they made their way to a small room devoted to the distribution of lemonade and negus, where a few of the guests had apparently remained all the evening, not having sufficient muscular energy or moral courage to proceed further.

"I wish I could have got near my mother," said Titus. "I think she would have liked some refreshment."

"So would mine, no doubt," added his companion; "but the thing is an impossibility; the triumph of social discomfort over filial affection. By the way, those *conversaziones* are cheap things to give, it strikes me, and make a great show at a little cost. What with those who don't choose to take anything, and those who can't get at it if they would, the consumption must be inconsiderable. A glass of wine?"

"With pleasure," returned Ledbury, with much affability, for which he was always celebrated. And having by this time forgotten Mr. Bernard's remarks about Jack Johnson, he placed himself by his side upon a rout-stool, and they got into very pleasant conversation. For, taking him altogether, Mr. Bernard was not the disagreeable person he had appeared at the boarding-house, where he had evidently been trying to show off before strangers.

"Ha! Pizzicato, how d'ye do?" cried that gentleman to a good-tempered-looking foreigner, who entered the room in a very advanced stage of animal caloric.

"Ver well, sank you," was the reply. "Pfiff! how it makes hot up stairs."

"Mon Dieu! oui. Il fait bien chaud," replied Mr. Bernard, who, because his acquaintance was an Italian, occasionally thought it proper and well-bred to speak to him in French, to shew that he had been abroad. "Let me introduce you to my friend. Mr. Ledbury, Signor Pizzicato, of Her Majesty's theatre."

"Ver happy to know you, M. Lebri," replied the signor, with a bow.

"I met Mr. Ledbury in Paris last year," observed Mr. Bernard.

"Ah! ah!" said the signor. "What you sink of Paris, M. Lebri?"

"Well, I like it amazingly for some things," replied Titus; "but I should prefer London to live in, upon the whole."

"Yess—yess!" returned the other. "Ad ogni uccello, suo nido è bello!"

"Perhaps so," observed Ledbury, with an off-hand tone, which even Jack Johnson would have been astonished at, letting alone Mr. John Bernard, who, not understanding Italian, might just as well have listened to any observation made in the prevalent dialect of the rural Chinese districts. But Mr. Ledbury had lately purchased a "Treasury of Knowledge," and to that remarkable compilation he owed his erudition in foreign proverbs, in which species of maxims both introduction and margin abound, to the great delight of the ingenious reader when he is not compelled to turn the book in various directions before he can read them.

As Mr. Ledbury's acquaintance with professionals had hitherto been exceedingly limited, in consequence of such society not being perfectly comprehended by the mildly sedate families of Islington, he felt at first no small degree of awe at being in the presence of a real Italian singer attached to the Opera, and was exceedingly courteous and deferential, even being somewhat astonished at Mr. Bernard's perfect ease in addressing the signor. But when Titus had mustered up courage enough sufficient to ask him to take wine, he found he was not such a fearful person after all, but very affable and good-tempered, and quite different in his nature to the terrible high-priest that Mr. Ledbury had seen him enact some little time back,

with the attributes of which character he could not help still investing him, in the same manner as many people imagine comic actors off the stage, to be perpetually pouring forth sallies of the brightest humour and jocularity, similar to those with which they convulse the house when on the boards. In these cases, a certain appendage to the company, ranking somewhere amongst the carpenters and door-keepers, and called an author, is seldom thought about.

As none of the party felt the least inclination to force their way again into the hot and crowded rooms upstairs, despite the attraction of the musical, graphic, and literary guests there assembled, they remained for some time chatting together; and Mr. Ledbury, charmed to find himself associating with so renowned an individual as Signor Pizzicato, took advantage of the opportunity to ask him many questions connected with the mysteries of the *coulisses,* and the private life of the performers; what the *prima donna* looked like off the stage; and whether the barytone was a nice fellow; and sundry small points in the domestic economy of each. And, so well did they get on together, that upon his avowing his wonder at what the behind-the-scenes of the opera was like, the signor promised to introduce him into that spell-bound region on the ensuing evening, if he would like to come. It is almost needless to add, that Titus exhibited that species of mental gymnastics known as jumping at an offer; and having arranged a rendezvous for the next afternoon, proceeded upstairs to look after Mrs. Ledbury. As some of the company had by this time taken their leaves, it was not so difficult to get near anybody with whom conversation might be desirable, and accordingly Mr. Ledbury took his seat by the side of his mother, and remained there until their party left, expressing their unbounded gratitude to the De Robinson family for the great treat they had experienced. And when they had departed, the De Robinsons generally, having congratulated themselves considerably upon the number of lions they had wedged together,—which triumph is supposed to be the chief end of these *réunions,*—thanked goodness that it was all over, thought the people would never have gone, agreed the song went off remarkably well, and then retired respectively to their bed-rooms.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mr. Ledbury meets an old acquaintance behind the scenes at the opera.

To be admitted into the most exclusive *penetralia* of her Majesty's theatre,—to be enabled, possibly, to stand by the side of the goddess of the ballet for the time being, and perhaps to be brushed by the aërial gauze of her tissue robes, as she bounded on or off the stage, amidst the plaudits of entranced hundreds,—to hear the *prima donna* speak in her natural voice,—probably to be introduced to the tenor,—and, above all, to be surrounded by sounds of the most delicious music, wreaths of ever-blooming flowers, and twinkling groups of fairies, sylphs, and naiads, was to Mr. Ledbury an event which, in his wildest dreams of epicurean enjoyment he had never contemplated; and consequently his brain, all night long, indulged in one long-continued *pirouette;* and in his visions he pictured himself floating on clouds amidst attendant *peris,* with a coronal of roses

round his head, whilst on every side of him shadowy forms, with undeniable legs, diaphonous undulating tunics, and circling arms of faultless symmetry, were floating like motes in the sun-beams. Now he chased the fairest of the attendant *houris* through groves of rare exotics,—now she approached to present him with a *guerdon* of his devotion,—and now a rap at the door, which betokened the arrival of a jug of warm water, with the information that it was half-past eight, broke his slumbers, and recalled him to the dull realities of life.

The day passed slowly away, and at the appointed hour Mr. Ledbury, after bestowing singular attention upon his toilet, called at Signor Pizzicato's lodgings in the Quadrant, and was very courteously received by that gentleman, who was finishing a repast from something very foreign, with the MS. score of a new part propped up against a claret-bottle in front of him, the which he was occasionally humming during the intervals of deglutition. Perceiving that his guest had arrived, he brought the meal hastily to a conclusion, and then they started off together, Mr. Ledbury feeling no small degree of self-satisfaction at walking arm-in-arm down Regent Street with so distinguished a character, and looking at all the passengers, shop-keepers, and people in carriages, as much as to say, "Ah! you little think that I am going behind the scenes at the opera." He even fancied everybody appeared cheerless who was coming in the opposite direction.

As he approached the house he felt slightly nervous; but this was dispelled when he entered the stage-door, and politely made his obeisance to all the policemen and persons attached to the theatre there assembled. They went across a room, at which a man was sitting at a desk to check all those who entered, and then passing a small wicket, guarded by an official, entered a long arched passage, with gas-lights at certain intervals. Threading a number of intricate labyrinths, which Mr. Ledbury conceived to be thus complicated in order that any one, having obtained surreptitious entrance at the gate, might here lose his way, and die of famine, but with the windings of which the Signor appeared to be perfectly familiar, they at length emerged suddenly, and stood in the *coulisses* of the stage. Here the signor was obliged to quit his companion, that he might go and dress, having first conducted Mr. Ledbury across the theatre to the prompt side, where he told him he should look for him again, and Titus immediately retreated between some scenes, where he was out of everybody's way, and could get a glimpse of the stage between the wings now and then.

Possibly Mr. Ledbury's first sensations were those of extreme disappointment, which were not diminished upon looking at the rough, dirty, appearance of everything around him. Nor, indeed, is any situation more uncomfortable than that of strangers admitted behind the scenes of any theatre, whatever visions they may have formed of that *sanctum.* Knowing nobody, and gazed at by everybody; violently driven into all sorts of corners and extremities by the scene-shifters and carpenters; perfectly unable to form an idea of what is going on before the audience, except at the first entrance, from which they are frightened off in most cases by a terrific notice in the vicinity of the prompter's box,—no more tempted to enter the green-room than to walk across the stage at the footlights; or, if they do,

to be immediately sent back again by the cold stare of the inmates; comprehending, if they have any powers of perception, that they are literally in another world, with usages, customs, and even language of its own, a knowledge of which can only be gained by experience, they most probably pass about as unpleasant a time as any one could well imagine. And Mr. Ledbury partook somewhat of these feelings, until a chorus left the stage at the side where he was placed; when, having recognised amongst them a Venetian nobleman, who used to sing of the monks of old—how they laughed, ha! ha!—at a tavern he was in the habit of patronizing for Welsh rabbits after the theatres, to which Jack Johnson had first introduced him, he immediately made himself known, and then got all the information he desired, which carried on time until the commencement of the ballet, when he knew the sylphs would appear. This, at all events, would be very delightful, for up to the present time each of the great singers, and indeed the performers generally, instead of walking about elegant *salons* when they came off the stage, as Mr. Ledbury expected they would do, with the company present, all vanished away, some through concealed doors, and others up corkscrew staircases, being seen no more until their services were again required.

No sooner had the curtain fallen upon the *finale* of the opera, than the stage was in an instant covered with the carpenter's assistants, who suddenly appeared from all sides, as if by magic; and Mr. Ledbury was driven from his nook by a rush of wingmen after some fresh scenery. He accordingly went upon the stage, the front of which immediately behind the drop, appeared to be the safest place,—and here he watched the preparations for the ballet. Before long, peasant girls began to mingle with the scene-shifters, and a few fairies bore them company; one of whom, a little child of five years old, carrying a pewter-pot, approached a man in a paper-cap and fustian trowsers, and saluted him with, "Please father, mother says you're to leave her some."

Anon, a few of the second-class dancers, who fill up the intervals of the *grands pas*, appeared on the stage, and laying hold of the side-scenes, went through a series of exercises calculated to get their limbs into pliant-working order. And, finally, the happy gentlemen of fashion, who had the *entrée*, sauntered round from their boxes to talk bad French to the *coryphées*, pay vapid compliments, and whisper soft—very soft—nothings to the *première danseuse*; or stand speechless, like Madame Tussaud's creations, smiling vacantly upon the throng around, with a most unexpressive inanity of countenance. Silly fellows, too, are the majority of these *flaneurs* of the side-scenes; and a great deal of diversion do they afford to the professional frequenters of the green-room, the majority of whom entertain a vulgar prejudice in favour of wit over wealth; whilst the humblest author of the establishment could command higher favours than the most popular of these lounging butterflies, in spite of all their would-be attentions and foolish expenditure.

At last everything was in order, and the word was given to clear the stage; when those not engaged in the opening business fell back on either side between the wings, as the performers took their places and attitudes. Mr. Ledbury found himself enclosed by a group of laughing girls in book-muslin, who were to go on presently, all chattering at the top of their voices, some speaking English, and

others French; whilst Titus, who did not know precisely what to say or do, now he found himself actually amongst the fairies he had thought so much about, looked very benignantly at all of them, and laughed at whatever they said, whether he understood it or not. But, nevertheless, he felt somewhat relieved when they left him, and went on the stage to execute a figure preparatory to the entrance of one of the chief dancers, who was to make her curtsy that night to an English audience for the first time, from the Academie Royale, at Paris.

Before two minutes had passed, the *danseuse* walked down to the wing from which she was to go on, preparatory to taking her place on a cloud of gauze edged with silver leaf, and followed by her dresser, who was putting the last touch of pearl-powder upon her shoulders. As she ascended the nebulous car that was to bear her before the audience, Mr. Ledbury caught sight of her face, and thought her features were familiar to him. In another moment the signal was given for her appearance; but, as she moved from behind the side-scene, and the first greeting of the *gants jaunes* in the stalls, and the "omnibus" sounded from the front of the house, Ledbury became suddenly conscious that the *débutante* was no other than his old acquaintance of the Quartier Latin; who, although set down in the bills as Mademoiselle L'Etoile, he could not think of by any other name than her original one of—Aimée!

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Brill, at Somers Town.

THE low suburb, upon the precincts of which Johnson ascertained that his cousin's present abode was situated, comprehended a poor and thickly-populated district between the New Road and old St. Pancras Church, known then, as at present, by the title of "The Brill." It was formerly supposed, but upon somewhat questionable authority, to have been a Roman station; and seventy or eighty years ago an ingenious antiquary marked off the disposition of the troops, and the station of each general's tent, with singular minuteness, considering that he had nothing to go upon but a most uncertain hypothesis. This conjectural description has been some time contradicted; the various intrenchments spoken of, in all probability, having been thrown up during the civil wars; and "this singular glory of London, which rendered the walk *over the beautiful fields to the Brill* doubly agreeable, when at half a mile distance we could tread in the very steps of the Roman camp-master, and of the greatest of Roman generals," is at the present time totally effaced by those human locusts, the builders, who destroy every green spot and open pasture. But to those who find as much pleasure in contemplating the present as the past, the Brill still presents scenes worth turning a little aside from the high-road to witness.

On the Saturday evening subsequent to his interview with the girl in the gardens of the "Falcon," Johnson started from his present home, to keep his promise with respect to visiting his cousin. Traversing the small streets in the neighbourhood of Bagnigge Wells, he crossed Gray's Inn Lane, and finally emerged into the New Road,

opposite the small thoroughfare along which the greater part of his journey lay. It was a long, narrow street of ill-conditioned shops and houses, and, viewed from the end, presented an apparently interminable row of flaring gaslights on either side, which cast their fitful illumination over the dense mass of people who were jostling each other up and down the pavements and the road, until all was lost in the fiery haze and dust of the distance. On the edge of the footpath was a continuous row of stalls, so close together that they formed a perfect barrier; and it was only at certain intervals that the passenger could cross the street between these emporiums of the humblest merchandise; each of which had mounted its own glimmering light, embracing all the varieties of old lanterns, baskets, and paper-bags, peculiar to open stalls. And each of the owners was vaunting the excellence of his wares, or vociferating the low price of them, at the top of his voice, which, added to the chanting of the numerous ballad-singers, the drunken clamour at the doors of the gin-shops, the oaths of men, the shrill upbraidings of their wives, and the cries of the neglected children, together with the glare, dust, and confusion on every side, produced an *ensemble* almost bewildering.

The majority of the stalls were for the sale of cheap garden-stuff and common shell-fish; but there were others, like the French barrows, containing specimens of almost every article for domestic use, at one price. One or two—but these were rare—were covered with toys, none of which went beyond a few pence in value. They did not appear to find many purchasers; and how could they, in such a neighbourhood? Of what use were toys to these poor infants, who were never destined to know what the prerogatives of happy childhood were?—toys, for those brought up to misery and famine, whose heritage was the gutter, and whose sole reward for precocious labour was a hard word, but too often accompanied by a blow, to punish the want of that energy which the scanty meal and poisoned atmosphere had so completely crushed—toys, for those who had no time for play, no rest from the daily drudgery, but the few inadequate hours of fevered repose, or the parish-grave!

At the window of one of the shops, an eating-house of the lowest order, in which were displayed coarse lumps of cooked meat, of almost repulsive appearance, stood a little child—a shoeless thing of three years old—unheeded by the crowd, as it gazed with large eyes and famished looks at the steaming joints within. As Johnson passed, he gave the infant a penny, as much for charity as to see what it would buy. The child entered the shop, and purchased a small quantity of fried potatoes in a piece of paper. Another of the same age, who had known no want, would have expended the gift at once; but penury had already taught this little child the value of the present, as well as to husband it, for it took a halfpenny in change.

Plunging still farther into the crowd of buyers and sellers, amongst which latter the butchers were most vociferous, as they tried to outdo each other in disposing of their meat, by a species of auction, Johnson at length arrived at the end of the street, where it divides into two or three other thoroughfares. Not knowing precisely which to take, he entered a large public house at the corner of two roads for information. The directions were, however, so confused, and given with such a total disregard to the various posi-

tions of right and left by different parties, who all pressed eagerly forward to answer Jack's questions, as soon as they perceived him to be respectable, that he thought it best to secure the services of an urchin who was handing lucifers about for sale to act as guide. This proposal being embraced with the utmost readiness by the boy in question, he started off again, possibly without paying that attention to the wish of the remaining company that they might drink his health, coupled with their creating him a noble captain, which the compliments demanded.

The wilderness of streets through which Johnson followed his guide appeared to be without end; but by degrees the tumult of traffic and concourse of people got less and less. Then they turned from the chief thoroughfare into smaller ones, and these in turn gave off various courts and alleys, to be again subdivided into dark passages and narrow entrances, which would have looked suspicious even in the broad open daylight, but now, in the obscurity of the straggling lamps, appeared so especially unsafe, that Johnson grasped his stick with a firmer hold, and set his muscles for resisting any sudden attack, as he threaded their intricacies. At length the houses ceased to be continuous, and became scattered in short rows of dwellings, one story high with small gardens, or rather pieces of ground, more or less inclosed by ricketty palings, in front of them. The footpath, too, was no longer clearly defined, but degenerated to a mere track over the ground, which was in some places broken and intersected by dry ditches, and unfinished foundations, and only lighted at long intervals, except where, now and then, some contiguous brick clamp dispelled the gloom in its immediate vicinity. But, on looking back in the direction of the busy locality he had just before quitted, Johnson could make out its exact position from the cloud of red light which hung over the houses, illumined by the jets of gas in the streets below, and which almost bore the appearance of a distant conflagration.

They now approached the banks of a canal, along the side of which a few blackened and leafless trees rose like spectral sentinels, barely perceptible in the gloom; and, passing along the towing-path, were guided by the lights in the windows towards a small detached clump of houses, which the boy assured Johnson was the place he was seeking. Dismissing his guide with a few half-pence, Jack approached one of the buildings, from which he heard the sound of several voices proceeding, and knocked with his stick against the door. An instantaneous silence followed the noise; then he heard whispering, and then the door was opened a little way, and a man demanded his business.

"Is this place Stevens' Rents?" inquired Johnson of the interrogator, who was eyeing him very suspiciously as he shaded the light of the candle with his hand.

A sulky answer in the affirmative was the only reply.

"I wished to see a person — named Morris," continued Johnson, after a moment's hesitation in pronouncing the name of his cousin. "Do you know any one of that name living here?"

"That depends upon what 's wanted with him," replied the man, in the same surly tones. "Who are you?"

"It 's all right, Mathews," exclaimed another voice, which Johnson directly knew to be Edward's. "Down with the chain!"

And directly afterwards the door was opened, admitting Jack into the passage.

It was apparently a public-house of the lowest description, whereof the man who had opened the door—a bullet-headed fellow, something between a convict and a prize-fighter—was the landlord. Immediately behind the bar was a large room, in which was an old billiard-table, with the cloth grubbed and pieced in all directions, but some cues and balls lying about it, showed that it was still played upon. The apartment was lighted by a hoop, in which were placed two or three common candles, somewhat similar to the lamps used in travelling-shows; and, on some rough benches against the blackened and plastered walls, were seated four or five persons of the most questionable appearance, smoking and drinking; amongst which party Johnson immediately perceived his cousin, who rose, and came towards him.

"I am obliged to you for keeping your promise," said Morris, with somewhat more courtesy than he usually exhibited. "Mr. Johnson," he continued, by way of an introduction, to his companions, none of whose names, however, he mentioned in return.

Jack slightly acknowledged the half-insolent "Glad to see you, sir!" with which he was greeted by the rest of the company, and then looked inquiringly at Morris, as if uncertain whether their interview was to take place before them. The other guessed his meaning, and taking down one of the candles from the hoop, led the way to a small apartment at the other end of the room, in which one or two flock beds were laid upon the floor, and a few suspicious-looking packages and tubs disposed about. These things made up all that was moveable, except a couple of guns, hanging over what had once been the fire-place, wherein the stove had given way to a rough temporary grate, formed of bricks, and pieces of iron hoop, in which a few embers were still mouldering. The shutter of the window was closed outside, no less for concealment than to exclude the cold, for every other pane of glass in the casement was broken.

"You can sit down on any of these boxes," said Morris, as he closed the door after them. "Let me see if we can revive the fire; there is nothing to shelter this house from the wind, and it as cold to-night as if it were the middle of winter.

He threw a few chips and shavings that were heaped in the corner of the room, upon the embers; and then, panting with the exertion, took his seat upon a small tub, opposite to his cousin.

"You are very ill, Morris," said Johnson, after a few moments of silence, during which he had been gazing at the other, who was evidently in the last stage of his disease.

"I begin to think it is something beyond a slight cold, after all," returned Morris, "it has lasted so long. But, then, I have taken no advice, nor have I been able to live as I ought to do: possibly, if I could, it would go away."

"I fear it has gone too far already," observed Johnson.

"Well, then, it may carry me off, and I shall cheat the jailer," replied Morris, with a ghastly attempt to laugh; "who cares, or who will? By the way, that brings us to our business. Have you guessed why I wished to see you?"

"I could tell pretty nearly," replied Jack. "It was about the money which you placed in my hands in the winter."

"You are right. And you have got it with you?" asked Morris, eagerly. "You have brought it here, have you not?"

"I have not indeed," replied Johnson, coldly. "I did not think you would expect it."

"You have spent some of it?" continued Morris.

"Not one farthing of it have I touched. I told you, when you gave it to me, it should be sacred; and I have kept my word—as faithfully as I intend to do it in other respects."

"But how am I to get it, then?" asked the other sharply, with less courtesy than he had hitherto used.

"Now listen, Morris," said Johnson, calmly, "and let us understand each other. "When you made over that money to me, I told you I would keep it untouched. I have done so, although, heaven knows, a sovereign would often have been most welcome to me. But, at the same time, I made no condition of restoring it to you; for it is not your own."

"You are bound in honour, sir, to give it to me when I ask it," exclaimed Morris, with excitement.

"In honour," returned Johnson, "it should be given up to those from whom you took it. I would have done this long ago; but I saw no plan which did not involve one or the other of us. Any trifling sum you may absolutely require, I will endeavour to supply you with from my own means; but you must not expect to see that money again."

"I will have it," screamed Morris, in a paroxysm of rage, as he started from his seat. "Thief! scoundrel!" he continued, as he seized Johnson's coat with all the energy he could command, "I will have that money —it is my own. You shall not go until you promise to restore it."

"This is folly, Morris," returned Johnson, easily freeing himself from the grasp of his cousin. "You know that I am firm, when I have once made up my mind. I have said it."

"You shall not go, I tell you," continued the other, advancing to the door. "Here! Wilson, Howard, some of you—come here."

Two or three of the individuals in the adjoining room immediately left their seats, and obeyed the summons, and one of them, placing himself in the doorway, attempted to stop Johnson as he made a rush into the next apartment. But Jack, collecting all his energy, drove him on one side with great violence, so that he reeled and fell, as his antagonist darted into the billiard-room.

"To the door, Mathews!" cried Morris to the landlord. "Do not let him pass!"

The man did not understand the cause of this sudden tumult; but it was sufficient for him to know that his companions did not wish the stranger to go out, and he therefore closed the door, and put his back against it. Grasping his stick, Johnson dealt him a heavy blow with it across the face, which was immediately followed by a livid weal, and the next instant his features were covered with blood. But Mathews still kept his post, and before Johnson could drive him away the rest of the party were close up to him, except Morris, who, lacking power in his emaciated limbs sufficient to join the assailants, remained at the end of the room.

Throwing away his stick, which had snapped from the force of the last blow, Jack now seized a heavy lancewood cue that was

lying upon the table, and prepared to attack afresh the man who was guarding the door; but, as he raised his arm with this intention, he was seized by some of the party behind, and dragged forcibly down upon the ground, the back of his head striking the boards with a violence that stunned him. The rest of his assailants immediately seized his arms and legs, as they tied the latter together with their neck-handkerchiefs; and then, whilst he was yet scarcely sensible, they half dragged, half thrust him up stairs by their united efforts. And entering a small unfurnished room at the top of the house, they laid him upon the floor, and there left him, locking the door on the outside, as they descended to renew their game at billiards, and its accompanying potations.

BURNING OF A ROÇA.

BY BEN BUNTING.

During a visit to one of the English mining establishments in Brazil, in the latter part of August, 1840, we went to see the burning of a *roça*, or piece of land prepared for cultivation. The morning was cold and starlight, and our first precaution was to prepare a good breakfast. By six o'clock all was ready, and we started a party of twenty, looking rather formidable, being all supplied with axes, bill-hooks, strong hoes, and other useful implements.

The *roça* was about nine miles distant from the mine, and as the roads were very bad, we did not reach it until past eight. The country through which we passed was much dried up, there having been no rain for several weeks, and we soon discovered that there would be no trouble in setting fire to the destined spot, which now lay before us, a sad scene of devastation, and which we were going to increase. A noble forest, abounding with rosewood, cedar, and other (to us Europeans unknown) valuable trees, was withering there. Timber of enormous size and excellent quality was to become a prey to the flames, many logs measuring five feet in diameter; and we observed some among them which, at a height of sixty feet, would have squared to twenty-four inches. "What a waste of property!" our good timber-merchants would exclaim. Could any one of them have transported into England the wood which lay rotting there, it would have been a fortune to him; but, the question is, how to remove it? Even to the Mine, a distance of only nine miles, the carriage of a piece of long and heavy timber is attended with considerable risk and expense; new roads have frequently to be made on purpose; sometimes the timber will sway over a precipice, dragging with it in its fall the cart and oxen, and occasionally a man, dashing everything to pieces that comes in its way.

The forest had been cut down, about four months previously, so as to allow sufficient time for the sun and dry season to convert it into good fuel. A space of about two square miles had been felled, and a pathway of nine *palmas* (seven feet) in width, carefully cleared round it, to prevent the fire from spreading beyond its boundary. These paths are directed to be made by the laws of the country, on

account of the extent of damage done in former days, when a fire was once known to last for a fortnight, spreading through a very dry and thinly-populated part of the country, and causing great loss of life and property. Notwithstanding the care which is taken, accidents will frequently occur, for a stick, or blade of grass, or dry root, will serve as a train from one side to the other. After closely examining the ground the whole way round, the time arrived when this noble wreck was to be entirely consumed.

Soon after twelve at noon the act of destruction commenced. In a few minutes the dry grass and brakes were in flames; these caught the withered leaves, which still remained on the fallen trees, and in less than an hour the whole had become a prey to the raging element. The roaring of the fire was terrific; the large bamboos burst with a report like a discharge of artillery; a dense smoke filled the air; and occasionally the sun appeared through the thick veil like a red ball. Birds of various kinds were seen hovering around, as if detained by some spell, until at last, suffocated by the smoke, they fell into the burning mass beneath. The natives that attended us added their yells to the confusion.

From the time the burning commenced we kept constantly patrolling along the path round the *roça*. In some places the heat was so intense that we were obliged to retreat into the wood on the other side, until, between five and six in the evening, the fire was pretty well got under, and being thoroughly tired and distressed with hunger, thirst, and heat, we prepared to return home. But how great was our amazement and vexation when we found that during our attendance on this fire, a piece of enclosed prairie-land, of about five hundred acres had caught an accidental spark, and was blazing with great fury. In this place two hundred head of horned cattle, and one hundred and fifty horses, were collected. Our first object was to tear down the fence in various places to enable the terrified beasts to escape; but this was no easy matter, it being made of strong iron-wood stakes and pales, which resisted our tools for some time. As soon as we could enter, we drove all the cattle out that we could find; but, sad to say, the fire had overtaken some of them. While seeking for others, we heard a desperate cry for help, and rode as fast as our already exhausted steeds could carry us towards the place whence it proceeded. There we saw the fire advancing with giant strides down the hill, and overtake one of our party. Not a moment was to be lost—we turned round, and fled as quickly as possible; the only remedy now left for us being to provide for our own safety by immediately leaving the inclosure, and gaining the farther side of a road over which the fire would not pass. Our thoughts were now with the poor fellow who had remained. Several minutes of anxiety passed, which to us seemed hours, when, to our great joy, he appeared on the brow of the hill, and, as soon as the fiery stream which separated us from him had passed, we hastened to him. His story was briefly this:—he saw the fire advancing to a spot where some bullocks were collected, and rode up to drive them away, when suddenly the flames overtook him from another quarter whence he could not escape them; but, as the grass was neither long nor thick where he was, he jumped from his horse, and ran through the burning line, which was rapidly approaching. This, fortunately, was narrow at the spot

where he made the attempt, and reaching the top of the hill, he found safety on some barren rocks, over which the flames did not pass. Happily he had received no serious injury. A litter of branches of trees was prepared for him immediately, and four of his companions conveyed him home, and by them a message was sent as to what had taken place, and a request for a fresh and stronger party to relieve our wearied one.

The fire continued spreading very rapidly, and by nine o'clock had gained a forest on our left. We provided for the safety of the animals which had escaped, by driving them across a river, reserving for ourselves about twenty of the best horses we could catch, half of which we left in charge of two of the most exhausted of the party by the river side, to be ready when we required them, which we expected would soon be the case. Our now diminished force began again the attempt of extinguishing the fire; but what could a few tired hands do against a body of fire which extended more than a mile in length! We made counter-fires; but these were of no avail, being too much like angels' visits, "few and far between;"—the angry element kept gaining on us, and looked doubly terrible, the night being very dark. The people were already complaining that they could no longer exert themselves, and that their horses were knocked up, when we heard the shouts of the relief party approaching. This put new spirit into us. They soon arrived, and, to our joy, we found that upwards of a hundred had been sent, and with these we quickly began to make an impression. Counter-fires were made along the whole line, and driven to meet the approaching body; and in about four hours the whole intervening space was cleared of every ignitible substance. The fire had literally burnt itself out, and left a black waste of some five miles in length, and two in breadth. In one part stood the remains of the forest,—for only the underwood and branches had been consumed,—the tall, gaunt, blackened stems reminding us of the ruins of some ancient temple.

On mustering the "hands" at daybreak, we were glad to find that none were missing, and that no accident had occurred; but, on passing through the inclosure where the cattle had been, we were grieved to find that many good horses and bullocks had fallen a sacrifice to the greedy element. Some were not quite dead: these were put out of their misery at once; but the charred remains of others proved how violent the fire had been in some places. Among these, we were just able to recognise the horse which the man had jumped from to save himself. Had he remained on his back, he must inevitably have perished.

One of the party that day tired out five strong horses, and was so thoroughly worn out with fatigue and heat, and finally with the cold of the morning, that he did not recover for many days, having been mounted for six-and-twenty hours without tasting food the whole time. Our faces and hands were so begrimed with black, from the smoke and ashes, that "a mother would not have known her son," and it took several days before we could bring an European colour into them again.

ELEGY IN A LONDON THEATRE.

NOT BY GRAY.

The curtain falls—the signal all is o'er,
The eager crowd along the lobby throng,
The youngsters lean against the crowded door,
Ogling the ladies as they pass along.

The gas-lamps fade, the foot-lights hide their heads,
And not a soul beside myself is seen,
Save where the lacquey dirty canvass spreads,
The painted boxes from the dust to screen,—

Save that, in yonder gallery enshrined,
Some ragged girl complains in angry tone
Of such as, sitting in the seat behind,
Had ta'en her shawl in preference to their own.

There where those rugged planks uneven lie,
There on those dirty boards—that darken'd stage
Did Kean and Kemble fill the listener's eye,
And add a lustre to the poet's page.

But they are gone—and never, never more
Shall prompter's summons, or the tinkling bell,
Or call-boy crying at the green-room door,
"The stage waits, gentlemen!"—their dreams dispel.

For them no more the coaches of the great
Shall stop up Catherine Street—for them, alas!
No more shall anxious crowds expectant wait,
Or polish up the gilded opera-glass.

Oft did the vicious on their accents hang,
Their power oft the stubborn heart hath bent,
And, whilst the spacious house with plaudits rang,
They sent the harden'd homewards to repent.

There, in that empty box, perchance, hath swell'd
A heart with Romeo's burning passion rife,
Hands that "poor Yorick's" skull might well have held,
Or clutch'd at Macbeth's visionary knife.

But unto these the bright and glorious stage
Full in their face its holy portals slamm'd,—
Harsh managers repress'd their noble rage,
And told them ungenteelly they'd be "*damned!*"

Full many a pearl of purest ray serene
The rugged oyster-shell doth hold inside,
Full many a vot'ry of the tragic queen
The dingy offices of London hide.

Some Lear, whose daughters never turn'd his head,
Nor changed to gall the honey of his life;
Some white Othello, who with feather-bed
Had smothered not, his unoffending wife.

The applause of listening houses to command,
  The critic's smile and malice to despise,
To win reward from lord and lady's hand,
  And the approval of the thundering skies,

Their parents hindered, and did thus o'erthrow
  The brilliant hopes that in their bosom rose,
To tear Macready's laurels from his brow,
  And put out Charley Kean's immortal nose.

Of one of these I heard a drummer say,
  "Oft have I seen him from the muddy street,
Across the crimson benches make his way,
  To gain his well-loved and accustomed seat.

"There, where yon orchestra uprears its rail,
  On which I hang my drumsticks, many a night
I 've seen him, with a dirty shirt, and pale,
  Watching the motley scene with wild delight.

"There, upon yonder seat, which now appears
  To have rent its robe for grief he is not here,
Oft have I seen him sit, dissolved in tears,
  Veiling his grief in draughts of ginger-beer.

"One night I missed him from his favourite seat.
  I wondered strangely where the boy could be.
Another night—I gazed—in vain my gaze—
  Nor in the *pit*, nor in the *house* was he!

"Come here! I saw him carried to that tomb,
  With drunken mutes, and all their mock parade.
Just read—I 've left my spectacles at home—
  The epitaph a friend has kindly made."

THE EPITAPH.

"Here lieth one beneath the cold damp ground,
  A youth to London and the stage unknown,
Upon his merits stern Macready frowned,
  And 'Swan and Edgar' marked him for their own.

"Large was his bounty, unto aught wherein
  The stage did mingle, and the cost was sweet.
He gave the drama all he could—his "tin,"
  And gained—'twas all he could—his favourite seat.

"No father had he who could interfere
  To check his nightly wanderings about,
And from the best authority we hear,
  His mother never dreamt that he was out!"

HOTSPUR.

KNOCKS AND EREBUS.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Wake Duncombe with their knocking! Would thou couldst!"

WILL no Honourable Member take the knocker in hand? Will no one paralyze the clamour of these iron tongues that stentorize in the streets, to the utter confusion of reasonable minds? Will no one put an end to the great national nuisance of being knocked up, knocked down, knocked to pieces by the eternal clatter of those *knock*tious particles, the footmen of this bestunned metropolis?

I am a studious man. Learning is out of fashion. Even the world of letters rarely opens a book. But I care not who knows it, I am a studious man; and knocks at the door are, consequently, my abomination. As regards knockers, however, my better half has the worst of it; for, though by no means studious, save of my domestic comfort, *she* is an habitual invalid. Providence has not cursed us with increase. We are a quiet couple; have few visitors, no duns; and the business of our tranquil life is carried on by tintinnabular summons. The sound of the bell communicates to the servants in my offices, whenever the butcher and baker have their demands or deposits to make; like the Vine in Barry Cornwall's fanciful poem, my cook is "heir of a thousand rings."

Why, therefore, am I to be knocked out of the peace of my life by my fashionable neighbours? Why, since chimneys can be made by act of Parliament to consume their own smoke, cannot town mansions be made to consume their own noise? From the east end of the town to the west end, why should not the knights of the shoulder-knot be made slaves of the ring? Surely in this philanthropical kingdom, where we love our fellow-creatures in Greek,—in this philanthropical kingdom, abounding in hospitals, infirmaries, and refuges for the lame, the deaf, the blind, the destitute,—surely the interests of the commonweal might suggest the utter barbarism and barbarity of inflicting hourly torture upon the tympanum of the neighbour we are bound to love as ourself.

The punishment of the knocker is a cruelty essentially English. In all the capitals of Europe, saving those of the three kingdoms, the mansions of the nobility, gentry, and others, are entered by courtyards,—each defended by a gateway, each gateway defended by an old woman, of the masculine or feminine gender, officiating as porter, and inhabiting a domicile the size of a dog-kennel. In cities which respect themselves, these porters, wheresoever they chance to have been born, are called SWISS.

In London, on the contrary,—the metropolis of foot-pavements and street-doors,—the space, converted elsewhere into a decent court, is wasted in an unsightly yard or garden, of such melancholy aspect as to drive the cats and sparrows, its sole frequenters, to self-destruction. But then, in London, "every man's house is his castle;" and every castle being provided with a most exclusive street-door of defence, the warder's horn of feudal times is replaced by a sonorous knocker.

I leave it to Joseph Hume, Dr. Bowring, or any other senatorial computer of things not worth computing, to calculate the amount of good and solid metal wasted upon the street-doors of the cities of Lon-

don and Westminster, in order to create and perpetuate the hateful excruciation. I have little doubt that the iron so lavished would suffice to lay down a railway from Dover to Green*knock*, or form a supply of ordnance sufficient to reduce Affghanistan and China to subjection. Be this as it may, this metallic currency makes noise enough in the world, in its present subdivided multiplication. No need to speculate on the purposes to which it might be subverted elsewhere.

Let a given number of rational beings, residing in any fashionable thoroughfare of this metropolis, render their testimony before a committee of the House in an upright and conscientious manner, and the protection of an all-wise and all-hearing Parliament could not be one moment afforded to a public nuisance more than rivalling that of the news-venders' horns;—an obstruction to business,—a peril to the sick, —a torment to the sorrowful,—a relique of semi-civilization, without one extenuating circumstance in its favour, and with *mos pro lege* for its sole pretence.

Take a savage from the back settlements—not one of Fenimore Cooper's Red-skins or Mrs. Jameson's Squaws, who are comparatively civilized individuals, but take a genu*ine* Mingo or Huron, and set him down on the pavement of Grosvenor Square at the moment one of the standard footmen of the Countess of Fiddle-faddle is giving one of his thundering knocks at the door of her Grace. The poor Indian's untutored mind would naturally conceive that we were in a state of civil war, and that this terrible thunder was the war-cry indicative of forthcoming outrage. How is it possible for him to conjecture that such a furious reverberation purports only to intimate to a porter, seated at two feet distance, that a fair, fragile, delicate dame, attired in primrose-coloured silk, is come to lisp away half an hour on the sofa of another fair, fragile, and delicate dame, attired in blue satin? The huge Irishman, the Atlas in green and gold, who has the honour of wearing her ladyship's livery, is evidently proud that the Herculean execution of his arm should be audible as far as Hyde Park, and rings his demi-semiquavers in double quick time upon the rapper, till the old walls tremble with the concussion! That knock of his is half a dozen guineas a-year extra in his wages. That knock of his is unique as the voice of Lablache or the bass of Dragonetti. There is a style, a tone, a brazen audacity of bravado in its announcements,—exceeding the trumpets of Jericho, or the brass band of his Imperial Majesty Nicholas the First. Nothing, in fact, but a savage would find fault with it!

The street-doorishness of London has, in fact, created a sort of science in rapping, which, for want of a better name, might be termed Knockology. Just as a foreign postilion's whip conveys by its smacks to the expectant postmaster on the road, the number of horses required, and the amount of the drink-money given by the travellers, the knock of the London footman proclaims the amount of his master's income, and the rent-roll of the family he is come to visit.

The eloquence of the knocker is a curious branch of modern flummery. A practised ear will detect, without going to the window, the distinctive knock of the apothecary,—the knock of the physician,—the knock of the friend of the family,—the knock of Sir Charles's little tiger,—the knock of her ladyship's Patagonian footman! The master of the house has a knock peculiarly his own, which he never gives at any other door than his own; and from that peculiar knock—that do-

mestic announcement—many take upon themselves to determine the character and disposition of the knocker—I mean the knocker active —the knocker of knocks. For, among domestic knocks, there is the knock dictatorial, and the knock that says "anything for a quiet life;" —the knock of the man well to do in the world, the knock of the man ill to do in the world;—of the man who comes home as a refuge from his cares,—of the man whose cares are of the most fireside nature.

For my own part, so sensitive has my ear become to these harsh appeals to its sympathy, that I could venture to take my oath on hearing the knock of my young neighbour, Lord John, at four o'clock in the morning, on his return from White's, whether he has been losing at whist; or of my old neighbour, the marquis, about dinner-time, whether he has come back armed to the teeth,—which are mineral ones,— for a squabble with his lady!

It is because endowed with similar perceptions, I conclude, that the marchioness refuses to her son the pass-key, which would supersede the necessity of his warning knock; and was never known to allow her chariot to fetch home my lord, who is not her master, from either Brookes's or the House. She likes to hear what the knocks of her son and husband have to say for themselves. The slightest additional tremour, or the least increase of assurance, reveals to her the amount of I. O. U.'s augmenting the boy-lord's liabilities, or the probability of conjugal objurgation.

I am, as I have already admitted, a man of studious habits. Every morning, after a frugal breakfast, I sit down to a feast of reason and flow of soul that lasts till dinner-time. My house is my own. I am punctual with the Queen's taxes and parochial rates, and beforehand with the world. I owe no man anything, or woman either, except, according to scriptural phraseology, "to love one another." I have, consequently, a right to expect peace and tranquillity throughout the day, with my own Plato in my own parlour. Yet, I vow to the infernal gods, so perpetual is the rattatterattas of my neighbour at number 9, and so unintermitting the series of single knocks at number 11, that my *knock*turnal disturbance is a species of daily persecution!

Number 9 is the marquis. Number 9 spares me at least till the small hours call forth the growing tumults of the town,—even the tradespeople of number 9 being too fashionable to be stirring before mid-day. But scarcely has the bell of St. George's tolled one, when up rolls the senna-coloured chariot of the apothecary, the undersized and oil-skinned footman of which pounds upon the door without measure or mercy, as though with his master's pestle. Familiar with the sound, "my gorge rises at it," as though I had to swallow *my* share of the draughts, pills, and potions, rhubarb, jalap, and assafœtida inflicted by that three-and-sixpenny visit on the lordly household,—from the marquis in his gouty chair to the infant in the cradle. Plato himself is no resource against the nauseous consciousness of such proximity.

Next comes the methodical and measured rap, announcing his lordship's man of business, bearing six-and-eightpence audibly announced in its pragmatical vibration. I abhor that rap! It savours of Chancery suits, of pounce, of parchment, of the utmost rigour of the law. The moment it rings in my ear its dreadful note of preparation, I seem to hear the moans of tenants ejected, and defaulters remorselessly pursued; and the infant's suffering under the decoctions of the senna-

coloured chariot moves not my pity half so nearly, as the multitude of individuals to whom Messrs. Cognovit and Co. are the means of administering, as the law directs, the tender mercies of my lord.

While the study of the marquis is still beset by the attendance of the smirking man of business, (who is making a merit of allowing to have extorted from *him* the sums he has been extorting from others in the name of his noble employer,) comes a modest rap at the door, which, my reading-table being situated within a few feet of my neighbour's knocker, is not lost upon my ear; though the powdered menials to whom it is addressed, generally cause it to be repeated once, twice, or thrice, before they deign to take the slightest notice, that humble knock to me speaks trumpet-tongued! It is that of the poor relation, —the cousin who has "disobliged her family" by marrying a needy professional man, and who comes to sit with the marchioness while her hair is being dressed, and keep her in spirits till more important visitors are stirring. Still on foot,—always on foot,—rain or shine,—hail or snow, though the lady-cousin, who expects her to be punctual, has carriages and horses standing idle in the stables. I can sometimes hear the rain pattering on her umbrella as she reiterates the modest, half-and-half, deprecating, apologizing, demi-single, demi-double rap, which has been twice disregarded as that of the poor relation. The servants' hall know from the sound the precise amount of starvation of the unfortunate cousin, and her pretensions to have her next boy named after the noble marquis. The lady's maid hears in it the funeral-knell of her reversion of certain of my lady's lace pinners and silk gowns. The housekeeper decides that the humble cousin is come to suggest economical plans of domestic management. All abhor the poor relation. The governess despises her as an equal,—the upper servants as an inferior. *Let* her stand and knock—ay, knock, and knock again! What are such people good for, but to knock at the door of the great, —knock, and not have it opened unto them!

While the poor woman, thus tardily admitted, sits undergoing the labour of listening to the marchioness's freakish murmurs and nervous grievances,—complaints of the unpunctuality of her milliner, and punctuality of her duns,—of the indigestion from which she has been suffering all night, from the unripeness of the pine-apple, or over-ripeness of the venison of the day before,—(the poor relation wondering all the time whether she shall get home time enough to attend to her children's dinner or nurse her baby,)—there comes a thundering rap, which frights the street from its propriety! An untimely visitor, —a country neighbour,—a privileged bore, entitled to send up her name, and inquire "whether the dear marchioness will see her." The dear marchioness *will* see her—at the devil first: and accordingly sends down an "entreaty to her dear Lady Pettitoe to excuse her, as she is confined to her room by a severe cold."

Lady Pettitoe, however, desires no better than to loiter away an hour in the sanctuary of a sick marchioness suffering under a severe cold. Emerging, therefore, from her family-coach, she insists on being shown into her ladyship's dressing-room.

There, of course, sits the fabled invalid, adoring,

"With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers,"

the windows open, the arm-chair deserted, the gayest of gay *negligés*

lying on the sofa, in readiness to be put on! No escape, however!—Lady Pettitoe has made her way in! The only thing to be done is to laugh off the extraordinary blunders by which servants cause such unnecessary alarms. The marchioness gravely assures the country neighbour that her open carriage is ordered at four o'clock, for the express purpose of driving to Harley Street, and inquiring after the gout of Sir Claudius Pettitoe.

The poor relation sits confounded at this unblushing mendacity; fearing, perhaps, that she shall catch cold, or an ague, between the hot and cold blown by her ladyship. But, while deliberating upon the least pretentious mode of escaping from the stare with which Lady Pettitoe sits wondering how a woman, in so *very* shabby a pelisse chanced to be admitted to an intimacy denied to herself, and whether the odd-looking woman is come with a petition to present to the marchioness, or a book to be dedicated; or whether she is a confidential maid of former times, married to a clerk in some public office, there come, in succession, two raps at the door, which her ladyship seems to recognise, — for, lo! she starts at the sound, as though the maid who is dressing her hair had run the tooth of a comb into her head, and turns so pale as to appear in want of a new coat of rouge.

The first knock is irregular and hurried; evidently the efforts of the most diminutive of tigerlings, only able to attain the knocker by standing on tip-toe, and extending his finger-tips so as rather to let fall the iron ring than strike it on the sounding plate. That tiger can be none other than the henchman of the dear viscount! It is about the hour of his daily visit. Horrible *contretemps!* The servants will certainly think it decent to repeat to his lordship in the presence of Lady Pettitoe's two footmen, who are waiting in the hall, the same plausible story of the severe cold they had been previously charged to convey to the country neighbour. No chance of the viscount being admitted! And what will he think of her when he sees a family-coach—and *such* a family-coach!—stationed at her door; its inmates on a friendly visit to her,—while *he* is denied? She hears his cabriolet drive off! She hears the well-known tramp of the fastest trotter in London strike on the pavement; and is obliged to hear it unmoved! pretending to listen all the while to a long rambling story of Lady Pettitoe's about a bay bit by an adder in Pettitoe Park, which, in her absence of mind she answers as if the bay had been bit by a mad dog in Hyde Park, strongly recommending that the animal should be tied up till the state of the wound is ascertained. The country neighbour, as much surprised as the mere country neighbour of a fashionable marchioness can presume to be, ventures to suggest that she never heard of an adder being tied up? Whereupon the poor relation, not daring to smile, contrives to take leave, and slip out of the room, just as a second knock — the knock of some "fine, gay, bold-faced villain," much resembling that of the master-of-the-house-well-to-do-in-the-world, startles the retreating woman, and keeps her in doubt whether to descend the stairs at the moment some new and more considerable visitor is probably ascending. But the marchioness has judged more wisely. The marchioness is satisfied that her friend, the colonel of the guards, has been dismissed as summarily as the viscount, and sits, looking four-and-twenty-pounders at the hateful Lady Pettitoe, by whose unauthorized intrusion this double evil has been achieved.

"Who," resumes the marchioness between her teeth,—"*who* would

be tormented with country neighbours!" forgetful of the drizzly autumnal mornings in Shropshire, when the sight of Lady Pettitoe's family-coach in the avenue has formed the event of the day; and the fourteen miles which her ladyship and Sir Claudius have driven over without a murmur, on the most moonless nights, to meet the judges on the winter assizes, or make up a rubber for the bishop on his visitation! Those two tell-tale knocks have raised an *equiknocksial* storm in the bosom of the ungrateful marchioness!

By the time the poor relation and country neighbour are gone to their short account, and the marchioness is installed in her stately drawing-room for the morning, the knocker became unintermittent. Footmen of all plumage, "black, white, and grey, and all their trumpery;" coaches, britzkas, caleches, chariots, and horsemen, keep up and sustain that damnable iteration. Even after her ladyship's carriage has driven from the door, the uproar continues. "O Plato! O tempora! O mores!"

Let it not be supposed that the temporary lull that succeeds while the equipage class of the community is idling in the park, brings more than momentary relief to my poor head-aching wife, or poor heart-aching self. Though the knocker has become for a time in-*knock*cuous, dinner-parties shortly commence, at the rate of half-a-dozen first-rate cannonades per hour, against half-a-dozen doors in my vicinity. But for that horrible anticipation, it would gladden mine eyes to behold the spruce and trimly elegance of a ducal chariot, turned out for a dinner-party, with its varnish tags, lace, cocked-hats, and prancing bays, to say nothing of the jolly Silenus, in his towy wig, on the box, and the twin Apollos, in their silk stockings (with patent calves) on the monkey-board behind. As it glanceth like a meteor past my window I should doat upon its brilliancy, but that I know it to be the precursor of a thunder-clap, such as startles one out of one's sleep in the dog-days, after retiring to rest, with the thermometer at 90°.

Hitherto I have treated of knockers by themselves, knockers. It remains to consider them when they come upon us like a thief in the night, by the junction of Nox and Erebus. It remains to depict

"The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum!"

Cruel is it to be intruded upon by the empty rattle of a vulgar lackey amid one's Platonic beatitudes! But oh! one's peaceful rest! one's happy dreams! After sinking into a snooze upon a conjugal pillow, and finding the plaintive murmurs of our invalid partner deepen into the regular snore of

"Tired Nature's boon restorer, balmy sleep,"

think of being roused from that blessed oblivion of the world and its woes, by a sound as though

"Lightning and dread thunder
Rent stubborn rocks asunder!"

the lightning being the linkman's torch; the thunder the *knock*turnal uproar of the marchioness's weekly assembly!

Reader! you were, perhaps, at the battle of Waterloo? perhaps at the storming of Bhurtpoor? At all events, you have heard the opera

of the "Huguenots," or visited the Adelaide Gallery? I beseech you, therefore, to conceive the cannonading of Hougoumont, or the roaring of the opera-roarious *Académie de Musique,* united with the continuous detonation of Perkins's steam-gun! Such are the orchestral accompaniments of a fashionable fête. From eleven at night till four in the morning, knock! knock! knock! like all the anvils of all the Cyclops! The porter of the Capulets, in Shakspeare's Veronese tragedy, recurs to your mind; and, like the wierd sister, you long to exclaim

"Open locks,
Whoever knocks!"

but, oh! in mercy, most Christian brethren, knock less lustily! What an abuse of common sense! Half-a-dozen servants are in waiting in the marquis's hall, the door whereof stands open. Yet it would be esteemed indecorous in Lady Pettitoe's two footmen to escort her ladyship up the steps, before they had executed on the knocker an *obligato* movement in D.

In the estimation of such people, who has a *right* to sleep in the vicinity of a ball-giving marchioness? Sleep is an essentially plebeian enjoyment. Sleep costs nothing. Sleep belongs to the beggar on his rug, as well as to the noble in his eider-down; and it is like plucking a blackberry from a bramble to destroy so vulgar and universal a blessing. There is a feeble girl at No. 13, who has been struggling these five months past against a deep decline. To *her,* indeed, a good night's rest may be important. But, what business have people in decline to live so near a marchioness! To No. 44, opposite, the bishop's widow has just returned, after laying her husband in the grave. But bishops' widows ought to remain in the country. Besides, she may retaliate. She has as good a right to keep the street in a state of frenzy half-a-dozen of the dark hours as her nobler neighbour. It is true the marchioness, who is accustomed to double-knocks, (the music of *her* sphere!) would sleep through it all unheeding; nay, on hearing from her maid the morning after her ball, that it has been said in the neighbourhood the noise of her ladyship's knocker was enough to "*waken the dead!*" she uttered a facetious observation concerning the terrors to the episcopal relict, far from honourable to her weeds. The marchioness seems to imagine that the widow's ought to be a percussion-cap!

The tumult of an occasional assembly, however, might be borne with; for

"Poppy or mandragora,
Or other drowsy syrup of the East,"

might subdue one's nightcap to patience once a month, or so. It is the ever-recurring nocturnal knock, the fatal summons which once in *every* blessed night dispels the visions of one's slumber, that forms the severest infliction. Throughout the fashionable season, as I live by bread, not a night, save one, in every seven, that I am not as regularly roused every quarter of an hour from my slumbers by the rappings of my gayer neighbours, as a monk of La Trappe by the recital of a penitential psalm. No sooner have I closed my eyes after the return of the bishop's widow from her early party, than my Lady Jane rattles back from her *conversazione.* Then comes her husband from the House; then my lord from his club; then (*nock ein!*) Lord John from his

cigar on the steps of Crockford's. In my intervals of feverish rest my poor head seems to go knickety knock,

"Like a pebble in Carisbrook well;"

reverberating from knocker to knocker, from No. 9 to No. 24, with the new torture of a more cruelly tormented Sisyphus.

The nuisance of the knocker, as I have heretofore considered it, regards exclusively the miseries of the great, the wantonness of the wealthy. But knockology has another branch, a withered, or rather withering branch, connected only too closely with the miseries of social life. That branch flourishes at my right hand! That branch sheds eternal gloom over my dwelling from the street-door of No. 11, —bang! bang! bang!—(Hear it not, Duncombe!) When the clock strikes one, it is the awful signal for apparitions. When the knocker strikes one, it is the still more awful signal of—A CREDITOR! Whoever of my gentle readers hears a single knock, is entitled to exclaim, "A *dun*, for a ducat!"

Now, the knocker of my neighbour, Sir John Squander, at No. 11, strikes one every ten minutes,—every five,—nay, (about quarter-day,) every minute, from daybreak to nightfall! Before I attack my muffin at breakfast my appetite is sure to be damped by one of these brisk reminders. I seem to hear it with the ears of my unfortunate neighbour. I seem to gaze upon the fellow in a fustian jacket and blue apron, who holds in his hand a narrow slip of paper, containing only that disgraceful memento of financial unpunctuality, the words, "To bill delivered;" the figures under the initials £. *s.* *d.* being written, as it were, in characters of fire. At first, these knockers, and these slips of paper, come as "single spies,"—at length, "in battalions!" Some are enclosed, and wafered; some enclosed, and sealed with wax; some left insolently open to the cognizance of the footman.

Some are backed by a lithographed circular, signifying that Messrs. Turbot and Redgill will be obliged to Sir John Squander to settle their small account at his earliest convenience; little suspecting, or, perhaps, suspecting too well, that such a date remits the adjustment of their claim to the day of judgment, *i.e.* in the Court of Queen's Bench. Some are couched in many lines; as

	£.	*s.*	*d.*
"1835, To bill delivered . . .	78	16	4
1836, To bill delivered . .	143	4	2
1837, To bill delivered . . .	197	2	4
1838, To bill delivered . .	224	4	6
1839, To bill delivered . . .	259	8	6
1840, To bill delivered . .	301	4	8
1841, To bill delivered . . .	357	0	0
Interest on the same, .	44	3	0
	357	0	0
	£401	3	0"

But the most unsatisfactory of all are delivered by lean and hungry-looking mechanics, evidently in want of their money; or by care-crazed women, in patched gowns, of whom it may be said, as of Romeo's apothecary, that

"Sharp penury has worn them to the bone."

And each of these miserable claimants is announced by a single knock!—a knock as painfully distinct in my ears as the click of one's particular friend's particularly fine Manton, when levelled against one's life on Wimbledon Common! I know them all by heart! by head and soul! I know the knocker of the tax-gatherer, for it is surely to be followed by the harsh tones of governmental authority. I know the knocker of the parochial rates, which is sharp, succinct, and menacing. I know the knock of the water-rates, which is slovenly and grumbling. I know the knock of the interested tailor of 1835, which is impatient and desperate, as who should say, "Here I am again at your door, for the one hundred and nineteenth time." (Surely, by the way, "deaf as a door-nail" must allude to the impafribility of a door infested by a single knocker.)

I beg my reader to believe that such knocks as these afflict my nervous system far more profoundly than the knocks in as many chapters, as a Presbyterian sermon! I expire of them; they form the *memento banco Reginæ* of my banquet of life! Between Sir John Squander and the marquis, I abide, as it were, between Dives and Lazarus! Pounds, shillings, and pence, are eternally knocked into my head. Vain are the soothings of Plato! Vain the Hoffman's elixir of my dispirited wife! I can never exorcise from my parlour the evil spirit called Mammon, conjured up by those cruel warnings! Sir Astley Cooper, when roused from his slumbers at three in the morning by the Marquis of Waterford's bullets hitting the face of the clock in Trinity Chapel (which forms so capital a target from Limmer's Hotel), was not more irritated in mind and body than I, when roused from the blessedness of sleep by those frightful detonations.

Another, as I live! Another long, narrow letter, and two burly-looking men in waiting at the corner of the street!

"Another and another still succeeds!"

I'll hear no more! There *is* a Serpentine River! there is a Waterloo Bridge! Anything rather than this damnable iteration. Like Gribonelle, I will throw myself into the river for shelter from the rain! I will encounter Erebus itself to escape from Knocks.

THE GENUINE REMAINS OF WILLIAM LITTLE.

William (or, as it is pronounced in the dialect of North Wilts, Willem, or Willum) Little was an old man when the editor of these fragments was a boy. He was a Wiltshire shepherd, and flourished when Mechanics' Institutes were not known. If his anecdotes are, therefore, without polish, and his maxims not in accordance with those of the present polished days, the fault is not his. It is true these "genuine remaines" have not the profundity of Bacon, nor the abstruseness of Locke, nor the egotism of Montaigne; but still there are among them some things which the present race may lay to heart. I therefore beseech the candid reader to peruse them with attention; and he may perchance be as fortunate as the happy scholar who dug up the soul of the deceased licentiate, while his companion went on his way deriding that which he could not understand.—Paul Pindar.

I. There be two zarts o' piple in this here world ov ourn: they as works ael day loang and ael the year round, and they as dwon't

work at ael. The difference is jist a graat a-year, and they as dwon't work at ael gets the graat—that's zartin!

II. It's oondervul to me how thengs *do* move about whenever a body's got a drap o' zummut in's yead. Last harrest, a'ter zupper at t' house yander, I walked whoam by myzelf, and zeed the moon and the zeven stars dancin' away like vengeance. Then they there girt elmen trees in the close was a dancin' away like Bill Iles and his mates at a morris. "My zarvice to 'e," zays I; "I haups you won't tread on my twoes;" zo I went drough a sheard in th' hedge, instead o' goin' drough th' geat. Well, when I got whoam, I managed to vind the kay-hole o' th' doower—but 'twas a lang time before I could get un to bide still enough,—and got up stayers. Massy upon us! the leetle table (I zeed un very plain by the light o' th' moon) was runnin' round the room like mad, and there was th' two owld chayers runnin' a'ter he, and, by and by, round comes the bed a'ter they two. "Ha! ha!" zays I, "that's very vine; but how be I to lay down while you cuts zich capers?" Well, the bed comed round dree times, and the vowerth time I drowd myzelf flump atop ov un; but in the marnin' I vound myzelf laying on the vloor, wi' ael me duds on! I never *could* make out this.

III. I've allus bin as vlush o' money as a twoad is o' veathers; but, if ever I gets rich, I'll put it ael in Ziszeter bank, and not do as owld Smith, the miller, did, comin' whoam vrom market one nite. Martal avraid o' thieves a was, zo a puts his pound-bills and ael th' money a'd got about un, in a hole in the wall, and the next marnin' a' couldn't remember whereabouts 'twas, and had to pull purty nigh a mile o' wall down before a' could vind it. Stoopid owld wosbird!

IV. Owld Jan Wilkins used to zay he allus cut 's stakes, when a went a hedgin', too lang; bekaze a' cou'd easily cut 'em sharter if a' wanted, but a' cou'dn't make um langer if 'em was too shart. Zo zays I; zo I allus axes vor more than I wants. Iv I gets that, well and good; but if I axes vor little, and gets less, it's martal akkerd to ax a zecond time, d' ye kneow!

V. Piple zay as how they gied th' neam o' *moonrakers* to us Wiltshire vauk, bekase a passel o' stupid bodies one night tried to rake the shadow o' th' moon out o' th' bruk, and tuk't vor a thin cheese. But that's th' wrong ind o' th' story. The chaps az was doin' o' this was smugglers, and they was a vishin' up zome kegs o' sperrits, and only purtended to rake out a cheese! Zo the exciseman az axed 'em the questin had his grin at 'em; but they had a good laugh at he, when 'em got whoame the stuff!

VI. Everybody kneows owld Barnzo, as wears his yead o' one zide. One night a was coming whoame vrom market, and vell off 's hos onto the road, a was *so* drunk. Some chaps coming by picked un up, and zeein' his yead was al o' one zide, they thought 'twas out o' jint, and began to pull 't into 'ts pleace agen, when the owld bwoy roar'd out, "Barn zo, (born so) I tell 'e!" Zo a' was allus called owld Barnzo ever a'terwards.

VII. Measter Tharne used to zay as how more vlies was cot wi' zugar or honey than wi' vinegar, and that even a body's enemies med be gammoned wi' vine words. Jim Pinniger zeemed to thenk zo too, when a run agin the jackass one dark night. Jem tuk th' beawst vor th' devil, and cot un by th' ear. "*Zaat 's yer harn, zur,*"* zays Jem.

* Soft 's your horn, sir.

VIII. Old Iles was drunk vor dree days together last Lammas, and a laid down by the doower, and wanted zomebody to hauld un. When they axed if a'd ha' a leetle drap mwore, a'd cry out, "Noa, noa, I won't ha' a drap."—"Do 'e," zaid they,—"do 'e ha' a drap mwore."—"Noa, I won't, not a drap," a grunted. At last another tried un, and then th' owld bwoy cried out, "Noa, I can't get a drap mwore down m';—drow't auver m' veace!"

IX. Owld Molly Sannell axed Molly Dafter to gie her a drap a' barm one day. "I ha'n't a got narn!" says she; "bezides, I do want un mezelf to bake wi'."

X. When Miss ——* vust coomed to Warminster, her went out a visitin' in one o' they there thengs um calls a *zit-dan chayer*. Zo when th' two chaps as car'd her knocked at the doower o' Miss ——'s house, owld Zarah, th' zarvent, aupend un, and cried out, "Noa, noa! gwo away! Missus dwon't encourage non o' them zart o' thengs!" By and by um knocks agen, and then th' old body comed out in a towerin' pashun, hakerin', and zhakin' her vist at um. "'Oman," zays Miss ——, puttin' her yead out o' th' theng, "I dezires you takes up thick ceard to your missis directly." Th' ould body takes the ceard, and upstairs a gwoes. "They won't gwo away, missus," zays she,—"noa, that um won't."—"Who won't?" axed Miss ——.—"The men as gied I this here ceard, missus," says Sarah, puttin' th' ceard upon th' table. "*Punch and Judy! I towld um you didn't want to zee non' o' them 'oonderments!*"

XI. Measter Goddin used to zay as how childern costed a sight o' money to breng um up, but 'twas all very well whilst um was leetle, and zucked th' mother, but when um began to zuck the vather, 'twas nation akkerd.

XII. Measter Cuss, and his zun Etherd, went to Lonnun a leetle time zence; and when um got to their journey's ind, Measter Cuss missed a girt passel a carr'd wi' un to th' cwoach. "Lor', vather!" zays Etherd, "I zeed un drap out at 'Vize!" (Devizes.)

XII. The vust week our young Measter Jan was at Abin'don school, a complained as the puddin's was martal zhart o' plums; and one day a busted out a laughin' just as um had zed grace. Measter Curtis was in a towerin' pashun, but a zed a'd vorgive un if zo be a'd zay what a was a-laughin' at. "The plums in thuck puddin', zur," zays Measter Jan, "looks as though they was a playin' at hop, step, and jump!"

* We suppress the name, but the gentle reader may be assured that this anecdote of honest William's is literally true!—P. P.

THE MOTHER
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER CHILD'S DEATH.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"Bring me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding-sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek, and auburn hair!"

My beautiful! 'tis now a year
Since thou wert laid beneath the sod,
And though the thought brings many a tear,
It glads me—thou art with thy God.

Ay! though 'tis long ere I shall see
  Thy lineaments again, my boy,
Yet in the thought that thou art free
  I feel a calm and holy joy.

A year ago! thou then hadst life,
  But feeble strength was with it given;
How couldst thou stem the world's rude strife?
  Far better thus to dwell in heav'n!
A pure, angelic, spotless one,
  Amidst the seraphim above;
For this I can remain alone,
  Foregoing e'en thine artless love!

A year ago! It seems a day
  Since last I gazed upon thy face;
When thou wert at thy simple play,
  I sought thy future weal to trace.
Rank, wealth, and fame, I deem'd were thine,
  Long after I should be forgot;
No more the light of hope doth shine,
  But brighter is thy present lot!

A year ago! thy happy smile
  Dispell'd the cares that oft oppress,
And painful moments did beguile
  With thine endearing, fond caress.
The merry sounds of that sweet voice.
  Which still a ling'ring charm hath left:
Of all that made my heart rejoice,
  In word or look—I am bereft!

A year ago! light laughter broke
  The gloomy stillness of these walls;
In sportive mood thy footsteps woke
  The echoes from these ancient halls.
But all is breathless now—no sound,
  Save when the winds at times grow wild,
And break the solitude profound,
  'Tis then I think of thee, my child!

A year ago! on this sad day
  The spoiler dimm'd those eyes of blue,
The lily droop'd in slow decay,
  Still lovely e'en in deathly hue!
A year ago! I saw thee laid,
  Lifeless, within the earth's chill breast,
And envied thee the greensward shade
  Where thou didst take thy dreamless rest!

My beautiful! whom still I love,
  Though parted from me by the grave,
I bend unto the Will above,
  Who only took the flow'r he gave!
To bloom more sweetly on that shore
  Where I shall meet my fair-hair'd boy,
Where sorrow cannot reach us more,
  Nor damp the fulness of our joy!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR,

A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER IV.

PRISON GLOOM.

"*Here*—time with leaden wing
Moves slowly on."
SOUTHEY.

It has often occurred to me as I quitted, with jaded spirits and wearied step, the last cell I had to visit during the morning, how painful is the position, and how exhausting the labours, of a gaol chaplain. It is true, that the office of every parish priest, when faithfully and efficiently discharged, must bring him into close communion with the poor, both during their short day of comparative comfort and happiness, and during their long and gloomy night of positive suffering and sorrow. The afflicted, the vicious, the aged, the indigent,—all these must come under his notice, and cause him many an anxious hour. But if he has his trials, he has also his triumphs. The young of the fold, tended by his fostering care, and brought under his spiritual superintendence, first to the holy rite of confirmation, and next to the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper, —the aged calmed, supported, and strengthened by his affectionate counsel,—the increasing attachment and growing confidence of his people,—signs of reformation in some, and fruits of matured religious belief in others, — here an instance of unqualified resignation on the bed of sickness,—there a bright example of cheerful submission to unexpected misfortune,—holy children,—happy deaths,— these are cheering spectacles, which hearten him on his course, and solace him for many a disappointed hope and blighted expectation.

It is not so with the gaol chaplain.

The importance of his office all will admit: its irksomeness few can understand. His duties are arduous, exhausting, saddening. He has perpetually presented to him the dark side of human nature; nor is the gloom of the present lighted up by the brightness of the future. His stipend is, for the most part, scanty, and coincident only with the full exercise of all his powers. For his old age there remains retirement, — not preferment. Rare is the instance where a gaol chaplain has been advanced in his profession. And yet he has claims—claims which the dispensers of Church patronage might fairly acknowledge, and which the aged gaol chaplain might, without shame, prefer.

He has to move daily in an atmosphere of crime; and yet he would be false to his trust, and ill discharge the duties expected of him, were he to become callous to the sufferings which crime engenders. He has to move not unfrequently in an atmosphere of disease, which he incurs the risk of contracting, while administering to those who are its victims the consolations of religion.

He has to encounter the disaffected, the designing, and the desperate. The difficulties of his position multiply; and the exigencies of the times impose on him fresh and unlooked-for exertion. The deluded victims of political agitation come under his eye; and then it is his duty, as well as his delight, to use the most strenuous exertion to stay the plague now propagating amongst us, by arraying the poor against the rich, as opposite and antagonist classes,—as if they had a diversity, instead of a community, of interests, and as if the happiness and security of both did not depend upon the good understanding and affectionate connexion subsisting between them.

To *cheer* him — what remains? His haunt is not the vine-clad cottage, or the lonely farm, or the thatched hut on the breezy moor, but the dark and dreary cell of the burglar, the highwayman, and the midnight assassin. The vilest portion of the community are in his hours of toil presented to him; to sad details of misery and guilt is he daily obliged to listen; humbling views of our common nature are constantly submitted to him. Oppressed and sorrow-stricken, weary and sick at heart does he often leave the sphere of duty assigned to him, praying the innocent may be strengthened from above, and the guilty led to seek mercy where alone it can be found!

I was thus musing when a case was brought before me, the peculiar features of which engaged for some days no small share of public attention. The party had moved in the higher ranks of society, was young and highly-gifted, and, in one sense, worthy of a better fate. When committed, he was ill,—suffering severely from a burn,—and was specially commended to the care and skill of the gaol surgeon. I saw him frequently. He — but his story must be given in the third person, and in detail. To spare the feelings of survivors every expedient has been adopted; and if the leading facts should be recognised by any party, it can only be by some one who has reason to say, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*"

CHAPTER V.

POYNTZBURY; OR, IDENTITY!

ANCESTRY.

"Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive."
BYRON.

It was a bright laughing morning in spring, the sun shone cheerily, and a gentle breeze, as it swept softly and wooingly over the beautiful bay of Naples, broke the deep blue waves into innumerable sapphires. Light skiffs flitted gaily over its bosom, the rude chorus of the fishermen rose lazily from the shore; while ever and anon the measured beat of the wave upon the sand fell upon the ear with a soothing and delicious murmur.

Fair and gladdening as was the scene, some there were who viewed it apparently blind to its beauty, and insensible to its influence. In a

window commanding the bay sat that morning a youthful, but unsocial party, loitering over a late breakfast.

"Another day, and no letters from England!" said the youngest of the trio, a handsome, but feeble and delicate-looking man, addressing, as he spoke, an older and graver associate, to whom in feature and expression he bore a marked resemblance. "Ten thousand curses light on that idiot Brackenbury! Why the —— doesn't he write? What can cause his silence? Can you explain it, Lennard?"

"Only upon the conviction, Sir Shafto, that he has been unable to obey on the instant, as I have no doubt he wished, your positive instructions."

"Did you word the postscript in terms sufficiently peremptory?"

"It was not drawn up, I admit, in your own language; but it was submitted for your perusal, and, I believe, was fortunate enough to obtain your approbation."

"Perusal!—approbation! You are always so cursedly guarded and particular," said the baronet, pettishly.

"Brackenbury!" cried a stout, red-faced young man, with a marvellously fine waistcoat, abominable hair, and badly-washed cravat; "is he related to the Brackenburys of Shropshire? Sir Harry Brackenbury married my eldest sister."

"Ask Lennard; he is a walking baronetcy, and knows every one's genealogy—except his own."

"Mr. Brackenbury," said the object of this sarcasm, with heightened colour, but calm and steady voice, "claims Leicestershire as his county."

"He was bred and born, sir, on *my* estate. He does not belong, as our friend here, to the Melchisedek family."

The baronet's little grey eyes gleamed with delight as he uttered this malicious inuendo.

Lennard's lip quivered for an instant as he slowly and deliberately replied, "You are unjust, Sir Shafto. My parentage, as I have more than once told you, is very humble; but I have no occasion to blush for it. Both parties have gone down to the grave, but have left no stain upon their memory. The one was chaste, the other brave."

This was a palpable hit, and it told. Sir Shafto Poyntzbury, whose mother had been a more than suspected wife, and whose father had on one memorable occasion proved himself "a shy bird," winced beneath its force.

"Melchisedek!" repeated Armitage, musingly, and evidently thoroughly mystified; "there is something here I don't exactly understand."

The speaker was a gay, light-hearted being, with a dash of the Irishman about him, always ready for a song, or a dance, or a fight, or "a lark;" and, observing neither party to be at ease, resolved on giving an immediate turn to the conversation.

"History!—parentage!—heaven save the mark! Sir Shafto, in default of better amusement, you are cordially welcome to mine—*in verse;*" and, without waiting, or even, apparently, caring, to see whether assent was given or withheld, he gave, in a clear, merry, joyous tone, one of those rollicking, humorous, noisy ballads, which only an Irish fancy could have conceived, and to which native Irish drollery can alone do justice.

"Ha! ha! ha! tolerably fair for an off-hand sketch, eh, Lennard?" cried the baronet, addressing, with recovered good humour, his stripling likeness. "When we return to England, we must domicile Armitage at Willersleigh. His ready mirth will make the old hall ring again."

"Willersleigh," murmured Lennard, in a low, husky tone, "shall I ever see it? And if so, when,—how,—preceded and followed by what circumstances?"

His cheek flushed, and he fell into a deep, and apparently pleasant reverie.

But, in the interim, how were matters progressing at Willersleigh?—and what care was there taken of the interests of its absent lord?

CHAPTER VI.

"SELL AND FELL!"

"Whip me, boy, but I never saw thy genius blaze forth like this before. *Deo volente*, I 'll make a saint of you, and shame the bishops."—*Wine and Walnuts.*

"These Poyntzburys are a doomed race," said old Brackenbury, the land-steward at Willersleigh, as he sat ruminating, in the deepest sadness, over the last epistle of his youthful master. "A curse seems to cling to the line, which each succeeding generation does his best to fulfil. They gain no wisdom from the past, and are utterly reckless as to the future. Sir Shafto 'requires,' forsooth, 'five thousand pounds for his immediate use, which I am to raise with all speed!' But how? I am 'to sell the pictures, and fell the wood.' Ay!—*sell and fell!*—these are the watch-words of his race. Sell and Fell!—'twas the motto of his gambling father—of his dare-devil uncle—of his Italian mother, that Jezebel, that adept in extravagance, folly, and absurdity, whose fête to the Regent cost us fifteen hundred pounds!" (For this sin, to her dying day, old Brackenbury never heartily forgave her.) "And this motto, I see clearly, has been adopted by her son! Rather than be outstripped in the race of folly, he will sell all, even his honour. It is idle to think of saving him!"—and the tears coursed rapidly down the furrowed face of the faithful retainer as he came to this painful conclusion. "But the letter must be answered—and how? By a firm refusal, and then—a respectful resignation. Not another shilling—to be spent in Naples—will I raise for him. But what is this in another and—heaven be praised for it—more legible hand? Ah:—a postscript from Mr. Lennard!—

"'Mr. Brackenbury need not act upon the foregoing instructions till Sir Shafto writes again. The pictures and the timber may be valued by competent parties, and the baronet apprized of the result. Meanwhile some alternative may possibly be suggested to prevent this sacrifice. In the interim, one-fifth of the sum which Sir Shafto at first conceived necessary will be sufficient for his present exigencies. Mr. Lennard adds this postscript, by the baronet's desire, who will affix his signature below, in confirmation of it.'

"So, then, this is the Mr. Lennard who accompanies our master

as his *amanuensis*, secretary, and confidential companion. He writes like a sensible man! 'One fifth!' My own savings will amount to more; and Sir Shafto is thoroughly welcome to them. Thank God I need cringe to no Jew, confide in no lawyer, and press no overburthened tenant on this occasion!" And old Brackenbury rubbed his hands joyfully. "'Prevent this sacrifice.' I like that phrase. It coincides completely with my own views. Bravo, Mr. Lennard! the owner of Willersleigh is not lost while you are by his side. Those noble oaks, and those glorious Claudes are still preserved to *us!* 'Prevent this sacrifice!' Good! good! Mr. Lennard, you are a man of feeling and forethought; and, as for you, sir," he concluded, apostrophizing his master as he passed a staring, flaunting portrait in the great hall, "your attaching such a man to your suite is one of the few sensible acts that can so far be laid to your charge!"

But who was he upon whom was passed this lavish encomium?

CHAPTER VII.

THE "STORK!"

"The Princess received me in one of the drawing-rooms, opening on the hanging terraces, covered with flowers in full bloom. Her Royal Highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell (who came in soon after me) with open arms, and evident pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rouge on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well. The first person who opened the door to me was the one whom it was impossible to mistake, hearing what is reported, six feet high, a magnificent head of black hair, pale complexion, mustachios which reach from here to London. SUCH IS THE STORK."—*Diary of the Times of George IV.*

LOUIS LENNARD, however clear and well-defined his own plans might appear to himself, was, at the age of four-and-twenty, a mystery to all around him. With an indifference, rare at his period of life, to the pleasures and amusements of society, he seemed devoted to the interests of one with whom it was clear he had few feelings in common, and from whom he could cherish no expectations. He was neither learned, nor eloquent, nor witty, nor convivial; but he was profoundly skilled in tact. The youthful invalid liked him because, with his accomplishments, he wiled away many an hour that would otherwise have hung heavy on his hands, and because in person he bore a striking, but *by no means flattering resemblance*, to himself! On the other hand, be the bond what it might which bound Lennard to the baronet, his pliant temper lightened his fetters of no small proportion of their pressure. The wayward humours of his host he studied, watched over, met, and quelled with inimitable temper and adroitness. He never appeared disconcerted by his caprices, nor wounded by his suspicions. The follies of Sir Shafto he steadily discountenanced; the station of the baronet he never forgot even in their most familiar moments; and his address in extricating that wayward being from the scrapes into which his irritable and ungovernable temper brought him was beyond all praise. And yet there always appeared some secret object, some grand, but hidden prize to which all this by-play was subservient. The past history and connexions of the family, the divisions of the estate, the various

tenants to whom it was let, the plan, size, and peculiarities of the old hall, the neighbouring gentry who lived near it, were points on which he was never weary of conversing, and on which he constantly drew its owner to dwell in detail. The avidity with which he would listen to the merest trifles which referred to the boyhood of the present, or the decease of the late baronet, was utterly inexplicable. Contrary to the line of conduct adopted by most favourites, he never strove to enrich himself. He sought no favour, and declined all pecuniary recompense. Quiet in manner, simple in his habits, and singularly guarded in his demeanour and expressions, he was a remarkable contrast to his self-willed, capricious, and restless companion. Of his past life, connexions, parentage, or pursuits, he never spoke. On all these points Sir Shafto himself was but very imperfectly informed. But Lennard was useful to him, wrote his letters, kept his accounts,—played at billiards, and invariably lost to him,—was an admirable listener, and never bored him.

What sources of commendation did these negative qualities supply?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

"No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves."

Winter's Tale.

"Lennard," said the invalid, during their last evening's ride in the environs of Naples, when the former had been more than usually persevering in his inquiries, "I in vain try to understand the importunity and earnestness with which you press for information about Willersleigh. You will never see it: I shall never return thither. In a foreign land I shall 'sleep the sleep that knows no waking.' All the Poyntzburys die young: 'tis the doom of our race. For the last three centuries not one of us has reached fifty. And why not? 'Those whom the gods love'—you know the rest. With *some* 'tis true."

"You do not use proper caution," replied Lennard, bluntly. "You court exposure to the night air, take immoderate exercise, and too little repose."

"It matters not. There is time enough for repose in the grave, as Father Nicolay says. We Poyntzburys are a restless race. But —droll enough!—some of us come to life again," continued he, with that dash of wild levity which was such a singular feature in his character, "and, as you so violently affect the records of our race, I must introduce you to my ancestress Angela,—the beautiful Lady Poyntzbury, as she was deservedly called.

"Angela Ducarel was the only child of the governor of one of our Indian possessions by a native lady, the sole heiress of a wealthy baboo. Mrs. Ducarel was a personage somewhat difficult to describe, —a singular mixture of courage and cowardice, intellect and ignorance, indolence and austerity. She was never a thorough convert to Christianity. Some of the old servants of Willersleigh will tell you that she worshipped the sun to her dying day. The fact was,

her creed was a curious mixture of the idolatrous customs of her race, with some of the peculiar observances of Christianity, which her fears compelled her to adopt. She was an accomplished linguist, dabbled in alchemy, and was an adept in astrology. Her daughter's horoscope she had cast more than once; and repeated calculations had confirmed her in the belief that, die when Angela would, it would be death *by fire!* Sir Herbert Poyntzbury saw her when she first landed in England, under the care of this unaccountable mother; and, attracted by the prospect of unbounded wealth, and the possession of unrivalled beauty, tendered her his hand, and was accepted. About six months after their union she was attacked by fever and delirium, and, in defiance of the best medical skill which the neighbourhood could afford, her case was pronounced hopeless. Express after express was sent to the old beldame at Bath, apprizing her of her daughter's danger, and entreating her presence at Willersleigh: but in vain: she contented herself with writing to her 'beloved Angela,' commanding her to keep up her spirits, to follow implicitly the directions of her medical advisers, and to rest assured that she would recover. Indeed, so indifferent did the old fire-worshipper seem to the event, that, when life was pronounced to be extinct, it was gravely debated whether any notice should be forwarded to Mrs. Ducarel of the fatal result. As a mere matter of courtesy, another messenger was depatched to her. She listened to his melancholy tidings without the slightest apparent emotion, and her sole comment upon the event was comprised in the remark, '*It cannot by any possibility be so!*' With unruffled composure she entered her travelling carriage, and drove down to Willersleigh. On her arrival, she hurried to the chamber of death, and, after a lengthened inspection of her daughter's features, declared she was not dead, and insisted upon the funeral being postponed. The opposition this demand met with from physicians, retainers, pall-bearers, and undertakers you may readily imagine; but the Gheber persevered, and prevailed. She unclosed the shutters, desired all the paraphernalia of death to be forthwith removed, and the room to be restored to its usual state. She ordered the corpse to be taken out of its coffin, a large fire to be kindled, and the body to be laid before it. As evening drew on, she directed certain restoratives which she named to be placed within her reach, and, dismissing the whole household to rest, announced her intention of sitting up alone by the corpse till morning! The consternation with which the domestics viewed these preparations was indescribable. About three in the morning Mrs. Ducarel rang her bell; and, in reply to the terrified nurse, who, in an agony of fright, asked her commands, desired Sir Herbert to be told '*that Lady Poyntzbury was sensible, and had asked repeatedly for her husband!*' She lived some years after this event, and had several children."

"And was happy?"

"No. Whether her kindly, mild, and gentle nature the baronet felt to be a painful contrast to his own morose, capricious, and uncertain temper; whether he had married her for convenience, or was weak enough to give credence to the absurdities of those who whispered that she had been restored to him by supernatural means, is complete matter of conjecture. The fact is undeniable—his demeanour towards her after her recovery underwent a sad and

striking alteration. It has often struck me, as I stood beside her picture in the gallery at Willersleigh, that, could her mother have foreseen the sad complexion of her after life, she would never have been so anxious to restore her to existence!"

"And she died?" asked Lennard, eagerly.

"*By fire*, as the old heathen had foretold. It was on the 18th of January. She had been at the birthday drawing-room in the morning, and was seated in her dressing-room, waiting for the carriage to take her to an evening party. As she bent over the fire, her lappets accidentally caught the wax-lights, and in an instant her head-dress was in a blaze. Her children heard her scream; and, knowing her voice, ran hastily into the room. This sealed her fate. The love of the mother put to flight the prudence of the woman. Fearful that the flames might communicate to them, she rushed hastily from them into the corridor. The current of air which she thus encountered, and the distance she traversed in her anxiety to avoid them, were fatal. Before aid could be procured to extinguish the flames, she was burnt to an extent that precluded all hope of recovery. She was sensible to the last; and there was one incident in her illness which has always appeared to me inexpressibly touching. Passionately fond as she was of her children, she declined seeing them. 'No,' she said; 'dear, inexpressibly dear as they are to me,—much as I should wish to clasp them all once more to my bosom, I forego the gratification. The sight of such a fearful object as myself,—of such a blackened, hideous mass, would leave an indelible and most painful impression on their youthful memories. No! no! the recollection I would have them entertain of me is—as I have ever appeared to them,—gentle, kind, affectionate, and fair!' Her farewell to her husband was brief but solemn:—'I leave you, Sir Herbert, after a short union, with brightened prospects, and amended fortunes. Deal with my memory as you will; but be just and true to my darlings, as you hope to meet me hereafter in heaven. And now for my confessor and my God!'"

CHAPTER IX.

HEARTS.

"The heart may languish, and the eye may weep
  For those whom Heaven has called from life and care;
Yet there's an earthly pang than these more deep,
  Which sharpens sorrow, and which brings despair,
Which wrings the heart, and lays the bosom bare.
  Yet 'tis not death; each living man must die.
Death culls the sweetest flow'r, the form most fair;
  The one deep cloud which darkens every sky
  Is changed affection's cold averted eye."

Where do the people live who have hearts? A dweller have I been for many a long year in this shifting scene of sin and sorrow, but have never yet lighted upon a being who had a heart. And yet learned leeches persist in saying that their fellow-mortals have such appendages. Cœur de Lion, we are assured, had one, and it was covered with hair. What a warm heart must his have been! In a foreign museum is preserved the heart of a certain gambling baron-

ess; and, most assuredly, great is the resemblance between it and a dirty pack of well-used cards. The Count de Pazzioli at Naples has his grandmother's heart, which he occasionally exhibits to favoured visitors. It looks like a very curious specimen of old china. Doubtless the owner felt for nothing else. Then again we are told, with prodigious pomp and gravity, of people dying of ossified hearts; as if the disease was an uncommon one! Heaven help us! such hearts are as common as blackberries! They may be met with by the score every day on 'Change; and every night at the gaming-house. Old Tallyrand's heart, they say, completely puzzled the anatomists. It was so thoroughly strong and iron-bound in its appearance, that it set all their previous calculations at defiance.

One description — and one alone — is applicable to every human heart, that "it is deceitful" and "desperately wicked."

To this conclusion the young baronet's servants gave a painful assent, when on the evening previous to his departure for Egypt they were abruptly informed that he had no further occasion for their services. A month's wages in advance, and a small additional gratuity, barely sufficient to pay their expenses to England, were the sole accompaniments to the message which announced their unexpected dismissal.

"Who remains with Sir Shafto?" was the general inquiry.

"No one but Mr. Lennard."

"And whither is my master bent on proceeding, that none of his suite can accompany him?" asked the favoured and now indignant valet.

"Sir Shafto is going," was the reply, "to Constantinople; to Syria; to the Holy Land; to Grand Cairo."

"And he returns," inquired the valet anxiously, "when? when?"

"Never no more! never no more!" screamed—the words had been taught him by his master with infinite trouble—the baronet's pet macaw, in his shrill and piercing tones. "Ha! ha! ha! never no more!"

It was a singular interruption, and excited many a comment.

CHAPTER X.

BLACK CATTLE.

"But for all this I have a sense of superstition about me which I do not wish to part with. It is a feeling which separates me from this age, and links me with that to which I am hastening; and even when it seems, as now, to lead me to the brink of the grave, and bids me gaze on it, I do not love that it should be dispelled. It soothes my imagination, without influencing my reason or my conduct."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Then came again the voice:
'Be of good heart,' it said,
'For to thy mortal sight shall the grave unshadow its secrets.'"

SOUTHEY'S *Vision of Judgment.*

WHAT is the connection so subtle, yet so binding, which links the material to the immaterial world! Has our soul any intercourse which the body shares not with the world of spirits? Are the dead for ever near us? Do, at each step of our weary pilgrimage, unearthly beings touch us as they flit around our path? 'Tis the fantasy of a dreamer, and yet, how exquisitely has it been embodied

in one of the most touching sonnets which ever flowed from female pen!

"At midnight's solemn hour, when, hushed in sleep,
They who have laboured, or have sorrowed, lie,
Learning from slumber how 'tis sweet to die!
I love my vigils of the heart to keep;
For there fond Memory doth unroll her page,
Which in the garish, noisy day, was sealed.
Then comes Reflection, with her whispers sage,
And precepts of mild wisdom are reveal'd.
Sweet voices, silent now on earth, once more
Bless my charm'd ear. Sweet smiles around me play,
Tho' they who wore them long have sought that shore
Where I shall meet them (hasten, blessed day!)
To tell how dull was life where they were not,
And that they never—never were forgot!"

LADY BLESSINGTON.

At Willersleigh there was a celebrated herd of wild cattle. It was one of the few appendages to his paternal estate in which its owner took any cordial interest, and for the preservation of which he ever deigned to express any anxiety. It would have been difficult, save from its rarity—for, excepting at Chillingham, Chartley, and Willersleigh, the breed was extinct in Britain—to determine what value the herd could possibly possess in the eyes of its owner. It consisted of some score of vicious, desperate, ungovernable animals, at all times difficult to retain within the inclosure allotted to them, and by no means harmless even when there. One keeper they had gored to death; another had been so injured by them that he was a cripple for life. The verderer's little daughter had been tossed by them, and had been an idiot ever afterwards; and upon one occasion old Brackenbury himself had been closely chased by them, and only escaped by leaping—fat as he was—a five-barred gate; which feat in the extremity of his agony he had attempted and effected. They were the terror of the inmates of the hall, and the bugbear of the neighbourhood; and, as a matter of course, proportionably prized by Sir Shafto Poyntzbury. Nor was he singular in his taste. The herd had been special favourites with Mrs. Ducarel; and, as with the "dark-faced Indian lady," (who had "first killed her daughter, and then by aid of magic brought her to life again,") the villagers were wont, by tradition, to associate everything daring and desperate, it was currently said amongst them, when the herd were unusually savage, or coursed round the park with more than common impetuosity, that "the old heathen is let loose again, and is riding at a fine rate the wild cattle up and down their pasture!"

Nor was this the only peculiarity with which the herd was invested in the eyes of the vulgar; for the immediate retainers and dependents of the hall it possessed a deeper interest. They believed it to be connected in some mysterious manner with the destiny of their lord. It had been observed for generations that whenever the head of the family dropped, that event had been preceded by a murrain among the cattle. Constantly had this coincidence been noticed: never explained. Old Brackenbury, indeed, affected to laugh at it, called it an old woman's tale; asked where the credulity of mankind would stop; and wondered how people could lend their ears to the

reception of such nonsense; but was observed, if anything ailed the herd, to be unbearably irritable and testy. Such a trial of temper awaited him on a morning early in April.

"A word with you, sir, in private, if you please," said the under-keeper, with the ill-assured, anxious air of a man who is conscious he is the bearer of disagreeable intelligence.

The steward nodded assent.

"Black Bashan's missing."

"Missing, is he? Well! that happens at least once a fortnight. He has but strayed from his pasture. Search the chace, and you 'll find him."

"I fear not, sir," said the keeper.

"You fear not?" and the countenance of the old man fell. "For what reason?"

"He 's been amiss the last day or two," continued the former, very slowly, and watching all the while what effect his information produced on the countenance of his companion; "and, seeing nothing whatever of him this morning, I am afraid he has gone back into the bush to die. In truth, sir," he added, after a pause, "'tis idle to make a long tale of it. Stridewell, the woodsman, found him dead this morning among the brushwood."

"Well!" cried the steward, with an affected air of unconcern, "he was a vicious beast, and we can spare him; but," added he, following up a laboured and most unfortunate attempt at indifference, "all the rest of the herd, I presume, are healthy?"

"I wish I could say so," returned the keeper moodily; "but some half-dozen of them are ailing, and I know not what to do with them."

"Ailing?" cried Brackenbury, whose self-possession had now utterly deserted him—"ailing?—do with them? Bestow more care on them. Watch them well. They have been stinted in food, or water, and are suffering proportionably."

"They have been neglected in no respect whatsomever, Mr. Brackenbury," rejoined the keeper, who was now thoroughly roused in his turn. "There has been no lack of care or food. But no man can stand against Providence. Hearkee, Mr. Steward, THAT *is among them which neither you nor I can master.* The murrain 's among 'em! Old madam has been riding 'em too hard of late."

"Joe Wing'em!" cried the choleric steward, in a low, suppressed tone, while his lips quivered with rage, and clenching his fists, he seemed strongly tempted to fell his gossipping companion to the dust, "mention that name again—allude to that infamous notion—breathe that abominable rumour but once again, and you leave these walls for ever! How dare you allow your lips to utter such calumnies against the fore-elders of those who have fed and clothed you and yours for generations?"

"Really, Mr. Brackenbury, I had no idea—I am quite astonished—"

"And I am quite astonished," interrupted the steward, without allowing him to finish his sentence, "that a man of your years and judgment should stoop to credit the foolery of the vulgar; and that a man with your family should peril his place by retailing it."

"I meant no offence—none whatever," returned Wing'em, in a deprecating tone,—"I only repeat—"

"Repeat nothing," interposed the steward. "There's little going but lies. Let the vulgar chatter; but do you your duty. Watch the herd closely; change their pasture; give them fresh water; and," added he, with an emphatic gesture, "put a padlock on your lips, lest they bring you to poverty. Those cursed cattle!" he ejaculated as he turned away, "would to God we were fairly rid of the vicious brutes altogether!"

"Amen!" said the keeper most devoutly as he touched his hat and departed.

But Brackenbury mused long and deeply upon the intelligence which Wing'em had brought him.

"That young spendthrift is going to die. Yes: call it omen, presentiment, warning—what you will—I have never known it fail. His career is closed, or closing? But what the —— does he mean by dying at this critical juncture? and I'm swearing! I ought not to do it, I admit. It ill becomes me, as the deacon of an Independent congregation; but in my wicked moments it's an unaccountable relief! Alas! alas! and who is to succeed? Oh! the elder of those two cousins, whom his father always hated, and to his dying hour cheated! Wonder what they're like! As for this one to leave me at this moment, overwhelmed with difficulties; to cut, with the estate mortgaged in all directions; to be off when his presence is so pressingly, so particularly needed; it's too bad! But is he dead? and, if so, when? where? and how? And the will—has he made any? and, if so, is it forthcoming? But where to find him, or to gain any particulars, or to set on foot any inquiries?"

And, what with the perplexities caused by the verderer's manner, the pressure of certain heavy mortgages, and Sir Shafto's lengthened and unaccountable silence, the choleric steward was at his wit's end.

CHAPTER XI.

FEARS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

"He that courts perils shall die the devil's martyr."
Spanish Proverb.

His path through life must have been an unusually smooth one, and his acquaintance with its trials singularly slight, who has never been racked with the agonies of suspense. The fever in which it keeps the spirits, the manner in which it unnerves the energies of the most courageous, and unsettles the purposes of the most decided; the rapidly-succeeding alternations of hope and fear with which it raises or depresses the mind; the extent to which it takes away all enjoyment of the present, and veils in increased uncertainty the future; these are feelings, the misery of which can only be appreciated by those whose doom it has been to undergo them.

Something of this species of mental torture was experienced by the faithful Brackenbury as he pondered over the probable fate of his absent lord.

"That omen never failed before!" said he musingly; "never within the memory of man! But now the charm seems broken!

Humph! the baronet still lives! and yet, his is a short-lived race! and he, worn down by youthful excesses, and apparently death-stricken when he quitted his home! But still, surely, if his earthly course were run, from Mr. Lennard, or through some channel, public or private, his decease would transpire? And then the supplies! *They* must be on the lees; and policy must obtain me the honour of a communication, if nothing else would. I shall hear to-morrow; yes, yes, I shall hear to-morrow."

But Mr. Brackenbury was at fault. Days, weeks, months elapsed, without bringing him any tidings of his master. He ceased to reckon on "to-morrow;" it had deceived him too often. At length a large packet arrived. The various inclosures were signed by the baronet; and chiefly related to matters of business. But it contained no postscript from Mr. Lennard; and—what astonished old Brackenbury still more—no demand for money. Again and again did he examine his instructions, to satisfy himself that he had not overlooked this material item. No! allusion to it, reference to it, there was none! "The most wonderful letter *from a Poyntzbury* I ever received in my life!" was his emphatic conclusion.

After an interval of some duration further advices reached the hall; and these required that a remittance of two hundred pounds should be forwarded forthwith to Leghorn. But this communication astonished the old steward even more than its predecessor. It directed that Sir Shafto's two orphan cousins—his heirs-at-law successively, were he to die without issue—should be sought out, and rescued from the obscurity to which the cruel will of his own father had doomed them; that the younger should be sent to a public school, and the elder placed under the care of a private tutor, and prepared for the university; and that both should be so nurtured and so trained as to fit them for that station, and those responsibilities which might possibly await them. With the cost of these arrangements the baronet charged himself. Nor was this all. He desired that the surplus rents should be applied to pay off the most pressing mortgage on the estate.

Old Brackenbury rubbed his eyes in utter amazement. He referred to the signature to satisfy himself that his employer was cognizant of the instructions the paper contained. All was clear; the writing was Sir Shafto's, beyond question.

"I judged him rashly and wrongfully," was his self-upbraiding conclusion. "I thought him by nature selfish, and in his habits a spendthrift. He is neither. The honour of his house is still dear to him. Nor has its glory yet departed from his halls. The 'most pressing mortgage on the estate!' Ah! that must be old Winterton's. He has threatened us often. But yesterday he rode over fussily and pompously, looking at the land with the eye of a mortgagee bent on fore-closing. He has looked his last. Ha! ha! ha! we 'll have no more of him! He shall have no further opportunity of strutting and striding over the property! *I'll* assume the air of a moneyed man now! *I'll* look grave, and cool, and distant! John, my grey pony immediately. I 'll see him to-day, and tell him we 're prepared for him, ha! ha! ha! That for the murrain!" and he snapped his fingers triumphantly. "We can hold our own yet! Long life to Sir Shafto, the most hopeful baronet the house has had for the last two centuries!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

"Come, then, sad river, let our footsteps blend
Onward, by silent bank and nameless stone;
Our years began alike, so let them end,
We live with many men, we die alone!

"Why dost thou slowly wind and sadly turn,
As loth to leave e'en this most joyless shore?
Does thy heart fail thee? do thy waters yearn
For the far fields of memory once more?

"Ah me! my soul, and thou art treacherous too,
Link'd to this fatal flesh, a fetter'd thrall;
The sin, the sorrow, why wouldst thou renew?
The past—the perish'd—vain and idle all!

"Away! behold at last the torrent leap,
Glad, glad to mingle with yon foamy brine;
Free and unmourn'd the cataract cleaves the steep—
Oh, river of the rocks! thy fate is mine!"
The Token Stream of Sidna-Combe. HAWKER'S *Poems.*

SPECULATE and moralise as we may, Time, after all, is a mighty revolutionist. The changes which he imperceptibly effects, the inroads which he silently achieves, the sad estrangements to which he is a party, and the strange alliances of which he is the parent, attest his invisible and irresistible agency.

Who has not done homage to his influences? The coldness and indifference of those we once loved,—the unsuspected treachery of those we once befriended,—they whom we dreaded removed,—they whom we relied on rendered powerless,—the scattered family,—the silent hearth,—the severed friendship,—the hostile brothers,—these are the spectacles which greet us in life's weary pilgrimage; and these are *thy* trophies, resistless and merciless Time!

At Pisa, in a lofty, gaudily-furnished, but comfortless apartment, sat, some seven years after the events recorded in the last chapter, two ladies, the elder of whom was dictating, in a low, tremulous tone, to a gentleman who was writing very rapidly beside her. The features of the younger lady beamed with beauty; but it was beauty painful to gaze upon. The transparent delicacy of the complexion, the hectic bloom, the unnaturally bright eye, the delicate and finely-chiselled features, which were rapidly assuming a sharp and rigid outline,—the blue and distinctly-defined veins, the short and constantly-recurring cough,—all these told the presence and triumph of *decline.*

Stern and inexorable malady! why dost thou select as thy victims the young, the gifted, the lovely, the accomplished, and pass over the callous, the selfish, the calculating, the hard-hearted? Is it to prove the poet's assertion true?—

"Ah! sir, the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the socket."*

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* Wordsworth's "Excursion."

If ever separation was dreaded by mother and daughter,—if ever two human beings strove to conceal, each from the knowledge of the other, the divorce which death was about to make between them, it was in the case of the widowed Mrs. Dayrell and her daughter Olivia. It was a topic neither dared trust herself to touch upon in the presence of the other, but was, nevertheless, rarely absent from the younger lady's mind.

There was, in truth, something noble in the fortitude with which this young and gentle creature contemplated the progress of decay, and the approaching extinction of her mortal being; and touching in the faith with which she reposed on the atonement of the Redeemer, and anticipated a purer and more blissful state of existence in a brighter world. No raptures, no extraordinary assertions of unbounded assurance, no strains of revolting and presumptuous confidence marked the closing scene of her existence. Hers was the tranquil trust of a humble and broken spirit resting on the boundless compassion of a sinless Saviour. It was this rare and engaging exhibition of humility and resignation which led the clergyman who visited her to say: "She is daily ripening for heaven; and her lovely and gentle features, methinks, already seem to beam with the reflected glories of the regions of the blessed."

In another, but far less important point of view, Mrs. Dayrell was also fortunate. Introduced casually to Sir Shafto Poyntzbury by a mutual acquaintance, nothing could exceed the kindness, devotion, and disinterestedness with which the baronet brought his knowledge of business and pecuniary resources to bear upon the disastrous fortunes of this widowed lady. The mass of unsorted accounts which her late husband left behind him he waded through, item by item; and at length succeeded in recovering a small balance from that very firm which had claimed the late major as a debtor, and whose threats of arrest had exiled his widow and representative from England. An ill-advised law-suit he eventually compromised on terms far more favourable than any which Mrs. Dayrell had ventured to anticipate. For her only son, Edgar, who was offered a mercantile appointment, he willingly became security: and these various acts of kindness were rendered with a noiseless readiness, a delicacy, and a secresy, which enhanced their value. The gossips of Pisa—where, alas! is the race extinct? — avowed, indeed, that love brought Sir Shafto so often to the "Casa Dayrell;" and that Olivia's beauty and intelligence had achieved a conquest which many a foreign lady had essayed in vain.

But they erred. The feeling manifested by the baronet towards the fatherless girl was the affectionate deference and gentle regard of a brother for a favourite sister; in no respect did it resemble the warm and impassioned adoration of the lover. He addressed her kindly, tenderly, deferentially on all occasions. No opportunity was omitted by him of contributing to her comforts, and gratifying her taste; but bursts of uncontrollable affection, passionate declarations of attachment, there were none. Mrs. Dayrell felt this, and—mourned it. Over himself, too, there seemed to hang, at intervals, a marked and mysterious gloom. His servants—they were all Italians—spoke of him as a kind and considerate master. The poor of Pisa had ample

reason to style him the "generous Englishman." None who sought his presence quitted it without being impressed with the solidity, as well as variety, of his acquirements. But still, amid these caresses of society, at times an oppressive weight seemed to hang upon his spirits, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off. Mixed society, indeed, he shunned, rather than courted; and evinced on more than one occasion a decided unwillingness to increase the number of his English acquaintances. His countrymen said he was "hipped:" the Italians, that he was afflicted with "the English morgue;" and a German metaphysician, that he was "mesmerized." But neither party seemed very well able to state the grounds on which they arrived at their opposite conclusions.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dayrell became exceedingly uneasy. She shrank from the frequency of the Englishman's visits; she saw the delight he took in Olivia's society; she recollected, with tears, the services, the many and material services which he had rendered her son and herself; she was conscious that the invalid's comfort was constantly consulted by him, and that he strove to anticipate even her very wishes; but—the fame of that beloved being was inexpressibly dear to her; it must not be tampered with; the comments even of the idle and curious were not to be defied; there was a certain deference due to the usages of society, which, if not paid, was fearfully avenged. Painful as the task might be, her duty as a mother demanded its performance. Certain explanations should be given to Sir Shafto; and then — their future intimacy must be defined and limited.

It was with inconceivable reluctance, and forebodings such as only a mother's heart can indulge, that Mrs. Dayrell hurried on, and hastened to this dreaded interview. Her fears had magnified its irksomeness. Sir Shafto listened calmnly, sadly, earnestly. By neither gesture nor question did he interrupt the statement slowly and painfully submitted to him. There was a pause at its close which neither party seemed anxious to break. At length, with a countenance of ashy paleness, and with a voice harsh with emotion, Sir Shafto inquired:—

"Was there not some arrangement possible by which the comments of society would be rendered harmless?"

The mother's anxious heart throbbed at the suggestion, but she hazarded no reply.

"Much as I value Miss Dayrell's society, and severe as would be the privation were I to lose it, the sacrifice should at once be made, rather than expose her one hour to the shafts of calumny."

"I was confident such would be your feeling," returned Mrs. Dayrell proudly. "I was sure my daughter's fame was dear to you."

"So dear," resumed the gentleman, "that if, inferior to her as I am in all respects, she will give me the right of protecting her; if, as Lady Poyntzbury, she will permit me the gratification of watching over her declining health; how joyously will the trust be undertaken! how sacredly will it be performed! But," continued he, and his voice sounded unnaturally deep and hollow, "before I ask her assent to my presumptuous proposal, I have a statement for her private ear When can I see her?"

"Not to-day, Sir Shafto; she is exhausted with writing to her brother, and must not be disturbed." The young man bowed assent.

"To-morrow you shall hear from us," was the lady's parting promise; thankful that the interview had terminated, and *thus*.

A message of inquiry from the baronet late that evening, accompanied with that prize to continental tourists, a file of London newspapers, gave Mrs. Dayrell an admirable opportunity for adverting to the conversation of the morning, and the part sustained in it by the youthful Englishman. The sufferer seemed moved by the feeling which Sir Shafto had shown when speaking of her; but, proof against the inference her mother hoped she would draw from it.

"He wishes to see you to-morrow; will you be equal to the interview?"

Olivia silently dissented; and the mother, desirous to probe her sentiments, bent over her, and whispered, "He loves you, dearest, fondly and fervently: and waits only the opportunity to press his suit."

"A vain topic for such as I," murmured the shrinking girl: "do not, dear mother, pursue it."

"But it deserves consideration."

"Not from me, my mother—not from me in my hopeless state!"

Mrs. Dayrell started at the tone, so abject, yet so resigned, in which these simple words were spoken. Recovering herself quickly, she continued, "Dangerous, my love, not hopeless! Who knows what beneficial effect a voyage to England might produce? and, as Lady Poyntzbury, the first medical opinion London can give."

"My dear — dear mother!" said the dying girl fondly, "I am bound on another and a sadder journey; and my bridegroom is—death!"

"Crush me not to the earth by speaking thus," cried the elder lady passionately; "but I myself am to blame for my protracted absence of this morning; you have been left too much to yourself, Olivia; your spirits sink. I must gather your associates around you; you require them." The daughter made no reply, but, with a smile, pointed to some extracts from St. Chrysostom, which lay beside her. The first ran, "Depart from the highway, and transplant thyself into some inclosed ground; for 'tis hard for a tree which stands in such a public and frequented place to keep her fruit till it be ripe."

"A beautiful sentiment, and true to a certain extent," returned the elder lady; "but the Christian lives not for himself only: he has social, relative, filial duties. Olivia, reconsider this subject."

"Mother, urge me not,—pray, urge me not. Upon me this earthly scene is fast closing; and why, by the suggestion of this topic, separate me from those beneficial influences to which I have in part surrendered myself?"

"But you will see him?" said Mrs. Dayrell, anxiously.

"Ought I? On the brink of eternity, surrounded by, and absorbed in, such appalling realities and recollections, ought I to see him, when such is to be the subject of the interview? Dearest mother, spare me,—spare me!"

"My child!" was the mother's reply, when tears permitted her to speak, "make not this man our enemy. We are in his power; and there are those—"

Her eye wandered unconsciously towards Edgar's picture, which hung, by the invalid's express command, opposite her couch.

The dying girl understood that glance, and replied to it. "True: *he* may want a friend after I am gone, as you assuredly will require a protector. Mother, I am wretchedly mistaken in Sir Shafto's disposition if, though not your son-in-law, he fails you when I am at rest. If there be a tie between us, death will strengthen, not dissolve it. I will see him. Edgar!" said she, apostrophizing the picture, where the speaking and well-remembered features seemed almost to reply to her appeal, "dear boy! the seas roll between us, and on earth we shall never meet again; but ah! what a glorious and happy meeting may be ours in OUR Father's house!"

"Olivia, dearest Olivia, speak not thus!" cried her mother, wildly. "Our separation?—it is impossible!—impossible!"

"It is inevitable, my mother. Admit it, and prepare for it."

"How can I prepare for it, or replace you,—my counsellor,—my adviser,—my consoler?"

"Mother," said Olivia, solemnly, "if, as some good men tell us, the spirits of the blest are sometimes privileged to wander unseen around their former haunts, and to prompt and watch over those whom they have loved in life, and would fain bring on to glory, you shall not be deserted in your pilgrimage. If permitted, my spirit shall incessantly hover over your path, till it terminates before THE THRONE."

"Pray for me!—pray for me!" cried the grief-stricken mother; and by the anodyne of that holy and blessed exercise both parent and child were soothed.

The promised interview took place. It was long, and apparently most painful; for it was observed that on both parties, at its close, it had left traces of ungovernable emotion. One point was clear. No marriage was to take place: and this—at the express desire of the lady!

Be the nature of their communication what it might, they never conversed again with the same ease as before. It is true that Olivia, at times, spoke to him more kindly than ever, and Sir Shafto to her with even a heightened air of deference; but the subject of their conversation—and many strove in vain to ascertain its nature—had engendered between them a restraint which was never dispelled.

She was released a few days afterwards. The parting scene was sudden, but exceedingly calm and happy. At it Sir Shafto was accidentally present. Her head was pillowed on his bosom when she died. A few moments previously she looked at him, and said,—"Repentance and restitution!"

All present heard these words; but the majority soon forgot them.

There was *one*, however, in that silent chamber, in whose memory they vibrated to his dying hour!

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

YORK, Bath, and Liverpool have generally been the nurseries whence the London managers sought for new prodigies. Mrs. Siddons may be said to have come from Bath, though she had been in London, unregarded, for a short period before; Mr. Young, from Liverpool and Manchester; and to Tate Wilkinson, and York, the metropolis was indebted for Mrs. Jordan, Emery, Mathews, Fawcett, Knight, and Lovegrove. The interview between Mr. Lovegrove (who will be mentioned hereafter) and Wilkinson, when the former solicited an engagement, was curious. Wilkinson had the habit of calling people by wrong names,—a habit which he adopted from Rich, who was the manager of Covent Garden theatre in his early days. Even Garrick is reported not to have been free from this affectation. Rich, who knew little of acting, chiefly depended upon pantomime, in which he was a great proficient, (playing Harlequin himself, under the fictitious designation of Lunn,) was incessantly pestered with troublesome applications on the part of new claimants for public approbation. He was an eccentric man, and used to carry about with him a large black cat. Being desirous of reflecting a little before he committed himself in his answer to any of these aspirants, he used to stroke the back of the cat, exclaiming, "Poor pussy!" and in a moment or two say, "Well, sir, what do you want with me?" Wilkinson stole this peculiarity, for the purpose of obtaining notoriety. When Mr. Lovegrove was introduced, he found Tate occupied in knocking a nail in the wall to hang up his watch. Without discontinuing his employment, or looking at his visitor, Tate said,

"What parts can you act, *Mr. Musgrove?*"—"I act Hamlet, sir."

"Mr. Kemble acts Hamlet, *Mr. Corgrove.* What else?"

"Othello, sir."

"Indeed; but can you knock a nail in the wall, MR. COX?"

Wilkinson was accustomed to sit in a snug corner of the gallery to witness the effect of the performance. He had a son, who entertained a great predilection for the profession, but was a very bad actor. One evening Wilkinson, in his favourite seat, overheard a sailor say to another,

"Jack, that 's a d—d stick; I 've a great mind to hiss him."

"Do," said Wilkinson; "I 'll give you half-a-crown if you will."

It was done accordingly, and old Tate came down to the green-room to enjoy the effect. Seeing his son walking up and down the room in great discomposure, he inquired what was the matter.

"Sir," replied the victim, "some scoundrels have hissed me off the stage."

"I know it, my son," replied the senior; "I paid them to do it."

From York, Mr. Knight came to London, making his *début* in Timothy Quaint and Robin Roughhead; the latter part he played

very finely. The essence of Mr. Knight's acting was a feeling of good humour, which he entertained towards all mankind. He was very clever in decrepit old men; but in country boys he chiefly excelled. The greatest representatives of countrymen that have been seen during the last half century were—the first Knight, (who certainly surpassed his successors,) Emery, and little Knight. Emery was a very fine actor in more than one line; but in countrymen he was always a Yorkshireman. The late Mr. Kean, in a criticism as ingenious as it was well expressed, said, "Emery is the countryman of the inn-yard; but Knight is the countryman of the woods." The two latter possessed other accomplishments besides acting. Emery was a tolerable musician, (we believe he played the violin in the orchestra at Munden's theatre,) and he sketched very well. Knight also was a good draughtsman, and possessed no mean powers of literature. He wrote some dramatic pieces, and most of his own songs. He used to read these to his friends, and complimented Munden, junior, by saying that he was "a good listener." In private life Mr. Knight was a most respectable man, an exemplary husband and father, and devoted to his domestic circle, from which he rarely removed.

Having already invoked Tom Dibdin's muse, we will give another instance of the readiness with which he summoned her to his aid. We must premise that actors were (perhaps, are) engaged by the season, or for a term, but paid by the night—*i. e.* for every night that the theatre continued open—which did not include holidays, Lent, &c., and the accident of death in the royal family, when all theatres are closed out of respect. In 1805 the season consisted of about two hundred nights; those, therefore, who, in forming an estimate of an actor's income, would endeavour to arrive at it by multiplying fifty-two by the amount of his weekly salary, will see that they could only obtain an erroneous result, not to mention the sick clause, to which we have before alluded. The remainder of a performer's emoluments consisted of his country engagements, and his benefit. To make a good benefit, it was necessary to enter into convivial society, and to have a large circle of acquaintance. Incledon, from the advantage of his vocal powers, always had the first benefit in point of amount, and Munden the second. It has been said that Munden was as frequently seen upon 'Change, about benefit time, as the merchants who "most do congregate" there; and this has been attributed to him as humiliating:—we cannot see upon what grounds. Though all his friends knew he had tickets in his pockets, he never solicited anybody to take them; and, to tell the truth, many of those who asked for them, forgot to pay. Amongst Munden's city acquaintance was the late eccentric Wm. Geary Salte, Esq. This gentleman was an extensive Manchester warehouseman in the Poultry. He had kept what he called open house on Saturday for half a century. The company at this time consisted generally of Sir Nathaniel Dance, (who gallantly beat off the French squadron, under Admiral Linois, in the Indian seas, and saved the East India Company's home fleet—in this action Munden's son, Valentine, was present,) of Mr. Sharpe, M.P., the friend of Canning, better known as Conversation Sharpe; Wm. Ramsbotham, Esq. M.P.; Mr. Jonathan Brundrett, Mr. Munden and his son Tom, and of some other expected guests, and a customer or two, who might drop in

about dinner-time. Punctually as the hour came grace was said, and a round of beef placed upon the table before the chairman, a huge plum-pudding occupying the space before his nephew, who faced him. The host helped himself, and the joint was passed to his guests in succession, who did the same. After dinner, Joe Munden was called upon for a song, and, the hour of nine arriving, the guests rose simultaneously, and departed. One Saturday morning, Munden, happening to be at rehearsal, met Tom Dibdin, who had been reading a comedy, and bethinking himself of his good-natured host, asked Dibdin to *improvise* something appropriate, giving him the general outline. Tom took up a pen, and, without hesitation, put down on paper the following

"BIT OF SALT.

"Of songs about war, and political folks,
We all have grown tired, and stale are our jokes;
Then above common subjects suppose we exalt
The Muse at this season to sing about SALT.

"For many a relish to salt we're in debt;
Without him no salt to your porridge you'd get,
Plum-puddings and black ones, like beer without malt,
Would, in winter and summer, be flat without *Salt*.

"Being all honest Britons, why, 'tis my belief
That all *round* me are fond of a good *round* of beef;
Yet what beef would, like *ours*, without any fault,
Have been kept fifty years, if it wasn't for *Salt*.

"When Saturday comes, we to joy give a loose,
When the *poultry* we seek is not turkey or goose,
But brave cut-and-come-again, who wouldn't halt
At the house hospitality seasons with *Salt*?

"Neither Cheltenham, Epsom, nor Glauber I mean,
Nor salts that are volatile, acid, marine;
Yet Joe Munden's odd ditty, whate'er you may call 't,
Should please, since each stanza boasts genuine *Salt*.

"In the hall of our host may good fortune prevail,—
Long, long may he live, and his spirits ne'er fail!
May old Care be interred in the family-vault,
While the sweetest of bumpers we fill shall be *Salt*."

Nobody but Dibdin would have written such a song, and nobody but Dibdin *could* have written it off-hand. When the call came, Munden, who had carefully committed the stanzas to memory, broke forth in this unexpected ditty. Mr. Salte, with looks of astonishment, exclaimed, "Why, why, why, Joe, where the devil did you get that from?" and believed it was an *extempore* effusion.

Mr. Salte was much esteemed by King George the Fourth, and was visited at his handsome villa at Tottenham by some members of the royal family. He left a daughter and a nephew. Though reputed very rich, his property being invested in bad securities, did not realise much. He bequeathed legacies to most of his intimates, amongst the rest, one of a hundred pounds to his friend Munden, which, under the circumstances, was never claimed.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that the differences between the public and the proprietors of Covent Garden theatre, during the inaction of the Drury-Lane proprietors, now dormant as their patent, which was termed by the lawyers "The Sleeping Beauty," should have suggested to others the speculation of a third theatre. Accordingly, a petition was presented to the House of Commons, and leave given to bring in a bill; and another petition was laid before the Privy Council, praying for a charter of incorporation. This petition having been referred to the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, who reported that it would be unadvisable to grant such a charter, the petitioners prayed to be heard by counsel before his Majesty's Privy Council, which permission was granted, and the arguments on their behalf were opened by Mr. Warren, on the 16th March, 1810. Mr. Sheridan, with singular indelicacy, took his seat as a Privy Counsellor, and addressed the Council as his own advocate.

Against the petition of the subscribers to the projected new theatre petitions were presented by the trustees of the subscribers for building old Drury Lane; by Messrs. Harris and Mr. Kemble, on behalf of Covent Garden theatre.

The petitioners for a third theatre failed in their application. The argument that they were availing themselves of the recent calamity which had befallen the two patent theatres had some weight, particularly as regarded Mrs. Richardson, who, with her four daughters, was left almost destitute; and the force of the objection, that corporate privileges would give the new theatre an advantage over its patent competitors, does not appear to have been answered.

With the exception of a slight return of O. P. warfare at Covent Garden on the 10th September (1810), there is little of dramatic interest to record, except the appearance of Mr. Lovegrove, on the 3rd October, at the Lyceum. Mr. Lovegrove played Lord Ogleby, and played it with great effect at this theatre. When he was transplanted to the larger area of Drury Lane, his voice, which was thin, could not convey the effect of his judicious acting.

The success of the O. P. riots in London occasioned a laudable spirit of emulation at Liverpool, where an attempt was made to carry on an H. P. (half-price) riot. They managed matters better in this town. The rioters were prosecuted at the Lancaster assizes, not by the managers, (Lewis and Knight,) but by the *magistrates*. Mr. Baron Graham was of opinion that the evidence went sufficiently to the proof of a *conspiracy;* but, as the consequences of a conviction for that offence were so highly penal, he recommended that the count in the information for the conspiracy should be given up; which being agreed to, the defendants were found *guilty of the riot.*

Munden was at this period at Liverpool, where he had been playing, as had also Mr. Cooke. Mr. Harris, having some misgivings as to Cook's proceedings, wrote to Munden to beg he would not leave without him, but accompany him every stage to town, in the interim keeping as strict a guard as he could on him. Munden, though labouring under a severe attack of gout, took what pains he could. It happened that there was at Liverpool at the time a gentleman of the name of Cooper, who had played some seasons in London, with no great success; but, visiting America, was hailed as a prodigy, and became the American Roscius, and a manager. Mr. Cooper, who had returned to England to collect recruits, was then on the eve of his departure, and

it would seem that he had held some consultations with Cooke; which, probably, coming to the ears of Mr. Harris, induced him to write the letter to which following is a reply:—

"To Henry Harris, Esq. Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

"My dear Sir, "Liverpool, Sept. 30th.

"This morning I received yours of the 20th. Part of my luggage has been in town, I hope, this month past. I have not appeared on any stage since the 7th. From the night I finished my engagement in this town, Tuesday, the 14th August, I have only acted five nights. I have been under medical care the greatest part of the time since I returned here; and, indeed, it was for that very purpose I came. Munden, who is recovering from a very severe attack of the gout, requested me to stay a day or two for him. I have done so; and yesterday I paid for both our places on Tuesday morning next, (Sunday-coaches being all engaged, and not one going on Monday, the mail excepted). On Wednesday evening we shall, I trust, reach the Golden Cross.—I remain, my dear sir, your most obedient, G. F. Cooke."

Will the reader believe that, four days after the date of this letter, Mr. Cooke sailed for the United States of America? The deep duplicity of this proceeding was in accordance with the uniform tenor of Cooke's life; and his cool statements about the "Sunday coaches," and "reaching Charing Cross," are good specimens of that accomplished hypocrisy which rendered him so great an actor. To add to the villany of his conduct, he was under an engagement to Mr. Harris, and owed him a large sum of money. Mr. Cooper thought it necessary to give some account of *his* share of the transaction, in a letter to the newspapers, dated three days after Cooke had been got out of the way. In this letter he positively denied the truth of an awkward report which was in circulation, that he "had prevailed with Mr. Cooke to quit England, when he was prevented by ebriety from exerting his judgment and free will upon the occasion." Mr. Cooper afforded the information that his negociations with Cooke commenced about the 6th of August, although he asserted they were not concluded until the 3rd October.

All that Munden could tell his manager, on returning to London, was this:—Early on the morning when it was arranged they should take their departure for town, he hobbled with difficulty to Cooke's lodgings. He found him dressed, seated in a chair; the empty brandy-bottle was on the table, the last expiring glimmer of the candle was in the socket. With one eye shut, and the other dim, he gazed upon his promised companion; and, in answer to his remonstrance, and assurance that they had barely time to reach the coach, hiccupped, "You be d—d!" Munden knew that further entreaties would be vain; and, as he had his own engagement to attend to, left him "alone in his glory."

It was at this very town of Liverpool that Cooke had been playing on a previous occasion, when great excitement prevailed on account of the agitation of the slave-trade abolition question in Parliament. Cooke fancied himself insulted, because his benefit had not been equal to his expectations; and passing, in his usual state, by one of the principal coffeehouses, he beheld several of the merchants assembled in the rooms and vicinity. Shaking his fist at them, he exclaimed, "I thank

my God I carry away none of your d—d money: every brick in your accursed town is stained with African blood!" When he appeared afterwards on the stage, the hubbub was indescribable. He attempted to speak, but was saluted by cries of "Off! off!" and a shower of hisses. Silence was at length restored, and Cooke addressed the audience in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you will allow me to go through my part, I will never disgrace myself by appearing before you again." He then retreated to the side-scenes, and said to a person there, from whom this anecdote is derived, with a satirical expression of countenance, "It's the blood—the blood!"

The managers advertised him for the next night, with the sure card, Richard the Third, and Sir Archy Macsarcasm. The signal of his presence was one universal hiss. Cooke advanced to the stage, placing his hand on his breast, and bowing with affected humility, waited until the tumult subsided, and then entreated the audience to hear him. "Had I not been unfortunately interrupted, ladies and gentlemen," said he, in his blandest accents, "my address to you would have been thus: Ladies and gentlemen, if you will allow me to go through my part, I will never disgrace myself by appearing before you again — *in the same condition*." The *ruse* succeeded—"Bravo, Cooke!" resounded, and he played Richard with more than his usual energy. The reader who may wish to peruse any more stories of this extraordinary man's powers of vituperation, will find many in his life by Mr. Dunlap.

We have said so much of Mr. Cooke as an actor, that it seems scarcely necessary to revert to the subject, except as regards his means of acquiring information, and his habits of study. To what extent he had been educated does not appear; but that he had received a respectable education was evident from the correctness of his reading, the propriety of his emphasis, and his general knowledge of his author. Beyond this, it does not seem necessary that an actor's learning should extend. The knowledge of human nature is better acquired in the active scenes of life than from the books of the learned. He had seen, and watched attentively, the performances of Garrick, Barry, Sheridan, Henderson, and Macklin, and had played with Mrs. Siddons, before he joined Austen and Whitlock's company. Mr. Kemble, whilst they continued upon amicable terms, used sometimes to chat with him on the subject of their mutual profession. "John," said Cooke, in one of those moments of communion, "if you and I were pounded in a mortar, we should not make a limb of a Garrick!" Garrick he held in reverence, and used to repeat passages in imitation of his great predecessor, in Kitely, a part in which Cook himself excelled. He also, with candour, acknowledged that he had adopted a great many of his points from Henderson. The following (from one of his diaries) is a just exposure of the many pretenders to excellence in the profession of the stage:—

"It is common for many on the stage to say they have *studied* a character, when they even know not what the expression means; their *utmost* idea of studying being to obtain a knowledge of the author's words. In all ranks and professions there are, doubtless, many whose genius or abilities are not suited to the situation in which they move, and the stage certainly has a great share, the pulpit a greater. It is grievous to behold the higher classes of society represented in a play by those whose utmost stretch of abilities does not qualify them to appear as their attendants. There are actors and actresses, and some

of them in what are called respectable situations, who are not only destitute of the embellishments of education, but are absolutely incapable of reading their native language."

Mr. Kemble, with all his excellencies, had a pedantic and studied mode of delivery, partly occasioned by his constitutional asthma, which would have been transmitted to a host of imitators, had not Cooke appeared, and re-asserted that natural delivery of the text which Garrick had initiated, and which Mr. Kean continued to preserve. But it was a great mistake to call these accomplished actors (Cooke and Kean) "children of nature," in opposition to Mr. Kemble as a child of art. No doubt Kemble brought to his aid great classical knowledge, which aided him in costume, and in the propriety of the scene; but that he studied more deeply than either of his rivals, or used more art, does not appear. We learn, from Barry Cornwall's clever "Life of Kean," that Kean was in the habit of sitting up all night when he had a new part, and rehearsing it before a looking-glass, illuminated by candles; and Cooke was accustomed to wander for hours together in solitary spots, with his part in his hand. Cooke, also, was a diligent reader of all the books that fell, into his hands, and his criticisms on them in his diaries are generally correct, and well expressed.

He also carefully scored his parts, marking the requisite shades of passion and the by-play. He wanted the stature and the finely-moulded form of Kemble; but his figure was strongly knit, and his tread firm; his features were prominent and flexible; his eyebrow marked, and eye expressive; and his voice powerful and clear in his best days; his action was appropriate and commanding; in the business of the stage he was thoroughly versed. The late Mr. Pope used to term Cooke "a brown-paper actor:" he certainly excelled in parts in which coarseness formed an ingredient. In Othello and Penruddock he was not great; his Hamlet was a failure, and deemed so both by the manager, who had urged him to play it, and the audience. He only performed the part twice in London. But in the Scotch characters he was pre-eminent. In Kitely, Shylock, and a great portion of Richard the Third, he had no rival.

He also shewed considerable powers of humour in Falstaff, and in early life played comedy with great effect. Upon the whole it must be said that he was an actor of the highest order, with few equals in our time. Mr. Harris was so sensible of his value that he passed over his ingratitude, and wrote in March, 1812, to invite him to return to England and Covent Garden, where he would be received with cordial welcome. No doubt he would have been more popular than ever, for the town had in his absence felt his loss. But Death had set his seal upon him. He breathed his last on the 26th September, 1812, aged fifty-seven years and five months. The Americans had seen Mrs. Whitlock and Mrs. Merry, but they had never seen a first-rate tragic actor until they saw Cooke. Mr. Cooke was thrice married; first, to Miss Dancels, a singer, who ran away from him, and the marriage was declared null and void; it is said that he threatened to cut her tongue out, perhaps it could rail as well as sing; secondly, to a Miss Lambe, who separated from him; and thirdly, in America, to a lady who is said by his biographer to have tended him with kindness and affection. Such a partner earlier in life might have modified, if not altered, his habits. As it was, his companions fostered his vices to prey upon him. In the receipt of a large income, he was always poor, and he died almost a beggar.

Covent Garden theatre opened for the season on the 10th September, 1810. Mr. Sheridan having obtained an act of parliament to rebuild Drury Lane, which legalized the letting of the private boxes that might be set apart in that theatre. The Covent Garden proprietors thought they might take advantage of that circumstance to retain a greater number of their private boxes than were "nominated in the bond." Some intimation of this intention was given on the concluding night of the last season, and it being supposed that a kind of tacit assent had been obtained, in the hope of rendering the public placable, they made some improvements in the avenues to the theatre, and raised the ceiling of the galleries, during the recess. But as this proceeding was in direct violation of the famous contract concluded at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, it was evidently an unwise one, and proved unsuccessful. Again was Mr. Kemble hooted and hissed on that stage where, in his proper capacity as an actor, he always experienced unbounded approbation. The contest was a short one; a second time the managers were compelled to yield, and peace was restored on the 21st. Mr. Brandon had long previously resumed his situation, after publishing a sensible address to the public, wherein he stated, "I have been thirty-nine years in the box-office of Covent Garden theatre, and I humbly appeal to its visitors, whether during that long period I have not served them with the utmost fidelity, zeal, and impartiality. It was with the deepest regret, independently of all personal considerations, that, in my anxiety to discharge what I conceived my duty, I found I had given offence to any individual. I presume to hope that the feelings which urged my dismission from a situation that I had so long held, have subsided, and that the public at large will accept my hearty contrition, as an atonement for every thing that has been deemed improper in my conduct."

Thus terminated the reign of O. P. His natural or violent death, in whichever way it may be viewed, was celebrated by Anthony Pasquin, who had returned from his exile, in a ditty supposed to be sung by Mr. Munden, of which the following is the only decent portion:—

"THE GHOST OF O. P.

"The moon was madd'ning half mankind,
While Desolation thinn'd Life's tree,
When, 'mid Night's damps, at Kentish Town
I met the spectre of O. P.!

'O. P.' said I, 'why thus so wan?'
Then, snivelling, thus quoth he to me,
'Go mend your galligaskins, Joe,
And think no more of poor O. P.

May discord rage behind your scenes,
And flash her brands at John and thee;
May all your wives have triple tongues,
And then you'll think of poor O. P.!

On Saturday may forfeits dire
Vex Fawcett, Young, and Emery;
May Claremont cease to murder belles,
That will be bliss to poor O. P.!'

Rattles and cat-calls now must sleep,
Placards be wrapped round bad bohea:
Bugles be scoff'd, and horns of tin,
For Fate hath crippled poor O. P.!" &c. &c.

January 1, 1811. Munden, having recovered from his fit of the gout, or rather debility (for it was upon this occasion he took the violent medicine, as before related, which enabled him to return to town, and immediately laid him up again), played Sir Francis Wronghead, Mr. Young playing Lord Townley with his usual excellence, and Miss Bolton the trifling part of Lady Grace with delicacy and unaffected modesty.

April 2nd, Munden played Sir Anthony Absolute. 17th, Dromio of Syracuse. 23rd, Mr. Holman produced his comedy of "The Gazette Extraordinary." Though that gentleman had never been engaged as an actor at Covent Garden since his secession from the theatre shortly after the "rebellion" of the actors, as a dramatist he was always admitted. "The Gazette Extraordinary" was very successful, played, as it was, by Young, Jones, Barrymore, Fawcett, Munden, Murray, Mrs. H. Johnstone, Miss Bolton, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Booth. "Blue Beard" not having answered the purpose of the house, the proprietors of Covent Garden had recourse to another spectacle, by which they hoped to attract more crowded houses than the excellent company they possessed could draw to the "finest theatre in Europe." They judged rightly that the horses could be seen, and did not require to be heard. This new pageant, denominated a grand romantic melodrama, was produced under the direction of Mr. Farley, and entitled "Timour the Tartar." Mrs. H. Johnstone, who was a daughter of Mr. Parker, the equestrian, (or of Mrs. Parker by a former husband,) was quite at home on horseback, and looked and played delightfully. In the debates in parliament (9th May) on the second reading of the bill for a third theatre (which was lost), there was a great discrepancy between the statements made by honourable members respecting the accommodation afforded to the public. Mr. Marriatt noticed the extreme inconvenience to which the public were put by having only one theatre, and said that "If a gentleman applied for a box for himself and family, he was informed he could not get one for fourteen days; and thus, taking it on chance for that time, if they wanted to laugh at a comedy, they were perhaps seated to cry at a tragedy; and, if they desired a tragedy, they might be treated with a comedy or a melodrama?" Mr. Sheridan, on the contrary, affirmed that "it was erroneous to say there was only one theatre, when, in fact, there were two, and one of that very description which gentlemen required, where they could hear everything, and see the varied expressions of the actor's countenance; and where there was no room for cavalry to prance about, and yet that theatre was almost deserted, though there never was a better company collected together under a more able manager." Mr. Sheridan likewise observed that "Mr. Kemble would much rather, he was sure, act on his own two legs, than call in the aid of cavalry; but, the fact was, that the taste of the town was more gratified by them, that taste being perverted by the depravity of manners, and the alteration in the mode of living, which prevented people of fashion from attending, and taking the lead in the theatres, as formerly." So the poor town was to be blamed because it would only go to see what it *could see*, and because Mr. Sheridan was about to build another huge theatre, and hoped, by dint of railing against the public taste, to shame audiences into filling it. This strain might become the adapter of "Pizarro," but not the author of "The School for Scandal."

The public were astounded by the information that an amateur of

large fortune was performing in the provinces, who wore his own (real) diamonds, which were said to be immensely valuable. In process of time this star of the first magnitude came to astonish the natives of London. Mr. Coates, for that was his name, distinguished himself by driving in a strange vehicle, and various other acts bordering on insanity; but all that he did was outdone by his performance of Romeo. He played amid roars of laughter, and seemed to glory in it. To satisfy the encore of the audience he died *twice*, and acquired the name of Romeo Coates. This was a fertile subject for the accurate mimicry of the late Mr. Mathews. Mr. Coates bore the "taking off" very good-humouredly, stretching himself from the stage-box, and heartily shaking Mr. Mathews by the hand. With equal good-humour did he submit to a stupid hoax that was played upon him, by sending him a card for admission to an entertainment at Carlton House. Mr. Coates, dressed for the occasion, sent in his card, and was politely informed by the lord in waiting that it was a forgery. He quietly walked back to his carriage, and afforded no amusement to the hoaxer. This gentleman distinguished himself during the Thiers' administration, by a wish for perpetual amity between France and England, expressed in the presence of the King of the French, to whose response, delivered in English, considerable political importance was attached at the time.

CALM BE HER SLEEP!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Calm be her sleep! as the breast of the ocean,
When the sun is reclining upon its still wave;
She dreams not of life, nor its stormy commotion,
For the surges of trouble recede from her grave!

Calm be her sleep! as the winds that are sighing
Their last faintest echo amid the green trees;
No murmur can reach her—unconsciously lying,
She heeds not the tempest, she hears not the breeze!

Calm be her sleep! as the flower that closes
Its beautiful petal in night's chilling air!
She has folded her shroud too, and sweetly reposes—
Oh! far be the sorrow that dimm'd one so fair!

Calm be her sleep! as the whisper of even,
When the hands have been clasp'd, and the knees bent in pray'r:
She has chanted her hymn at the portal of heaven,
And found the affection denied to her here!

Calm be her sleep! may the breathing of slander
O'ershade not the pillow bedew'd with our tears!
Away from her turf may the cruel words wander
That clothed her young spirit in darkness and fears!

Calm be her sleep! may the tall grass wave lightly
Above the meek bosom that bless'd us of yore;
Like a bird, it has found out a region more brightly
To nestle its pinion,—but glad us no more!

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF SOUTHEY.

LETTER I.

John Bamfylde.—Gifford and the Quarterly.—Moses Mendez.

Keswick, 14 Nov. 1829.

DEAR SIR,

THE account which I sent you so many years ago of John Bampfylde, as collected from Jackson of Exeter, in conversation, is at your service for any use which you may be inclined to make of it. I am pleased to find that you should think it worthy of remembrance and of preservation. Your whole letter, indeed, would have been to me as entirely pleasing as it is full of interesting information, if it were not for the tone in which you speak of yourself and of your own labours. That you might have taken a high place among English poets had you received the early encouragement which ought to have been given, and had you submitted to that patient labour, without which no great work can be accomplished, I do not doubt: for I know not any poem in any language more beautifully imaginative than your sonnet upon Silence and Echo. Circumstances have led you to raise for yourself a distinguished reputation in another branch of literature, in itself of a very interesting kind. No other person, I believe, has contributed so largely and so well to the materials for a literary history of England. And this, as it is a lasting benefit, will draw after it a lasting remembrance. I have profited, and hope to profit more, by these your labours, to which in due time I shall make my thankful and respectful acknowledgements. Your edition of "Collins's Peerage" I have never chanced to see; but I have heard it so spoken of in various quarters as to satisfy me that you have brought to that branch of our antiquities also the feeling of a poet as well as the diligence of a genealogist.

You have done much, Sir Egerton, for which to be remembered, far more than many of your flourishing contemporaries, whose reputations will fade as rapidly as they have flourished. And, if you have fallen short of your own youthful aspirations, who is there that has not, if he aspired at anything generous? Who that can afford to compare what he has done with what it was once his ambition and his hope to do? Grey hairs bring with them little wisdom, if they do not bring this sense of humiliation.

My paper upon Hayley, in the Quarterly, (No. 62,) was so offensive to Mr. Gifford, that after it was printed he withheld it from two successive numbers; and if he had not then ceased to be editor, and had persisted in withholding it, I should probably have withdrawn from the Review. There neither was nor could be any reason for this, but that he could not bear to see Hayley spoken of with decent respect. Poor Gifford used to say that I was not "well affected" to the Review, because I protested from this.

Your letter contains many interesting particulars which were new to me, and some names which I had not before heard, or not remembered. Moses Mendez, if my memory does not deceive me, published

a collection of poems by various authors, in one volume, which I have seen bound uniformly with Dodsley and Pearch. I have now upon my shelves (a schoolboy purchase) "The Loves of Othniel and Achsah," translated from the Chaldee (2 vols. 1769), of which the preface says that the first book was translated by Mr. M[ose]...s M[ende]....z, the former possessor of the (pretended) MSS., and that the rest had been pursued amidst the vexations of a very troublesome employment, increased by disappointments from pretended friendships. The author was probably a Jew.

LETTER II.

Lord Buckhurst.—Sir Philip Sidney.—Fielding.—The Evangelicals.—Gondibert. —D'Israeli.—Wither.—Davenant.—Richardson's Portrait.—Jeremy Benthamites.—Romilly.—Sir Edward Dering.—Sismondi.—Unpublished Stanzas.

Keswick, 8 April, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I REPLY thus immediately to your very interesting, and, indeed, affecting letter, that I may endeavour in writing (were it possible, I would, willingly, in person) to assist you in beguiling some little portion of your wearying confinement. The severe pain which you were suffering indicated I suppose a gathering in the part originally affected, from which a discharge, though it leave you greatly exhausted, may, I hope and trust, give permanent relief. There is a *vis vitæ*, on which much reliance may be placed, in an unconquerable spirit like yours.

Lord Buckhurst is, beyond all doubt, the immediate father-in-verse of Spenser; he was by far the greatest and (which is not always, nor even often a necessary result,) the most influential poet of his generation. But he is included in Warton's History; and my agreement with Longman is, that I may embody these lives hereafter in my intended continuation of Warton's work, should I live to undertake it seriously. From my very boyhood, when I first read the Arcadia, in Mrs. Stanley's modernization of it, Sidney took possession of my imagination. Not that I like the book the better, just in proportion as she had worsened it, for his own language would have presented nothing strange or difficult to me, who had read Shakespere, and B. and Fletcher, as soon as I could understand enough of them to follow the story of their plays; but she had thrown away the pastoral parts, and the miserable metre with which those parts are encumbered; and, therefore, I had nothing to interrupt my enjoyment of the romance. Spenser afterwards increased my veneration for Sidney; and Penshurst, where I first saw it (in 1791) was the holiest ground I had ever visited.

Forty years have not abated my love and veneration for Sidney. I do not remember any character more nearly without reproach. His prose is full of poetry, and there are very fine passages among his poems, distinguishing them from his metres, in which there is scarcely even a redeeming line, thought, or expression.

I was introduced one day, in St. James's Park, to the Fielding of whom you gave me so lively an anecdote. He was then a fine old man, though visibly shaken by time. He received me in a manner which had much of old courtesy about it; and I looked at him with

great interest, for his father's sake. This must have been in 1817. The year afterwards a book was sent me with this title, "Eternal Punishment proved to be not suffering, but privation, and Immortality dependent on Spiritual Regeneration; by a Member of the Church of England." There came a letter with it, in which the author, (James Fontaine,) supposing me to be well acquainted with Mr. Fielding, spoke of him as his friend, and as holding the opinions which were maintained in this book. And I heard afterwards, from the friend who had introduced me to him, that he was supposed to have fallen into some peculiar religious notions, and that something like enthusiasm was imputed to him,—which, judging from the book, could only have been by persons who had bestowed no serious thought themselves upon the most serious of all subjects; for Fontaine, (though far from an able writer,) as a very sober and deliberate judgment, established, upon scriptural grounds, the only doctrine in which the heart and understanding can fully acquiesce, and which clearly vindicates the ways of God to man. Fielding, therefore, appears to have avoided those errors into which men so frequently fall, when they begin earnestly to look beyond the mortal state. Mr. Park will not have avoided them if he has got among the Evangelicals, who, as a body, bring, both by their tenets and practices, a reproach upon Christianity. The volume which he sent you, and which missed its way, was probably his "Morning Thoughts and Midnight Musings." There are some very affecting pieces in it,—the best he ever wrote.

I will ask Quillinan to look at the notes upon Davenant. D'Israeli has some curious particulars about Gondibert, in his "Quarrels of Authors;" but he supposes Dr. Donne to have been one of his assailants,—who was dead long before. There is a most atrocious libel upon Wither in one of Davenant's plays:—he is introduced as an assassin, and all but named, the intention being plainly denoted by an allusion to his "Abuses Stript and Whipt."

Wither's family is inosculated with a branch of mine. My late uncle (Mr. Hill) married a sister of Mr. Bigge Wither, of Manidown, and the children of that marriage are now my wards. It was thought at one time by his sisters, that Mr. B. Wither intended to marry Miss Austin, whom you mention, and whose novels are more true to nature, and have (for my sympathies) passages of finer feeling than any other of this age. She was a person of whom I have heard so well, and think so highly, that I regret not having seen her, nor ever having had an opportunity of testifying to her the respect which I felt for her. I inquired if any papers of poor George Withers could be traced, but without success.

There is a portrait of Richardson at Rokeby, with this odd story belonging to it, which Mr. Morritt told me when he pointed it out. It had been painted for one of his female admirers, and when long Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of the house, and of this portrait, he wondered what business a Mr. Richardson could have there, in company with persons of high degree; so the canvass was turned over to the nearest painter, with orders to put on a blue riband and a star, and thereby convert it into a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole! You may be sure Mr. Morritt, when he restored to the picture to its right name, left it in possession of these favours.

Edward Romilly is expected, with his bride, in the immediate

neighbourhood. I have seen a little of him formerly, and generally meet one of his brothers at a breakfast-party, once, during my rare visits to town, among a knot of Jeremy Benthamites,—able, active, and ambitious men, some of whom are right in their feelings, but all wrong in their opinions, and likely (most of them) to do all that in them lies for increasing the evils and dangers of this ill-fated country. I do not recollect the Christian name of this Romilly, but he is a mild, agreeable man, and of prepossessing countenance. The friend at whose rooms I have met him is the author of "Isaac Comnenus," a tragedy, which was noticed some two years ago in the Quarterly; a man of rare genius, and (though possessed in a less degree by the same evil spirit) the most intimate friend I have among those who are a generation younger than myself.

The fact which you notice of the likeness to Sir Edward Dering (of Charles's age) in his family at this day is very curious. Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses,—which having been kept, as it were, in abeyance, while the passions and the business of the world engross the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary character before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this,—brother and sister, whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, when they never used to appear. But, of Sir Edward Dering, very few of his speeches are given in Cobbett or Howel's Parliamentary history, the worst part of which is that of those times, and this owing to some negligence on the part of the editor, who has not resorted to such separate publications as he ought to have done, nor to Rushworth, and still less to Nalson. Dering's speeches, with his beautiful portrait, I found in the library at Lowther; where I found also, in the same collection of tracts, a life of Sejanus, (levelled against Buckingham,) by P. M. Some former owner of the same age had written under these initials—*Philip Massinger*. I communicated this to Gifford, as deserving inquiry on his part, which he said he would make, but I believe never did.

Sismondi is less fully informed than I expected to find him respecting the literature of Spain and Portugal, especially that of the latter country. I have never seen his historical works. Having a library within reach, I live upon my stores, which are, however, more ample perhaps than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

My days among the dead are past;
  Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
  The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
  And seek relief in woe;
And when I understand and feel
  How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on,
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

The stanzas in the last page were intended for my Colloquies, in which (following Boëthius) I thought at first of interspersing poems but, giving up that intention, this little piece was left unfinished, and so it remains.

Mrs. Harriet Bowdler, at the age of seventy-eight, has just died of the small-pox, of the most virulent kind. This I hear to-day from Mrs. Hodson, formerly Margaret Holford.

God bless you, Sir Egerton, and restore you! I shall look anxiously to hear of you; but with hope.

Yours, with sincere respect, ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Sir Egerton Bridges, &c. &c., Geneva.

LETTER III.

Sir W. Davenant.—The "Gnomica."—Life of Sidney.—Pepys's Memoirs.—Collection of English Poetry.—"The Pastime of Pleasure."—"Piers Ploughman."—Scenery near Keynsham.—Lucien Buonaparte.—Sidney and Fulk Greville.—Portrait of Sidney.—Conduct of the Earl of Leicester.

Keswick, 16th June, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your letter,—for Oldys's notes concerning Sir W. Davenant, which your son has obligingly transcribed for me,—and for some very interesting and valuable books, part the produce of the Lee Priory Press, and part the result of your unweariable industry on the Continent. The "Gnomica" I have been reading with the greatest delight, which has been not a little enhanced by perceiving too frequently my thoughts have been travelling in the same direction with yours. Charges of plagiarism, indeed, have often been made upon lighter grounds than might be found in this volume of yours for accusing me of it, in my last work. Had I known this a little sooner, it should have been noticed in the second edition of that work. Few books have ever fallen in my way which contain so many golden remarks as these "Gnomica."

That portion of the "Theatrum Poetarum" which you printed at Canterbury I purchased when it was first published; and was very glad now to receive the whole work, with more of your own remarks, and in so beautiful a form.

Your edition of "Sir P. Sydney's Life" I have been fortunate enough to borrow, by means of Longman. There is a curious passage respecting it in "Pepys's Memoirs," relating to a passage of prophetic foresight concerning the Dutch. This "Life," which is everywhere characteristic of its author, has led some writers astray concerning the age at which Sydney began his travels, owing, I have

no doubt, to a mistake of figures in the manuscript, where 17 must have been so written as to be taken for 14. You may have seen an impossible attempt of Dr. Aikin's to comprise a complete "Collection of English Poetry," in one volume. He begins with a few pages of B. Jonson, and then comes Milton. Longman put it into my hands when it was just published, and I remarked to him that Dr. Aikin had begun just where I should have ended; for everything which that volume contained was already accessible to readers of all classes. He remembered this, and applied to me to include such works of the earlier poets as the limits would admit, in a similar volume. I could have made a most valuable book if he would have consented to let the volume be supplementary to Chalmers' and Anderson's Collections; but this did not suit his views; so I could only reverse the proverb, and cut my cloth according to my coat. I have, however, given the volume a special value by Hawes's "Pastime of Pleasure;" and, if Longman could have been persuaded, I would have commenced it with that copy of "Piers Ploughman," which is the intermediate one between Whitaker's and the old edition; but he did not think the great service which might thus have been rendered to our literature would be beneficial to *his book*. And I must think myself fortunate in getting in Old Tusser, Lord Brooke, and Chamberlain's "Pharonnida," which fell in my way when I was a schoolboy.

I did not know that any of my Cid's blood was running in English veins; still less could I suppose, when translating the account of those proceedings at the Cortes, when he revenged the wrongs of his two daughters, (which is one of the sublimest passages of the kind,) that it was a part of your family history. No descent can be more distinctly made out, and none could possibly pass through a more illustrious channel.

There is a path leading from Keynsham toward Bristol, through what was formerly the park. It was very little frequented when I discovered it, six-and-thirty years ago, at which time I was in the habit of walking between Bath and Bristol, from one place to the other; and I felt very strongly the picturesque and melancholy character of the scene, — melancholy only because its days of grandeur were gone by. A small lodge was the only building which remained; but the grounds, though disparked, had still a park-like appearance, in the old hawthorns which were standing here and there, and in the inequalities, making it look as if there ought to have been deer there. It was the only part of the walk in which I habitually and involuntarily slackened my pace.

I have very recently added your edition of "Collins's Peerage" to my library, and it makes me regret the more that you should not have executed your intention of writing biography upon an extensive scale. It can never be well written except by one whose mind is at once comprehensive and scrutinizing, and who unites an antiquary's patience with a poet's feeling. The poem regarding your own life I trust you will finish, and entreat you so to do; but at the same time to bear in mind, that if you have not done all you dreamt of doing, and could have done, this is the common and, perhaps, the inevitable lot of all who are conscious of their own powers; and you have done much which posterity will not willingly suffer to pass into oblivion.

Lucien Buonaparte applied to me to translate his poem; the application was made in a circuitous way by Brougham; and I returned, as was fitting, a courteous answer to what was intended for a flattering proposal, not thinking it necessary to observe, that an original poem might be composed at less greater expense of time, and with the certainty of satisfying one person at least, whereas in the translation it was as likely to displease the author as myself. I read the original when it was printed, which few persons did. One part of it pleased me much. The whole was better conceived than a Frenchman could have conceived it; but I could not forgive him for writing it in French instead of Italian, nor for adapting it to the meridian of the Vatican. Butler's translation I never saw. He has restored the character of the school of Shrewsbury, which was upon a par with the best in England, when Sydney and Fulk Grevill were placed there on the same day; and when the boys represented plays in an open amphitheatre, formed in an old quarry, between the town-walls and the Severn. Churchyard describes it.

The stanzas in the "Gnomica," p. 163, might have passed with me for a fragment of Gondibert. They have just that tone of thoughtful feeling which distinguishes that poem above all others, and owing to which (faulty as in many respects it is) I never take it up without deriving fresh pleasure from it, and being always unwilling to lay it aside. A little, I think, he learnt from Sir J. Davies; more from Lord Brooke, who is the most thoughtful of all poets. Davenant had less strength of mind or morals, (as his conversion and popery prove,) but more feeling: with him the vein ended. You trace a little of it in Dryden's earlier poems, not later. You have admirably characterised the poets of Charles the Second's age.

Do you recollect the portrait of Sydney prefixed to Dr. Zooch's life of him, from a picture by Velasquez, at Wentworth Castle. It is a good likeness of Professor Airey, the Cambridge mathematician, who was a youthful prodigy in his own science; but it bears no resemblance whatever either to the miniature which you have had engraved, or to the portrait in the Sydney papers. I am inclined to suspect, therefore, that it is not his portrait, especially as that want of resemblance leads me very much to doubt whether Sydney ever could have sat to Velasquez. The countenance in the miniature is feebler than I should have looked for,—more maidenly;—and that again in the Sydney papers has a character (quite as inappropriate) of middle age, and is not without a certain degree of coarseness.

The Sydney papers have induced me to judge less unfavourably than I used to do of Leicester, and rather to agree with Sharon Turner in thinking his character doubtful, than decidedly bad. The strongest fact against him is what Strada states, — that he engaged, through the Spanish ambassador, to bring about the restoration of the old religion, if Philip would favour him in his hopes of marrying the Queen. Strada affirms this upon the authority of the ambassador's letters; and I cannot explain his conduct as being only part of a scheme for obtaining the confidence of the Spanish court, and becoming thereby better acquainted with the schemes of its confederates in England. On the other hand, the character of Sir Henry Sydney seems to me in a certain degree a guarantee for Leicester's intentions. So is Sir Philip's too; and Leicester's friendship for

his brother-in-law, and evidently sincere affection for his nephew, tell greatly in his favour. There are also expressions in his will, and touches of feeling, which may surely be considered as sincere indications, not merely of the state of mind in which the will was written, but of the habit of mind. What a most affecting thing is his mother's will! In the reverence which Sydney must have felt for *her* memory, and in his grateful affection for his uncle, you may, I think, account, and perhaps find an excuse for the manner in which he speaks of his Dudley descent. Even his father taught him to pride himself upon it.—Farewell, my dear sir, and believe me, &c.

To Sir Egerton Bridges, Bart., &c., Geneva.

LETTER IV.

Sir Samuel Romilly.—Samuel Whitbread, Esq.—Lord Liverpool.—"History of Brazil."—Sidney's "Stella."—Greene's "Euphues."—State of Political Parties. —Gloomy forebodings.—John Bunyan.—Southey's Life of Sidney.

Keswick, 10 Oct. 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WAS about to write to you, and apologise for a seeming neglect which began to weigh heavily upon my conscience, when your miscellaneous sheet arrived by this day's post. The characters which you have drawn in it of Romilly, Whitbread, and Lord Liverpool, I am very well able to appreciate, and admire them accordingly. They are beautifully and most discriminately delineated. I did not like Romilly. He was more an antique Roman, or a modern American, than an Englishman in his feelings. One of the best speeches which I remember was made by Frankland, in 1810, in answer to a motion of his for altering some of the criminal laws; and Romilly was disingenuous enough to speak of it with contempt as something unintelligible. Whitbread I like still less. A hint was once thrown out in the Edinburgh Review that it would be proper to call me to account for the freedom with which I had commented on some of his speeches in defence of Buonaparte: his party took the hint, and it was proposed to bring me before the House of Commons. I was informed of this, and should have been in no want of supporters there; but upon further consideration they deemed it better to let me alone, somewhat to my disappointment.

Lord Liverpool wanted nothing but courage to have been the best and wisest minister of modern times; he was always well-informed, always considerate, and always judicious when he ventured to act upon his own sense of what was right. But in compromising a great principle he virtually (not intentionally) betrayed it; and more evils are likely to follow from that compromise than broke loose from Pandora's box.

The transcript reached me safely; and I am very much obliged to you for it, and to Professor Horner. I would fain send you the "History of Brazil" (my best work), that you may judge by the labour already bestowed upon it how greatly I prize any information which may enable me to render it less imperfect; but three thick quartos are of unseemly bulk for travelling from London to Geneva. I will consign them, therefore, to Mr. Quillinan's care, that they may be deposited for you at Lee Priory.

I had noticed that paper in the Quarterly Review, not having the slightest suspicion that it was yours, as containing an unusual portion of knowledge, and being in a strain of thought and feeling with which I could wholly accord; and I made a note of reference to it, respecting Sir Robert Dudley. Sydney's Stella cannot have been Lady Rich, because his poems plainly relate to a successful passion; and because the name was applied to his widow. Is he the first person who used it as a feminine name? I incline to think so, because it is evidently used in relation to *Astrophel,* for which conceit I suppose he fixed upon it, though he must have known that it was a man's name among the Romans. The better to estimate Sydney's deserts, I have been reperusing "Euphues," and such of Greene's works as you have printed in "The Archaica." The latter I read when you published them; the former ten years ago, when the book first came into my hands. The most remarkable thing in "Euphues" is, that it contains some specimens of what Swift calls Polite Conversation,—that sort of vulgarity had undergone little or no change from the days of Elizabeth to those of Q. Anne. It is strange that this book should ever have been popular, and still more so that any one should have rendered it into modern English in 1716. This modernization I should like to see. It contains, also, something upon a miniature scale of those vapid and fine-drawn conversations which were carried to the farthest point of wearisomeness and absurdity in M. Scudery's romances; but of this there are earlier examples, but in French and Italian. I do not suppose anything in "Euphues" to be original, except the mannerism of its pedantry.

I hope to be in London at the meeting of Parliament: since the Long Parliament no meeting has been looked for with so much expectation, nor has expectation ever before worn such a "cast of fear." Matters are to be considered—and *must* be considered—which would require all the strength of the strongest government, and all the wisdom of the wisest; and ours is at present weak, miserably weak, in every sense of the word. There is a likelihood that it may derive support from some of those persons who are beginning to see the danger which threatens all our institutions; but, on the other hand, fear is just as likely to make others fly, and that has usually been the policy of feeble and timid men, and of none more than those who now compose the British cabinet—that of yielding to one demand after another, though with the certainty that every concession will bring on a more unreasonable demand. It seems as if they cared for nothing more than how to smooth their way for the session. There is a talk of giving a representative to Manchester, and other large towns: and, indeed, there is so little chance of preserving the old system, that those who most regret the impossibility of maintaining it, will be contented and thankful if they can only avert the mischief which must ensue if the elections should everywhere be placed in the power of the populace.

There are more than rumours that some measures are intended against the church property: men who ought not to express such fears make no scruple of saying that they expect to see the clergy placed upon the same footing as other sects,—that is, left to be supported by the voluntary contributions of their respective flocks. This I have more than once heard from persons in influential stations; and the effect is, that people begin instinct-

ively to reconcile themselves as well as they can to an evil which they are thus led to expect: for in losing hope, we lose in such cases most of the strength for resistance, and almost all the motives for it. While the Catholic question was afloat, there was a strong body of feeling and principle in the country, not only ready to have rallied round the Government, but eager to do so. That body the Emancipation has broken up. And by removing that question the ministers, instead of obtaining the peace for which they paid so dear a price for, find that they have only unmasked batteries which could never have opened while that question occupied the ground in front. The cry of Parliamentary Reform is raised, with the example of the Parisians, to encourage the Radicals here: Brabant is held forth to the Irish as an example for dissolving the Union; and then will follow the demand for a Catholic Church establishment in Ireland; and the troubles which might have (been) averted by imprisoning three or four agitators a few years ago, will not be settled a few years hence, without the most dangerous war that has ever shaken these kingdoms. Add to this, that infidelity and fanaticism are advancing *pari passu* among the middle and lower orders, and that agrarian principles are sensibly making a progress among those who have nothing to lose.

Gladly would I abstract myself wholly from such subjects, were it possible, and live in the uninterrupted enjoyment of literary pursuits; but political considerations are now like the winds and waves in a tempest; there is no escape from them, no place where those who are at sea can be at rest, or cease to hear and to feel the storm.

The paper upon Bunyan in the last Quarterly Review is by Sir Walter. He has not observed; and I, when I wrote the life, had forgotten, that the complete design of a Pilgrim's Progress is to be found in Lucian's Hermotimus. Not that Bunyan ever saw it there; but that the obvious allegory had presented itself to Lucian's mind, as to many others. My only article in the number is a short one upon the Negro New Testament: as a philological curiosity that Testament is the most remarkable that has fallen in my way.

My life of Sidney lengthens before me, and I shall not be satisfied with it till I can get at the two other collections of Hubert Languet's letters, besides those which were addressed to Sidney himself. Then, too, I shall better be able to form an opinion whether Languet has been rightly supposed to be the Junius Brutus of that age; at present, what I have gathered of his character inclines me to think otherwise. I wish, and ought also, to read the letters of Mornay du Plessis, which not long ago were published. Montaigne and I differ in this respect, that he liked better to forge his mind than to furnish it; and I am much more disposed to lay in knowledge than to lay doubt. Mere inclination now would induce me always to read, and seldom,—very seldom, to write. This upon me is the effect of time. I hope this may find you again restored.

Yours sincerely, R. S.

To Sir Egerton Bridges, Bart. &c.
Geneva.

(There are several clerical errors in the concluding part of this letter, which appears to have been ended in some haste.)

THE LONG NUN.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

On the banks of the gay Thames, just opposite the pretty villas that entwine the charming village of Twickenham, when all is summer and sunshine, may be observed a high range of large, thick, antique trees, very unlike all those of quicker growth which flourish round about. They extend in long, formal avenues, shading with their broad branches the emerald grass beneath them, which here springs rank and coarse, and affords food to numerous cattle scattered in different parts of the wide, solitary meadows, which, joining those of a very strikingly different character, where all is brilliancy and light, appear in strange and dismal contrast. If you walk along these solemn fields for a little distance, till you reach an avenue stretching down to the river, you will become aware of the existence of a large ancient mansion, of majestic architecture, having high iron gates, and a broad, open terrace, ornamented at intervals with vases of elegant shapes ; and long walls decorated with sculptured marble busts, of antique execution, in niches let into the brickwork ; a *parterre,* with a silent fountain in the centre, is before the windows, and roses blush around. A subdued sunset tint is spread over the whole building, which is constructed of fine brick, edged with stonework, and of excellent style: though somewhat heavy, and peculiarly severe.

The terrace first observed runs round two sides of the building, and gives it a formal and foreign, but at the same time a grand and imposing aspect: extensive lawns, here and there adorned with clumps of flowers, reach on to a grove of Scotch firs, whose solemn heads nod in the breeze, and whose dark-red stems rise lofty and naked above the tangled shrubs beneath. A high wall encloses this part of the grounds, which the stranger follows, expecting to come to the grand entrance of so distinguished looking a mansion, but he finds none. The great ornamented iron gates are all closed, and appear to have been so for centuries, for the high grass and waving weeds seem never to have been disturbed there. At length, having walked round three sides, the chief entrance seems to be gained. Here, at the extremity of an immensely long avenue, overgrown with verdure, two large, folding iron gates, surmounted with a shield of arms, appear; but they are as closely shut as the former, and you can only look through them at another front of this strange and guarded building.

Still following the wall, overshadowed by gigantic trees, you come at last to a plain-looking gateway, where a rude bell, with an iron handle, hangs from a height; you observe a small door cut in a larger, which yields at once to your pressure, and the stable-yard of this mysterious residence is entered. Huge trees, whose bark hangs round their stems wrinkled and worn, frown in your path as you approach a distant arch, which leads to an inner court, where a dilapidated sun-dial stands solitary upon a grass-plot. Outbuildings fallen to decay, and neglected, serve little to adorn this spot. The domestics' apartments appear to be on this side, and a small, low, open door, invites you to enter a dark, narrow passage; which,

having threaded, and visited in your way, a gloomy, bow-windowed room, hung round with portraits, and looking out towards the marble fountain you had seen outside, you push open a door, and stand in a large square hall, cheerful and pleasant, and surrounded with full-length portraits of women as lovely as the art of the painter could make them. One is standing in a sylvan scene; her fine head resting on her fair hand, a dignified yet sweet expression of listening attention in her countenance of extreme beauty; her drapery falling in thick folds over her slight, elegantly-formed figure, and her whole appearance strikingly agreeable. Beside her smiles a court-beauty, whose light-gauze robe is looped up with gold, and who seems just on the point of making her courtesy to royalty. Near is a majestic lady in a rich dress. She is stepping along, and just turning her eyes towards the intruder who ventures to invade her privacy. Beyond is a fair damsel in an antique riding-dress, fully equiped for the chase, though it might have been of the butterfly, so light and tender are the silks and satins she wears. These ladies point to a staircase of walnut-tree wood, elaborately carved with military trophies, at every angle crowned by exquisitely-wrought vases of fruit and flowers; the projecting ceilings where the stair turns are ornamented with wreaths and garlands in elaborate mouldings.

Numerous chambers branch from the landing-places, and strange, solemn, and antique are they all. Here runs along a gallery of oaken panels and walls, covered with portraits, with ranges of heavily-gilded and richly-covered chairs, and carved and lacquered cabinets; the inlaid floor is covered with alternate Persian and Turkish carpets. This gallery conducts to rooms evidently furnished several centuries ago, whose rich amber-satin hangings are encrusted with a coral pattern, or whose pale-blue ground is covered with silver mazes; or others, where gaunt forms ride on huge chargers round the walls, and ladies with long trains sweep disdainfully by in the tapestried scene. Heavy and wide arm-chairs, with faded satin and velvet cushions, open their capacious arms on all sides, and ivory cabinets, carved as if by fairies, expand, and exhibit the treasures of their secret recesses to the curious. From these open fresh chambers, more antique still; where the tattered canopy hanging in strips from the supporting dome, the worn chair of state, the tall cane, and lower crutch-stick, tell of some ancient dame of great importance, who once occupied a place in the mansion, which had never been disturbed, though death has long removed her. Thence you proceed to a dim bed-room, where, in a niche, rises a crimson-velvet couch, covered with a rich, but faded coverlet. The chimney-piece is covered with grotesque shapes in china; and every piece of furniture speaks of times and fashions long gone by.

But there are more rooms, strange and awful-looking, some more antique than others; such are two, filled with tapestry and silver ornaments, now black with age, where a *dais* once divided a portion from the further end, and the floor of which is richly inlaid with the arms of an ancient family, in different tinted woods: the smallest of these has a recess at one extremity, opposite the deep window; and here, raised by a step, and standing far back in the shade at each corner, are two remarkably shaped chairs, covered with dull-red damask. The walls of this retreat are hung with faded crimson silk, worked in gold, now tarnished, with a deep border of blue

satin worked in silver, now black and worn, but once resplendent and rich in the extreme. Close to the recess a secret door can be opened, which leads to a private staircase, through a small, dark, dismal closet, lighted only when the door is open; a flight goes upwards, and another downwards, and so narrow is the passage that care must be taken that you do not fall down the latter, as there is but little light to guide the stranger here.

This suite of rooms leads across this passage to another, once a splendid bed-room, with a boudoir attached. The bed is of yellow satin, embroidered in silver, and at its foot, against the wall, is placed, in a slanting direction, a very large looking-glass, in a frame of different coloured woods, inlaid in the most delicate patterns of jasmine wreaths, and leaves of all kinds. A table of the same beautiful workmanship is beneath it; but from its position the whole person is reflected in the clear face of the mirror, as well as all the contents of the room. The dressing-room is very rich; its ornaments being chiefly of silver, and its ceilings gaily painted; several windows open from it, and it is more cheerful than most of its fellows, yet has it, like them, no lively or pleasant reputation, for the whole of this range is said to be haunted, and no one would be prudent to choose this part of the mansion as an abode.

In one of the rooms, filled with choice miniatures by ancient masters, amongst a large collection of singular and beautiful pictures, are two which rivet the attention, and create a painful interest. One is the full-length figure of a female, generally called "The Long Nun." She is tall, with a grave, stern, and sad expression of countenance; is dressed in a white coif close over her forehead; has a violet-coloured robe, of very dark hue, edged with white, and wears over her head, and falling in large folds over her whole figure, a crimson veil; in one hand she holds a triple crown, rich with ornament, and with the other she draws her veil over her. She is pale and subdued; but there is a sinister character in her face, which seems to tell of secret crime yet unatoned.

The other picture, which hangs in a recess, and is almost hidden from view, represents a very beautiful woman, with her breast and shoulders exposed, her hair flowing wildly, and her dress in disorder. She wears a robe of rich white satin, fastened by a sash of amber-colour, embroidered in gold, which gives it a darker hue. Her lovely but singular countenance expresses despair, which her action too plainly shows, for she is just about to pierce her bosom with a long sharp dagger, which she holds in her hand. This picture is called "Lucretia"; it is not, however, the portrait of the injured matron of old. The story of these two pictures is as follows:—

James the First, King of England, one of the weakest, meanest, and most uninteresting princes that ever filled a throne, had, as is well-known, a son, whose virtues and accomplishments were a singular contrast to his father's unpleasing qualities. There was nothing in common between them; and, consequently, no sympathy existed in their minds. Prince Henry was an admirer and firm friend of the gallant and unfortunate Raleigh; and his father's harshness to that great man chafed and distressed him beyond measure. He was accustomed, when speaking of Raleigh's imprisonment, to say, "Sure, no king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage!"

The hard fate of the innocent and ill-fated Arabella Stuart, con-

demned to perpetual imprisonment, shocked his feeling mind, and often, though vainly, did he plead her cause to the jealous king. There was scarcely an act of James's life which did not tend to annoy and irritate the prince, who held in abhorrence and contempt the very means which his father esteemed as the wisest to gain his ends. Anxious to remove from his presence a rival whom he felt was daily becoming too powerful; jealous of the praise and affection which the prince was sure to command, James, under an appearance of liberality, concealed his real feelings, and bestowing large sums, and unlimited freedom on his son, hoped that the facilities he thus possessed would lead him into dissipation and extravagance, and make him commit imprudencies which would alienate from him the hearts of his subjects. He was, however, mistaken. Prince Henry's inclinations were all noble and dignified, and no grovelling wishes such as filled the mind of the king found place in his heart. Generous, brave, resolute, and virtuous, the use he made of his great fortune was worthy of his birth and expectations, and every day he became more justly loved and honoured.

It was at this period that the favourite, Carr, was in the height of his career, and in proportion as young Henry was adored, was the unworthy minion despised and hated. All the mean servility put in practice by Carr to attract the prince had failed: haughty contempt and silent scorn were all that he gained from him he strove to soften and deceive, and, finding this, he determined to be revenged. He knew too well how little affection was in the father's heart towards his son, and he lost no opportunity to insinuate the dangers which might arise from the popular love so evidently his own. James listened with terror to his words, and, from continually dwelling on the imaginary fears he conjured up, at length came to regard his son as a certain ènemy, of whom it was his duty and policy to rid himself. To Carr alone did he venture to speak on the subject; for he found the prince so universally beloved and respected, that none even of his most devoted courtiers were likely to agree to anything against him. Not a day, however, passed in which they did not indulge in mysterious conversations together, during which hints were given and taken, surmises thrown out and received, and plans suggested inimical to the most unsuspicious and amiable of beings.

The gloomy but magnificent mansion, lately described, belonged at that period to a Catholic gentleman, named Vavasour, whose fortunes were so much impaired, that it was known he entertained thoughts of parting with his estates, and it was imagined he would quit the kingdom, and retire to Italy, in consequence of his depression of spirits on account of family misfortunes.

The prince had on more than one occasion expressed a desire to become possessed of this domain on the Thames, and the king had lately entered into negotiations with the proprietor respecting the purchase, which concluded in Mr. Vavasour's resigning to him his right, and preparing to quit the country.

All his preparations were actively going on, and there were but a few days now remaining of his stay, when one morning he received a visit from a stranger, who sent him a message, accompanied by a token, which when he saw appeared to cause him great uneasiness. The token was a jewelled heart, surmounted by a triple crown, the

whole inclosed in a small morocco box, carefully enveloped. As he looked at the jewel, Mr. Vavasour's countenance became very pale; but he ordered the messenger to be admitted to him without delay.

The stranger was a tall dark man, with peculiar features, which bespoke him to be a native of Italy. His dress was semi-monastic, but was half disguised by the large cloak he wore. He stood before his host without uttering a word, apparently waiting for him to open the conversation.

"There is, then," said Mr. Vavasour, with a sigh, "more to be done yet. I had hoped that my agency would not be further required."

"Before you quit this house, you are," said his guest, in an unmoved tone, "desired to give up to me the keys of the secret chambers, and to make no inquiries as to the reason of the demand."

"I cannot gainsay the order," replied Mr. Vavasour; "take, therefore, these keys, and may they be used to no bad end. I had hoped to be in future exempt from affording assistance, unfortunate as I was in our great attempt."

"It is not enough," said the stranger; "another sacrifice is demanded."

What more passed between them is unknown; but this conversation was overheard by the servant who admitted the stranger. As they retired into an inner room, he could hear no more, but was struck with surprise at the words which had reached him.

This man remained in the house after Mr. Vavasour left it, and after events brought that interview to the memory of the servant, although it served but little to elucidate the mysteries which ensued.

King James, having bought the mansion, presented it to the prince, who, surprised and delighted at the kindness shown him, and pleased with his new abode, was full of thankfulness to his father, and cheerfully took possession of his admired abode.

A magnificent fête was given by James on the occasion, and Prince Henry and his beloved and beautiful sister, Elizabeth, enjoyed their rambles in the shaded walks, and roamed over the splendidly-furnished apartments with infinite pleasure. The princess was her brother's guest for a time, and the suite of rooms appropriated to her were peculiarly tasteful and elegant. They have been already described, together with the looking-glass, then a rarity, which adorned the bed-room.

But, after the first few nights of the princess's occupation of these apartments, her brother was pained to observe that the roses on her cheeks were pale, and her eye was wandering and uneasy.

"I fear," said he, "that the air does not agree with my sister. Tell me, Elizabeth, does anything disturb you?"

"Henry," replied she, faintly smiling, "you will think it strange that, much as I enjoy this charming place, I am indeed ill at ease in it, for I never sleep. In vain I close my eyes: the moment I do so strange visions pass before them, and a frightful pageant seems presented to my view. I start up, and endeavour to banish the impression; but, as often as I do so, my sight is always directed towards the looking-glass at the foot of my bed, and there I see with my waking eyes a sort of picture of all I seemed to behold before, though I can, in fact, define nothing. This appears folly; but I have in

vain endeavoured to convince myself it is imagination. I have been weak enough to-day to order a curtain to be placed before the glass, that I may no longer be thus annoyed."

"This is singular," said the prince, musing. "I am little less distressed than yourself. Night after night, just as I am falling into sleep, it seems to me that a door in the pannelling of my chamber opens, and a figure glides forth, a tall, spare woman, in a nun's habit, who comes to the foot of my bed, and gazes at me. She remains there for some time, and at length seems to disappear. This has happened from the time I first slept here, and is inexplicable."

The brother and sister, after this, daily compared notes every morning, and found no alteration in the occurrences which they had to recount. At length they began to weary of the constant disturbances to which their nights were exposed, and determined to leave the mansion. The princess did so first, and Henry's departure was fixed for the third day after hers; but on the morning of that day, when his attendants entered his chamber, the prince was found dead in his bed.

Horror and consternation took possession not only of the house, but of the whole nation; the sudden blow was felt from the highest to the lowest, and a general wail was heard throughout England for the loss of the best and most beloved prince that had ever promised blessings to his expectant country.

For many years the mansion remained uninhabited. Nothing was removed—all was left in the same state as when the brother and sister first visited it; but gloom had now succeeded to gaiety, and those who formerly used to look up at its windows, in the hope of catching a glimpse of a gay regal party then on the terraces, now hurried past the walls without looking towards them, but shuddered as they approached, and whispered of strange doubts and misgivings.

The house at length was occupied by new tenants, no other than the Earl of Somerset and his infamous countess. But a great change had now come over the destinies of the favourite. A convicted murderer, contemned, hated, shunned, and abhorred, he owed to the fears or mercy of his master the retreat where he and the wicked companion of his crimes might hide their heads from popular indignation, after the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Here they lived in separate parts of the house, having no communication with each other, and never meeting, each a prey to horror and despair.

In this house they are both said to have died; and popular report has long fixed in the minds of all the neighbourhood the belief that their unquiet spirits still walk through the deserted rooms. The shade of the countess glides along the dark passages which lead between the chambers, and has been seen to pause before the long looking-glass in the blue room, and arrange her hair and dress, as she was wont to do in the days of her living vanity; but, as she stands, a change comes over her figure, and when she steps from the apartment she appears in a habit almost conventual, dressed, in fact, exactly like the picture which is called *the Long Nun*, and which is shown to strangers who visit this place from curiosity.

Tradition says, that the countess, finding herself deserted by all the world, and held up as a mark of scorn and abhorrence,—hated and contemned by her husband, and a prey to remorse and horror,

endeavoured to put an end to her own life, by stabbing herself at the feet of her partner in crime. The scene of her attempt was said to be the small room in which is a dark recess, still shown, where, on a velvet chair, the miserable and half-crazed favourite of King James was accustomed to sit for hours in moody solitude. One day the miserable woman, for whom he had covered himself with infamy, rushed into his retreat with her dagger drawn, and frantic gestures, and, after bitterly reproaching him as the cause of all her crimes, and uttering fearful execrations, stabbed herself, and fell weltering in her blood. They had not met before for years, and this meeting was to be their last. She was not, however, dead, and Carr, assisted by a confidant, the only person he allowed to approach him, and who was no other than the man who had sought the interview with Vavasour when King James bought the mansion, bore the body down a back staircase, the same dark and narrow outlet which leads from the closet which has been described to a dungeon below the moat, which then surrounded the house. Her groans were heard by the domestics, who afterwards spread the tale, and *those very groans may still be heard* in the same place. It was supposed that she recovered, and was taken away to Sion, then a convent, as she was never afterwards seen in that mansion *alive*.

How the pictures came to be painted, or by what hand, remains a mystery. One is supposed to represent her in the act of stabbing herself, the other after the act; and the triple crown she holds is said to be typical of the power of Rome, whose designs she and her husband had lent themselves, both in the murder of the young prince and in many others which they committed, besides that of Sir Thomas Overbury, which was their crowning sin.

Since that time steam-boats, filled with gay parties and bands of music, are constantly passing by the foot of the lawns and meadows leading up to this mysterious house, which lies concealed at a little distance from the river; but none ever pause here. The place has an evil reputation; and, though its gloomy appearance generally attracts attention, it is always with a shudder that it is looked on; and if you ask a boatman what it is called, he either pretends ignorance, or will reply, that it is the haunted house where *the Long Nun walks*.

THE EXILE OF LOUISIANA.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.

TRUTH, we are told, is often stranger than fiction. Were the following story true, it would be a proof of it; if it be not, it is almost equally interesting as a specimen of the *fantasias* which will sometimes pass current as truth. When it was proposed to Sir Robert Walpole to read history to him, "Oh! anything but that," he said; "for that cannot be true." The censure was too unqualified. It will be nearer the mark to say, that in almost all historic truth there is some fiction,—in almost all historic fiction some truth. Rumours themselves, even the wildest, are but facts put out to interest, imagination finding the dividends. Pure truth is transparent and shadowless; human truth is sufficiently opaque to cast a shadow, and

it is this shadow, capriciously distorted by the objects on which it falls, that is often mistaken for the body of truth itself. Is this singular story, then, truth?—or its shadow?—or is it a mere bubble of fancy? What we certainly know is,—and Grimm's Correspondence is there to avouch it,—that in the middle of the last century it caused a great emotion—*sensations* had not yet come into fashion—in the most distinguished *salons* of Paris,—that it became the subject of general criticism, and was deemed of sufficient importance to call up a royal commentator, in the person of Frederic, the Royal Philosopher of Sans Souci. The generous lover of the romantic will be also gratified to learn, that the person supposed to be the heroine, though she must have been aware of the part assigned to her, never thought proper during her life to contradict it, and died, "and made no sign."

About the year 1718 a family arrived in Louisiana, consisting of a young widow, her father, and an old female attendant. They purchased a small house and plantation from a colonist, in the vicinity of New Orleans, then beginning to rise into importance under the patronage of the French Regent, where they lived in the strictest possible seclusion. Their means, though fully adequate to the supply of their wants, were evidently confined; though gossip, that most diligent of caterers, could furnish at least a dozen circumstances to prove that, at some time or other, they must have been familiar with all the luxuries of wealth. The appearance and address of the father were ordinary enough, presenting a remarkable contrast in this respect with his daughter, who, to unusual loveliness of person, added the more imposing, perhaps more attractive characteristic of manners strikingly elegant and refined, and that happy assemblage of personal qualities which constitutes an aristocratic and high-born air. Though still very young and beautiful, there were evident traces of severe bodily suffering in her frame, while the settled melancholy of her features, and an occasional look of deep abstractedness, proclaimed the dominion of those sharper ills of memory which were robbing her young days of their bloom and brightness, and darkening the present with the clouds and shadows of the past. Nor did it escape remark, that there was an appearance of respectful deference on the part of the father to the daughter, which seemed inconsistent with the demeanour of a parent to a child,—to a child, moreover, of a nature so evidently gentle and kind, but who, nevertheless, accepted as a thing of course a peculiarity of deportment, of which it was impossible she should not have been aware. That there was a mystery attached to them was manifest; that it was the public duty of every man, woman, and child to endeavour to penetrate it was equally clear; and as in the service of curiosity there is neither lukewarmness nor fatigue, distinction of age or sex, whatever male moralists may pretend, we may be fully satisfied that the good inhabitants of New Orleans did everything that the suggestions of this most universal and indefatigable of the passions could inspire. But in vain. Whether the objects of their wonder had really nothing to tell, or would tell nothing, the result to the praiseworthy inquirers was exactly the same; and as Inquisitiveness, having a great deal to do in this little planet of ours, and not liking to lose its time in ineffectual pursuit, finds it politic to dis-

courage secresy by discrediting its motives, so did it now ordain, that people so insensible as not to gratify a curiosity they had provoked, must have some very low commonplace reason for doing as they did, totally uninteresting to others, and meanly dishonourable to themselves. Having issued this edict, it put on, according to precedent, the robe of indifference, and ostentatiously affected to despise a knowledge which before it had been dying, and was in fact still dying, to obtain.

Several months had elapsed since the coming of the strangers, when a vessel arrived from France with a number of new colonists, and amongst them the last representative of an old but decayed family, who, unable to support his rank and position as a captain of grenadiers in the regiment of Condé, had resolved to scrape together the remains of his little patrimony, and to endeavour to better his fortunes in the colonies. Alphonse d'Aubant, for such was the name of the young officer, had scarcely domiciliated himself in New Orleans, when his curiosity was as much on the *qui vive* to see the person of the mysterious stranger, as that of all around him was to penetrate her history,—a curiosity inflamed to the highest pitch by the ecstasies of an old friend and brother officer, Octave de Delcour, whom a similarity of fortunes had induced to seek a colonial military appointment, and who, after a two years' residence, was about to sail with a detachment of troops to Martinique.

"*Foi de gentilhomme!*" said Octave, "I did not suppose it within the power of humanity to give me a regret at leaving this execrable country. And I wasn't far wrong, perhaps; for I have no reason to know that the incomparable widow does belong to so low an order of being."

"Yet I should have imagined that Octave de Delcour was the last man to have left such a knotty question unsolved. Of course you have tried?"

"Tried! *mon cher*. My life, as the pious say, has been a continued trial in this respect since I saw her. Not a stratagem of gallantry, to obtain the favour of her notice, that I have not tried. I tried, among other things, to ingratiate myself with her *soi-disant* papa; for, beyond all doubt, if my goddess has an earthly sire, this honest old German most certainly is not he. That would not do. I next tried to procure the honour of her acquaintance by soliciting it in a billet, which, if launched in Paris, would have fired the heart of a recluse, and excited the envy of a mousquetaire."

"What! and that wouldn't do?" said Alphonse, secretly enjoying his friend's defeat.

"I might as well have written to the aborigines for a powder-puff. I next had an opportunity of trying what I thought a master-stroke. Perceiving one day at church that she had dropped her handkerchief, I rushed towards her, picked it up, and, with a dexterity that would have done honour to a mountebank, contrived to give her mine instead of it."

"Hoping, of course, that she would send to reclaim her own, and to return yours?"

"Return mine!—by no means. I hoped she would wipe her face with it."

"Wipe her face with it!"

"Precisely. The fact is, my dear fellow, I had been reading an



The unexpected recognition.

account of the origin and cause of Henry the Third's remarkable attachment to the Duchess of Cleves, and was anxious to profit by it. You must know that Mademoiselle de Cleves had been some time at court without producing the slightest impression on the prince. It chanced, however, one night at a court-ball, that the lady, finding herself extremely incommoded by the heat, retired into the wardrobe, for the purpose of making some change in her dress.* Scarcely had she left it, when Henry d'Anjou entered to adjust his hair, which had been deranged in dancing, and, having done it, caught up in his hurry the first thing he could lay his hands upon to wipe the powder from his face: — it was Mademoiselle de Cleves' scarf. The effect was decisive. No sooner had he re-entered the ball-room than his eyes were rivetted on its fair owner; the charms he had previously overlooked completely engrossed him, and there soon sprung up that mutual passion between them, as remarkable afterwards for its duration as its warmth."

"Charming!" said Alphonse, laughing heartily. "And you naturally hoped that M. de Delcour's pocket-handkerchief would be as potent of sympathy as Mademoiselle de Cleves' scarf?"

"Exactly; but whether this particular virtue resides only in particular portions of the toilet, or that beings of a higher order, like those of our *incognita*, are not susceptible of it, or that the air of *la belle France* alone is propitious to the spells of gallantry, it most certainly had not the desired effect."

"And so, disappointed in this capital manuœvre, you abandoned the field?"

"*Ventre gris!* You forget that, though now but a poor captain of infantry, I was once a lieutenant of dragoons."

"Which means that, in affairs of heart, you have an impudence beyond shame, and a perseverance beyond defeat."

"You shall see. I now determined to take the field in person. I had not much difficulty in discovering her favourite walk, and even less in finding a most convenient opportunity of throwing myself in her way. I resolved on a *coup de main.* Advancing towards her with an air of profound respect, I suddenly dropped on my knee, placed my hand on my heart, and began a most fervent appeal, when—"

"Turning upon her heel, she left you to finish to the air?"

"To the air! parbleu! would to heaven she had! At first she started, and drew back with an air of surprise and indignation, such as I shall not easily forget; but, presently recovering herself, she beckoned to a negro woman, partly concealed by an arbutus, whose presence, in the ardour of my emotion, I had overlooked. In the twinkling of an eye Phebe had changed places with her mistress, and the ex-lieutenant of dragoons was kneeling on the continent of America, with his hand on his heart, apparently pouring out his vows to a blackamoor."

"Fairly foiled, by St. Louis!" exclaimed Alphonse. "You must have looked for all the world like an Albino worshipping a fetish."

* The *garde robe*, or tiring-room, was, it seems, the common haven for all wrecked or disordered toilets, *open to both sexes.* I am sorry for the latter circumstance, but not responsible for it; and I know of no reason which should prevent the scrupulous or prudish reader from supposing, if he so pleases, that there was a key.

"How I looked I know not; I know how I felt. I sprang instantly to my feet, and would willingly have braved the fate of Icarus, could I have turned my epaulets into wings, and vanished in the air.

"Nay, monsieur," said my invincible incognita, who perceived my confusion, and seemed to pity it, "pardon me for having distressed you. In spite of the strangeness of your manner, I feel assured you would have said nothing to offend me. If my sex were not a sufficient protection, I am confident my misfortunes would be;" and then bowing, with mingled dignity and sweetness, she made a sign to her servant to follow her, and retired. I frankly confess I was nearly petrified. I had just presence of mind enough to mumble out a few words of apology to my fetish, as you call her, which I desired her to convey to her mistress, and then beat my retreat as swiftly as I could. After this ridiculous adventure, I thank heaven, that I am off on Monday for Martinique. In pointing her out to you to-morrow at mass, it will be a positive comfort to feel I am taking a last look at a beauty who has made me ridiculous."

The next morning, according to their engagement, the two friends took up a commanding position in church, Octave availing himself of a protecting pillar to keep himself out of sight.

"There! there she comes!" he at length whispered to Alphonse, at the same time directing his attention to a tall graceful figure, in black, closely veiled, who, advancing to an image of the Virgin, knelt down before it, and continued for some minutes in earnest prayer. Alphonse was a good Catholic; but at that moment he would willingly have expunged the adoration of the Virgin from the ritual of his church. "She has finished," said Octave, who had been peeping from behind his screen with the glance of a hawk. "Now *gare à vous!*"

At this moment the kneeling figure arose, and proceeding to a chair in the body of the church, seated herself, at the same time throwing back her veil.

"*Eh! bien! mon cher,*" said Octave, in a whisper to his friend; "how do you feel?"

Scarcely had he spoken, when Alphonse started back pale as a ghost, his frame agitated, and visibly labouring under some deep emotion. "Let us leave the church," he answered. "A most incredible adventure!"

"*Peste!*" muttered Octave, as he followed his friend: "the woman is a sorceress, who turns some men into idiots, and others into madmen—And so you know her!" he continued, when they had got into the street. "Well-a-day! she is too young and pretty to be a deserted wife; but quite young and pretty enough to be a maid betrayed. M. Alphonse d'Aubant, I am very positively ashamed of you."

"Nay, be serious one moment, if you can," rejoined Alphonse; "the person whom we have just seen, and whose appearance here, I confess, has so much agitated me, is—"

"Well!"

"Is—but first swear to me most solemnly that you will never divulge what I tell you to man, woman, or child,—will you swear?"

"Nay, this is too absurd; but, since you seem in earnest, I do swear. And now, she is—"

"The princess! the wife of Alexius! of the Czarowitz!"

"Princess! Alexius! Czarowitz!" exclaimed Octave, utterly confounded. "I have not the honour of knowing your friends."

"But you shall," said Alphonse, unable to repress a smile at his friend's astonishment. "Of course you know that the Russian Czar has a son, who, far from possessing the great qualities of his father, is of a nature so stupid, savage, and untractable, as to be morally on a level with the rudest and the vilest of his serfs."

Octave nodded assent.

"But what you may not remember is, that he not long since espoused the sister of the empress, wife of Charles VI., a princess of the house of Brunswick, and one of the most lovely and accomplished women of Germany. But neither her beauty nor gentleness had the slightest effect on the barbarous disposition of the Czarowitz, who, entangled by a low intrigue, conceived a horrible antipathy for a being in every way fitted to have been the light and fragrance of his life. During my short stay at St. Petersburgh, where, as you know, I went with the intention of taking service under the Czar, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the princess; and more than once have I felt my bosom bursting with indignation as I looked upon her sweet but melancholy face, and thought of the mysterious stories that were everywhere in circulation respecting the Czarowitz's behaviour to her, and the brutal treatment to which it was confidently asserted she was exposed. At length these rumours acquired such a character of gravity as to be the constant subject of conversation among the foreigners of the capital, who one and all, but more especially the Germans, who were numerous, were giving way to an excitement on this subject which the most prudent of us found it very necessary and very difficult to restrain. One day, while this fever was at its height, I was called upon by a German officer, with whom I was intimate; who, thanking me, with tears in his eyes, for the warm sympathy I had always shown in the misfortunes of his illustrious country woman, and at the same time complimenting me on the discretion and firmness with which I had aided him and others in repressing a foolish outburst of it, said he felt quite assured I would willingly enter into any reasonable project for rescuing the princess from the murderous gripe, as he expressed it, of this Russian bear.

"I assured him he was perfectly right in his conjecture, but at the same time declared my utter inability to see how it could be effected, and frankly expressed my surprise at his being a sudden convert to a possibility which he had hitherto so strenuously denied.

"'What prudence refused yesterday,' he replied, 'necessity extorts to-day. But you shall judge for yourself. Your blood has boiled at the rumours you have heard. What will it do when I tell you that these rumours are but a faint shadow of the truth? that not only has the unhappy princess been daily and hourly exposed to the most horrible insults which words can convey, but that, seven times has her life been attempted by poison, and seven times has she escaped only by prompt succour, the force of a vigorous constitution, and her youth.'

"My first emotion of surprise and horror gave way to one of incredulity, and I exclaimed, 'Impossible!'

"'But too possible, as you will presently see. It is now scarce

eight-and-forty hours,' he continued, 'since the Czarowitz entered the princess's chamber in one of those unaccountable transports of fury of which we have so often heard—but which there can now be no doubt were often assumed with a very deadly design, — and began to load her with the most horrible imprecations that such a savage, and only such a savage, could conceive. The princess arose to withdraw, merely observing, with as much temperance as dignity of manner, that if she had not been lucky enough to find a husband in the Czarowitz, she was fully persuaded she should find a father in the Czar. Stung, or pretending to be stung to madness by the rebuke, the monster threw himself upon his wife, spurned her to earth with his foot, and leaving her bathed in blood, and senseless on the floor, rushed from the room; after which he immediately left the capital for one of his country-seats, hourly expecting, doubtless, to be apprised of her death.'

"I felt my teeth grind against each other as I fiercely restrained the expression of my rage, in my deep anxiety to know the sequel of the tale.

"'The princess,' continued the German, 'as soon as restored to her senses by the care of her attendants, and sufficiently recovered from the immediate effects of the injuries she had received, secretly sent for the Countess of Koningsmark, to whom she disclosed the horrible circumstance you have heard, expressed the terror she felt at being left at the mercy of a monster who was evidently bent on her destruction, and piteously implored the countess to devise some plan of rescuing her from his hands. But, what was to be done? The Czar was in a distant part of his empire, on one of his inspecting tours. To him, therefore, there could be no appeal. A lucky thought occurred. It was resolved to take advantage of the princess's situation to give out that she was dead; for which purpose such of her attendants as could be the best depended on were to be heavily bribed. The supposed body was to be immediately transferred to a coffin, under the pretext of avoiding the scandal to which an inspection of the violence committed on it might give rise. The Czarowitz was then to be apprized of what had been done, and his commands respecting the interment required. Meanwhile the princess was to be withdrawn to a place of safety for a day or two, until sufficiently recovered to be able to travel, when she was to proceed to the frontier under the care of an old servant, who was to pass for her father, and a trustworthy female attendant. The plan is all but executed; the effigy of the princess is in its coffin; the princess herself in a place of security, and will soon be sufficiently recovered to set out; and the orders of the Czarowitz are hourly expected. So far all is well. But, as an additional precaution, it has been resolved that, in case of an unexpected discovery of the substitution which has been effected, the princess, weak as she is, should be instantly sent off, under the best escort that could be procured, and hurried beyond the frontier. I was consulted as to the possibility of finding such an escort, and I engaged to furnish a small but devoted band, who would answer for her safety with their lives. Am I wrong in calculating upon you as one of them?'

"I should not have been a Frenchman, my dear Octave, if my heart had not leapt with joy at the prospect of perilling life and limb in such a cause. I warmly embraced my German, and be-

sought him to include me in his list. As everything depended on the answer of Alexius, I was to hold myself in immediate readiness to act. A few hours afterwards came a note from my German, and it was almost with a feeling of disappointment I read that Alexius, consistent in his brutality to the last, had ordered the funeral to be performed as instantly and privately as it could be done. In a day or two the princess set out, disguised, with her two attendants. We afterwards heard that she had reached the frontier in safety, and then proceeded in the strictest *incognito* to Paris, where all traces of her were lost. Conceive, then, my astonishment at finding—"

"That the lady, who had been so unhandsomely knocked down at St. Petersburgh, had so unexpectedly turned up at New Orleans. It is an incident of melodram."

"And is not life, my friend, full of such incidents? But, at least, you will not wonder that I should be deeply moved at finding a being belonging to the highest pinnacles of society, whom I had seen surrounded by the most brilliant pomps and vanities of life, though secretly a martyr to some of the most squalid of its miseries, thrown an obscure and almost unprotected wanderer in unknown lands, and flying in terror from the brilliant courts of the old world, to seek a peaceful refuge amid the solemn forests of the new."

"Most assuredly not," replied Octave. "And, to tell you the truth, the discovery has given me some peculiar emotions too; for it is no slight plaster to my vanity to know, that the fort from which Octave de Delcour was obliged so ingloriously to retreat was no less than a princess in disguise. *Au reste*; let my experience teach you to be discreet; or, if your evil destiny brings you into the same position as mine, at least take care that your royal mistress be not transformed into that flower which is popularly known as the Nigella, or Devil-in-the-bush. But now adieu! I must be on board in an hour or two with my men; but, at least, promise me that I shall have tidings of yourself and our ex-*incognita*, as soon as I am in Martinique."

The promise was given, the friends embraced each other with warmth; they then separated, the one to pursue his old career as a soldier, the other to commence his new one as an American planter.

The deep impression which the misfortunes of the princess had originally produced on Alphonse d'Aubant's mind were not likely to be diminished at finding her a lovely and unprotected woman, exiled, as it were, like himself, to what was then, in the eyes of Europeans, a wild and almost savage land. To respect her secret, to watch over and protect her, was the first impulse of D'Aubant's heart,—to devise the means of most effectually doing so its next and pressing concern. His resolution was soon taken and executed. He contrived to pick up an acquaintance with the old domestic who passed for her father, and by degrees so won his confidence as to interest him in a plan of embarking their little means in the purchase of a larger estate and additional slaves; a proposition the more attractive, as his want of success in the management of his own plantation had been a source of anxiety for the future. At length his daughter's assent was obtained, and the negociation finally completed. It was arranged that D'Aubant should continue to reside at New Orleans, while his co-proprietors were to reside on the

estate. After some little delay, the sale of the one plantation and the purchase of another were effected, and the contemplated arrangements made.

D'Aubant was now, of course, brought into occasional relations with the princess, who, naturally pleased with him as a man of education and the world, was especially struck by his peculiarly delicate and respectful attentions, in which there was at times a mixture of *empressement* bordering on enthusiasm, and of respect amounting to deference, that perplexed as much as it pleased her. As to poor Alphonse, he was, in spite of himself, fast tumbling into love. At length an irresistible desire, he could neither explain nor overcome, seized him to apprise the princess that he was in possession of her mystery, and, in spite of himself, he gave way to it. And bitterly the very next instant did he rue it.

With consternation and terror in every feature, she stood for a moment as one who had lost every sense but that of fear,—then, burying her beautiful face in her hands, she burst into an agony of tears. D'Aubant was heart-struck, and, with a fierce imprecation on his own folly, and the most vehement protestations of his devoted fidelity, earnestly and solemnly entreated her to be composed. The intensity and energy of his manner triumphed,—her sudden apprehensions were successfully allayed, her confidence again restored,—though not until he had solemnly engaged that her secret should never be disclosed.

The result was critical to both. Gratitude to him for his devotedness, at a moment she had so much needed protection and support,—a not unpleasing dependence on the honour of one in every way so worthy to be the master of her mystery,—a now perfect appreciation of the exquisite peculiarity of his manner, which had puzzled her before, and which remained unchanged, gave D'Aubant an interest in her eyes which she could not conceal; while the possibility of now dwelling on the topics of the past, and recalling scenes and events of the deepest interest to both, communicated a charm to his society which she would have found it difficult to forego. At length an important event occurred. The arrival of a ship from Europe brought the news of the miserable end of the Czarowitz, betrayed by the paramour for whom he had outraged a wife, and perishing by a brutality as revolting as his own. The fact, as may be easily conceived, was speedily communicated to the princess; and when, a few days afterwards, D'Aubant respectfully inquired whether the scourge of her existence, being now removed, it would be her pleasure to return to Europe, and resume her rank? he was answered by—a blush. Love, it seems, has a peculiar language of its own; and the simple bounding of the sanguine current to the cheek was interpreted as a sign that the young and lovely widow of a Czarowitz, untempted to revisit scenes associated only in her mind with humiliation and grief, was not unwilling to bury her grandeur in the forests of America, and seek her happiness in the arms of an ex-captain of grenadiers. It was not long before the bells of New Orleans rang merrily out to celebrate a marriage which had been long since foreseen, which for the impatience of the prophets had been too long delayed, but which was accomplished—such was now the popularity of the parties—amid general demonstrations of satisfaction and delight.

Twelve years of unclouded tranquillity passed fleetly over them, occupied with each other, with the care of their plantations, and with the education of their only child, a little girl, who had come to increase their felicity in the second year of their marriage. At the end of this term an accident happened to D'Aubant, which brought on a complaint requiring a surgical operation of too delicate a nature to be performed in those days anywhere but in one or two of the chief cities of Europe. It was accordingly resolved that they should sell their little estate, and proceed to Paris for advice. They did so; lived, of course, in the strictest possible retirement; the requisite operation was successfully performed, and D'Aubant, perfectly restored to health, began to look around for some employment, which would enable him to make a competent provision for his child. He determined to address himself to the *Compagnie des Indes*, hoping to get some appointment in the East which would answer his purpose, without compromising a secret which it was the earnest wish of his wife should be most carefully preserved. While this negociation was going on, Madame d'Aubant was in the habit of taking her little girl to see the various objects of interest in which the capital abounded, using every precaution to avoid the possibility of a recognition, and shunning the most public places of resort.

Tempted, however, by the beauty of a delicious morning in spring, she one day took her daughter to the Tuileries, and having thrown aside her veil, to enjoy the soft, sweet air, was directing the child's attention to something in German, in which she often spoke to her, as an exercise, when a gentleman at a little distance, attracted by the sound of a language which was his own, turned suddenly round upon the speaker. No sooner did his eyes fall upon her face than he started as if a spirit had passed before him; but presently recovering himself, he gave one brief and penetrating glance, and then respectfully approaching her, said,

"Incredible as it may seem, I feel assured that I have the honour of addressing Madame la Princesse de—"

A sign from Madame d'Aubant stopped him. Though overpowered by a surprise and confusion which completely betrayed her, —for she at once recognised Marshal Saxe in the person addressing her—she had yet presence of mind enough to lay her finger on her lips, and then drawing the Marshal to a part of the garden where she was less likely to be overheard, gave him a rapid sketch of all that has been detailed, threw herself on his honour, and besought him to be the inviolable depository of her secret. The Marshal was much moved; and finding her resolute in resisting all his entreaties to resume her rank, he frankly gave the promise she required, but with this qualification, that there should be an exception in favour of the King. To this Madame d'Aubant, though reluctantly, assented, on one condition, that the proposed communication should not be made until three months from that day. The Marshal then asked, and obtained permission occasionally to visit them, though only at such times, and with such precautions as prudence exacted.

The three months being now within a few days of expiring, the Marshal called to remind her of the circumstance, and to prepare her for the possibility of a secret interview being required, when, to his astonishment, he found that the D'Aubants had left their apartment several days before; but where they had gone no one knew.

Though a little wroth at the *ruse*, the Marshal went to the King, whom he so much interested in the fugitives, that, resolved in his own way to be of use to them, he gave instant orders for the discovery of Le Capitaine d'Aubant's retreat.

It was soon ascertained that he and his family had sailed for the Isle of Bourbon, where he had obtained an appointment, with the rank of major. As soon as this was reported to the good-natured King, he sent for M. de Michaute, and desired him to send out immediate instructions to the governor of the island to treat Madame d'Aubant with every possible respect. He then addressed a letter with his own hand to Maria Theresa, with whom he was at that time at war, confidentially acquainting her with the facts, and assuring her of her aunt's existence and health. The Empress, in consequence, wrote to Madame d'Aubant, urging her to return, but at the same time stipulating the necessity of her separation from her husband and child, for whose fortunes the King of France had kindly undertaken to provide. To such a proposal her habits, as well as her affections, were opposed; to return under any circumstances would have been irksome to her—under such circumstances, a sentence of death. The imperial offer was respectfully declined; and the Empress, seeing her resolution was fixed, secretly settled upon her a pension of five-and-forty thousand livres a-year.

The cup of her happiness was now full, and fortune seemed fully to have atoned for its earlier wrongs. Yet her life was destined to set in sadness as in sadness it began; but in a far softer and sweeter sadness at its close than at its dawn. In 1757 she wept over her husband's, as she had long before wept over her daughter's grave. A widow, and childless, her only ties to existence for ever sundered, she sailed for France, with the intention of passing the remainder of her years in a convent. What induced her to change her plans is unknown, but in 1761 she was living in France, in the strictest retirement, and spending her income in works of charity. Her story, which had now transpired, was at this time the universal topic in Paris, and numerous were the persons who had met with her at different points of her career. But the subject, like all other subjects there, soon died away, and Madame d'Aubant and her adventures were as completely forgotten as if they had never been.

In the year 1770, and in the February of that year, there died in the village of Vitry, about a league from Paris, a lady, at a very advanced age, occupying a small house, in which she had resided several years, living in complete seclusion, and devoting a considerable income to the most extensive acts of local and general charity. In the month of April following, her effects were sold; and all the curious of Paris were to be seen flocking to Vitiy to procure some *souvenir* of Madame d'Aubant.

By her death the remembrance of her singular career was again revived. The excitement caused by it, not confined to Paris, found its way to foreign courts; and a letter is still extant from Frederick the Great to D'Alembert, in which the royal sceptic endeavours to impeach its truth. With its reasoning the mere historical reader would probably be satisfied; at all events, he may consult it if he will,—the sentimental reader, I am sure, will not; and far be it from me, now or ever, to press upon him the odious necessity of sacrificing fiction to truth.



THE "PLUMMY."

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

PART I.

In a narrow and thickly-populated alley, just without the walls of old London, there was, and perhaps still exists, a coal-shed,—a dark, gaping, dingy recess, well filled with coals, and in one corner a pile of fire-wood, technically termed "penny-bundle,"—a fringe of ropes of onions, suspended from the *once* white-washed ceiling, and a whole barrel of Yarmouth bloaters at the door. A back-room, dimly seen in the distance served as "parlour, and kitchen, and all," to the owner of the establishment, consisting of Job Cole, his wife, and two daughters, of the respective ages of twelve and ten. The upper part of the three-storied house, with the exception of the attics, was let out to lodgers, at weekly rents, varying from five shillings to half-a-crown.

One morning in the month of March, Job Cole was busily employed in measuring a bushel of real Wallsend, scientifically heaping the measure to a perfect cone, when a genteel man walked into the shed, and asked "if Mr. Cole was within?"

"If it 's Job Cole you want, I 'm the man," replied the retailer of fuel.

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" demanded his visitor.

"Why, I don't see no objections to that," replied Job, "if so be you 'll wait till I 've carried these coals. Fust come fust sarved, all the world over, you know; at least it 's al'ays bin my maximum.—Shan't be long.—Here, Fanny—Fanny, you slut, come and take care o' the shop, while I runs over to Mother Smithers'," bawled he; and down came a girl of twelve years of age, and, upon seeing the stranger, sidled up to the herring-cask, and began playing with the savoury fish, glancing now and then at the gentleman with a look

between shyness and fear, who, on his part, endeavoured to enter into conversation with the child, but could extract nothing more than a timid "Yes, sir," or a "No, sir."

Her father, however, soon relieved guard, and, throwing down the empty sack, cried, "That 's the ticket! And now, sir, what 's your business?"

"A very agreeable business, I hope, as far as you are concerned, Mr. Cole," replied the stranger. "But, before I communicate the object of my visit, it is necessary that I should ask you a few questions."

"Ax me no questions, and I 'll tell you no lies, as the saying is," replied Job. "But, howsomdever, go it! You 'll excuse me; but the fact is, I care for nobody, for nobody cares for me. I fear no bums, not I. 'Cause why?—I owe nothing to nobody."

"I 've heard a good character of you in the neighbourhood," replied the gentleman.

"Don't doubt it," replied Job, with honest confidence. "I should like to see that man, woman, or child that could say black 's the white of my eye, that 's all. Pay everybody—wish I could say as everybody paid me!"

After a little further parley, the gentleman induced Job to invite him to a conference in the little back-room.

"Your name is Job Cole, I believe?"

"You 've hit it,—right as a trivet," replied Job.

"Your father's name was?"—

"Job, too."

"Have you, or had you, any relations?"

"Why, let me see—yes. There 's uncle John; but I never set eyes on him. I 've h'ard father talk of him. He went to the Ingeys when a youngster,—some—some thirty years ago—yes, thereabouts. But, if it 's the relations you want, I can settle your business in a jiffy. Here, Fanny, bring down the Bible, you jade."

The Bible was brought, and on the fly-leaf were written the names and dates of birth of Job Cole, and Sarah Cummins, his wife, and his six children, the issue of his marriage.

"And where are all these brothers and sisters?" demanded the stranger.

"Dead! dead as herrings — gone to kingdom come a precious long time ago. I 'm the only child they reared; and, between you and me and the post, I don't think I 'm to be sneezed at!"

The gentleman smiled and bowed in acquiescence to the proposition.

"I 'm perfectly satisfied," continued he, "of your identity; and I have the pleasure to inform you that, by the death of your uncle John, you are the fortunate heir to a considerable property."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Job. "Gadzooks! — but stop a minute,"—and, rushing to a door which opened on the stairs, he bawled out, "Mother Cole!—I say, Mother Cole! My eyes! but if this ain't just like a prize in the lottery. Better born lucky than rich. You 'll take a drop o' something, though? What 's your liquor?"

At this moment Mrs. Cole, who was busy washing, entered the room, her face flushed with the heat and exertion, and adorned with a broad-bordered cap of the true London smoke tone and colour.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said she, as she wiped her soaped and naked arms upon her blue apron.

"Matter enough," replied Job, with exultation. "Sal, you baggage, this 'ere gentleman says that uncle John, as was in Ingey, has kicked the bucket, and left us lots o' tin."

"Gracious goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, flopping down in a chair. "Well, to be sure! I said something would happen. I see a stranger in the bars last night, and a pus popped out on the hearth Pray, sir, how much may it be now?"

"Really, ma'am, I am not empowered to say; but it is a large sum—a very large sum, I know."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Cole, relapsing for a moment into silence, and then rising, cried, "Where 's the gals? Dear me! it 's turned me quite topsy-turvy. Job, do call the gals."

Job obeyed, and Fanny, who had before made her appearance, entered, followed by Dolly, a younger sister, about nine years of age.

"Come here and kiss me, dears, do," said Mrs. Cole. "Poor things! There, go to your father—we are ladies and gentlemen (?) now, and no mistake. Fanny, go wash your sister's face and hands, and put on her Sunday clothes, and dress yourself — d' ye hear?"

The children, delighted, quitted the parlour to execute her pleasing commands, and enjoy a holiday.

"Excuse me, sir," said Job, "but, if I may be so bold, when shall we touch the ready, and know all about it?"

"Here is the card of my employers, Messrs. Smith, Robinson, and Jones, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who will be glad to see you at twelve o'clock to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience, when they will give you every information, and put you in possession of the funds. They also authorized me to say, that if you should require any money, that I was to advance it."

"That 's handsome, at any rate," replied Job; "never refuse ready money. 'Spose you tip a five-pun' note."

"Anything you please," said the obliging gentleman; and taking out his pocket-book, took a note of the amount required from a bundle of the same flimsy valuables.

"What a heap you 've got there!" remarked Job, surprised. "I say, excuse me, but will you just let me have a peep at your trotters?"

The gentleman extended his legs, and the superstitious Job, having assured himself that his visitor had really no hoof or tail, received the advance. And then they all laughed heartily, and Job and Mrs. Cole both pressed the bearer of the happy tidings to partake of their hospitality; but he politely declined, promising to avail himself of their invitation when the business was finally settled.

PART II.

At least half an hour before the appointed time, Job and his wife were reconnoitring Lincoln's Inn Fields, to discover the offices of Messrs. Smith, Robinson, and Jones. They both appeared in their Sunday clothes, with some alterations and additions. Job's short,

black, scrubby crop of hair being surmounted with a new beaver, rather rough from the admixture of rabbit-down, and encircled by a broad riband and a steel buckle; his ruddy, clean-washed face set off to advantage by a canary-coloured Belcher handkerchief, his shirt-collar, in the absence of starch, falling *à la* Byron; a large red waistcoat, with black spots, a blue coat, with yellow buttons, black smalls, and grey worsted stockings,—no gloves, but grasping an old brown cotton umbrella in his right red hand, for the protection of Mrs. Cole's new bonnet, "purvided it should rain," as she said; and, as she had expended "a matter of thirty shilling" on that article, she felt very anxious about its safety; and a very smart article it was too, being of a mongrel fashion between Whitechapel and the West End, displaying good materials, of a great variety of colours. A shawl, too,—a real "eight-quarter" shawl, depended from her broad shoulders, one point whereof nearly touched her heels, and quite eclipsed the beautiful pattern of her smart gingham gown, with which it did not harmonise either in colours or texture; but the poor soul was happy in her ignorance of true taste, although considerably "flustered."

After referring twenty times to the well-thumbed card, and reading down the lists of names at almost every door, they discovered the object of their search.

"Caught him at last, neat as ninepence!" exclaimed Job. "Come along, old woman;" and, entering the passage, he knocked at the door—a single timid knock. No answer. He knocked again—a good hard knock, and forgetting, in his excitement, the object of his visit, actually cried out "Coals!"

"Job!" cried Mrs. Cole, checking him, "don't be a fool—don't."

The door opened.

"Right as a trivet!" said he.

"What 's your business?" demanded the clerk.

"Business?—oh!—that 's it," giving the rumpled card. "Don't be afeared on it, young chap. It 's rayther s'iled to be sure; but it 's all right. We 're come about a matter o' money."

"Are you Mr. Cole?"

"Job Cole, at your service."

"Oh!" cried the young man, becoming suddenly flexible, "do me the favour to walk in, sir. Never mind your shoes, ma'am," continued he, addressing Mrs. Cole, who was rubbing her thick soles upon the mat at the door.

They entered the clerk's office, and never were clients more ceremoniously received; one handed chairs, and another the "paper," while a third entered a door, on which "private" was painted in large letters. And they had scarcely seated themselves, before out popped their visitor of yesterday, smiling, and extending his hand.

"Our Mr. Robinson will be disengaged in a few moments, and will be happy to see you, Mr. Cole. Good morning! madam," turning to Mrs. Cole, who shook her new bonnet and feathers at him, and said, "How d' ye do?"

The clerks were all pretending to be busy at their desks; but were, in fact, scraping away with nibless pens, and glancing with curious eyes at the fortunate couple.

Their acquaintance kept them in conversation, until summoned

by a bell. "Now, if you please," said he, and, opening the door, introduced them to the presence of Mr. Robinson—a gentleman of the "old school," with powdered hair, and gold spectacles, whose bland and easy manners soon made them feel perfectly at home.

Having requested their attention with a little preliminary congratulation upon their good fortune, he proceeded to read the last will and testament of "Uncle John," and, folding it up, continued, "You understand the intent and meaning of this instrument?" inquired Mr. Robinson.

"Not a jot, by the living Jingo!" cried honest Job. "It 's all ti-tum-ti and gibberish to me. Pray, sir, can't you give it us in plain English."

Mr. Robinson smiled.

"Well then, Mr. Cole, in plain English, this will bequeaths to you the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which at present produces five thousand pounds a-year, or nearly a hundred pounds per week."

"The devil it does!" exclaimed Job; "and what are we to do with it, I should like to know?"

"Whatever you please," replied Mr. Robinson; "it is left entirely at your disposal."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole. "Well, it 's better to be born lucky than rich."

"Hold your fool's tongue, do," interrupted Job. "I say, sir, have you the stuff here, or where is the dibs?"

"The money is invested in the Fives in the Bank of England," replied Mr. Robinson, "where I should advise you to keep it."

"But, I say," remarked Job, "do you think it is safe? I 've heard of banks breaking, you know."

"It 's perfectly safe, depend on 't," said Mr. Robinson, smiling. "The half-yearly dividend is due next month, and my clerk shall go with you, if you please, to receive it."

"Thank'ee! thank'ee!" replied Job; "I shall feel obleeged if you 'll just put us in the way, like, for I don't exactly understand these matters. I s'pose, old woman, we must sell the sticks, and cut the old shop? Perhaps, sir, it may be in your way to sell it; it has a good name, and the returns are not to be sneezed at; it 's kept me and mine for a good many years."

"I dare say we shall be able to dispose of the concern," said Mr. Robinson, smiling at the importance he attached to his shop; at the same time he naturally inferred that the honest retailer of coals entertained a very inaccurate idea of the fortune which had unexpectedly devolved to him. "If you will allow me, I will also seek for a suitable house for you; in fact, you will always find me ready to assist and advise you, and to protect your interests."

"We 're much obleeged to you, sir, I 'm sure; ain't we, Job," said Mrs. Cole.

"Werry," replied Job, lost in thought for a moment. "I tell you what it is, sir, I 'm rather daized with this luck, and don't hardly know which way to turn. Now I shouldn't just like to make an ass of myself, you know, nor exactly let our neighbours think as we was proud; so we 'll consider on it. Meantime, I should like a trifle just for a shindy. There 's my old chum, Tom Simpson, the

grocer, he 's got a large family, and I know he wants a new front, 'cause he 's talked to me about it. I s'pose a matter of twenty pound or so would set all things right in that quarter. Do you think I may go as far as that?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Robinson; "that is a mere trifle; and although you will, of course, move in different society from what you have been accustomed to, I think it will redound greatly to your honour to remember those friends you have tried, and from whom you have received friendly offices. Suppose I advance you a hundred pounds now, and see me again to-morrow, or the following day."

"I should be afeard to have so much in the house, indeed I should, sir," said Mrs. Cole. "Thirty will be enough, and to spare."

"Lots," said Job.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole sat up nearly the whole night, talking over their great fortune, and forming a thousand different projects for the future; and after putting the amount upon paper, and puzzling over the sum for a considerable time, they at last began to have a glimmering of the extent and value of their possessions.

They were both illiterate, but very good-natured and right-minded people; and Job, in the fulness of his heart, resolved to give away the remainder of his stock to the poor families who regularly dealt with him, and the very next morning his shop was swarmed, and he was so happy.

By the evening his shed was entirely cleared, and he sent to the Blue Anchor, and borrowed chairs and tables, and ordered a hot supper, with oceans of drink, for all his friends and their families in the neighbourhood, amounting to about thirty persons in all. It was, in truth, a merry meeting, and the conviviality was kept up till a late hour.

His chum, Tom Simpson, was eloquent and grateful, for Job had dropped in on the morning to invite him, and told him he had had a bit of good luck in the way of a legacy; and then touched upon the coveted new front to his premises.

"I 'll stand a trifle towards it. Here, catch hold, Tom!" said he, putting a twenty-pound note in his hand, "and don't forget to come at eight," and away he ran, leaving the astonished grocer in ecstacies at his unostentatious liberality.

The next day the empty shed was opened as usual; and at eleven o'clock Job and his spouse repaired again to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fortunately they had fallen into excellent hands, for the firm was not only highly respectable, but the Mr. Robinson they had seen was a gentleman, and a man of property, and felt a great interest in the honest legatee. He took a house for them, and furnished it; and at once proposed that the two girls should be forthwith sent to a first-rate boarding-school.

In respect of the father and mother, there existed a greater difficulty, for, as Job quaintly observed, "It was a difficult thing to teach an old dog new tricks."

Mr. Robinson, however, recommended a young gentleman of polished manners, but blessed with no fortune, who was to fill the

situation of tutor, steward, secretary, and companion to Job; and also provided Mrs. Cole with a companion and housekeeper, "to l'arn her manners," as Job said, laughing.

They both, however, had sense enough to see the propriety of this arrangement, and in six months had certainly made considerable advance, especially Mrs. Cole, for women of all grades are naturally more genteel than the male part of the creation; as for Job, he could not for the life of him give up his accustomed pipe, and his pint of porter in the veritable pewter, before he retired for the night; and this was the only luxury of his former days that he could not be prevailed upon to abandon. The girls rapidly improved; and Job himself declared that he was convinced that education was a fine thing, after all.

They could not, however, expend one-half of their income; the luxuries of the richly-born they could neither understand nor appreciate; but they gave away a vast sum in charity, although Job would not allow his name to be "stuck" in the papers.

It was not until two years after they had "come to the fortune" that they could be prevailed upon to set up their carriage.

Mr. Robinson, who was a real friend, invited them frequently to his table in a family way, until, finding they were presentable, he gradually introduced them and their children into society; and, as there was neither pride on Job's part, nor a vulgar assumption on his wife's, they were everywhere well received, and gave in return such pleasant parties, under the direction and management of Mr. Frederick Lawson, the tutor, who was every way fitted by birth and taste to do the honours in an admirable manner, that their numerous acquaintances eagerly accepted the invitations, especially after the first party, when many went out of mere curiosity, but returned home with expressions of delight and amazement at the display. Job had discrimination enough to discover that it was not his money alone that made these parties pass so pleasantly, but that it was the skilful arrangement of his tutor.

On his first engagement he had paid him two hundred pounds per annum; but hearing that he had a widowed mother and two sisters, whom he supported, he generously added another hundred, and gave a hint to Mrs. Cole to make them presents now and then, out of her superfluities, which the kind soul most readily complied with.

When Fanny, his eldest daughter, had attained her eighteenth year, he took her from school, by the advice of Mr. Robinson, and engaged an accomplished woman to finish her education. She was a quick, sprightly girl, and very pretty, and had already acquired a tone and manner which surprised and gratified her excellent parents.

About a month after her return home, Job, addressing his tutor, said, "Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Cole and me have been thinking—"

"Mrs. Cole and *I* have been thinking, if you please, sir," interrupted Mr. Lawson.

"Well, never mind grammar, and all that, just now," continued Job, "for I am speaking natural. We 've been thinking that it 's rather awkard since Fanny has come home to have a young gentleman always fluttering about her."

Mr. Frederick Lawson blushed and trembled; he evidently saw the issue; he bowed, and was silent.

"Now tell me, don't you think a likely young fellow like you is dangerous; human nature is human nature, you know. You and me have always been friends, and I owe you a great deal, so speak your mind."

"I am sorry to confess, sir, that I think you are perfectly right in your views," replied Mr. Lawson.

"Cool!" said Job; "then you don't fret much about leaving?"

"Indeed, sir, you wrong me—"

"And perhaps you don't think the girl 's worth looking at, and there 's no danger."

"Sir, I do think she is a very charming young lady; but I have never regarded her in any other light than the daughter of a liberal and kind-hearted patron."

"You think the old coalman's daughter not good enough, may-hap, for a gentleman?"

"I am too poor and dependent to entertain any thoughts upon the subject."

"Nonsense! a gentleman 's a gentleman, if he hasn't a scuddick. To cut the matter short, if you can make up matters with Fan, I shall be glad to have such a son-in-law, that 's all. And Mrs. Cole 's my way of thinking; so look to it."

A month after this singular *tête-à-tête*, Mr. Frederick Lawson led Frances Cole, the daughter of Job Cole, Esquire, to the hymeneal altar. And proud was the honest old coalman of such an alliance; although many scheming mammas, who had eligible sons were terribly put out, and wondered what the old fool could have been thinking of; and he worth a plum, too!



THE LEG AT EASE.

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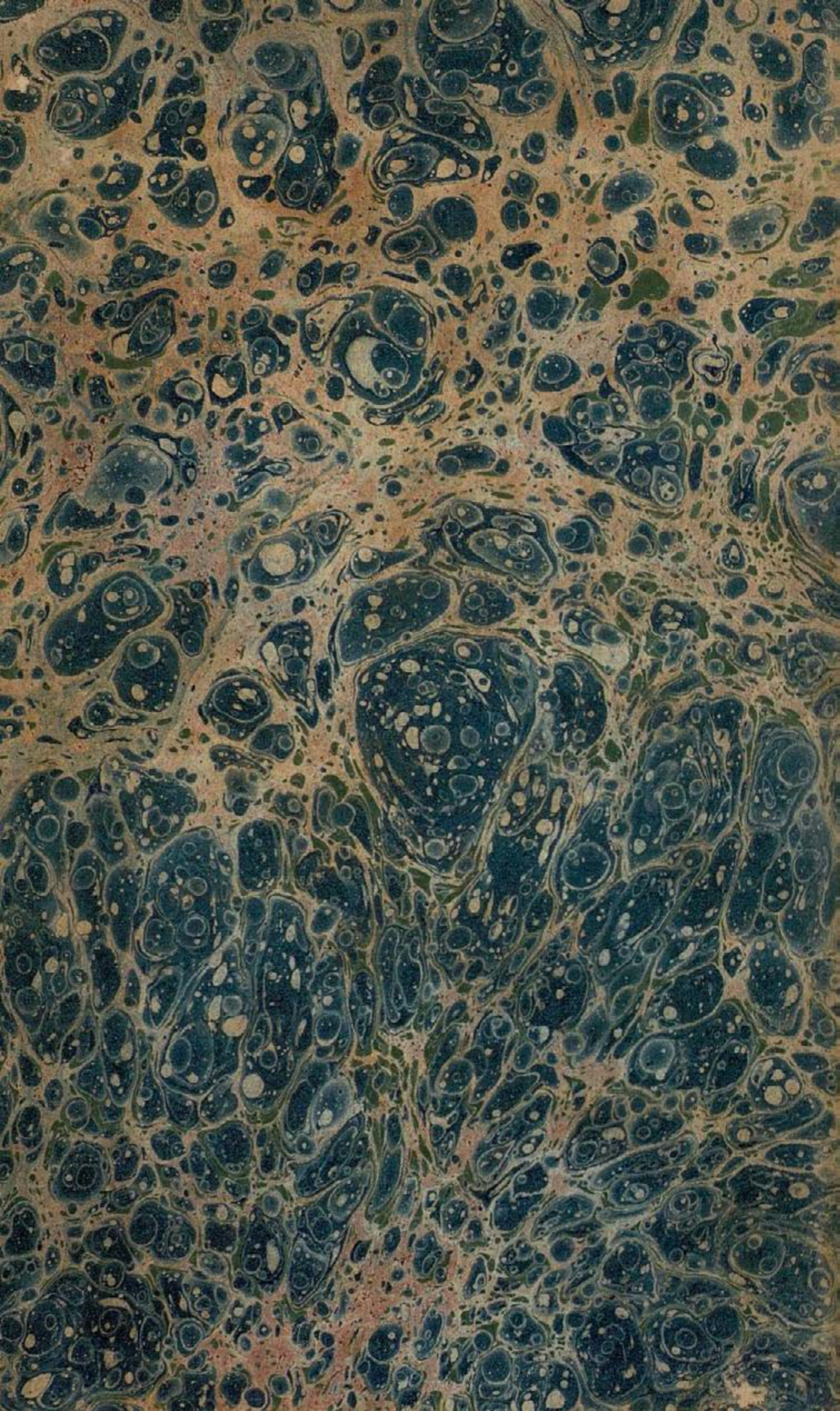
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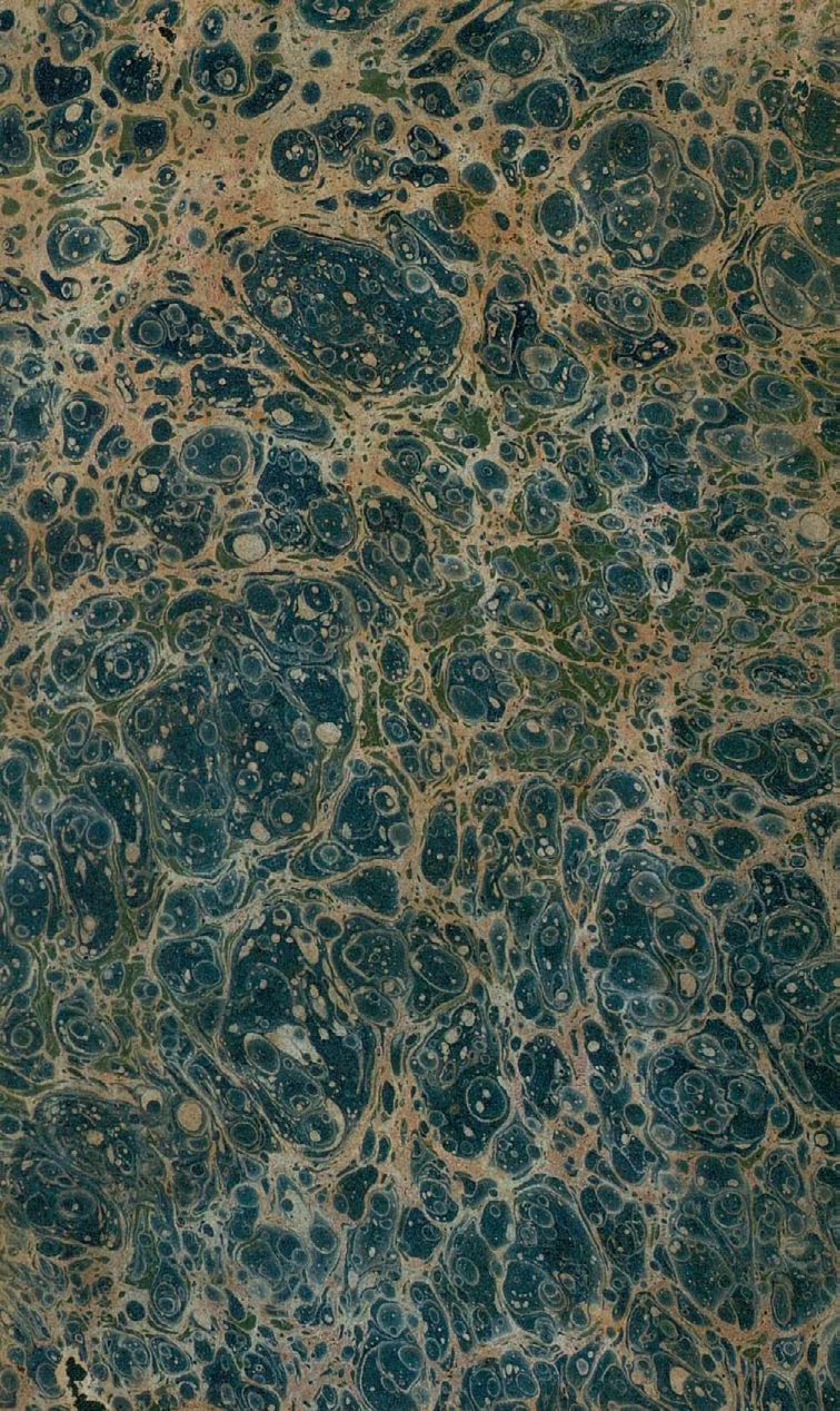
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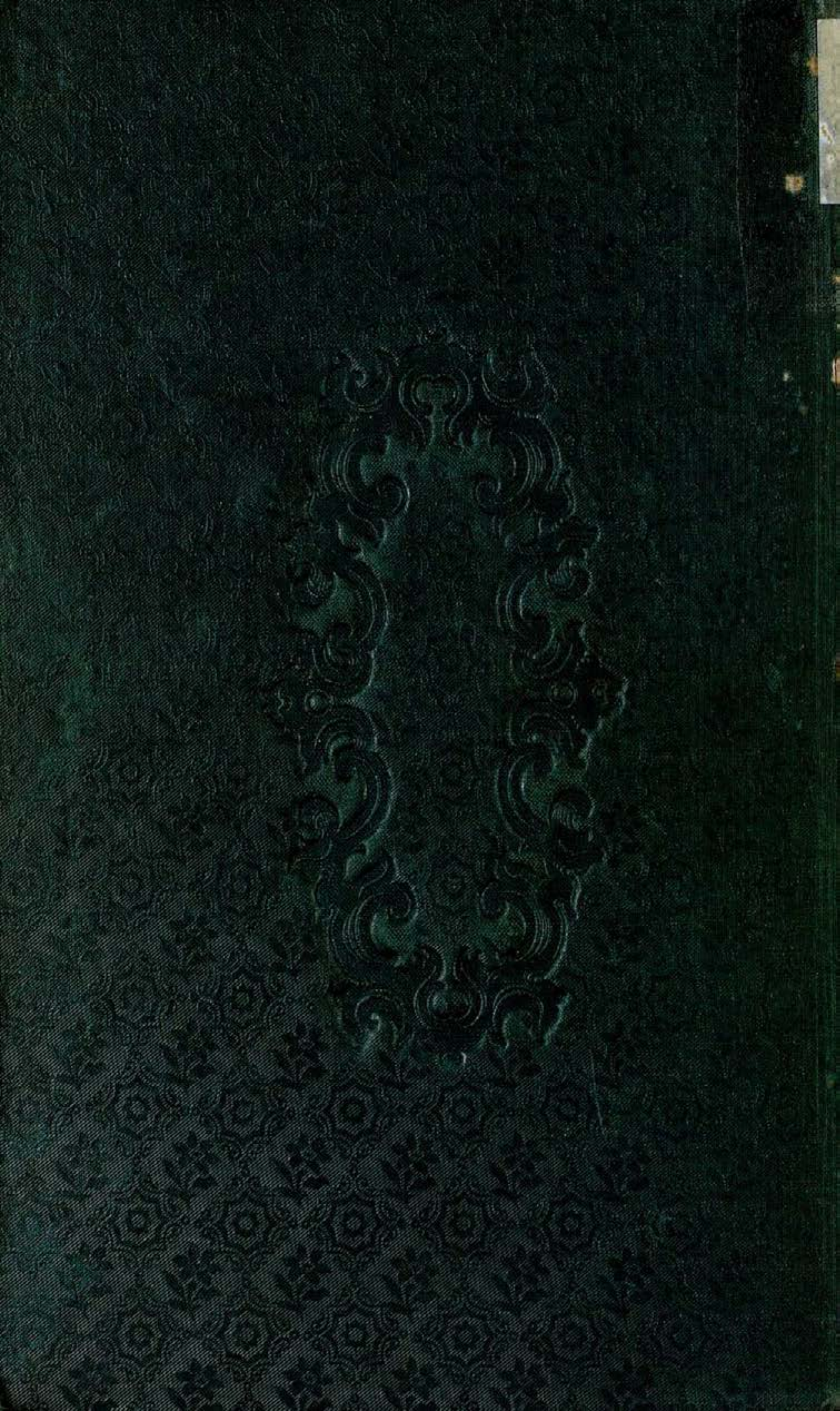
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